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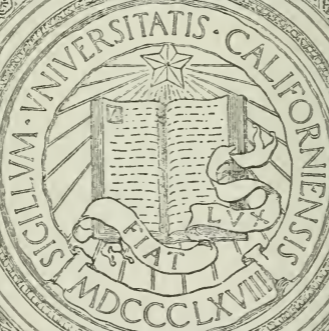
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LOS ANGELES



The seal of the University of California, Los Angeles, is a circular emblem. It features a central five-pointed star with rays emanating from it, positioned above an open book. A ribbon or scroll wraps around the book, bearing the Latin motto "FIAT LUX" (Let there be light). The entire central scene is enclosed within a circular border containing the Latin text "SIGILLUM UNIVERSITATIS CALIFORNIENSIS" (Seal of the University of California). Below the circular seal, the year "MDCCCLXVIII" (1868) is inscribed, marking the year of the university's founding.

SIGILLUM UNIVERSITATIS CALIFORNIENSIS  
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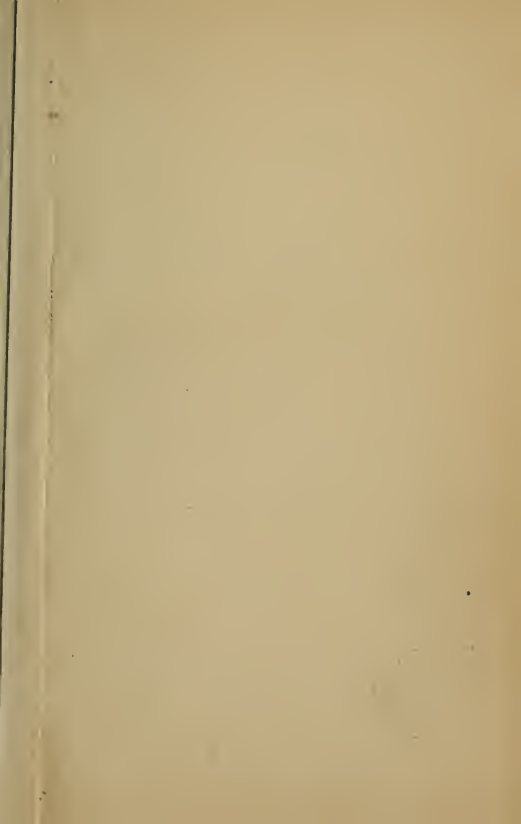
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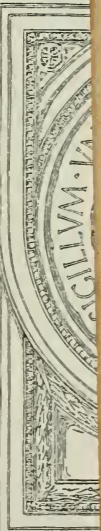
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WHISTLE-BINKIE.



*Alex<sup>r</sup> Roger*

DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.



# WHISTLE-BINKIE;

A

COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

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GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON;

EDINBURGH:—OLIVER & BOYD AND JOHN MENZIES.

LONDON:—LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,  
AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & COMPANY;

DUBLIN:—JAMES M'GLASHAN.

MDCCLIII.



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1853

P R E F A C E .

Added ed. 1853-47

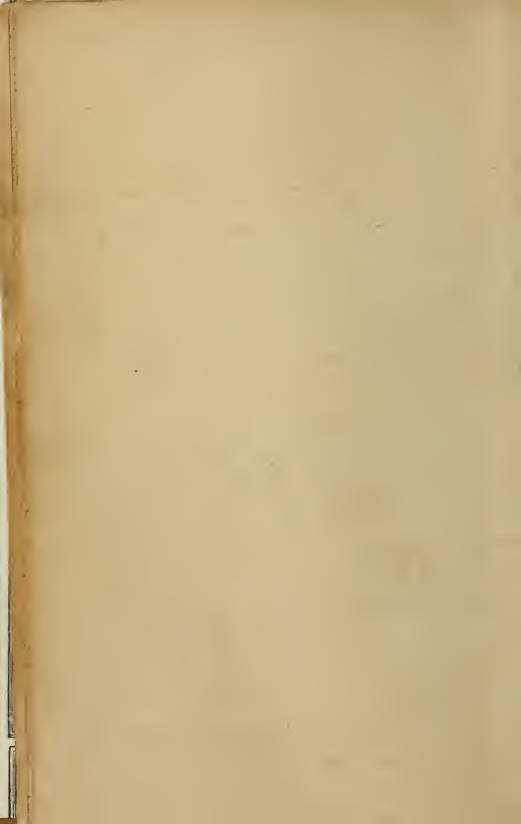
THE Songs contained in WHISTLEBINKIE were published in distinct Serieses throughout a period of fifteen years, the first having been issued in 1832.

The Publisher has confidence in asserting, that so large a body of original Songs has never before been offered to the public in one volume.

Although, as might be expected, the Songs are of different degrees of merit—a few exhibiting more marked felicities than others—it will be found that most of them express some feeling or sentiment which the heart delights to cherish.

Looking to the number of contributors, it will readily be conceded, it is presumed, that the work, taken altogether, presents a remarkable instance of the universality of that peculiar talent for Song writing for which Scotland has always been distinguished, and that it will be considered a favourable specimen of the national genius in that pleasing department of literature.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
JOHN DONALD CARRICK

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As the Editor of the First Series of "Whistle-Binkie," and a literary man of considerable reputation, we think some account of this amiable and lamented individual, will be acceptable to our readers.

John Donald Carrick was a native of Glasgow, and was born in April, 1787. His mother is reported to have been a woman of superior powers of mind, and in particular, to have possessed a fund of humour, with great acuteness of observation, qualities for which her son John was very remarkable. Carrick's education was necessarily limited, from the narrow circumstances of his parents; but in after life, when he had raised himself into a respectable station in society, the activity and vigour of his mind enabled him to supply in a great degree the deficiencies of his early education. When very young, he was placed in the office of Mr. Nicholson, an architect of considerable eminence in Glasgow; and he continued to feel a partiality for that branch of art during his lifetime.

Young Carrick possessed great resolution of character, at times amounting to obstinacy. This quality of mind accompanied him through life, and if it, now and then, communicated a rather too unbending turn to his disposition, was undoubtedly the origin of that vigour and independence of mind which never deserted him. Whether influenced by this feeling, or impatient of the uncertain and cheerless character of his youthful prospects, the rash

lad determined on sallying forth alone into the world, to push his fortune, as the phrase is. Accordingly, sometime in the autumn of 1807, without informing any one of his intentions, he set off for London, full of adventurous hope and courage. This, be it remembered, was a journey of ~~four hundred miles~~ <sup>performed on foot</sup>, for the few ~~earnings~~ <sup>earnings</sup> which constituted his worldly wealth, precluded any more expensive conveyance; and whatever may be our opinion of the prudence of such a step, we cannot but feel respect for the stout-heartedness of the mere youth who could undertake it. The first night, our youthful adventurer arrived at Irvine, in the county of Ayr, and prudently economizing his limited means, instead of putting himself to expense for a lodging, he took up his abode in the cozie recess of a "whinny knowe," where he was awoke in the morning by the roar of the ocean-tide, which was rapidly advancing on his heathery couch. Strong in the sanguine hopefulness of youth, he pursued his solitary way, living on the poorest fare, and sleeping sometimes in humble road-side hostels; but more often encamping under the kindly canopy of heaven, amid the sheaves, with which an early harvest had covered the ground, or nestling snugly in some green and leafy nook, on he went, we may be sure, fatigue-worn, and perhaps heart-worn, until he reached the town of Liverpool.

In after life he often reverted to his feelings on entering that town, and meeting with a recruiting party, gay with ribbons, and enlivened by the sound of fife and drum. The animating sight suggested to him the idea of enlisting, and so strong was the temptation, that, unable to decide for himself, he threw up his stick in the air, to be guided in his decision by the direction in which it should fall. As his cudgel fell in the direction of London, he resolved to follow its prudent dictates, and girding up his loins, manfully continued his journey to the metropolis, where he soon after

arrived, with only half-a-crown in his pocket. Carrick delighted in after years to refer to this ambitious sally of his wayward youth—his bivouac at night in the snuggest retreat he could find, with the solemn quiet of the green woods above and around him, and the gentle breeze of an autumn evening to lull him to rest,—or sometimes, the doubtful shelter that he found in humble alehouses and bush-taverns.

Arrived in London, the friendless youth offered his services as a shopman. His Scottish accent, and rough appearance after such a journey, with awkward, unformed manners, would no doubt operate against him with the more polished citizens of the capital. At length a shopkeeper, himself a Scotsman, captivated by the music of his mother-tongue, engaged him in his service. He appears to have been employed in this way by various individuals until the spring of 1809, when he obtained a respectable situation in an extensive establishment, in the Staffordshire Pottery business. His stay altogether in the metropolis appears to have been about four years. He returned to Glasgow early in the year 1811, and opened a large establishment in the same line of business, which he understood thoroughly, from having been employed for a considerable time in the great house of Spodes & Co., of London. In this occupation Mr. Carrick continued for fourteen years, with various success. His prospects at one period were of the most flattering kind, but becoming unfortunately involved with a house in the foreign trade, of which a near relative was a partner, these promising hopes were blasted.

The leisure which his business afforded him had, for some years, been diligently and profitably employed by Mr. Carrick in mental culture, to supply the deficiencies of his early education. The bias of his taste led him to cultivate an acquaintance with our older Scottish literature, and in 1825 the fruit of these studies appeared in the "Life

of Sir William Wallace," which was published as one of the series of Constable's Miscellany. It has continued a favourite with the public ever since, and has lately been reprinted in a new edition. He began about the same time to throw off some of those humorous songs and pieces which, when sung or recited by himself, used to form the delight of his private friends. In 1825, he commenced business as a travelling agent, and his affairs leading him frequently into the Highlands, he acquired that knowledge of the Gaelic character, in its minuter shades and peculiarities, which overflowed so richly in the conversation of his later years, and gives such a zest to many of his comic and graphic sketches. This business not being so remunerative as he had expected, he finally abandoned mercantile pursuits, and devoted himself to literary composition. He engaged about this time as sub-editor of the *Scots Times*, at that period a journal of high standing in Glasgow. In 1832, a literary journal called "*The Day*" was published in Glasgow, to which he contributed many admirable pieces. One of his co-labourers in this pleasing and popular miscellany was the highly-gifted William Motherwell, a poet of no common elevation, and a person of a genial and kindly temperament. The eccentric and well-known Mr. Andrew Henderson was another intimate friend and associate of Carrick's; and these three richly-endowed individuals, though of characters and habits of mind very opposite to each other, lived in the warm enjoyment of mutual friendship; and, it is painful to add, followed each other to a premature and lamented grave within the brief space of two years.

In 1832, the First Series of this work was published, which was edited by Mr. Carrick, who also contributed several excellent songs and humorous poetical pieces, as well as an admirably written introduction, in which the etymology of the term "*Whistle-Binkie*" is pleasantly and humorously



set forth. Early in 1833, he became the editor of the *Perth Advertiser*, a newspaper of liberal principles. For this situation he was admirably fitted, not only from his acquired experience in the *Scots Times* office, but still more from his extensive general information, the soundness of his judgment, and the calm, clear sense which his writings as a politician always exhibited. He did not, however, long retain this office, for, finding himself subjected to the indignity of being superintended by a committee of management, who interfered in the most summary and vexatious manner with his independence as an editor, he indignantly threw up his engagement, and bade adieu for ever to the Fair City. During his brief sojourn in Perth, Carrick wrote several humorous pieces of various kinds, his kindly and joyous temperament finding always some congenial escape-ment, notwithstanding the disagreeable circumstances in which he was placed. Of these pieces, one of the best is the well-known letter from "Bob," to his friend in Glasgow, which appears in the last edition of the "Laird of Logan," at page 224. He does not seem to have thought much of the citizens of St. Johnstoun, remarking, with caustic severity, that "the last thing a true man of Perth would show you was the inside of his house."

At this critical period of his fortunes, some individuals in Kilmarnock, of liberal opinions, had projected a newspaper, and were looking out for an editor: immediate application was made by Mr. Carrick's friends, the result of which was successful. He was powerfully supported in this object by his generous friend Motherwell, who, though differing widely in politics, gave a strong, but honest recommendation of his general talents, as well as fitness for the situation, stating at the same time, "He (Motherwell) had never concealed his most rooted hostility to what was called Liberal or Reform principles."

Carrick left Perth in February, 1834, and immediately

proceeded to Kilmarnock, to enter on his duties as editor of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. It was fondly hoped by the friends of this warm-hearted but ill-starred man of genius, that here, at last, he might set up the staff of his rest; but a short period served to dispel these pleasing hopes, and to cast a shadow over his prospects, which was never to pass away till it darkened down into the gloom of the grave. Here, too, Carrick was subjected to the annoyance and torture of a committee of management, many of whom were persons the most incompetent for such a delicate duty as the superintendence of a public journal. The members of this junta were, moreover, divided into parties, in a state of bitter hostility with each other, so that, when, urged by some of them, he had written a few lively, satirical articles, of local application, which severely galled sundry individuals in the town, the parties who had suggested them, alarmed for the consequences, withdrew their countenance equally from the editor and his journal.

Previous to his leaving Perth, there is reason to believe that the disease which brought on his death, had evinced its existence by slow and insidious approaches, at first in the form of partial paralysis of the nerves and muscles of the mouth, issuing finally in *tic dolooureux*, one of the most excruciating diseases to which the human frame is liable. The annoyance to which he was incessantly subjected, induced a severe attack of this complaint, and obliged him to apply for a temporary leave of absence, engaging to find a substitute to do duty for him during its continuance. This reasonable request was refused by the *humane and enlightened* committee of management, and the wretched state of his health, leaving him no alternative, he resigned his situation, and returned to Glasgow in the month of January, 1835. During his stay in "Auld Killie," notwithstanding the painful visitations of disease, and the annoyances to which he was subjected in the exercise of his editorial duties,

he never exhibited more affluence of mind, or a more perfect command over his rich and various powers. Besides various literary compositions, he exercised the duty of editor to the first edition of the "Laird of Logan," which appeared in June, 1835. After this, Carrick went to Rothesay for the benefit of his health, but found it declining so rapidly, that he had given up all hopes of continued activity, and actually had fixed upon a spot in which to lay his weary and worn-out frame. Recovering, however, he returned to Glasgow, and resumed his literary pursuits. He contributed, about this time, some admirable papers to the *Scottish Magazine*, rich in humour and in happy traits of Scottish habits and peculiarities, entitled, "Nights at Kilcomrie Castle, or the days of Queen Mary." Occupied with these and various other compositions, some of which are still in manuscript, and at times suffering acutely from the attacks of the painful disease, which now seldom, for any length of time, intermitted its visitations, and which, from its effect on his power of speech, was peculiarly obnoxious to a person of his social habits and character, Carrick continued to mix occasionally in society, and enjoy the fellowship of his friends. But a severe attack of inflammation coming on, aggravated by the weakening effects of a recent course of depletion, suggested by his medical attendant, proved too much for his enfeebled frame to resist, and, after a few days' suffering, he expired on the 17th of August, 1835.

As a literary man, Carrick's peculiar forte lay in the rich and humorous resources of a lively and salient mind and imagination. In broad humour he was singularly effective, and the edge of his satire was keen and biting. He had a quick perception of the ridiculous, coupled with much observation and knowledge of mankind. As a describer of old manners and customs, he is remarkably happy; and there is a graphic truth and beauty, encased in a fine vein of drollery, in his descriptive sketches. The excess of his

humour was ever ready to overflow in a stream of pleasant waggery, which the kindness of his nature, with his gentlemanly habits and self-respect, prevented from degenerating into broad or offensive caricature. As the editor, and a principal writer in the first series of the "Laird of Logan," he will long be remembered. Of this admired collection of Scottish and Gaelic stories, Carrick was the original projector, and he also contributed the excellent biographical sketch of "the Laird," with the greater part of the anecdotes of that celebrated humourist.

In concluding this brief memoir, we may observe, generally, that as a descriptive painter of the comic and ludicrous aspects of man and society, and as equally skilful in the analysis of human character, combined with a rare and never-failing humour, a pungent but not malicious irony, and great ease and perspicuity of expression, few writers have surpassed John Donald Carrick.

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## ALEXANDER RODGER.

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ALEXANDER RODGER was born in the village of East-Calder, Mid-Lothian, on the 16th July, 1784. His father occupied the farm of Haggs, close by the small village of Dalmahoy. The weak health of his mother, for several years, consigned him to the care of two maiden sisters, of the name of Lonie; and it was not till he had attained the age of seven years that he returned to the parental roof. His father appears at this time to have given up farming, and to have kept an inn in Mid-Calder. Up to that period, the young bard had not received any regular education, but now he was put to school in the village. And this, as far as we

have learned, was the only education he received, except what he may have acquired for himself, in after life, during the few hours he could steal from laborious employment.

Shortly after this, the father removed to Edinburgh, where Alexander was sent to learn the trade of a silversmith, with a Mr. Mathie. He continued a year in this employment, when his unfortunate father became embarrassed in his affairs, and, in consequence, emigrated to Hamburgh, whence he sent for his son; but his relations by the mother's side being strongly attached to the boy, persuaded him to accompany them to Glasgow, where, in 1797, he was apprenticed to a respectable weaver of the name of Dunn, who resided at the Drygate Toll, in the near neighbourhood of the ancient Cathedral of Glasgow. We may be sure so venerable a relic of antiquity would be often visited by the youthful poet, and contribute, by its solemn magnificence and historical interest, to fan the flame of his poetic genius.

In 1803, the loyal fever, universally prevalent, infected our friend Sandie, who celebrated his connexion with the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, in a satirical poem of considerable merit, in which he employed the powers of his Muse in what became afterwards a favourite amusement with him, hitting off the peculiarities of his Celtic brethren. The corps, being principally composed of Highlanders, furnished ample scope for the keen edge of the poet's wit, and he seems then to have imbibed that attachment to the mountaineers which has led him so often to embalm their colloquial humours and foibles in his poetic effusions. Rodger continued in this volunteer regiment, and in another which rose out of it after its dissolution, called the Glasgow Highland Locals, for no less than nine years.

In 1806, the poet, then only twenty-two years of age, married Agnes Turner, and has had a large and respectable family by this connexion. After his marriage, Rodger removed to Bridgeton, a suburb of Glasgow, where he con-

tinued to solace himself, from time to time, in poetical composition, and the exercise of his musical talents. His knowledge of the science of music enabled him to compose for his own amusement, and qualified him for imparting a knowledge of its principles to others, which he prosecuted for some time, the emolument of which assisted him considerably in maintaining his young and growing family. Amongst the earliest efforts of his poetic vein, is a poem entitled "Bolivar," written on the occasion of seeing in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, in September, 1816, that this distinguished patriot and soldier had emancipated the negro slaves in the districts of Caraccas, Venezuela, and Cumana, to the number of seventy thousand.

The peaceful tenor of the poet's life continued unbroken by any material event, until the year 1819, when local and general politics ran so high, and the fever of radicalism, at times so endemic among the working population of this country, was at its height. In that year, a weekly newspaper, called *The Spirit of the Union*, was started in Glasgow, by a person of the name of Gilbert M'Leod, which was conducted with some considerable ability, but with very little discretion. The political and satirical propensities of Rodger, having found in its columns a frequent and congenial vent, the editor took him into his service. Thus, the poet, somewhat rashly, in our opinion, exchanged the calm obscurity of a peaceful and then not unprofitable occupation, for the more conspicuous, but more doubtful and hazardous theatre of political warfare. He did not, however, remain long in this situation, for within a few weeks, owing to his indiscreet violence, and that of the party with which he was concerned, the editor was apprehended on a charge of sedition, and soon after tried, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. The establishment being broken up, Rodger returned to his loom; but having become, from his connexion with this journal, considered as a disaf-

fectured person, he was apprehended, on the 8th of April following, with many other individuals, on the alarm occasioned by the publication of the famous "treasonable Address," purporting to be issued by "a Provisional Government." Into the political history of these melancholy times, we do not feel called upon any farther to enter. Rodger was confined in the city bridewell, and used with most reprehensible harshness, being treated like a common felon, and placed in solitary confinement. The spirit of the indignant poet rose, however, superior to the petty malice of the small-scul'd officials of the day; and he used to solace himself in his seclusion, by singing, at the top of his lungs, his own political compositions; some of which were undoubtedly sufficiently well spiced, and could not therefore be very grateful to the ears of his jailors. To silence the obstreperous indignation of the bard, he was removed to a back cell, where he gave vent to his lacerated feelings in the indignant "Song written in bridewell." The poet often used to relate many entertaining anecdotes of this stormy and eventful period of his life. Amongst others, when his house was searched for seditious publications, (terrible bug-bears at that time to the local authorities of Glasgow), Sandie handed the Family Bible to the sheriff's officer who was making search, it being, as he said, the only treasonable book in his possession; and for proof of this, he referred the aghast official to the chapter on kings, in the first Book of Samuel.

In 1821, the late amiable Mr George Rodger, manager of Barrowfield works, and whose eminent skill and scientific acquirements may be said to have laid the foundation of the prosperity of that extensive establishment, got him employed as an inspector of the cloths used for printing and dyeing. In that situation he continued eleven years. Here, his employment being less severe, and more remunerative, Rodger produced some of his best pieces. In 1822, when

George IV. visited Scotland, the poet indited his celebrated lyric of "Sawney, now the King's come," which, having been published in the *London Examiner*, made its appearance in Auld Reekie just as his Majesty had enriched his subjects there with the sight of his royal person. From that sarcastic effusion having appeared simultaneously with Sir Walter Scott's well-known piece, "Carle, now the King's come," no little speculation was created as to the author, and, in particular, it was said, by its unlucky apposition, to have much annoyed the sensitive loyalty of Sir Walter. It is not to be denied that the humour of this political and social satire is rather too broad for general circulation. About this time, Rodger exhibited his public spirit in a form more generally popular. Thomas Harvie of West-Thorn, having blocked up a public foot-path, on his property by the river side, which had been long in use by the inhabitants of Glasgow and its vicinity, Rodger, by extraordinary exertion, organised and directed a public opposition, which ultimately proved successful.

In 1832, a new phase of Rodger's many-coloured life opens upon us. A friend, who had recently commenced business as a pawnbroker, requested the poet to take the management of it for him, to which he unfortunately agreed, and thus lost an excellent situation, with the prospect of further advancement, under the kindly auspices of his friend, Mr. George Rodger. Little was such an employment adapted for the heart of a poet like Rodger, overflowing with human sympathy, and sensitively shrinking from the scenes of misery and want with which it necessarily brought him into contact. In a few months he felt compelled to abandon it, and was soon after engaged by the late Mr. Prentice, Editor of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, as a reader and reporter of local news. He remained there about a year, when the late



John Tait, an intimate friend of his, having started a weekly newspaper, on Radical principles, he was employed by him as general assistant. The premature death of Tait, with the pecuniary embarrassments in which the establishment had become involved, led to the dissolution of this connexion. Rodger was again thrown upon the world; but in a few months after he obtained a situation in the *Reformers' Gazette* office, in which he continued till his death, highly esteemed by his employer, and respected by a wide range of friends and admirers. In 1836, he received a public dinner in the Tontine Hotel, when above two hundred gentlemen, of all varieties of political complexion, assembled to testify their respect for the poet and the man; and he was presented with a silver box filled with sovereigns—a fruit not found in much profusion on the barren though sunny sides and slopes of Parnassus.

Mr. Rodger's first appearance as an avowed author was in 1827, when a small volume of his pieces was published by David Allan & Co., of Glasgow; but, although this publication contributed to make him more generally known, it did not improve, in an equal degree, his pecuniary and private comforts. In 1838, Mr. David Robertson, Glasgow, published a volume containing a new and complete collection of our poet's compositions. This seasonable and agreeable publication has had an extensive sale, and contributed to diffuse the reputation of the author. Another small volume of his pieces was also unwisely published in Glasgow, entitled "Stray leaves from the Portfolios of Alisander the Seer, Andrew Whaup, and Humphrey Henkeckle." The poems in the latter are almost entirely political, and had previously appeared in various Glasgow journals, under the cognomens above-noted. Some of these pieces are of great merit, but the unalloyed zeal and warmth

of the author's feelings, occasionally break out into rather too much acerbity and vigour of expression, thereby weakening the truth and force of their general effect.

Of Rodger's poetry, we may observe, that his forte is undoubtedly a mixture of humour with satire, finely compounded, and powerfully and gracefully expressed. Even in those poems in which the humour is most kindly and gentle, and devoid of all political malice, there is a lurking vein of satirical truth and feeling flashing up at every turn. The two pieces, entitled "Colin Dulap," and "Jamie M'Nab," are full of a delicate and racy humour,—finely descriptive of the parties, and warm with genuine feeling and truth. "Peter Cornclips" is Mr. Rodger's longest and most ambitious poem, but we do not think it by any means the best. It is deficient in dramatic truth and interest—in character and incident; but it contains many vigorous lines. Some of his songs have become very popular, in particular that of "Behave yoursel' before folk," which had the rare distinction of being quoted in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Rodger cannot be called a descriptive poet: it is with living man, and not with inanimate nature, that he chiefly deals. Even in his lighter pieces, he seldom indulges in mere description, but gaily touching the material world, his yearning sympathies bear him away to the haunts of men, kindly to survey and ponder over the panoramic succession of life's weary round,—now revelling in the enjoyment of the pleasing and hearty aspects of our common nature, and now rising up in honest indignation, tempered by his habitual kindness of nature, to expose in biting, sarcastic verse, the meanness of the great, the poverty of soul of the proud, and the many oppressions and "ills that flesh is heir to." Modest and assuming in manner, but observant in ha-

bit, with a fine hearty humour floating about him like an atmosphere, under the correction, however, of strong common sense and self respect, none ever left his company without delight, and a warm wish for the prosperity of the favourite lyric bard of the west country.

Mr. Rodger's health began to give way in the Summer of 1846. Unable to discharge the duties of his situation in the *Gazette* office, he went to the country, to try whether a change of air would brace his relaxed frame; but he returned to Glasgow unimproved by the change. He gradually sunk, and passed away from this shifting scene, 26th September, 1846.

Some of Mr. Rodger's friends exerted themselves in procuring from the Merchants' House a burying place for Mr. Rodger's remains in our own Necropolis. Mr. Leadbetter, the then Dean of Guild, was so obliging as to go and select the spot where the poet's ashes were to unite with the soil from which they came. A sweeter or more picturesque spot could not have been selected to receive a poet's remains. It constitutes a portion of the steep bank of ΜΝΕΜΑ, and behind it the ground rises abruptly to the top of the tall cliff, crowned with a circular mausoleum, which forms so conspicuous an object from different points of view. A stately tree, blasted in its upper extremities, but otherwise still leafy and vigorous, flings its long shadow over the poet's grave when the sun is declining in the west; and a little above, on a green and sloping bank, is a venerable double thorn, with other trees and shrubs, diffusing a sylvan atmosphere around the spot.

A very tasteful monument has been erected over his grave, executed by the late Mr. Mossman, sculptor, on which is the following inscription, written by William Kennedy, author of "Fitful Fancies," &c., &c., and a quotation from one of Mr. Rodger's own poems:—

To the Memory of  
ALEXANDER RODGER,

A POET

Gifted with feeling, humour, and fancy;

A MAN

Animated by generous,  
Cordial, and comprehensive sympathies,  
Which adversity could not repress,  
Nor popularity enfeeble;

This Monument

Is erected in testimony of public esteem.

BORN

At Mid Calder, 16th July, 1784;

DIED

At Glasgow, 26th September, 1846.

—o—

What though with Burns thou could'st not vie,  
In diving deep or soaring high,  
What though thy genius did not blaze  
Like his, to draw the public gaze;  
Yet thy sweet numbers, free from art,  
Like his, can touch—can melt the heart.—RODGER.

Mr. Rodger regretted publishing the volume entitled "Stray Leaves." The parties who advised the publication of this collection wished, while the poet was on his death-bed, to get possession of some other MSS. pieces which had been composed for the purpose of enlivening some of their convivial club meetings. As soon as the party in quest of these compositions left the house, Sandy rose from his sick-bed, and searched the drawer where they had been deposited, and, gathering them together, committed them to the flames.

It must not be concealed that the generous, facile disposition of the poet exposed him to the solicitation of parties too convivial in their habits, and that he had not the fortitude to say "No." This often led him to keep late hours, and, consequently, the children had not the father's presence at night, when the family, relieved from the labours of the day, are collected around the domestic hearth, where, above all places, the parental advice and sympathy in joy and sorrow has such a happy influence.

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## WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

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WILLIAM MOTHERWELL was a native of Glasgow, where he was born on the 13th October, 1797. He was of a Stirlingshire family, possessed of a small property in that county, called Muirmill, and which had been in their possession for some generations. At an early age he was sent to live with an uncle in Paisley, where he received a respectable education, and was bred to the profession of a lawyer, or, as they are generally termed in Scotland, "a writer." His abilities, as well as his diligence, must have early attracted notice, as he was appointed, when only twenty years of age, Sheriff-Clerk Depute in Paisley, an office equally honourable and responsible, though not of great emolument. His literary tastes and habits had previously been exhibited in various anonymous pieces of considerable merit; and in 1823, he undertook the editorship of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and launched out fearlessly into the heaving sea of party politics. At an early period of his life his political principles and tendencies are said to have been liberal; but

they soon hardened down into a determinate Toryism, in which they continued during his whole life. In 1828, he also assumed the management of the *Paisley Magazine*, a periodical, as we have been informed, of considerable merit, and which various of his own lyrical effusions, as well as sundry compositions in prose, contributed to adorn and enrich. In the following year, he resigned the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute, and confined his attention to his literary pursuits, and the editorship of the *Paisley Advertiser*.

In the early part of 1830, he was engaged as editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, a newspaper of considerable local influence and repute, and conducted on principles of a high church-and-king Toryism; and thus, the poet-politician was introduced into a new and wider field of interest and competition. In the hands of Motherwell, the *Courier* fully sustained its character as a fierce and uncompromising champion of ultra Tory opinions; and, during the excitement of the struggle for Parliamentary Reform in 1831-2, it was especially fierce and violent in its political denunciations. We believe, however, that Motherwell was not much of a politician himself, and that the enthusiasm of his party politics was derived more from his fancy than his judgment—the product, in fact, of his poetical and indiscriminate admiration of everything connected with a chivalrous antiquity. He held this situation for about five years, and notwithstanding the occasional effervescence of his strongly expressed political opinions, retained to the last the general respect of society, with the hearty good will and esteem of his many friends.

In person, Motherwell was short in stature, but uncommonly muscular and vigorous, with a large head, and short neck and throat, a conformation fatally inadequate to resist the character of the apoplectic seizure which finally carried him off. On the first of November, 1835, in company with

his friend, the late Mr. Philip Ramsay, he had been dining in the environs of the city, and after his return to town, feeling oppressed and unwell, he went to bed. Sleep, however, did not diminish the oppression, and in a short time he lost the power of speech. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, but unfortunately too late to be of any avail, and this sweet singer, and genial and kindly hearted Scotchman, was blotted out of the ranks of the living, by a blow equally sudden and unexpected. Deep and general were the regrets and sympathies of his friends, and of society at large, when this premature and unlooked for event became known, and the general esteem in which he was held, was manifested by a public funeral, which was attended by many persons of opposite political opinions, and by more than one of his most determined political opponents. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, in the Fir Park, supposed to have been in very remote times, a Druidical grove, a fit resting place for the remains of a poet, whose soul sought, and found its highest consolations in the glowing memories of the dim and shadowy past. With a becoming liberality, the merchants' house of Glasgow, the proprietors of the ground, bestowed a site, in a beautiful situation, for the poet's grave, near to the spot where reposes his life-long and congenial friend Andrew Henderson, author of a collection of Scottish Proverbs. An elegant monument has recently been erected to his memory, by some of his literary and personal friends, from a design by his friend, the late James Fillans; and, from within a screen, the bust of the poet, by the same tasteful artist, and which is an admirable likeness, looks forth upon one of the most impressive and unique scenes to be met with in any place of sepulture in the world. The following exquisite lines, from a Monody on his death, by William Kennedy, an intimate friend and congenial spirit, are inscribed on the Monument:—

"Not as a record, he lacketh a stone!  
 'Tis a light debt to the singer we've known—  
 Proof that our love for his name hath not flown,  
     With the frame perishing—  
     That we are cherishing  
 Feelings akin to the lost Poet's own."

Such is a brief outline of the personal history of William Motherwell, the incidents of which are few, and in themselves unimportant. It is in their works, and in the progressive developement of their genius, that the true history of literary men is to be found. We shall now proceed shortly, to sketch out the more salient points of Motherwell's literary career, of which the incidences are comparatively brief and meagre. In 1827, whilst residing in Paisley, he published his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," a work of great merit and research, and which gave him permanent rank and influence as a literary antiquarian. In the introduction to this publication, the writer has exhibited a thorough acquaintance with the ballad and romantic literature of Scotland, as well as great powers of research and antiquarian discrimination. Besides its merits as a historical and critical disquisition, it is a piece of a chaste and vigorous character, as well as eloquent composition. It is now very scarce, and much sought after by the lovers of our olden literature and poetry. Whilst he was Editor of the *Paisley Magazine*, he enriched its pages with various of his poetical compositions, the pathos, grace, and beauty of which attracted public attention to the rising poet. In 1832, a volume of his poetical pieces was published by Mr. David Robertson of Glasgow, whose shop, for many years, was the resort of the poet and a select circle of congenial spirits, "the keen encounter of whose wits" rendered it classic ground, and



still enrich it with memories alike mournful and pleasant. With the publication of this volume, the name and fame of Motherwell will be chiefly connected. Many of the pieces are of exquisite beauty; and the lyrics, "Jeanie Morison," "My heid is like to rend, Willie," and "Wearie's Well," will take rank with any similar compositions in the English language. In a soft melancholy, and touching tenderness of expression, they have never been excelled. We are happy at finding our opinion of these beautiful lyrics supported by so competent a judge as Miss Mitford, who, in a recent publication by her, comments thus gracefully and discriminatingly upon them:—"Burns is the only poet with whom, for tenderness and pathos, Motherwell can be compared. The elder bard has written much more largely, is more various, more fiery, more abundant; but I doubt if there be in the whole of his collection anything so exquisitely finished, so free from a line too many, or a word out of place, as the two great ballads of Motherwell. And let young writers observe, that this finish was the result, not of a curious felicity, but of the nicest elaboration. By touching and re-touching, during many years, did 'Jeanie Morrison' attain her perfection, and yet how completely has art concealed art! How entirely does that charming song appear like an inexpressible gush of feeling that *would* find vent. In 'My heid is like to rend, Willie,' the appearance of spontaneity is still more striking, as the passion is more intense—intense, indeed, almost to painfulness." About the same time, his friend, Andrew Henderson, published his well-known collection of Scottish Proverbs, to which Motherwell contributed an introductory treatise, which showed him to be extensively read in Scottish proverbial antiquities, and is, besides, a piece of eloquent and vigorous composition. In the year 1835, in conjunction with the Ettrick Shepherd, he edited

an edition of the works of Burns, to which he contributed the principal part of the biography, with copious notes. The edition, however, never became popular, chiefly owing to the absence of good taste and sound judgment in his brother editor. Motherwell was, about this time, connected with a literary periodical published in Glasgow, with the euphonious title of *The Day*. To this publication, he contributed various excellent papers, and some rich poetical pieces. His *Adventures of Bailie Pirnie*, a Paisley dignitary, exhibit great power of humour and playful fancy.

In 1846, a second edition of his poems was published by Mr. Robertson, with a memoir of his life by Dr. M'Conochy of Glasgow, containing twenty additional poems; and in 1849, a third edition was issued, and which contained no less than sixty-eight pieces never before published. So it may now be considered, that the best fruits of Motherwell's genius have been carefully selected and set before the public. The selection of these additional pieces, was intrusted chiefly to the poet's personal friends, Dr. M'Conochy and Mr. William Kennedy. In the third edition, the following beautiful and touching poetical tribute to his memory, by Mr. Kennedy, most appropriately closes the volume:—

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;  
 Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;  
 Piously hallow the poet's retreat!

Ever approvingly,  
 Ever most lovingly,

Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;  
 Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,

Grateful to him—early summoned—who sped  
 Hence not unwillingly—

For he felt thrillingly—

To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep Minster bell,  
 Winds of sad cadence at midnight will swell,  
 Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,

Who—for the early day—  
 Plaining this roundelay,  
 Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones, treading this terrace of graves,  
 Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,  
 When o'er the snow-mound the winter blast raves—

Tears—which devotedly,  
 Though all unnotedly,  
 Flow from their spring, in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts raise him a shrine,  
 Graced with the beauty which glows in his line;  
 Strew with pale flowrets, when pensive moons shine,

His grassy covering,  
 Where spirits hovering,  
 Chaut, for his requiem, music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!—  
 Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—  
 Proof that our love for his name hath not flown,

With the frame perishing—  
 That we are cherishing  
 Feelings akin to our lost poet's own.

As a poet, Motherwell was perhaps deficient in that robust vigour of pinion, necessary for long and sustained flights. His muse had not the majestic pace, or "the long-resounding line," of the higher class of poets. But in the utterances of the heart, borne up and sustained by a sweet-toned fancy—in natural gushes of feeling—and in a rich mental and poetical sympathy with the sights and sounds of

living nature, few have risen to an equal pathos, and a descriptive beauty more touching and telling. Such pieces as, "In the quiet and solemn night," "The midnight wind," "The water, the water," "The solemn song of a righteous heart," "A solemn conceit," &c., possess a generic character, and are especially imbued with a pensive and querulous melancholy, and a pathetic quaintness of expression, strikingly original. It is as if the shadow of his early fate had fallen at times on the soul of the poet, and touched a chord in his muse, attuned to finer issues and higher inspirations than ordinary. In another and very different style of composition, he has produced various pieces of great beauty and elegance of thought and expression. In light and graceful *vers de societe*, sparkling with sentiment, and richly inlaid with the gems of a playful fancy, such pieces as "The serenade," "Could love impart," "Love's diet," are perfect bijoux of their kind, and dazzle the imagination with their brilliant affluence and concentrated elegance of thought. His Norse songs of war and chivalry, possess a wild, bold bearing and character, which have made them much admired. Various of his imitations, too, of the olden ballad, are beautifully executed, and breathe the free, wild spirit of the greenwood, and tell pathetically of the agonies of young hearts that "loved not wisely, but too well."

Such was the poet—let us briefly consider the man. In general society, Motherwell was reserved; but with his intimate friends he let himself out freely into the whim or enjoyment of the hour. Amongst his intimate associates, were John Carrick, Andrew Henderson, and Mr. John Howie, all of whom have passed away, like himself, from this mortal scene. In company with these and other select friends, his natural reserve gave place to a rich enjoyment of the sly quips and drolleries of the first of these, or the

more boisterous and explosive humours of the second ; and we have enjoyed ourself, more than once, the company of these three rich-minded, but oddly-paired men, in a well known tavern in the Trongate—the Swan with two necks—which was their favourite resort. In this cosie howf we have listened with delight to the delicious chirping of these congenial souls, when they had washed their eyes in a tumbler or two, and were hitting right and left in the unrestrained glee and social abandonment of mirth and good fellowship. They are all gone, and so are some others who were members of that brilliant brotherhood which once graced and enriched our city ; but there still linger in many a heart, pleasing though mournful reminiscences, which clustre around their rich memories, associated, as they now are, with the name and fame of William Motherwell.

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## EDWARD PINKERTON.

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EDWARD PINKERTON was a son of the Rev. Mr. Pinkerton, minister of what was then called the Relief Church, in Campbelton, Argyleshire, and dates his birth December, 1798. He was sent, in due time, to the High School, Edinburgh, to receive the elements of a classical education ; and he afterwards matriculated in the Glasgow University.

The celebrated Professor Sandford, of the Glasgow University, was a fellow-student with Mr. Pinkerton, and their standing in the class, under Dr. Pillans, was nearly on a par. He afterwards joined the medical classes, and obtained his diploma in 1817. His youthful appearance, it was considered, might militate against his obtaining that confi-

dence so necessary in the treatment of the varied maladies to which frail man is subjected ; and he did not consider it prudent to enter into public practice, but took charge, meantime, of a subscription school in his native town, Campbelton. He afterward taught the classical department of a boarding school at Galashiels. He obtained the appointment of assistant surgeon in the royal navy, in 1825, in H.M.S. "The Warspite," under command of Commodore Brisbane. The "Warspite" was ordered to India, and returned to this country in 1827, after performing a voyage round the world. Mr. Pinkerton had suffered a severe shock of paralysis, and was laid up in Chelsea Hospital ; but his intellect was unimpaired by the attack, though his frame was so shaken, that he was unable to return to public duty, and he retired on government allowance. Mr. Pinkerton came to reside in Glasgow amongst his friends, and was almost a daily visitor, as long as he was able, at the levees of wit and humour in the shop of our publisher. He died in 1844.

The pieces contributed by him to this work have his name attached. No one at all competent to judge of lyric compositions, will fail to see in them no ordinary ability.

He published, in 1332, a small volume of poetry, entitled "The Propontis," which was well received by the public.

Mr. Pinkerton occupied his time between literary pursuits and giving instructions in Greek to students attending the University. He was considered a very excellent scholar — few, indeed, surpassed him in the knowledge of this elegant language, and he appeared sometimes a little vain of this acquisition.

## JOHN GRÆME.

JOHN GRÆME, whose numerous unacknowledged contributions to this work, will be afterwards noticed, was born in the city of Glasgow, on the 19th of May, 1797. His father, after whom he was named, was by profession a hair-dresser. The maiden name of his mother, was Janet Williamson. The relations of John Græme were in very respectable circumstances—his uncle, Robert Græme, some of whose family still survive (1852), was sheriff substitute in Glasgow: his name appears as one of the witnesses at the record of Græme's birth.

The subject of our memoir was sent by his parents to learn weaving, the practical knowledge of which was considered indispensable to fit him for a manufacturing establishment.

His parents died while he was young, and the property left by them, or to which they expected to succeed, became the subject of a law suit, and went against Græme, which fell with a crushing blow on the family. This calamity left on the mind of John an impression which was never erased—melancholy, to which he was very subject, it was feared would have settled down on his mind, and his friends sent him for part of the Summer to the neighbourhood of Bucklyvie, so as to change the scene, and break off the train of thought which was coursing through his mind with the greater danger as it was confined to one channel, disappointment. The change had the desired effect, and he returned to Glasgow renewed in bodily health, and a new and healthy tone imparted to his mind.

He obtained employment in a warping room in St. Andrew's Square for some time; afterward he pursued the same mode of obtaining a living with Mr. Lawson, at that time

an extensive manufacturer in Glasgow, afterward the honored manager of the Glasgow Provident Bank. Græme always spoke of Mr Lawson with almost the affection of a son. While turning the warping reel, &c., Græme formed the idea of qualifying himself for the profession of medicine, and after labour hours, studied Latin with Mr. James Stirling, now Rev. Mr. Stirling, United Presbyterian Church, Kirriemuir, to enable him to understand the mysteries of the art, whose vocabulary is expressed in that noble language. He also had a private class, in which he taught his pupils the elements of geography.

It is said, that he accepted the office of tutor in the family of a farmer, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, the very farm house to which, as the story goes, Morton was carried prisoner by the covenanters, after their disastrous defeat at Bothwell Brig. We never heard Mr. Græme allude to this tutorship, his stay must have been but short there, and we should think the coarse modes of living in these sequestered places, would but ill accord with the sensitive mind of Græme. In struggling to get on with his medical classes, he had much privation, but honorably and creditably obtained his diploma in 1823. His knowledge of pharmacy was acquired under Mr. John Wallace, a surgeon in Glasgow of amiable memory.

He opened a small shop in Trongate of Glasgow, which had been previously occupied by a medical gentleman. The young lancet-bearer expecting that a certain amount of his predecessor's practice would fall into him, for which he paid more, perhaps, than the intrinsic value of medicines, &c., &c., were worth. This turned out an unprofitable beginning—he then removed to the Gallowgate, where he remained but a short time. His next place for administering medicine and advice was the High Street, where he continued till he died, which melancholy event took place 11th Feb., 1852.



Græme was one of the original staff of Whistlebinkians, and whose humorous contributions, at its first publication-assisted to give the work the popularity it very soon acquired.

Græme would never allow his name to be attached to his compositions; but, now that his rebuke need not be feared, we give a list of his contributions to this work:—“The Fruit of old Ireland,” “Kate M'Lusky,” “Irish Love Song,” “Kilroony's visit to London,” “Young Paddy's Tutor,” “The Herring-head Club,” “Pat Mulligan's Courtship,” and “Kitty O'Carrol.”

We quote a notice of John Græme, contributed by an intimate friend, and which appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen*:—

“Few men were better known, or held in higher respect, not less for his genial and loveable qualities as a private friend, his rich and racy humour, strong senso, and general information, than for the active benevolence and enlightened philanthropy which formed the basis of his character. We believe that in early life his circumstances were not promising; but the vigour of his mind enabled him to acquire, almost self-taught, the elements of a medical education, to which profession he finally devoted himself, and in which his practice, though limited, was respectable. The educational deficiencies of his opening years, although remedied to a considerable extent by an astute and manly intellect, and by varied and general reading and inquiry, were never sufficiently repaired to place him in a high literary position. The rich natural resources of his mind found a vent, however, in various prose and metrical compositions, which he contributed to those well-known collections of Scottish song and social *facetiæ*, ‘Whistle Binkie’ and ‘The Laird of Logan,’ and also, we have reason to believe, in other channels of which we have no personal knowledge.

“It was in the society of private friends, however, of whom he had many who continued their attachment to him through life, and whose kindness soothed and ministered to him in the lingering hours of mortal sickness, that the kindly and genial qualities of his nature broke forth in their full lustre and perfection. A rich flow of humour, never degenerating into mere buffoonery or vulgar personalities, rendered him the soul and centre of the social circle, and his sudden bursts of impromptu drollery, happily conceived and felicitously expressed, never failed to set the table in a roar. Those who, like the writer, have often listened to his songs (generally of his own composition), or witnessed his dramatic and imitative powers in his extemporaneous exhibitions, will not soon forget the man any more than the genial humourist and friend. His memory will long be cherished by many surviving friends, associated as it will be with other rich and pleasant memories floating around the congenial names of Motherwell, Carrick, and Henderson, of which bright, though narrow circle, he was long a member.”

His remains are deposited in the paternal burying place, north-east corner of the Cathedral, the footpath only between his grave and the abutments of its walls. There in peace rest his ashes, mixing with those of his mother and a beloved sister, who pre-deceased him. How often has he set the table on a roar! We have seen him put gentlemen into nervous fits with his imitations both of the rational and the irrational portions of creation.

Poor Carrick, when unable to take any part in the amusements of the social party—“Never mind,” said he, when sympathised with that he could not aid as he was wont in keeping up the hilarity, “you have Græme with you: you should learn to appreciate him.”

## CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R.M.

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AMONG the many who, in Scotland, have piped sweetly in the sunny nooks of poesy, without attaining any very dazzling height, was Captain Charles Gray, R.M. The Captain was a native of Anstruther, in Fifeshire, renowned likewise as the birth-place of Dr. Chalmers, the glory of the Scottish pulpit, and of Professor Tennant, who immortalised in verse the hilarities of "Anster Fair." For thirty-six years he had served in the Royal Marines, but of flood or of field he appeared to have scarcely a tale to tell. With his soldier's uniform he contrived to lay aside the soldier. His talk was of Scottish song. Scottish song was the one unchangeable hobby of his life. While yet a lieutenant he sung of Scotland in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. He was engaged for several years in the blockade of Venice, but his heart, in the midst of every excitement, continued true to Anster, and Fife, and Scotland. Many of his pieces bear foreign dates, but their theme is almost uniformly Scotch. His admiration of Burns, and indeed of all the great lyrists of his home-land, partook of the familiar fondness of a love, and the engrossing enthusiasm of a worship; and his soul gave out echoes as sleepless as those which dwell near mighty cataracts, of the wondrous music with which it was filled unceasingly as with an inspiration.

Some dozen or fourteen years have now passed since we numbered Captain Charles Gray among our close friends. At first we saw him only during his occasional visits to Scotland; but latterly he had retired on full pay, and taken up his permanent residence in a quiet suburb of Edinburgh, lying to the south of Heriot's Hospital. We enjoyed his

society from the simplicity, good faith, and heart-warmth which were his unvarying characteristics. Like a veteran tree-trunk sprouting, the old man exhibited the verdurous freshness of boyhood. He had long been a widower, and his only son was, as he had himself been, a lieutenant in the Royal Marines. But he had companions in his books; and, so long as he had a genuine old ballad to rehearse, he could never feel weary or alone. At the sound of ancient melody, he would break through any conceivable fortification of cobwebs; and ramble in a very rapture of enchantment, in the midst of old-world haunts—wherever, indeed, human hearts had, in times long lapsed, either bounded with uproarious humour, or melted with mellifluous pathos.

There was not, perhaps, in all broad Scotland, a man, in all respects, more happily constituted than Captain Charles Gray. In his case, the spirit of the poet seemed, like the person of the soldier, to have passed through all perils without receiving a single wound or leaving a single scar. Like *Autolykus*—to whom, however, he bore no other resemblance—he went on his way singing, as it were,—

“Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A cheery heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.”

Several of his “Lays and Lyrics” his friend Mr. Peter McLeod had winged with appropriate music, and the secret feeling lay cosy at his heart that these, at least, would go down the sunny slopes of posterity; and this gracious fancy cheered him through years which knew neither eves nor winters, with darling glimpses of a bright poetic immortality. Among his intimate literary friends, were Professor Tennant, whom he describes as

“—reserved and shy,  
With humour lurking in his eye,”

and Professor Thomas Gillespie of St. Andrews, with whom he was wont to correspond in many ways. He was likewise on terms of friendship with Mr. Robert Chambers, whose larger range of faculties did not carry him beyond the enjoyment of kindred pursuits. Mr. Patrick Maxwell, the biographer of the sweet poetess Miss Blamire,—a man after his own heart, and with all his time on his hands, was his daily companion. Poor Gilfillan, with his plaintive “Why left I my hame?” and satiric “Peter M-Craw;” Mr. David Vedder, with his many manly lyrics, like gusts from his own native Orkneys; Mr. James Ballantine, with his graphic and sturdy vigour of expression and sentiment; and Mr. Thomas Smibert, whose polished and eloquent strains have long enriched our periodical literature, and been recently given to the world in a collected shape, were among his congenial associates. Who among his friends can forget the gusto with which he used to sing, in spite of a somewhat croaky voice, his own excellent ditty of “When Autumn has laid her sickle by,” or Tannahill’s fine roystering burlesque of “Barochan Jean?” A fish-dinner at Newhaven with a select party of such spirits, and with Donaldson—well known in Edinburgh circles—to sing “Caller Herring,” as no other man can, and Peter M’Leod to rise in his enthusiasm to the full height of “I am a son of Mars,” is a reminiscence “to dream of, not to tell.”

The closing decade of the last half-century has stolen away since the days of which we speak; but Edinburgh sociabilities still come back upon us, from time to time, if only in intimations of change. Robert Gilfillan has “left his hame,” and gone to rest underneath the flowers of which it was his joy to sing; and our warm-hearted friend Captain

Gray no longer enlivens, with his radiant good-humour, the social circles of the beautiful city of his adoption. Some years before his death, he was a zealous contributor to "WILLIAMSBURG," in which he took a lively interest. He likewise published in the columns of the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper, an elaborate series of "Notes on Scottish Song," displaying much careful research, and acute and curious criticism. With such love-labours, relieved by an occasional attendance at a "Burns Anniversary" at Irvine, or "Nicht in Glasgow" with his west-country cronies, glided away the latter days of Captain Charles Gray, like a stream singing its way cheerily to the sea. The last time we saw him, he was an invalid indulging in daily carriage airings. Lunch was laid out in anticipation of our visit, and we found his faithful friend Mr. Patrick Maxwell, enlivening the pale valetudinarian with his good company. He looked thin and shaken, but the old embers glowed within him, and his kindly blue eyes brightened with their wonted lustre as he descanted on his favourite theme. His end, it would appear, was rapidly approaching; and on the morning of Sunday, April 13, 1851, the good Captain closed his eyes on this world at the age of sixty-nine.

Captain Gray was not gifted with high genius. He had, nevertheless, amassed such wealth of genial and harmonious fellowship in his life, as to enable him to bequeath to his friends a memory which none of them will willingly let die. As a poet he lacked imaginative brilliancy, nor was he master of any profound strain of pathos. The characteristics of his muse was exuberance of animal spirits. Had he been a musician, his forte would have been reels, strathspeys, and polkas. His verses were poured out, not from a torn heart, but from a buoyant and healthy nature. The stream of his song has neither breadth nor depth, richness

nor magnificence, but it has a pleasant warble, and a bright sparkle of its own, and its course is through meadows graced with all flowery embroidery, and under skies which wear their clouds only for adornings. The passing of such a man from the festive circle and the busy street into the unseen world, leaves a strange gap in the dread unlifted veil, through which we seem, for a moment, to catch a wild wide glimpse of the BEYOND.

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## ALEXANDER FISHER.

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ONLY a few days have elapsed (8th Nov., 1852,) since we returned from the grave of another contributor to our pages. Alexander Fisher was born in Glasgow, in 1788. His father was a tobacconist, to which profession he also bred his son. His father gave him an excellent education, which Alexander afterward improved, by very diligent and extensive reading.

He married, in 1811, Helen Campbell, sister to Messrs. Campbells of Candleriggs Street, Glasgow, justly celebrated for the large extent of their private and public charities, and an extended business connection which would render many heads giddy, but their hands have always been able to carry steadily a full cup. Several of Mr. Fisher's family predeceased their father, others of them, with his partner in life, survive to lament his loss, the eldest of whom, Dr. A. Fisher, enjoys an extensive and very respectable medical practice in Glasgow.

Mr. Fisher's contributions are all of a humorous description, and his muse never seemed so much in her element as in describing the awkward misplacings of the adjuncts

of nouns, which Highlanders beginning to speak English always exhibit. The pieces of his in this work are almost all of this description. They are, "The Twal o' August;" "Ta offish in ta mornin'," or "Duncan Grant her Cousin's son;" "Ta praise o' Ouskie;" "Ta gran Highland bag-pipe;" "Shean M-Nab;" "I'se red ye tak' tent;" "I never will get fu' agiu." For a few years preceding his death, he, and Mrs. Fisher and the youngest unmarried daughter, lived in a cottage on the sea side at Ardrossan.

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## J O H N   S P I E R S .

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JOHN SPIERS, our most endeared and intimate friend, requires a notice, however brief, at our hand. He was born at Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, in 1798. His father was connected with the excise. Mr. Spiers came to Glasgow when a young lad, and entered the warehouse of Messrs. James and Morris Pollock. He was partner with Mr. James Pollock, after the partnership of the two brothers had been dissolved. When Mr. Pollock died, Mr. Spiers continued the business on his own account. In 1836, he married Amelia Baxter, fourth daughter of the late Isaac Baxter, Italian warehouse, Buchanan Street.

His early death was occasioned by his connection with those speculations in railways, &c., which have sent so many to premature graves, and involved families in irretrievable ruin. Mr. Spiers' sensitive frame could not bear up under the prospective ruin which stared him in the face. He had a very severe attack of British cholera, from which the medical gentleman had at first no fears of danger; but his mental



anxiety induced convulsive attacks, which carried him away to happier and better scenes, in the hope of which he even triumphed while in the last grasp of the Terrible King. He was withdrawn from the conflict, 21st July, 1843. His amiable partner followed him about four years afterward, leaving a family of four children, three daughters and one son. The care of these orphans devolved on their uncle, Mr. Walter Baxter, who, with his partner in life, are (1852) with the most exemplary diligence, acting the part of parents to them.

Mr. Spiers only contributed one piece to this collection, though he was a large contributor to the Laird of Logan. He was possessed of a very superior taste and sound judgment, to which we very generally deferred. He was always one of the group who assembled in our publisher's, and whose laugh, fresh from the heart, made all joyous about him. Peace to his memory, which will be cherished by the writer while the hand-breadth of his days are continued to the limit—"Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther."

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## J O H N   H O W I E .

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JOHN HOWIE, though not a contributor to this work, deserves a niche. His name is associated with those of the Motherwell coterie. He was from Eaglesham, his father was an extensive farmer in that parish, and the family is descended from an ancestry celebrated in the annals of those conscientious sufferers who were prosecuted for their adherence to the Presbyterian cause, in opposition to Prelacy.

Mr. Howie received a liberal education—he attended the Glasgow College for some years, but did not prosecute any of the learned professions; he devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. His senior brother, James, studied with him, who is now (1852) one of our most respectable members in the Faculty of Procurators. It ought not to be concealed that Mr. James Howie raised amongst his friends, after Motherwell's demise, four-fifths of the sum then subscribed to assist in defraying his debts, and aiding Motherwell's only remaining sister, who died, at Rothesay, in 1850. We do not over-state the matter when we say that Mr. Howie raised above a thousand pounds.

John Howie was connected with the house of Dennistoun, Buchanan, & Co., of Glasgow. A predisposition to pulmonary complaint, rendered it necessary for Mr. Howie to seek a milder clime, and he left this country in 1835, and resided principally in Jamaica till his death, in 1847. Mr. Howie made a journey home in 1846, his medical adviser thinking that his native air might brace up his sadly relaxed and debilitated frame. He reached London, but was ordered back to Jamaica, as his life, it was thought, could not be preserved any time in this northern climate. When the writer called for him, on a Wednesday, at Furnival's Inn, High Holborn, in August, 1846, expecting to see his old and endeared friend, he was told that he had left on the previous Saturday for Jamaica.

Mr. Howie was possessed of a very vigorous, clear, cool philosophical judgment, and of a fine literary taste; we thought sometimes others got the credit for compositions which were written by Mr. Howie. Motherwell uniformly deferred to his taste and judgment. The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the writer on the melancholy occasion of Motherwell's death, which, for taste and feeling, is not often surpassed:—

“ You need not, I daresay, be told with what distressing astonishment the announcement of our cherished friend, Motherwell’s, death came upon me. The bitterness of my own regret was, in my own case, greatly aggravated in reflecting upon the number of sympathetic souls in your own circle, who would be equally heart-stricken by his untimely doom. His career has been mournfully brief, though, happily, not barren; and I cannot doubt that his works will yet rise to a far more estimable popularity than they have hitherto done, and chiefly with that portion of his kind for whom he had ever the heartiest regard—song-loving and simple hearts. To the rugged mass he was, as you are aware, but half known; and some there are who will *pet* his memory, who cared but coldly for the living man. But the brief fever is over, and his life I know was not unhappy, although it was rather a fit than a term—more a passion than an existence. But, was it ever otherwise with true genius! The crust that covers it is almost always prematurely cracked by the very intensity of the flame that glows within.”

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## JAMES SCOTT.

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JAMES SCOTT was born at Lanark, November, 1801. His parents removed to Glasgow when their son was little more than four years of age. He was sent back again to Lanark, to reside with his maternal grandmother, who taught him to read. At the age of seven years, he entered the Grammar School, where he remained about four years. On leaving Lanark, he came to Glasgow, and en-

tered the *Glasgow Chronicle* Office, for which Journal he reported for some considerable time.

In June, 1826, he left for Canada, to edit the *Montreal Herald*, and returned to this country in September, 1831. While in Canada, he established the *Montreal Weekly Gazette*. Early in 1832 Mr. Scott joined the *Greenock Advertiser*, a connection that continued till his death, on 1st December, 1849.

Mr. Scott was much esteemed in Greenock, and took a patriotic lead in all public movements. He had a memory of extraordinary tenacity, and could have reported from memory, almost verbatim, speeches of any ordinary length. He suffered, for a considerable time before his death, by that malady fatal to physical and mental effort—softening of the brain. His amiable partner watched over him, and nursed him with the most pious care, during his painful and protracted illness. A large family pre-deceased him. Mr. Scott contributed one piece to Whistlebinkie.

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## ROBERT CLARK.

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ROBERT CLARK, author of "Kate Macvean," and "Rhymin' Rab o' our Toun," was born in Paisley, in 1810. He was early apprenticed to the trade of weaving, at which he became a proficient workman. From his youth he was remarkably fond of reading, especially poetry. He had a taste for the sister art, music, the study of which he pursued, and became a tolerable performer on the flute and the clarinet. A small collection of Scottish Songs, &c., was published, with his name, entitled "The Thistle." He was married in August, 1832.

Having a strong inclination to try his fortune in America, Robert sailed from Liverpool for Philadelphia in 1844, and resided there for above two years. His principal employment was at his own trade, with occasional engagements at the theatre as a performer on flute and clarionet. In Philadelphia, Clark rallied around him a number of young men from his native town, and formed them into a society for instrumental music, under the name of the *Paisley Band*. He was attacked by a severe fever and ague, and, for the recovery of his health, he re-visited his native country in 1846, and entered into business, on his own account, as a broker; but such a profession did not suit his disposition, and he resolved to return to America. He embarked for New York in the ship *Merlin*, on the 23d of April, 1847. The *Merlin* is supposed to have been lost on her voyage, and Robert to have perished, with the whole passengers and crew, as no tidings of them ever reached this country.

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## ROBERT GILFILLAN.

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SOME half dozen of years have scarcely elapsed, since the former complete edition of "Whistlebinkie" was issued; yet, during that comparatively brief interval, death has removed several of the sweet singers to whose combined genius its pages are indebted for their choicest effusions. Among others by whose contributions the present work has been enriched, was Robert Gilfillan, a brief outline of whose humble and somewhat uneventful life, compiled from various authentic sources, is here given.

Robert Gilfillan was born on the 7th of July, 1798, at Dunfermline, in the county, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Kingdom," of Fife. His parents, who were persons of humble rank in society, were generally respected in their own sphere, for their industry, intelligence, and moral worth. The poet's mother, especially, is represented as having been a woman of more than ordinary endowments. For several years during the boyhood of the future bard, his father was rendered unable, by ill health, to provide in an adequate manner for the necessities of his young and helpless family. In this period of trial, the mother, from whom her gifted son inherited a considerable portion of his intellectual vigour and strong love of independence, exerted herself in the most praiseworthy manner to give her children "a decent upbringing." Hardships and privations there must have been in that lowly home; yet, under that admirable mother, they never ceased to form

"A virtuous household, though exceeding poor."

Of the first twelve years of the poet's life, little is known. When a mere child, we are told by one who knew him well in after-days, Robert toiled manfully to assist his mother. His aid was needed to swell the family store, and the boy rendered it ungrudgingly. While other children of his age were at school, or sporting themselves over the sunny braes, he was already engaged in the serious struggle of existence; yet was he not a stranger to the enjoyments which, happily, even under the most adverse circumstances, are incident to the morning of life. At a very early age, he began to practise the art of song-writing; and it is related, that when engaged on one occasion during the christmas holidays, in a *quizing* excursion, he sung some verses which he had written on the death of Abercromby

with so much effect, as to win unprecedented supplies of "bawbees and blands o' bread and cheese" from the gude-wives of Dunfermline.

In 1811, when only thirteen years of age, Robert Gilfillan left his native town to serve an apprenticeship in Leith, as a cooper. To this handicraft, however, he seems never to have taken kindly; yet he faithfully fulfilled his engagement, punctually giving his earnings from week to week to his beloved mother, and enlivening his leisure hours by the composition of poetry, and the practice of music on a "one-keyed flute," which he purchased with a small sum of money which he found one morning while passing along an obscure street in Leith. The song of "Again let's hail the cheering Spring," according to a manuscript journal of the poet, was one of the early effusions of this period; while "The yellow-haired laddie," as we learn from a passage in one of his letters, was among the first airs that he learned upon the flute, "*under his own tuition.*"

At the termination of his apprenticeship, Mr. Gilfillan, then in his twentieth year, returned to Dunfermline, where he was engaged for nearly three years, as shopman in a grocery establishment. During this period, he formed the acquaintance of a number of young men, possessed, like himself, of literary tastes, who held occasional meetings for mutual improvement in literature, science, and art. At the sederunts of this congenial society, the productions of the poet were either read or chanted; while they were, at the same time, subjected to a friendly criticism. This period, the poet frequently remarked, was the happiest in his life.

Mr. Gilfillan afterwards returned to Leith, where he filled, for many years, the responsible situation of clerk to Mr. M'Ritchie, an extensive wine merchant. While fulfilling

the duties of this office, to the satisfaction of his employer, he found time also to keep up an intimate correspondence with the muses. His songs, through the medium of newspapers and magazines, gradually attracted public attention and admiration. At length, in the year 1831, he was induced by the solicitations of his friends, and his now numerous admirers, to publish a collection of his productions. The volume, which was entitled "Original Songs," contained about a hundred and fifty pages. It was dedicated to Allan Cunningham, and was received by the public in an exceedingly favourable manner. Encouraged by the success of this, his first literary venture, Mr Gilfillan subsequently published, in 1835, another and enlarged edition, containing fifty additional songs. Soon after this volume saw the light, he was entertained at a public dinner in Edinburgh, at which Mr. Peter M'Leod, who had composed the music to some of his finest songs, presided as chairman.

In the year 1837, Mr. Gilfillan was appointed collector of police rates at Leith, an office which he continued to occupy until the period of his death. In the same year, on the motion of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, he was installed as Grand Bard to the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Scotland.

He also contributed a number of poetical pieces to the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and other periodical works; while, for the lengthened period of twenty years, he wrote the principal portion of the Leith news for the *Scotsman*, besides enriching the columns of that and other journals with original communications in prose and verse.

In 1850, Mr. Gilfillan and others, who regretted to see the dilapidated condition into which the monument had fallen which was erected to the poet Fergusson in the Cannongate churchyard, by Robert Burns, originated a subscription for the purpose of having it placed in a proper state of repair



The appeal was liberally responded to, and the monument was effectually repaired. On Monday, the 2d of December, 1850, he attended a dinner of the "Grand Lodge of Sectland," where he sung several of his own songs, and appeared in his ordinary health and spirits. Next day he was slightly unwell, but was able to take a walk in the open air. On Wednesday morning, however, shortly after he had risen from bed, he was seized with a violent fit of apoplexy. Medical aid was immediately called, and he subsequently rallied so far, as to be able to converse. A second fit then supervened, and in the forenoon of that day the poet was no more. He died in the fifty-second year of his age. His remains were accompanied by a numerous and highly respectable company to the place of sepulture, in the churchyard of South Leith, where an appropriate monument, erected by public subscription, has since been placed, to mark the spot where his earthly remains are deposited.

His own songs, although neither gifted with a voice of great compass or power, he always sung with a degree of feeling and taste which seldom failed to charm, and which caused his society to be courted on convivial occasions to an extent far beyond what the dictates of prudence would justify. The mistaken, or it may be selfish, hospitalities of those who call themselves friends and admirers, have too often been the medium of destruction to the poet, who might well exclaim, in answer to the courtesies of such parties, with the frog in the fable, "What is sport to you, is death to us."

Among the song-writers of his country, Robert Gilfillan is undoubtedly entitled to an honourable position. His effusions are uniformly pervaded by tenderness of feeling, appropriateness of imagery, and that genuine simplicity of expression, which forms one of the principal elements of

lyrical success. He has not the vigorous passion and manly energy of a Burns, nor the descriptive truthfulness and freshness of feeling which are so sweetly combined in a Tannahill, but his verses are ever musical and soft, while he has touched, in various instances, on chords which had escaped the ken of his great predecessors in the art of song. "Why left I my hame," a strain which is indeed full of pathos, at once found its way to the popular heart; while the "Happy days of youth," "Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee," "Peter M'Craw," and many other productions of his genius, are characterised by merits of a high order, and have already attained a place among the lays which the world "will not willingly let die."

#### LAMENT FOR ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O MOURN, Scotland, mourn, for thy sweet poet gane;  
Thy children, far distant, shall swell the sad strain;  
By hearth and by homestead, in cottage and ha',  
Are lorn hearts deploring poor Robin awa'.

Where glen-burnies wimple, where hill-torrents flow,  
Where gowden whins blossom, and strong thistles grow,  
Where merles greet the gloamin', and larks hail the daw',  
They've lost their fond lover, poor Robin awa',

Old age totters feebly, and youth paces slow,  
They linger, to mourn o'er their bard lying low,  
While angel tears hallow the turf, as they fa'  
Frae beauty's eyes streaming, for Robin awa'.

O genial the feeling his mem'ry imparts,  
For deeply his lyrics are shrined in our hearts,  
And rich as the fragrance when southlan' winds blaw,  
The flower posie left us by Robin awa'.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

## JOHN IMLAH.

JOHN IMLAH was born in North Street, Aberdeen, about the end of the year 1799. He was the youngest of seven successive sons — a circumstance which he used jocularly to boast of, as conferring on him, according to the old freet, supernatural powers of some sort or other; although what they were “he could not undertake to say.” His parentage was respectable—the Imlahs having been farmers for several generations in the Parish of Fyvie; and the poet’s father, although only a publican, or rather a country inn-keeper, must have been a man of some standing and influence, as he enjoyed the title, and exercised the authority, of Baillie of Cuminestone, a populous village, where his house long continued to be known as “the baillie’s house.” Nor after his removal to Aberdeen, which took place at Whitsunday, 1798, could the Baillie have been in straitened circumstances, for he brought up the four of his seven sons who lived to manhood, in a comfortable way; and John, at least, had the advantage of a pretty fair education, including attendance for a year or two at the grammar school. Ultimately, however, he had to abandon his literary studies, for which he evinced both liking and capacity, and betake himself, as his brothers had done before, to a trade. He was apprenticed to Mr. Allan, a piano-forte maker, to learn the higher, or finishing branches of the business; but he was soon removed from the bench altogether. Having given evidence of the possession of a good musical ear, his master initiated him into the mysteries of tuning, at which he speedily became an adept. On leaving Mr. Allan, he pro-

ceeded to London, where his qualifications procured him almost immediate employment; and in the course of a few years he entered into an engagement with the leading firm, Broadwood & Co., which lasted till he left this country to visit his brothers, and would probably have been renewed again had he lived to return. His connection with the Broadwoods was on the whole a very agreeable one, and suited well his character and tastes. During the season, or rather, from the beginning of the year to the middle of June, he performed the duties of a regular town and house tuner, on a fixed salary; and from June to December, he was allowed to travel in the north-east of Scotland, working on his own account, and eking out his income by an occasional commission on the sale of a piano.

Mr. Imlah spent his five or six months in Scotland in a pleasant roving manner. There is hardly a town between Edinburgh and Inverness, where he had not a circle of attached friends, who were always delighted to see him; then, he was a welcome guest when he appeared professionally at the mansions of the nobility and gentry; and, to crown all, he had a host of cousins and second cousins in the parish of Methlic, near Aberdeen, on whom he delighted to lavish the strong natural feelings which he had no other outlet for—being an orphan and a bachelor, and the only two of his brothers who were in life having emigrated to distant climes so long before that he had but a faint impression of having ever seen them.

Mr. Imlah was perhaps better known and more generally liked than any other person in the same sphere of life. His lively and social disposition, based on intelligence, uprightness, a nice sense of honour, a real goodness of heart, made him a general favourite with all classes. His claims as a poet can be judged of by the specimens in this work. He

published two volumes, and was a regular contributor to the newspapers of his native town. Some of his sweet and simple lyrics have been set to music by eminent composers, and have been sung occasionally by our most distinguished Scottish vocalists.

Mr. Imlah possessed a great deal of nationality—nationality of the right kind: not the ignorant assumption of undue superiority, but a rational apprehension of the real excellencies of the character and position of the people to whom he belonged. In England he was ever foremost to defend Scotland and Scottish habits from prejudiced assailants; while in Scotland, on the other hand, he was equally ready to point out our shortcomings, and wherein we might advantageously take lessons from our southern neighbours. To all the metropolitan associations established for the benefit of his poorer countrymen, he was, according to his means, a cheerful and liberal contributor; and, in his private capacity, he was never found wanting when the claims of the needy, the unfortunate, or unrequited merit, came before him.

Mr. Imlah was cut off prematurely, in the vigour of life, while performing a duty of affection which he had long looked forward to with a mixture of melancholy and pleasurable anticipations. His two remaining brothers—the one resident in Nova Scotia, the other in the West Indies—had been separated from him for a period of thirty years. At length an opportunity occurred of meeting them together at Halifax. After a joyful, and, to him, most complimentary, parting with his friends in London, he set sail, and had a delightful meeting with his relations. He spent some time in Nova Scotia, and then accompanied one of his brothers and a nephew to Jamaica, where, after a brief period of enjoyment, he fell a victim to the fatal disease of

the island. He died on the 9th of January, 1846, having just entered his forty-eighth year. The *Cornwall (Jamaica) Chronicle* paid a just tribute to his memory; and we think we cannot better conclude our brief notice, than by quoting the opinion which only a short intimacy enabled our Colonial brethren to form of Mr. Imlah. The *Chronicle* says, "He is deeply lamented by his relations and friends, and sincerely regretted by a numerous circle of acquaintances. He was a man of unaffected manners and great singleness of heart, who, to a lively imagination and versatile talent, added a ready store of general knowledge, which rendered his society very accēptable to those whose congeniality of mind led them to similar pursuits. He died in Christian hope and resignation, and, we trust, in an odour of mind which dictated, in one of his sacred poems, the following lines:—

“ O, dark would be this vale of tears—more dark this vale  
of death—  
Had we no hope through Godward thoughts — no saving  
trust through faith ;  
Where tear shall never dim the eye, nor sob disturb the  
heart,  
Where meet the holy and the just, and never more to part.’”

## WILLIAM FINLAY.

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WILLIAM FINLAY was born at Paisley, in the year 1792. At an early age he attended Bell's school, at that time a well known seminary in the town, and, subsequently, the Grammar School, where, under Mr. Peddie, he made such progress, that at nine years of age he could read and translate Cæsar with facility. Bred to the loom, he was for twenty years a Paisley weaver. Leaving that trade, he wrought for some time afterwards as a pattern setter, or "flower lasher," as it is locally termed. About the year 1840, he obtained employment in the office of Mr. Neilson, Printer, Paisley. He next removed to Duntocher, where he resided and filled a situation for a short period. Finally, he was employed by Mr. Stirrat, Bleacher, Nethercraigs, at the base of Gleniffer Braes, about two miles to the south of Paisley. He died of fever on the 5th of November, 1847, and was interred in the Paisley Cemetery on the 9th of the same month.

Such are the leading facts in the outer history of William Finlay. The character of the inner man may be gathered from his writings; at least, it is very correctly and intelligibly indicated there.

While yet a young man, working at the loom, he became known among circles of his townsmen as a writer of verses. Some of his productions of this era, about 1812 or 1813, are lively and humorous pictures of scenes which came under his notice, with, here and there, graphic sketches of character and strokes of satire indicative of the powers which his after life developed. A few years later, about 1819 and 1820, during what is known in Paisley as the "radical time," he published some political verses, which, having a leaning

to the popular side, caused him to be regarded with suspicion by those whose sympathies were all on the side of arbitrary power. Finlay, however, was no rabid or dangerous radical in politics at any time, and as he advanced in life, he became rather conservative in his views.

In course of time, Finlay became generally known as a pretty successful writer of humorous and satirical verses. As a satirist, he possessed considerable abilities; and, although this was only one of the phases of his character, and, perhaps, not the most important, it was the one in which, from his frequent appearances in it, he was most familiar to his townsmen during his lifetime.

Numerous efforts of our author, made with little study, and under many disadvantages, indicate that, had he been in a position to cultivate his natural abilities, and to look abroad for themes of more general interest, he might have taken high rank as a satirist. It says much for the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his judgment, that, although he frequently and freely wielded the satiric pen, and set the whole community a laughing, he seldom, if ever, incurred the enmity of those of whom he wrote. His satire was never savage: it was always tempered with humanity; and there was a drollery about it which even its victims could scarcely resist.

Some of the most agreeable of his productions are those in which there is a mixture of the descriptive, the humorous, and the kindly, mellowed here and there with the pathetic, and delicately spiced with the satirical. "The Widow's Excuse," "My Auld Uncle John," and other specimens of this union, will occur to the reader.

In reality, it was in pathos, more than in satire or humour, that William Finlay's true strength lay. Calls were constantly made on him by friends of one kind and another



to be satirical and humorous, and to these calls his good nature, his ever ready perception of the ludicrous, and other reasons, induced him to respond. His soul, left to its own breathings, however, like an *Æolian* harp to commune with the wind, gave utterance to tender, melancholy strains, descriptive of the blight of sickness, sorrow, and misfortune, or of the ever recurring visits of the angel of death to the struggling sons of clay. His mind, although by no means gloomy, was always sensitive, and tenderly appreciated the griefs and sufferings to which mortality is subject. On looking over his collected works, one cannot help being struck by the many sorrowful vicissitudes which have presented themselves to him, and which he has recorded. The Destroyer, in stern reality, visited him. He was practically "acquainted with grief." It devolved on him to lay his wife and four of his children in their graves; and, in the course of his life, he was called on to mourn the melancholy departure of many relatives and esteemed friends. Every stanza which he composed on such a subject may be regarded as a veritable inscription over the grave of a lost one, little known to the world, perhaps, but known, and loved, and lamented, by him. In these grave productions of his, there is much simple and true pathos, calculated to surprise those who have only known him in his humorous and satirical effusions. What may equally surprise such people, is his intimate acquaintance with, and strikingly appropriate employment of, the solemn language of scripture. Few could employ Bible Language so effectively. Sometimes he uses little else, just connecting scripture phrases by a few words of his own, and yet avoiding all appearance of forcing quotations into his service. Partly from temperament, and partly from early education, whatever superficial observers might think, strata of religious principle, feeling, and know-

ledge, formed no inconsiderable portions of his strangely mixed character.

It can scarcely have escaped the notice of any one who has looked into his writings, that these, in many instances, especially among his songs, are characterised by the most comical association of incongruities, producing very ludicrous effects. A glance at "Joseph Tuck," "Bankrupt and Creditors," &c., will illustrate this remark. This peculiarity is suggestive of his own character, which was, to some extent, a contradictory mixture, not only of grave and gay, of lively and severe, but of strength and weakness, of wisdom and folly. Like many other men of intellectual abilities and genial disposition, he wanted inflexibility of purpose, and that "prudent, cautious self-control," which, according to Burns, "is wisdom's root." Yielding to the fascinations of conviviality, he sometimes fell into excesses which no one deplored more sincerely than himself. In taking remorseful retrospects of his conduct, as he always did on such occasions, he sometimes described the exercise as looking down his own throat. Frequent and touching allusions to the sin which most easily beset him, occur in his writings. Unfortunately, the reflections which the glass produced were almost as readily effaced from his memory as in the case of the apostle James' man, who, it will be remembered, after beholding himself in a *glass*, went away and straightway forgot what manner of man he was.

For the last year of Finlay's life, however — during his residence at Nethercraigs, amidst the fresh breezes, the dewy fields, the waving foliage, and the gushing streams of the country, he had completely abandoned the bottle, with all its associations, and had become temperate and cheerful as a skylark. Poor fellow! cold water was, in one respect,

the death of him; for, during a quiet nocturnal walk, he accidentally fell into a pond or reservoir, where he was thoroughly drenched, and, neglecting to change his clothes immediately afterward, a fever was induced, which carried him off.

In his demeanour, William Finlay was very modest and unassuming, and without a particle of affectation. With a generally well-informed mind, a lively and playful fancy, a sharp and ready wit, a productive vein of humour, imperturbable good nature, and great warmth of heart, he was a decided favourite with all who knew him. His time and talents were perhaps too freely drawn on by his friends; and, although he employed them in what he found to be agreeable occupations, these occupations must have interfered, to some extent, with the other and necessary pursuits of a working man. That he sometimes felt this to be the case, is evident from what he has left on record:—

“ While others have been busy, bustling  
 After wealth and fame,  
 And, wisely, adding house to house,  
 And Baillie to their name,  
 I, like a thoughtless prodigal,  
 Have wasted precious time,  
 And followed lying vanities  
 To string them up in rhyme.”

He contributed to the poet's corner of the *Paisley Advertiser* for a series of years, and a great variety of his effusions reached the public through other channels. About the beginning of 1846, a good many of his best pieces were collected and published at Paisley, in a volume\* dedicated to his friend Mr. Matthew Barr.

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\* Poems, Humorous and Sentimental, by William Finlay. Paisley, Murray & Stewart and William Wotherspoon, 1846.

## G E O R G E   D O N A L D .

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GEORGE DONALD, author of nearly a dozen Songs in the Nursery portion of Whistlebinkie, was born in Calton of Glasgow, in January, 1800. His parental ancestors belonged to the Western Highlands. At the period of the birth of the subject of this memoir, his father was what is called a tenter in one of the power-loom factories in the Calton.

Alex. Crum, Esq., father of the highly respected family of that name, so justly esteemed in Glasgow, engaged the poet's father, on the recommendation of the late Mr. Bartholomew, to whom he had woven for twenty years, to go to Thornlie Bank, in 1808.

The factory act was not then in existence, and he would have been thought a visionary enthusiast who would have attempted to limit the hours of labour, or the age at which young persons should be allowed to enter public factories. It is painful to contemplate a youth possessed of those tender sensibilities which distinguish those of a poetic temperament — often, also, not the most robust constitution — subjected as George was, at the early age of eight years, to the long hours which regulated these works, from six morning till eight evening six days of the week, with an interval of an hour and a-half for both meals.

Having observed the eager desire which our poet began to manifest for reading, the manager of the factory very kindly allowed him to attend school for two hours each day, he had only received, previously, some elementary instruction at a school in Glasgow, taught by an old woman. By

dint of close application to his favourite pursuits, he succeeded in gaining a knowledge of English and Geography; he also attained a knowledge of the rudiments of the Latin language, under the tuition of Mr. Robert Lochtie, who taught a school in the village, and who, besides, assisted and directed the studies of his young pupil.

During the period of what may well be remembered, and called the Radical rebellion, George Donald found ample scope for his poetic talent. He was an ardent advocate for civil and religious liberty. Many of his pieces, contributed to the liberal political journals of the day, show how earnestly he advocated the divine origin of liberty as the common birthright of man. His contributions to these journals were the means of introducing him to some of the leaders among the political circles of Glasgow. This acquaintanceship may be said to have been the first step that led to those consequences which were the source of his subsequent misfortunes.

In 1825, George married Mary Wallace, who was employed at Thornlie Bank with himself. In consequence of the extreme depression of trade in 1826 — a year well remembered by those then engaged in commercial pursuits during their after days—the works at Thornlie Bank were closed, and those who had been engaged at them were obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

The subject of our memoir was engaged to act as manager of a factory in the neighbourhood of Belfast; but his stay there did not much exceed a twelvemonth. He returned to Scotland in 1831, and rented a small house at the Townhead of Glasgow, and from this period, George Donald's moral descent, forgetfulness of what he owed to himself and to his family, was irremediable and rapid.

His literary and political acquaintanceships were renewed.

He became a member of a political club; and the important discussions, as its members considered them, were continued till late hours, and deep libations from the inebriating bowl wound up the proceedings. For a time he attended his work and his family, but the moral poison had infected him, and very soon occasioned his ruin. His family became completely neglected; and, though his helpmate struggled night and day to maintain herself and family—which consisted of a son and two daughters—and employed all those means which a dutiful and affectionate wife never fails to do, to win back the partner of her life from dissipation, it was all in vain.

We quote, from a popular work of the day, a case similar to that of Mrs. Donald:—"She paced the floor of her lonely apartment with painful anxiety. Her children asleep—no living to share her woes, or sound to break the midnight silence, save the melancholy click of the old wooden clock, which might have made the lonely woman imagine that she held her finger on the wrist of old Time, and felt the pulsations which denoted his rapid progress towards the limits 'No longer;' and as each large division in the circle of his steps had been passed over, the rusty machinery gave an alarm, as if shuddering at its own progress, and sounded the knell, delivering over another passage of Time 'To the years beyond the flood.' One struck—two followed—and still the death-like silence prevailed within the humble dwelling. Oh! ye riotous drunkards, whose throats are as if they were parched by blasts from hell! how many hearts are withering to death under your cold neglect? how many tender shoots, introduced by you into this bleak world, are thus left to sicken and die?"

He became, like his brother and contemporary, Sandy Rodger, connected with a radical newspaper started at this

time, entitled the *Liberator*, which had a brief existence of some eighteen months. In this office, Donald's habits may be said to have been thoroughly ruined, and those of Rodger far from being improved, beside losing a considerable sum of money, the contributions of his friends, in this slough of despond.

Our poet returned to work at his usual employment, but that had lost all its charms for him. Not though a weeping wife and helpless children mourned, could the hapless son of the muses be restrained from carousing with his boon companions. After using every endeavour to reclaim him, despair took hold of Mrs. Donald's heart, and, in 1836, she abandoned him, taking her family with her to Thornlie Bank, where, under her mother's roof, she found shelter. Some have considered this as a hasty step, and that she ought to have continued with her husband, and persevered in her efforts to reclaim him; but it is far easier to blame than to bear. Had she been alone, the case would have been different, but these children had to be cared for, and that by the mother alone. The arm on which she and her children looked to under Providence for support, had become morally paralysed. The result, we think, showed the course she took was the right one, for, instead of being struck with sorrow and shame for the cause of this abandonment, and endeavour to retrace his steps, he plunged deeper and deeper in the vice that had become his master, and, as the Proverbs say, "He was holden in the cords of his own sin." No doubt he had, as all drunkards have, repentant fits, and abstained from indulgence for a time, but these passed away, verifying the passage of sacred writ above quoted.

Donald, after this crisis, was driven hither and thither like stubble in the whirlwind, the march downwards doubly accelerated. He made a journey to America, but soon re-

turned to his native country not much improved by his travels. Up to the period of his last illness, he continued to write both prose and verse for the journals of the day. He published "The Lays of the Covenanters," a work worthy of his name, but from which he derived very little pecuniary return. One of these Lays appeared in the *Banner of Ulster*. When Dr. Chalmers happened to be in Belfast, and "The Lays" came under his eye, he was much pleased with them, and sent, by the hand of a friend, a guinea to the author—a great boon to him at the time.

Some of Donald's happiest efforts may be seen in the pieces he contributed to the little popular work, "Songs for the Nursery." There are ten songs of his in that collection, and the reader of critical taste for the felicitous expression of our Scottish idiom, and domestic sympathies and feelings, will not fail to say that George Donald is entitled, with Miller, Ballantine, Smart, Rodger, &c. &c., to the compliment paid to them by Lord Jeffrey.

Part of the last days of Donald was in the office of the *Glasgow Examiner*, under Mr. Smith, who was very kind to him. A cold he caught in 1850 settled down on his chest, and, in 1851, it assumed such a serious aspect that he was advised to go into the Royal Infirmary; but his family, whose eye watched, though unobserved, his melancholy career, took him home to Thornlie Bank, and had medical skill and nursing applied to his disease, but in vain. His lips were sealed by death, 7th December, 1851.

Thus passed away a hapless gifted child of song, the last passages of whose melancholy life give a fearful admonition to the tuneful tribe who come after him. In one of his notes to a gentleman who gave him assistance sometimes, he says, "My thoughts at times are fearful: may God forgive and protect me." In another. "I am shoeless and



shirtless, and cannot write for the cold." We consider it necessary to quote these distressing passages from his correspondence, to serve as a warning to others to beware of the Poet's Slaughter-house—the Tavern.

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## ROBERT L. MALONE.

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ROBERT L. MALONE was born in Anstruther, Fife, about the year 1812, and was a younger member of a family of seven daughters and six sons, most of whom died in infancy. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy, and latterly held a command in the Coast Guard Service. His mother was a Rothesay lady, in which town the father ultimately settled down on half-pay, but died when Robert was a child of five years of age. At fourteen, after acquiring a mere rudimental education, Robert entered the navy, and served for the first three years on board the gun-brig *Marshal*, Lieutenant M'Kirby, long known in the west as attending the Fisheries department. He then served some time in the Mediterranean, and also in South America, on board the well-known ship *Rattlesnake*. At the end of ten years, declining health forced him to quit the service, and join his family at Rothesay. The fine air of that salubrious locality had a beneficial effect on him, and he rallied, but, being naturally of a delicate constitution, he never attained to anything like vigour. He had all his life been a lover of poetry, and especially that of his native land; but it was during the solitary hours which a delicate state of

health imposed on him, that he was led to give his thoughts an embodiment in song. His mode of life hitherto had given a turn to his mind and his musings, and the latter found vent in his principal poem of "The Sailor's Dream," which is full of rich imagery. "The Sailor's Funeral" is another effusion in which his early associations are evoked.

In 1836, he came along with his family to reside in Greenock, where he passed his time in quiet and unobtrusive wanderings among the fine scenery of Inverkip Vale, no doubt maturing his poetical aspirations, and husbanding the portion of health which he yet retained. In 1845, he published his volume, which was largely patronised, and justly appreciated, gaining him many friends. Before this time, however, he had contributed some good songs to this work. About the end of the same year he obtained a situation as a clerk in the Long-room of her Majesty's Customs at Greenock; and here he remained, highly esteemed, till about the middle of June, 1850, when he was compelled to abandon his duties; and on the 6th of July, three weeks afterwards, he died, in his thirty-eighth year, regretted by all who knew him, and admired and esteemed, not more for his writings than for his extreme modesty, and quiet, agreeable, retiring, and obliging disposition. His remains rest in the Cemetery, a locality around which he so often delighted to wander. Though so long a period of his short life was spent on shipboard, he ever delighted to dwell

"Mid nature's guileless joys."

Every line he has written, is the emanation of a mind imbued with a keen and careful perception of all that is lofty and pure. His predilection for the muse did not lead him to neglect the more austere duties of his office—he wrote little and published less from the date of his appointment.

# I N D E X

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# WHISTLE-BINKIE.



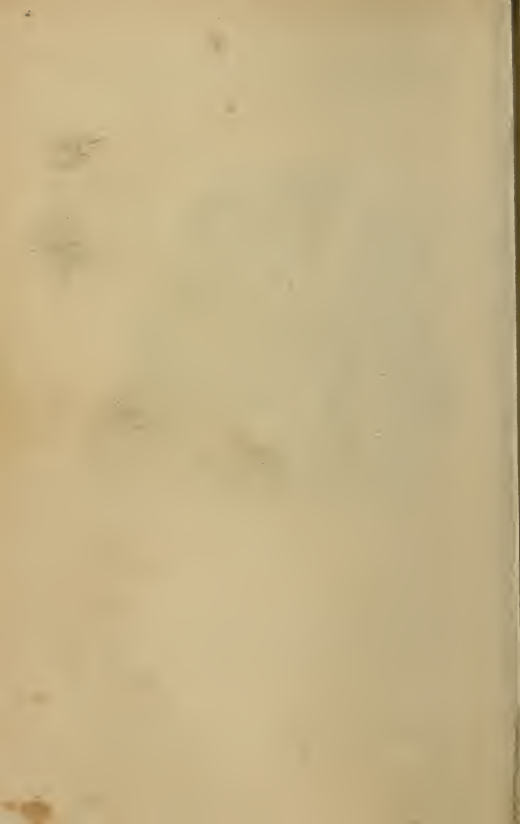
STREET DUET.

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FIRST SERIES.

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DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.



## DISSERTATION ON WHISTLE-BINKIES.

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DR. JAMIESON, in defining "Whistle-binkie," thus illustrates the term in its application: "One who attends a penny wedding, but without paying any thing, and therefore has no right to take any share of the entertainment; a mere spectator, who is, as it were, left to sit on a bench by himself, and who, if he pleases, may whistle for his own amusement." If the Doctor's explanation were correct, the race of Whistle-binkies would long ere this have become extinct in the country, as we cannot suppose the treatment he describes, much calculated to encourage their growth; but, as we observe the meaning of the term is only given as understood in Aberdeenshire, we presume he means to avail himself of the County privilege, and retract it when he finds it convenient.

As names in Scotland are held in estimation according to their antiquity and respectable standing, it may not be amiss to inform our readers, that the Whistle-binkies in the present day, can vie with most names in Europe, not only in a numerical point of view, but also in heraldic importance. It has however been alleged, that the Whistle-binkies of the North arose, at first, from what some consider to be rather a low origin; this, were it true even to the fullest extent, is no disparagement, since the acorn must mingle with the earth before the oak is produced. According to the most pains-taking among our etymologists, the name was first conferred upon one who, in his attendance upon weddings and other convivial occasions, rendered himself so agreeable to the company by his skill in whistling, that he was al-

lowed to sit at the Bink or board, and partake of the good things free of all expense; an honour, in the early ages of our history, which was only conferred on the highest degree of merit. In process of time, the cognomen of Whistle-binkie which arose in a rude age, came to be applied to men whose intellectual powers were either put forth in whistling, singing, story-telling, or any other source of amusement that caught the fancy and received the encouragement of their fellow-men, while engaged in their convivial orgies. In the present times, the profession is divided into so many castes, that we find it no easy task to assign them their proper places. In our endeavour to effect this, however, we shall begin with the sons of the "sock and buskin," with the celebrated Mr. Matthews at their head, whom we take to have been the most renowned Whistle-binkie of his age. In the next rank to the votaries of Thespis, we would place all professional singers who appear at public dinners, and receive the run of their teeth and a per contra *mair attour* for their attendance. After them, comes a class of a more modest description, to whom a dinner-ticket is considered a remuneration sufficiently liberal, and whose powers of song, like the captive tenantry of the grove, is poured forth for the slender consideration of seed and water. Though, in these three classes, may be comprised a great proportion of those who are justly entitled to belong to the fraternity of Whistle-binkies, yet there are fractions of the great body-politic which we cannot properly assign to any of the above castes; some of these we would arrange under the head of amateur Whistle-binkies—this description, though not so numerous, perhaps, as any of the others, are much inclined to consider themselves superior in point of personal respectability, to any we have mentioned: this, however, is a point which does not lie with us to decide; suffice it to say, that an amateur Whistle-binkie is one whose acquaintance is courted on account of his possessing the talents we have described, and whose timo

is occupied in fulfilling an eternal round of dinner and tea-party engagements, not that his entertainers have any personal regard for his character, but merely because they can make him a useful auxiliary in amusing their friends. Those men who relish this mark of distinction, can easily be known by their perpetual attempts to divert, and the delectable expression of conviviality which is ever and anon lighting up their countenances, where may be seen, traced in the legible hand of joyous dame nature herself, "Dinner, Tea, or Supper parties, attended in town or country, on the shortest notice." There is also another description of the same genus, which may be called hooded Whistle-binkies; these gents. are invited out for the same purpose as the former, but perhaps, from the delicate management of their host, or the obtuseness of their own perceptions, they are prevented from discovering that they are present for a motive. All lions, in our opinion, whether they belong to science, literature, or the arts, if they accept an invitation for the purpose of allowing themselves to be stirred up with the long pole, and shown off for the amusement or gratification of old ladies, young ladies, little masters or misses, come under the denomination we have so often referred to. Even the clergyman who attends a public dinner, and says grace as an equivalent for his ticket, may be considered (with reverence be it spoken) as coming under the designation of a respectable, well-disposed, time-serving Whistle-binkie.

As we do not wish however, to draw too largely on the patience of our readers, we shall conclude by noticing another set of men, which we have not yet enumerated: these we shall term saucy Whistle-binkies, and to the conduct of two of this class, we may safely aver, the present little publication owes its existence. The case was this:—a much respected friend of ours, whom we shall call Mrs. Petticraw, had a large party about a month ago, to which we, among many others, were invited. The good lady had no resources

within herself, and afraid to trust to chance for the amusement of her company, had very considerately invited two noted Whistle-binkies to attend; the one celebrated for the sweet, chaste, and melodious style in which he warbled forth the sentimental minstrelsy of the day; and the other equally famed for the fine vein of rich, racy, laugh-exciting humour, which he threw into his songs, which were all as comic in conception, as if they had been genuine casts taken from the interior of the harns-pan of Momus himself. In the prospect of meeting two such worthies, curiosity stood, most lady-like, on tiptoe. She might as well, however, have kept her seat; neither of the gentlemen made their appearance, and their absence formed an ever-recurring topic of sorrowful remark; seeing the disappointment which the conduct of these popular favourites occasioned to our kind hostess and her fair friends, the thought struck us, that it would be doing a service to a number of our female acquaintances, and perhaps to the public at the same time, if we could manage to get up a sort of substitute for such saucy Whistle-binkies, in order that—when they happened to be taken ill with the whippertooties or mullygrubs, two complaints to which they, above all other men, are particularly exposed—their absence in any party where they had been invited, might not be quite so severely regretted as in the instance we have just noticed. With this view, therefore, and in order to enable every gentleman and lady to become, to a certain degree, their own Whistle-binkies, we have selected, chiefly from unpublished manuscripts, the following collection of Comic and Sentimental Songs, which, as we have been particularly careful in excluding all pieces of an indelicate or immoral description, we respectfully present to the notice of the public, confident if it does not excite the smiles of the fair, that the most fastidious among them will never find herself a blush out of pocket, by a careful perusal of its pages.



# WHISTLE-BINKIE, &c.

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## SCOTTISH TEA-PARTY.

Now let's sing how Miss M'Wharty,  
T'other evening had a party,  
    To have a cup of tea ;  
And how she had collected  
All the friends that she respected,  
    All as merry as merry could be.  
Dames and damsels came in dozens,  
With two-three country cousins,  
    In their lily-whites so gay ;  
Just to sit and chitter-chatter,  
O'er a cup of scalding water,  
    In the fashion of the day.

*(Spoken in different female voices.)* 'Dear me, how hae ye been this lang time, mem?' 'Pretty weel, I thank ye, mem. How hae ye been yoursel?' 'O mem, I've been vera ill wi' the rheumatisms, and though I were your tippet, I couldna be fu'er o' stitches than I am; but whan did ye see Mrs. Pinkerton?' 'O mem, I haena seen her this lang time. Did ye no hear that Mrs. Pinkerton and I hae had a difference?' 'No, mem, I didna hear. What was't about, mem?' 'I'll tell you what it was about, mem. I gaed o'er to ca' upon her ae day, and when I gaed in, ye see, she's sitting feeding the parrot, and I says to her, 'Mrs. Pinkerton, how d'ye do, mem?' and she never let on she heard me; and I says again, 'Mrs. Pinkerton, how d'ye do?' I says, and wi' that she turns about, and says she, 'Mrs. M'Saunter, I'm really astonished you should come and ask me how I do, considering the manner you've ridiculed me and my husband in public companies!'

Mrs. Pinkerton,' quo' I, 'what's that ye mean, mem?' and then she began and gied me a' the ill-mannered abuse you can possibly conceive. And I just says to her, quo' I, 'Mrs. Pinkerton,' quo' I, that's no what I cam to hear, and if that's the way ye intend to gae on, quo' I, I wish ye gude morning; so I comes awa. Now I'll tell ye what a' this was about. Ye see, it was just about the term time, ye ken, they flitted aboon us, and I gaed up on the term morning to see if they wanted a kettle boiled or anything o' that kind; and when I gaed in, Mr. Pinkerton, he's sitting in the middle o' the floor, and the barber's shaving him, and the barber had laid a' his face round wi' the *white saip*, and Mr. Pinkerton, ye ken, has a very *red nose*, and the red nose sticking through the white saip, just put me in mind o' a *carrot* sticking through a *collyflower*; and I very innocently happened to mention this in a party where I had been dining, and some officious body's gane and tell't Mrs. Pinkerton, and Mrs. Pinkerton's ta'en this *wonderfully* amiss. What d'ye think o' Mrs. Pinks?' 'Deed, mem. she's no worth your while; but did you hear what happened to Mrs. Clapperton the ither day?' 'No, mem. What's happened to her, poor body?' 'I'll tell you that, mem. You see, she was coming down Montrose Street, and she had on a red pelisse and a white muff, and there's a bubbly-jock\* coming out o' the breweree—and whether the red pelisse had ta'en the beast's eye or no, I dinna ken, but the bubbly-jock rins after Mrs. Clapperton, and Mrs. Clapperton ran, poor body, and the bubbly-jock after her, and in crossing the causey, ye see, her fit slippet, and the muff flew frae her, and there's a cart coming past, and the wheel o' the cart gaes o'er the muff, and ae gentleman rins and lifts Mrs. Clapperton, and anither lifts the muff, and when he looks into the muff, what's there, but a wee bit broken bottle, wi' a wee soup brandy in't; and the gentlemen fell a looking and laughing to ane anither, and they're gaun about to their dinner parties and their supper parties, and telling about Mrs. Clapperton wi' the bubbly-jock and the bottle o' brandy. Now it's vera ill done o' the gentlemen to do any thing o' the kind, for Mrs. Clapperton was just like to drap down wi' perfect vexation, for she's a body o' that kind o' laithfu' kind o' disposition, she would just as soon take aqua fortis as she would take brandy in ony clandestine kind o' manner'

\* Turkey-cook.

Each gemman at his post now,  
 In handing tea or toast now,  
 Is striving to outshine ;  
 While keen to find a handle  
 To tip a little scandal,  
 The ladies all combine ;  
 Of this one's dress or carriage,  
 Or t'other's death or marriage,  
 The dear chit chat's kept up ;  
 While the lady from the table,  
 Is calling while she's able—  
 " Will you have another cup ? "

Dear me, you're no done, mem—you'll take another cup, mem—take out your spoon.' 'Oh no, mem, I never take mair than ae cup upon ony occasion.' 'Toots, sic nonsense. 'You may toots awa, but it's true sense, mem. And whan did ye see Mrs. Petticraw, mem ?' 'Deed, I haena seen her this lang time, and I'm no wanting to see her ; she's a body o' that kind, that just gangs frae house to house gathering clashes, and gets her tea here and her tea there, and tells in your house what she hears in mine, and when she begins, she claver clavers on and on, and the claver just comes frae her as if it cam' affa *clew*, and there's nae end o' her.' 'O you maun excuse her, poor body, ye ken she's lost a' her *teeth*, and her tongue *wearies* in her mouth wantin' *company*.' 'Deed they may excuse her that wants her, for it's no me. Oh ! ladies, did ye hear what's happened in Mr. M'Farlane's family ? there's an awfu' circumstance happened in that family, Mr. and Mrs. M'Farlane haevna spoken to ane anither for this fortnight, and I'll tell you the reason o't. Mrs. M'Farlane, poor body, had lost ane o' her teeth, and she gaed awa to the dentist to get a tooth put in, and the dentist showed her twa-three kinds o' them, and amang the rest he showed her a Waterloo ane, and she thought she would hae a Waterloo ane, poor body. Weel the dentist puts in ane to her, and the tooth's running in her head a' day, and when she gangs to her bed at night, as she tells me—but I'm certain she must have been dreaming—just about ane or twa o'clock o' the morning, mem, just about ane or twa o'clock in the morning, when she looks out o' her bed, there's a *great lang sodger*

standing at the bedside, and quo' she, ' Man, what are ye wanting ?' she says. Quo' he, ' Mrs. M'Farlane, that's my tooth that ye've got in your mouth.' ' Your tooth ! quo' she, ' the very tooth that I bought the day at the dentist's !' ' It doesna matter for that,' quo' he, ' I lost it at Waterloo.' ' Ye lost it at Waterloo, sic nonsense !' Weel, wi' that he comes forret to pit his finger into Mrs. M'Farlane's mouth to tak' the teeth out o' her mouth, and she gies a snap, and catch'd him by the finger, and he gied a great screich and took her a gowfi' the side o' the head, and that waukened her, and when she waukens, what has she gotten but Mr M'Farlane's finger atween her teeth, and him roaring like to gang out o' his judgment !! Noo, Mr. M'Farlane has been gaun about wi' his thumb in a clout, and looking as surly as a bear, for he thinks Mrs. M'Farlane had done it out o' spite, because he wadna let her buy a sofa at a sale the other day ; noo it's vera ill-done o' Mr. M'Farlane to think ony thing o' that kind, as if ony woman would gang and *bite* her ain *flesh* and *blood* if she *kent* o't.'

Miss M'Wharty, with a smile,  
 Asks the ladies to beguile  
 An hour with whist or loo ;  
 While old uncle cries " Don't plague us ;  
 Bring the toddy and the negus—  
 We'll have a song or two."  
 " Oh dear me, uncle Joseph !  
 Pray do not snap one's nose off ;  
 You'll have toddy when your dry,  
 With a little ham and chicken,  
 An' some other dainty pickin'  
 For the ladies, by-and-by."

' Weel, mem, how's your frien' Mrs. Howdyson coming on in thae times, when there is sae muckle influenza gaun about amang families ?' ' Mrs. Howdyson ! na, ye maun ask somebody that kens better about her than I do. I hae na seen Mrs. Howdyson for three months.' ' Dear me ! do ye tell me sae ? you that used to be like twa sisters ! how did sic a wonderfu' change as that come about ?' ' Deed, mem, it was a very silly matter did it a'. Some five months since, ye see, mem (but

ye maunna be speaking about it), Mrs. Howdyson called on me ae forenoon, and after sitting awhile she drew a paper parcel out o' her muff; —'Ye'll no ken what this is?' said she. 'No,' quo' I, 'It's no very likely. Weel, it's my worthy husband's satin breeks, that he had on the day we were married; and I'm gaun awa to Miss Gushat to get her to mak them into a bonnet for mysel, for I hae a great respect for them on account of him that's awa'. Respect! thinks I to mysel (for about this time she was spoke o' wi' Deacon Purdie), queer kind o' respect!—trying to catch a new guidman wi' a bonnet made out o' the auld ane's breeks!—but I said naething. Weel, twa or three weeks after this, I was taking a walk wi' anither lady, and wha should we meet but Mrs. Howdyson, wi' a fine, flashy, black satin bonnet on! So, we stopped, and chatted about the weather, and the great mortality that was in the town, and when shaking hands wi' her at parting, I, without meaning ony ill, gae a nod at her bonnet, and happend to say, in my thoughtless kind o' way, Is that the breeks? never mindin' at the time that there was a stranger lady wi' me. Now, this was maybe wrang in me, but considering our intimacy, I never dreamed she had ta'en't amiss—till twa three Sundays after, I met her gaun to the kirk alang wi' Miss Purdie, and I happend to hae on ane o' thae new fashionable bonnets—really, it was an elegant-shaped bonnet! and trimmed in the most tasteful and becoming manner—it was, in short, such a bonnet as ony lady might have been proud to be seen in. Weel, for a' that, mem, we hadna stood lang before she began on my poor bonnet, and called it a' the ugly-looking things she could think o', and advised me to gang hame and change it, for I looked so vulgar and daftlike in't. At length, I got nettled at her abuse, for I kent it was a' out o' spite; Mrs. Howdyson, says I, the bonnet may be baith vulgar and daftlike, as you say, but I'm no halfsae vulgar or sae daftlike as I wad be, if, like *some folks*, I were gaun to the kirk wi' a *pair o' auld breeks on my head!* So, I turna on my heel and left them; but though it was the Sabbath-day, I could not help thinking to mysel—iny lady, I trow I've gi'en you a lozenge to sook that'll keep you frae sleeping, better than ony confectionary you've ta'en to the kirk wi' ye this while.'

'Weel, ladies, there are some strange kind o' folks to be met with after a'. I've just been listening to your crack, and it puts me in mind

of a new-married lady I was visiting the ither day. Before she was married, she was one of the dressiest belles we had about the town; and as for changing bonnets, you would seldom meet her twice wi' the same ane on. But now, though she has been little mair than three months married, she has become one of the most idle tawpie drabs that ever was seen, and has so many romantie fancies and stupid conceits about her, that I often canna help pitying the poor husband. Besides, she kens nae mair about house matters, than if she had never heard o' sic things. She was an only dochter, you see, and, like the ewe's pet lamb, she got mair *licking* than *learning*. Just to gie ye an instance o' her management,—she told me she was making preparations for a dinner that her husband was going to give in a day or twa. and, amang ither things, she said that he wanted a turkey in ruffles.' 'Turkey in ruffles! quo' I, that's a queer kind o' a dish!' 'Queer as it is, I'll manage it.' 'I would like to see it, quo' I. So wi' that, she rings the bell and orders the servant to bring it ben. Weel, what's this but a turkey; the feathers were aff, to be sure, which showed some sma glimmering o' sense, but the neck o' the beast was a' done up wi' fine cambric ruffles; these were to be ta'en aff, it seems, till it was roasted, and then it was to get on a' its finery again, soas to appear in full puff before the company, and this was what she called a turkey in ruffles! Dear me! quo' I, this is a way o' *dressing* a turkey I never saw before—I'm thinking the guidman must have meant turkey and truffles.'—'Truffles!' cried she, looking like a bewildered goose, and 'what's truffles, in a' the world?' 'Just look your cookery-book, quo' I, and you'll find that truffles are no made o' cambric muslin. Now, ladies, did you ever hear such ignorance? but, better than that, she went on to tell me how she had sent the servant to the market to buy a hare, to mak soup o'; but, says she, 'what do you think the stupid creature did? instead of a hare, she brought me twa rabbits; now, ye ken, mem, rabbits dinna mak guid harc-soup.' 'No, quo' I; *hare-soup* made o' *rabbits* may be a rare dish, but it's no to my taste.' 'That's just my opinion; so, as they're gay and white in the flesh, I'm thinking just to make a bit veal-pie o' them;—what do you think o' that for economy?' 'Excellent, quo' I, if you can *manage* it.' 'But,' said she, 'I'm to hae a haggis too, as a novelty to some English gentlemen that

are to be of the party; now, I'm thinking of having the bag of the haggis dyed turkey-red; it's a fancy o' my ain, and I think it would astonish them; besides, it would cut such a dash on the table.' 'Dash on the table! quo' I, nae doubt it would cut a dash on the table;—but wha ever heard o' a turkey-red haggis before? Now, I think, ladies, if my frien' can either make *hare-soup* or a *veal-pye* out of a pair of rabbits, she'll be even a greater genius than Mrs. Howdyson, wi' her new bonnet made out o' a pair of auld breeks!'

So thus to sit and chitter chatter  
O'er a cup o' scalding water,  
Is the fashion o' the day.

*Carrick.*

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### THE PARTING.

OH! is it thus we part,  
And thus we say farewell,  
As if in neither heart  
Affection e'er did dwell?  
And is it thus we sunder,  
Without or sigh or tear,  
As if it were a wonder  
We e'er held other dear?  
We part upon the spot,  
With cold and clouded brow,  
Where first it was our lot  
To breathe love's fondest vow!  
The vow both then did tender,  
Within this hallow'd shade—  
That vow, we now surrender;  
Heart-bankrupts both are made!  
Thy hand is cold as mine,  
As lustreless thine eye;  
Thy bosom gives no sign  
That it could ever sigh!

Well, well ! adieu's soon spoken,  
 'Tis but a parting phrase—  
 Yet said, I fear heart-broken  
 We'll live our after-days !  
 Thine eye no tear will shed,  
 Mine is as proudly dry ;  
 But many an aching head  
 Is ours, before we die !  
 From pride we both can borrow—  
 To part, we both may dare—  
 But the heart-break of to-morrow,  
 Nor you nor I can bear ! *Motherwell.*

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#### COURTING AND CAUGHT.

My heart was joyous as a summer mead  
 All clad in clover,  
 When first I felt that swimming in my head  
 That marks the lover.  
 The wildest waste, a Canaan was to me  
 Of milk and honey ;  
 Farther, I had not learn'd to sipple tea,  
 Or count my money.  
 The future lay before my longing eyes  
 In warm perspective,  
 When straight I set about to exercise  
 The right elective.  
 Sweet Sarah Tims, a killing, cutting thing,  
 (Who now my lot is,)  
 With eye-lid drooping like the turtle's wing,  
 Soon caught my notice.  
 At first, I felt it was a cramping task  
 To pop the question ;  
 I fear'd the answer I might wish to ask  
 Would need digestion.



But, no indeed—my dove was on the wing ;  
 I said, “ Wilt do it ? ”  
 “ I care not,” quoth she ; “ ’tis a pleasant thing,  
 Though one should rue it ! ”

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### THE ROSE OF THE CANONGATE.

THERE liv’d a maid in Canongate—

So say they who have seen her ;

For me, ’tis by report I know

For I have seldom been there.

But so report goes on, and says,

Her father was a Baker ;

And she was courted by a swain

Who was a Candle-maker.

’Tis said she long had lov’d the youth,

And lov’d him passing well ;

Till all at once her love grew cold,

But why, no one could tell !

At first he whin’d, then rav’d and blam’d

The fair one’s fickle fancies ;

For miss’s heart was led astray

By reading of romances.

She dream’d of lords, of knights, and squires,

And men of high degree ;

But lords were scarce, and knights were shy,

So ne’er a joe had she !

Alarm’d at last, to see old age

Was like to overtake her,

She wrote a loving valentine

Unto the Candle-maker.

“ She hoped,” she said, “ for her disdain

He did not mean to slight her ;

As she but meant to *snuff* his *flame*,

To make it *burn* the *brighter* !

You know Love's *taper* must be *trimm'd*,  
 To keep it brightly *blazing* ;  
 And how can that be better done,  
 Than by a little *teazing* ?"

He own'd " her arguments were good,  
 And *weighty* as a feather ;  
 But, while in *snuffing*, she had *snuff'd*  
 The *flame* out altogether !  
 And, what was worse, 't was very plain,  
 Her charms were sadly blighted ;  
 And there was little hope that now  
 Love's *taper* could be *lighted*."

With grief this *billet-doux* she read,  
 And, while her heart was bleeding,  
 Took three-and-ninepence from the till,  
 And paid her quarter's reading.  
 The stings of humbled female pride,  
 Embittered every feeling  
 And, next day, poor Miss Rose was found  
 Suspended from the ceiling !

Now, ladies all, of every grade,  
 I hope you'll here take warning,  
 And when you meet with lovers true,  
 Please show some more discerning.  
 You're not aware how much by *scorn*,  
 The *flame* of true love suffers ;  
 Yet, should you think it fit to *snuff*,  
 Be *gentle* with the *snuffers*. *Cur: ick.*

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MO LAOGH GEAL !\*

WILT thou go, mo laogh geal,  
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !

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\* *Mo Laogh Geal*, literally means, My White Calf. This expression, however ludicrous it may seem to the mere English reader, is to the ear of a Highlander replete with the tenderest affection.

Oh, wilt thou go, mo laogh geal !

And roam the Hielan' mountains ?

I'll be kind as kind can be,

I will daut thee tenderlie,

In my plaid or on my knee,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, mo laogh geal. &c.

Heather-beds are saft and sweet,

Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !

Love and ling will be our meat,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

And when the sun goes out o' view

O' kisses there will be nae few,

Wi' usqueba and bonnach dhu,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Neither house nor ha' hae I,

Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !

But heather bed and starry sky,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Yet in my lee you'll lye fu snug,

While there is neither flae nor bug,

Shall dare to nip your bonny lug,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Berries, now by burn and brae,

Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !

Are sweet'ning in the simmer ray,

Amang the Hielan' mountains.

For thee the blackest I will pu',

And if they stain your bonny mou',

I'll bring it to its rosy bue,

Wi' kisses 'mang the mountain

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Your mither's dozin' at her wheel,  
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !  
 The boatie waits, then let us steal  
     Awa to the Hielan' mountains.  
 Look cross the sea to Brodick Bay,  
 The moon with silver paves the way,  
 Let's keep her path, we canna stray,  
 'Twill lead us to the mountains.  
     On, wilt thou go, &c.

*Carrick.*

### WEE TAMMIE TWENTY.

TUNE—*Gee Wo, Neddy.*

THERE'S Wee Tammie Twenty, the auld tinkler bodie,  
 Comes here twice a-year wi' his creels and his cuddy,  
 Wi' Nanny his wifie, sœ gudgy an' duddy,  
 It's hard to say whilk is the queerest auld bodie.

CHORUS—Sing gee wo, Neddy,  
     Heigh ho, Neddy,  
     Gee wo, Neddy,  
     Gee hup an' gee wo.

He works brass and copper, an' a' sic like mettles,  
 Walds broken brass pans, southera auld copper kettles ;  
 Wi' ilka auld wifie he gossips and tattles,  
 An' ilka young lassie he coaxes an' pettles.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Fou stievely he clouts up auld broken-wind bellows,  
 Or mends, wi' brass clasps, broken-ribb'd umbrellas ;  
 An' sic sangs he can sing, an' sic stories can tell us,—  
 I trow but Wee Tammie's the king o' guid fellows.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Auld Nan's second-sighted, she sees far and clearly,  
 Foretells ilka waddin' a townond or nearly ;  
 Can tell ilka lad the bit lass he lo'es dearly,  
 An' gin the bit lassie lo'es him as sincerely.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

She tells ilka auld maid she yet may recover ;  
 She tells ilka gillfirt some slee chiel will move her ;  
 Ilka dark black-e'ed beauty she spaes a wild rover,  
 An' ilka blue-e'ed ane, a true-hearted lover.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Ilka wanton young widow she spaes a brave sodger,  
 Ilka thrifty landlady her best paying lodger,  
 Ilka fat-leggit hen-wife an auld dodgin' cadger,  
 An' ilka yillhouse wife an' auld half-pay gaudger.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

At night they get fou in auld Watty Macfluster's,  
 Whaur a' the young belles sparkle round them like lustres,  
 An' a' the young beaux gather round them in clusters,  
 An' mony braw waddin's made up at their musters.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

They'd a humph-backit laddie, they ne'er had anither,  
 Could coax like the faither, an' spae like the mither ;  
 He'd the craft o' the tane, an' the wit o' the tither,  
 There ne'er was sic mettle e'er souther'd thegither.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

He could spout a' last speeches, could sing a' new ballants,  
 Could mimic a' tongues, frae the Highlants or Lawlants,  
 Grew grit wi' the lasses, an' great wi' the callants,  
 An' a' bodie laugh'd at the wee deilie's talents.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

But what think ye the gillie did here the last simmer ?  
 He ran aff wi' Maggy, the young glaikit limmer,  
 Syne stole a bit pursie to deck out the kimmer,  
 An' was sent ower the seas to the felling o' timmer.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

[*Slow and with feeling.*]

Nae mair the aul' bodies look hearty an' cheeric,  
 For the loss o' their callant they're dowric and eeric ;

They canna last lang, for their hearts are sae weary,  
 An' their lang day o' life closes darksome and dreary.  
 Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

*James Ballantine, Edinburgh*

### A BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

A SHIP! a ship! a gallant ship! the foe is on the main!  
 A ship! a gallant ship! to bear our thunder forth again!  
 Shall the stripes, and stars, or tricolor, in triumph sweep  
 the sea,  
 While the flag of Britain waves aloft, the fearless and the  
 free?  
 Nobly she comes in warlike trim, careering through the  
 wave,  
 The hope, the home, the citadel of Britain and the brave  
 Well may the sailor's heart exult, as he gazes on the sight,  
 To murmur forth his country's name, and think upon her  
 might.  
 How proudly does the footstep rise upon the welcome deck,  
 As if at every pace we trod upon a foeman's neck!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! let mast and yard before the tempest bend,  
 The sceptre of the deep from us, nor storm nor foe shall rend.  
 Our country's standard floats above, the ocean breeze to  
 greet,  
 And her thunder sleeps in awful quiet beneath our tramp-  
 ling feet;  
 But let a foeman fling abroad the banner of his wrath,  
 And a moment will awake its roar to sweep him from our  
 path!  
 No foreign tyrant ever through our wooden bulwarks broke,  
 No British bosom ever quailed within our walls of oak;  
 Let banded foes and angry seas around our ship conspire,  
 To tread our glorious decks, would turn the coward's blood  
 to fire!

Out every reef ! let plank, and spar, and rigging crack again  
 Let a broad belt of snow surround our pathway through the  
 main ;

High to the straining top-mast nail the British ensign fast—  
 We may go down, but never yield, and *it* shall sink the last.

Our country's cause is in our arms, but her love is in our  
 souls,

And by the deep that underneath our bounding vessel rolls—  
 By heaven above, and earth below, to the death for her  
 we'll fight ;—

Our Queen and country is the word !—and God defend the  
 right !

*E. Pinkerton.*

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### THE FRUIT OF OLD IRELAND.

SOME sing of roast beef, and some sing of kail brose,  
 And some praise plum pudding, the English man's dose ;  
 Such poets, we think, should be counted our foes  
 When they name not the fruit of old Ireland—the beauti-  
 ful nice Irish fruit.

This sweet little plant is the choicest of fruit,  
 It grows not on branches, but lies at the root,  
 So modest and humble, its just at your foot—  
 The elegant fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful sweet Irish  
 fruit.

When evening sets in Paddy puts on the pot,  
 To boil the dear praties and serve them up hot ;  
 His sweet little hearth-stone is then the dear spot  
 Where you meet with the fruit of old Ireland—the beauti-  
 ful nice Irish fruit.

And then he sets out full of praties and love,  
 To court his own Judy the sweet turtle dove ;  
 One would think him inspired by young Cupid above,  
 But its nought but the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful  
 nice Irish fruit.

For down by her side he so bouldly will sit,  
 And tell how his heart has been bothered and smit,  
 Peace or quiet in this world he can ne'er get a bit,  
 For she's loved like the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful  
 nice Irish fruit.

So the heart of poor Judy is melted like fat,  
 When thus its besieged by young flattering Pat,  
 Och! he swears that his life is not worth an old hat,  
 For she's dear as the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful  
 nice Irish fruit.

Have ye e'er been in Ireland, at Dublin or Clare,  
 Or passed half a night at a wake or a fair?  
 Oh! the beautiful fruit that we often see there,  
 Is the pride and the glory of Ireland—the elegant nice Irish  
 fruit.

If e'er in that country you go to a feast,  
 Or sit down to dinner with bishop or priest,  
 Be assured, that at table there's one dish at least,  
 Containing the fruit of old Ireland—the elegant nice Irish  
 fruit.

But to sing all the wonders produced by this root,  
 How it's prized by each man, woman, child, and poor brute,  
 Would require Homer's powers; then, hurra, for the fruit,  
 The beautiful fruit of old Ireland—the elegant nice Irish  
 fruit!

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### KATE M'LUSKY.

AIR—*“St. Patrick was a Gentleman.”*

TALK not of Venus, or the love of any heathen creature,  
 Of nightingales, or turtle-doves, that bother human nature;  
 But talk to me, and don't depart from morning till it's  
 dusky,  
 Concerning her who stole my heart, the charming Kate  
 M'Lusky.



She's never absent night or day,  
 As through the world I wander ;  
 And thus I pine my time away,  
 Like any gooseless gander.

Oh! Kitty's eyes are black as jet, her cheeks are red as roses,

Her lips with pearls round are set, her ringlets are like posies ;

Her praises I could sit and sing, till roaring make me husky,  
 I never, never shall forget, the darling Kate M'Lusky !

She's never absent night or day, &c.

Sweet Kitty dear ! when first we met, ye were so young and simple,

You had a most bewitching step, and on each cheek a dimple ;

And then the fragrance of your breath, it was so sweet and musky,

Oh, murder ! but she'll be my death, the jewel Kate M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

I've wander'd many a weary mile, around the Irish nation,  
 And hundreds I have made to smile, of the female generation ;

But Kitty she has made me weep, in sorrow's weeds I'll busk me—

My heart is broken most complete, with cruel Kate M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

O Kitty ! if ye wont relent, ye will commit a murder,  
 My ghost will make the jade repent, at midnight I'll disturb her ;

I'll search me out a great big tree, and hang on't till I'm fusty,

That all the gaping world may see I'm kill'd with Kate M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

Good people all, both great and small, behold my situation,  
 Just kick'd about like some foot-ball, for Kitty's recreation ;  
 Oh ! may the wicked heartless jade, be single till she's  
 musty,

And at fourscore be still a maid, the unmarried Miss  
 M'Lusky.

Then should she haunt me night and day,  
 As through the world I wander ;  
 If I be gooseless, folks will say,  
 Ould Kate has got no gander.

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JAMIE M'NAB.\*

GAE find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab ;  
 Ay, find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab ;  
 The best piece o' *stuff* cut frae Nature's ain *wab*,  
 Is that Prince o' gude fallows—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In her kindest mood Madam Nature had been,  
 When first on this world Jamie open'd his eer  
 For he ne'er gied a whimper, nor utter'd a sal  
 But hame he cam' laughin'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In process o' time Jamie grew up apace,  
 And still play'd the smile on his round honest face,  
 Except when a tear, like a pure hinny-blab,  
 Was shed o'er the wretched by Jamie M'Nab.

And Jamie is still just the best o' gude chieks—  
 Wi' the cheerfu' he laughs, wi' the waefu' he feels ;  
 And the very last shilling that's left in his fab,  
 He'll share wi' the needfu'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is sae furthy and free,  
 While he's cracking wi' you, while he's joking wi' me,

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\* Connected with the Glasgow Herald Newspaper, and well entitled  
 to the high praise awarded to him by the Poet.

That I ne'er wad wish better than twa hour's confab  
Owre a horn o' gude yill wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is nae thin airy ghaist,  
For he measures an ell-and-twa-thirds round the waist ;  
Yet a wittier wag never trod on a slab,  
Than that kind-hearted billie—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Yes, Jamie has *bulk*, yet it damps not his glee,  
But his flashes o' fancy come fervid and free ;  
As bright frae his brain, as if lively "Queen Mab"  
Held nightly communings wi' Jamie M'Nab.

He tells sic queer stories, and rum fanny jokes,  
And mak's sic remarks upon a' public folks,  
That Time rattles by like a beau in a cab,  
While sitting and list'ning to Jamie M'Nab.

I carena for Tory—I carena for Whig—  
I mindna your Radical raver a fig ;  
But gie me the man that is staunch as a stab  
For the rights o' his CASTE, like blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Among the soft sex, too, he shows a fine taste,  
By admiring what's handsome, and lovely and chaste ;  
But the lewd tawdry trollop, the tawpie, and drab,  
Can never find favour wi' Jamie M'Nab.

Some folks, when they meet you, are wonderfu' fair,  
And wad hug you as keen as an auld Norway bear ;  
The next time they see you, they're sour as a crab—  
That's never the gate wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

No !—Jamie is ever the same open wight,  
Aye easy, aye pleasant, frae morning till night ;  
While ilk man, frae my Lord down to plain simple Hab,  
Gets the same salutation frae Jamie M'Nab.

Had mankind at large but the title o' his worth,  
We then might expect a pure heaven on earth ;  
Nae rogues then would fash us wi' *grip* and wi' *grab*,  
But a' wad be neebours—like Jamie M'Nab.

Lang, lang hae blythe Jamie and Samuel\* the sage,  
 Together sped on to the ripeness of age ;  
 But “ *live by the way* ”—(we must needs pick and dab)  
 Is the motto of Samuel and Jamie M‘Nab.

And on may they speeu as they’ve hitherto done,  
 And lang rin the course they have hitherto run ;  
 Wi’ a pound in their pouch and a watch in their fab,  
 Sage Samuel the soncy—blythe Jamie M‘Nab.

Yes—lang may the SONCY GUEDEMAN o’ the *Herald*,  
 Wi’ Jamie M‘Nab, wauchle on through this warld ;  
 And when, on life’s e’ening, cauld death steeks his gab,  
 May he mount up on high—wi’ blythe Jamie M‘Nab.

*Alex. Rodger*

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#### LOVE’S DIET.

TELL me, fair maid, tell me truly,  
 How should infant Love be fed ;  
 If with dew-drops, shed so newly  
 On the bright green clover blade ;  
 Or, with roses pluck’d in July,  
 And with honey liquored ?  
 Oh, no ! oh, no !  
 Let roses blow,  
 And dew-stars to green blade cling :  
 Other fare,  
 More light and rare,  
 Befits that gentlest nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes  
 ’Twi’ sweet lips, whose muteness speaks  
 With the eloquence that flushes  
 All a heart’s wealth o’er soft cheeks ;

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\* Samuel Hunter, Esq., late Editor.

Feed him with a world of blushes,  
 And the glance that shuns, yet seeks:  
     For, 'tis with food,  
     So light and good,  
 That the Spirit-child is fed;  
     And with the tear  
     Of joyous fear  
 That the small elf's liquored.      *Motherwell.*

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### THE BUMPER.

SOME rail against drinking, and say 'tis a sin  
 To tipple the juice of the vine;  
 But as 'tis allow'd that we all have our faults,  
 I wish no other fault may be mine.  
 But mark me good fellows, I don't mean to say,  
 That always to tipple is right;  
 But 'tis wisdom to drown the dull cares of the day,  
 In a bowl with old cronies at night.

See yon husbandman labours with care on the plain,  
 Yet his face is lit up with a smile,  
 For the whisp'rings of hope tell again and again,  
 That harvest rewards all his toil.  
 Just so 'tis with us, tho' we labour with pain,  
 Yet we hear with unmingled delight,  
 The whisperings of hope tell again and again,  
 Of a harvest of pleasure at night.

How soothing it is, when we bumper it up,  
 To a friend on a far distant shore,  
 Or how sweetly it tastes, when we flavour the cup,  
 With the name of the maid we adore!  
 Then here's to the maid, then, and here's to the friend,  
 May they always prove true to their plight,  
 May their days glide as smooth and as merrily round,  
 As the bumpers we pledge them to-night.      *Carrick.*

## A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

DONAL's her pairn, no more sons will she had,  
 He'll pe laird o' the stirk whan her's gane,  
 An' that will be soon, for her's doitet and done,  
 And the preath in her throat made her grane;  
 Deed, ay, my good lad!  
 The preath in her throat made her grane.

My poor poy! there's a lump in her throat, that she's sure will  
 turn't out a presumption!—an' all the doctors in the college canna  
 tak' it out.

Now Donal, poor lad! you'll never pe blate,  
 But teuk your auld mither's advice;  
 Mark weel what ye say, her commands weel obey,  
 An' I'll warrant I'll got her a wifes!  
 Deed will I, my good lad!  
 An' I'll warrant I'll got her a wife.

Her praw new hose she'll maun be surely put on,  
 She'll sure tey're no tatter nor torn;  
 Her braw new hose, will suit her new clothes,  
 An' they'll thocht her a shentlemans born!  
 Deed will they, my bonnie pairn,  
 They'll thocht you a shentlemans born.

When Donal, poor lad! put on her new clothes—  
 Hoooh, wow! but the laddie look spree!  
 He'll roar an' he'll dance, an' he'll kicket an' he'll prancel  
 Hugh! there's nocht but a ladies for me!  
 Deed no, my good lad!  
 There's nocht but a ladies for thee.

Now Donal, poor lad! he'll gone up the street,  
 An' he'll meet farmer's tochter called Grace,  
 He'll no pe shust taen ony kisses but ane,  
 Whan she'll teuk him a slap on the face.

Deed did she, ta vile jade! she'll teuk him a slap on the face. Oh,  
 the drunken trouster, to offer so to my Donal, decent lad! She should

be catch and procht to shail, and put shame on her face for a years to come.

But now sin' my Donal a-wooing has gane,  
 To muckle Meg Dhu o' Loch-sloy ;  
 She's blin' o' an e'e, an' her mouth stan's a-jee,  
 An' a hump on her shouther like buoy

Deed has she, poor creature ! She has a hump on her shouther, like ta ship's buoy ; but never mind, Donal, shust got ta money, a great daud o' grund to buy, though she's as ugly as ta *foul tief*.

Now she'll pray, an' she'll wish tat weel she may be,  
 Since Donal ta wifes now has got ;  
 Although she's no beauty, she can do her duty,  
 An' Donal's content wi' his lot !  
 Deed is he, good lad !  
 And Donal's content wi' his lot.

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### SHION M'NAB.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,  
 Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,  
 And mony troll affairs she's seen,  
 Since she was born alive, man :  
 She's seen the warl' turn upside down,  
 Ta shentleman turn poor man,  
 And him was ance ta beggar loon,  
 Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.  
 She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,  
 And syne be ca'd ta prig, man ;  
 She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,  
 Ta tory turn ta whig, man ;  
 But a' ta troll things she pe seen,  
 Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,  
 So, gin you likes, she'll told your shust  
 Ta story 'bout hersel, man :—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,  
 'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,  
 Whar tousand pleasant tays she'll spent,  
 Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man ;  
 An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-boat*,  
 An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,  
 Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,  
 Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ee ! one misty night,  
 Nainsel will lost her way, man,  
 Her boat was trown'd, hersel got fright,  
 She'll mind till dying day, man.  
 So fait ! she'll pe fish-cod no more,  
 But back to Morven cam', man,  
 Au' tere she turn ta whisky still,  
 Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man :

But foul pefa' ta gauger loon,  
 Pe put her in ta shail, man,  
 Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,  
 Shust 'cause she no got bail, man ;  
 But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,  
 And came to Glasgow town, man,  
 Whar tousand wonders *mhor* she'll saw,  
 As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,  
 As she cam down ta street, man,  
 Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,  
 Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man  
 Och on ! och on ! her nainsel thought,  
 As she wad stood and glower, man,  
 Puir man ! if they mak you ta *horse*—  
 Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.  
 And when she turned ta corner round,  
 Ta black man tere she see man,



Pe grund ta music in ta kist,  
 And sell him for pawpee, man ;  
 And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,  
 And turn her mill about, man,  
 Pe strange ! she will put nothing in,  
 Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk,  
 In crowds alang ta street, man,  
 She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons  
 To sup teir pick o' meat, man ;  
 For in ta place whar she was porn,  
 And tat right far awa, man,  
 Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,  
 But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta Mattams, too,  
 Wi' plack clout 'pon teir face, man,  
 Tey surely tid some graceless tēed,  
 Pe in sic black disgrace, man ;  
 Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,  
 Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,  
 If no for shame to show teir face,  
 For some ungodly sin, man ?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn,  
 Pe jaw the waters out, man,  
 And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin  
 A' tay like mountain spout, man ;  
 Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,  
 Like spunkies in a raw, man ;  
 A' pruntin pright for want o' oil,  
 And teil a wick ava, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,  
 Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—  
 Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,  
 Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man ;  
 Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave.  
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man,

Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,  
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach pe rin,  
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,  
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,  
 An' teil a horse to traw, man ;  
 Anither coach to Paisley rin,  
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,  
 But oich ! she was plawn a' to bits,  
 By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin  
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,  
 She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,  
 As she stood on ta side, man :  
 But gin you'll no pelieve her word,  
 Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,  
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,  
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich ! sic a town as Glasgow town,  
 She never see pefore, man,  
 Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,  
 Wi' names 'poon ilka toor, man.  
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,  
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,  
 Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,  
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,  
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,  
 Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,  
 For tem she wadna care, man.  
 And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,  
 And wee drap parley pree, man,  
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,  
 She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

## MAGGY AND WILLIE.

TUNE—“*Whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.*”

## CHORUS.

O, what wud I do gin my Maggy were dead?  
 O, what wud I do gin my Maggy were dead?  
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed,  
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

Bairns brought up thegither, baith nursed on ae knee,  
 Baith slung owre ae cuddy, fu' weel did we gree;  
 Tho' I was born armless, an' aye unco wee,  
 My Maggy was muckle an' bunted for me.

O, what wud I do? &c.

When she grew a woman an' I grew a man,  
 She graspit my stump, for I hadna a han',  
 An' we plighted our troth owre a big bag o' skran,  
 Thegither true hearted to beg thro' the lan'.

O, what wud I do? &c.

Tho' whiles when the skran and the siller are rife,  
 We baith may get fou, we ne'er hae ony strife;  
 To me she ne'er lifted her han' in her life,  
 An' whaur is the loon that can brag sic a wife?

O, what wud I do? &c.

O, Maggy is pure as a young Papist nun,  
 An she's fond o' her will as the wean o' its fun,  
 As the wight o' his drink, or the wit o' his pun—  
 There's no sic anither Meg under the sun.

O, what wud I do? &c.

Mony big loons hae hecited to wyle her awa,  
 Baith thumblers and tumblers and tinklers an' a';  
 But she jeers them, an' tells them her Willie tho' sma',  
 Has mair in his buik than the best o' them a'.

O, what wud I do? &c.

I'm feckless, an' fricn'less, distorted an' wee,  
 Canna cast my ain claes, nor yet claw my ain knee;  
 But she kens a' my wants, an' does a'thing for me,  
 Gin I wantit my Maggy I'm sure I wud dee.

Then, what wud I do, gin my Maggy were dead?  
 O, what wud I do, gin my Maggy were dead?  
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed,  
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggie were dead.

*James Ballantine, Edin.*

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### LAUGH AN' BE THANKFU'.

COME sit down, my cronies, and gie us your crack,  
 Let the win' tak the care o' this worl' on its back;  
 The langer we sit here and drink, the merrier will we get—  
 We've aye been provided for, an' sae will we yet.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy guid ale,  
 To cheer up our hearts, and enliven our tale;  
 Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, its time enough to flit—  
 We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

May the taxes come aff, that the drink may be cheap,  
 And the yill be as plentiful as 'gin it were a spate;  
 May the enemies o' liberty ere lang get a kick  
 They've aye gott'nt hitherto, and sae shall they yet.

Now, God bless the Queen, an' aye prosper her days,  
 For I'm sure that Her Majesty has baith meat an' claes;  
 And lang on the throne o' her faithers may she sit—  
 They've aye been provided for, and sae will they yet.

Then push round the jorum, an' tak aff your dram,  
 An' laugh an' be thankfu' as lang as ye can—  
 For seed-time and harvest ye ever shall get,  
 When ye fell ye aye got up again, and sae will ye yet.

## THE TWAL O' AUGUST.

SHE'LL taen't ta gun upon her shouther,  
 A pock o' lead upon the 'other,  
 An' she'll had her horn weel fill wi' pouther,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but she's fond o' shooting !  
 Fond, fond, fond o' shooting ;  
 Oh but she's fond o' shooting,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

Twa ponny tog rin at her heel,  
 An' oh tey'll snock the burd out weel,  
 She'll no be fear for man nor Deil,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Ta first tey'll call'd her Cailach Mohr,  
 Ta noter's name was Pruach Vohr,  
 An' troth tey'll rais't a ponny splore,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Wi' pouther tan, she'll sharge ta gun,  
 An' tan she'll ram't in lead a pun',  
 Tan threw't her gun the shouther on,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll gang't a bit an' rise ta purd,  
 Another tan, an' tan a third ;  
 But aye to shot, she maist turn't fear'd,  
 Upon the 'Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll teuk't ta gun up ta her shouther,  
 An' whether ta fright, or n'else the pouther,  
 But o'er she'll fa't an' maist turn smother,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll fa'at back on a muckle stane,  
 An' roar't a grunt, an' tan a grane,  
 An' she'll thocht her back had lost ta bané,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Poor Prnach Vohr, he was 'nock plin,  
 An' aff his head was blaw the skin ;  
 He'll youll't a squeel, an' aff he'll rin,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll ne'er will go a-shooting more,  
 To kill ta purds, an' tats what for ;  
 Ta peoples say, ta plum was sour,  
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but she's tire o' shooting !

Tire, tire, weary shooting !

For she'll shot her tog, an' lam't hersel,

Upon the Twal o' August.

*A. Fisher.*

### IRISH LOVE SONG.

OH ! what a beautiful bit of mortality,  
 Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me ;  
 The world must allow her angelic reality,  
 The like of my Judy I never shall see.

Her manner is free from all low vulgarity,  
 So politely genteel, unaffected, and free ;  
 To see her and think of a moment's neutrality,  
 You might just as well go dance a jig on the sea.

O smile on me, Judy ! with some partiality.  
 For the brains in my skull have been all set a-jee ;  
 Else I soon shall be dead, that's an end to vitality,  
 Broken-hearted and murder'd, your Paddy will be !

And pray, where the deuce did ye get your morality?  
 Would you like your poor Paddy to hang on a tree?  
 Sure, Judy, that would be a bit of rascality,  
 While the daws and the crows would be pecking at me!  
 O name but the day, without more *botherality*,  
 Then the happiest of mortals your Paddy will be;  
 Ere a year will go round, ye'll have more *motherality*,  
 And that the whole town of Kilkenny will see!  
 Then we'll laugh, dance, and sing with true *conviviality*,  
 While the rafters would ring to the noise of our spree;  
 And our hearts will be beating with *congeniality*,  
 When Judy and Paddy they married shall be!  
 Oh what a beautiful bit of mortality,  
 Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me;  
 The world must allow her angelic reality,  
 The like of my Judy I never shall see!

---

### BONNY FLORY.

I've lodged wi' mony a browster wife,  
 And pree't her bonny mou';  
 But the coshest wife that e'er I met,  
 Was Mistress Dougal Dhu.  
 But Mistress Dougal's no for me,  
 Though always kind I've thought her;  
 My pleasure is to sit beside  
 Her rosy-cheekit dochter.  
 To me, sweet Flory's wee bit mou'  
 Is never out o' season;  
 An' if ye'll hover but a blink,  
 I will explain the reason:  
 Her breath's the balmy breath o' *Spring*,  
 Her tongue kind *Hairst* discloses,  
 Her teeth show *Winter's* flakes o' snaw  
 Set round wi' *Simmer's* roses.

Then I'll awa to the Hielan' hills,  
 Whar neather-bells are springing ;  
 And sit beside some waterfa',  
 And hear the linties singing ;  
 And while they sing their sang o' love,  
 Frae 'neath their leafy cover,  
 I'll press sweet Flory to my breast,  
 And vow myself her lover !  
 The bustled beauty may engage,  
 The dandy in his corset ;  
 But I'm content wi' Hielan' worth,  
 In hodden-grey and worset.  
 And if she'll gie her wee bit han',  
 Although it's hard and hackit,  
 Yet, heart to heart, and loof to loof,  
 A bargain we shall mak it.

*Carrick.*

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#### THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

“THE snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and heavier grows the  
 lift ;  
 The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen him frae the  
 drift ;  
 I fear this nicht will tell a tale amang our foldless sheep,  
 That will mak mony a farmer sigh—God grant nae widows  
 weep.  
 I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi' elshin an' wi'  
 lingle,  
 Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the cosie ingle ;  
 It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring that's now  
 awa,  
 When you was carried thowless hame frae 'neath a wreath  
 o' snaw.  
 That time I often think upon, an' mak' it aye my care,  
 On nichts like this, to snod up a' the beds we hae to spare ;



In case some drift-driven strangers come forfoughten to our  
bield,

An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what the house can  
yield.

'Twas God that saved you on that nicht, when a' was black  
despair,

An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you his care ;

Then let us show our grateful sense of the kindness he be-  
stowed,

An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders frae his  
road.

There's cauld and drift without, guidman, might drive a  
body blin',

But, Praise be blessed for a' that's gude, there's meat and  
drink within ;

An' be he beggar be he prince, that Heaven directs this way,  
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare the best we hae."

The gudeman heard her silentlie, an' threw his elshin by,  
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the tear was in  
his eye ;

He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife, sae loving to his breast,  
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep expressed.

"Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that helped us in  
our strait,

An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it was great ;

An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the stranger's state  
thy care,

An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace of God is there.

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kindness to partake ;

The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent as the flake ;

Till on the startled ear there came a feeble cry of wo,

As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the snow.

But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hodden grey attire,

Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the cottar's fire ;

Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the guidman rubbed  
 his breast,  
 An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks returning life confess'd.

How aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show  
 Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous overflow!

So fared it with our simple ones, who found the youth to be  
 Their only son, whom they were told had perish'd far at sea  
 The couch they had with pious care for some lone stranger  
 spread—

Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their lov'd wanderer's  
 head:

Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others  
 show,

Return again to our own hearts with joyous overflow.

*Carrick.*

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### BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

*AIR—Good morrow to your night cap.*

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 And dinna be sae rude to me,  
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,  
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,  
 To tak' a kiss; or grant you ane;  
 But, guid sake! no before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk;  
 Whate'er you do, when out o' view,  
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,  
 And what a great affair they'll mak',  
 O' naething but a simple smack,  
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;  
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young  
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,  
 That I sae plainly tell you this ;  
 But losh ! I tak' it sair amiss  
 To be sae teazed before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;  
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,  
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free  
 As ony modest lass should be ;  
 But yet, it doesna do to see  
 Sic freedom used before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;  
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—  
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;  
 It may be sae—I dinna care—  
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair  
 As ye ha'e done before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;  
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,  
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,  
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;  
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet  
 To pree their sweets before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;

Gin that's the case, there's time and placo,  
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist  
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,  
Gae, get a license frae the priest,  
And mak' me yours before folk.  
Behave yoursel' before folk,  
Behave yoursel' before folk ;  
And when we're ane, bluid, flesh and bane,  
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

*Alex. Rodger*

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THE ANSWER.

CAN I behave, can I behave,  
Can I behave before folk,  
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,  
Gars me gang gyte before folk ?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,  
Ye've sic a pawkie coaxing way,  
That my poor wits ye lead astray,  
An' ding me doilt before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

While ye ensnare, can I forbear  
A-kissing, though before folk ?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,  
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,  
Yet, howlet-like, my c'e-lids steek,  
An' shun sic light, before folk ?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka smile becomes a wile,  
Enticing me—before folk ?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,  
 Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,  
 That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,  
 Ay, twenty times—before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When temptingly it offers me,  
 So rich a treat—before folk ?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright ;  
 That shapely neck o' snawy white ;  
 That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,  
 Provokes me till't before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,  
 Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk ?

An' oh ! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,  
 Sae roguishly it blinks on me,  
 I canna, for my saul, let be,  
 Frae kissing you before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka glint, conveys a hint  
 To tak a smack—before folk ?

Ye own, that were we baith our lane,  
 Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane ;  
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,  
 What harm is in't before folk ?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

Sly hypocrite ! an anchorite  
 Could scarce desist—before folk ?

But after a' that has been said,  
 Since ye are willing to be wed,

We'll hae a " blythesome bridal" made,  
 When ye'll be mine befor e folk !  
 Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,  
 Then I'll behave before folk,  
 For whereas then, ye'll aft get " ten,"  
 It winna be before folk !

*Alex. Rodger.*

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JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
 Through mony a weary way ;  
 But never, never, can forget  
 The luvè 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 luvè grows cule.  
 O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 The thochts o' bygone years  
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
 And blind my een wi' tears :  
 They blind my een 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 ithèr weel,  
 'Twas then we twa did part ;  
 Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at schule,  
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !  
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
 To leir ilk ithèr 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 down 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 cleck'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, lightsome 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 water croon ;  
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
 The flowers burst round our feet,  
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud,  
 The throssil whusslit sweet.  
 The throssil whusslit in the wud,  
 The burn sung 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 hae been to thee  
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
 As ye hae 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,  
 Still travels on its way ;  
 And channels deeper as it rins  
 The lave 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 die,  
 Did I but ken your heart still dream'd  
 O' bygane days and me !



## JESSY M'LEAN.

OH hark ! an' I'll tell you o' Jessy M'Lean,  
 She promis'd shortysyne she would soon be my ain,  
 So mind ye'll be ready to come on neist Friday,  
 An' see me get buckled to Jessy M'Lean.  
 Lang, lang hae I lo'ed her, and faithfully woo'd her,  
 Yet ne'er has she treated my suit wi' disdain,  
 For sense an' good nature enliven ilk feature,  
 And guileless the heart is o' Jessy M'Lean.  
 Tho' nane o' your butterflee beauties sae vain,  
 That flutter about, aye, new lovers to gain ;  
 Yet she has attractions to catch the affections,  
 And prudence, the heart that she wins, to retain.  
 Her mild look so touching, her smile so bewitching,  
 Her rich melting tones, sweet as seraphim's strain,  
 Rush through my heart thrilling, and wake every feeling  
 Of tender attachment for Jessy M'Lean.  
 When sitting besiðe her, my heart is aye fain,  
 To think what a treasure will soon be my ain ;  
 Nae fause gaudy glitter, to cheat, then embitter,  
 But pure solid worth, without hollow or stain.  
 And should a bit callan, e'er bless our snug dwallin',  
 Or æ bonnie lassie, (as heaven may ordain,)  
 The sweet smiling creature, its *mither* ilk feature,  
 Will knit me still closer to Jessy M'Lean.

*Alex. Rodger.*

---

 I SEEK TO WED NO OTHER LOVE.

SING not that song again, lady !  
 Look not to me with sighs ;  
 Past feelings all are buried now,  
 Ah ! never more to rise.  
 The pledge that bound our hearts in one,  
 Was register'd on high ;

Nought but thy *wish* could cancel it,  
 Could I that *wish deny*?  
 I cannot pledge *again* lady!  
 Our griefs must now be borne;  
 The angel who records above,  
 Would laugh us both to scorn:  
 I seek to wed no other love,  
 No, no, that cannot be;  
 My widow'd heart must still bleed on,  
 In memory of thee!  
 The bliss which once you had to give,  
 I covet now no more;  
 A few short struggles here, and then  
 Life's sighs and pangs are o'er.  
 I seek to wed no other love,  
 No, no, that ne'er can be;  
 My widow'd heart must still bleed on,  
 In memory of thee!

Carrick.

---

#### THE SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake!  
 Dear heart, awake  
 From slumbers light,  
 For 'neath thy bower, at this still hour,  
 In harness bright,  
 Lingers thine own true paramour  
 And chosen knight!  
 Wake, lady, wake!  
 Wake, lady, wake!  
 For thy lov'd sake,  
 Each trembling star  
 Smiles from on high, with its clear eye;  
 While, nobler far,  
 Yon silvery shield lights earth and sky.

How good they are !

Wake, lady, wake !

Rise, lady, rise !

Not star-fill'd skies

I worship now :

A fairer shrine, I trust, is mine

For loyal vow.

Oh, that the living stars would shine

That light thy brow !

Rise, lady, rise !

Rise, lady, rise !

Ere war's rude cries

Fright land and sea :

To-morrow's light sees mail-sheath'd knight,

Even hapless me,

Careering through the bloody fight,

Afar from thee.

Rise, lady, rise !

Mute, lady, mute !

I have no lute,

Nor rebeck small,

To soothe thine ear with lay sincere

Or madrigal :

With helm on head, and hand on spear

On thee I call.

Mute, lady, mute !

Mute, lady, mute

To love's fond suit !

I'll not complain,

Since underneath thy balmy breath

I may remain

One brief hour more, ere I seek death

On battle plain !

Mute, lady, mute !

Sleep, lady, sleep,  
 While watch I keep  
 Till dawn of day ;  
 But o'er the wold, now morning cold,  
 Shines icy grey ;  
 While the plain gleams with steel and gold.  
 And chargers neigh !  
 Sleep, lady, sleep !  
 Sleep, lady, sleep !  
 Nor wake to weep,  
 For heart-struck me.  
 These trumpets knell my last farewell  
 To love and thee ;  
 When next they sound, 'twill be to tell  
 I died for thee !  
 Sleep, lady, sleep !

*Motherwell.*

---

### THE UNINVITED GHAIST.

As the deil and his dame,  
 Ae nicht wère frae hame,  
 A ghaist frae this warld did tick at their door.  
 A wee deil did answer  
 An' roar'd " What d'ye want, Sir ?"  
 " I want," quo' the ghaist, " just to rank in your core."  
 " The guidman's frae hame, man,  
 The guidwife's the same, man,  
 To admit ye mysel' is against their comman's,  
 Sae slip your wa's back ;  
 An' our cork when he's slack,  
 Will gie ye a hint when he's takin on han's."  
 The ghaist turn'd his heel  
 Without sayin' fareweel,  
 An' sneak'd awa back wi' his thumb in his jaw :

Thinking 'twas a nard case,  
 That in sic a warm place,  
 A puir ghaistie should get sic a *cauld coal to blaw*.  
 Now, let some folks reflect  
 Upon this disrespect,  
 An' look ere they loup, whar their landing's to be ;  
 For it seems there is reason  
 To tak tent o' their wizen,  
 Since the deil's on the *shy*, and their frien's ea' them *fee*.  
*Carrick.*

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### BRANDY VERSUS BEAUTY.

Miss Dorothy Dumps was a lovely maid,  
 Fal lal la, fal lal di dal di de,  
 In nature's rarest gifts array'd,  
 Fal lal, &c.

Her cheeks wore *England's* rose's hue,  
 Her eyes were of the *Prussian* blue,  
 And *Turkey* red were her elbows too ;  
 Fal lal, &c.

Now, many a youngster came to woo,  
 Fal lal, &c.

But at them all she look'd askew ;  
 Fal lal, &c.

The youths all strove, but strove in vain,  
 The maid's affections sweet to gain ;  
 But she answer'd still with proud disdain,  
 Fal lal, &c.

Now, we've all heard grave sages say,  
 Fal lal, &c.

That beauty's but a flower of May ;  
 Fal lal, &c.

For time began her charms to crop,  
 Nor paint nor patch could beauty prop,  
 So she lost all hope and took to the *drop*,  
 Fal lal, &c.

But, as we very seldom see

Fal lal, &c.

That *brandy* and *beauty* do agree,

Fal lal, &c.

So frequent did she ply the dose,

At last, alas! the *faithless* rose

Gave the *slip* to her cheek, and *drew up* with her nose!

Fal lal, &c.

Now, Miss Dolly's nose *shines* a *lighthouse*, fit

Fal lal, &c.

To show the rock on which she has split;

Fal lal, &c.

For when the brandy gains the sway,

The *loves* and the *graces*, all so gay,

Soon pack up their *awls* and fly away,

Fal lal, &c.

*Carrick.*

### THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,

And winter wi' drap at his nose doth come,—

A whistle to mak o' the castle lum

To sowf his music sae sairie, O!

And the roast on the speet is sapless an' sma',

And meat is scant in chamber and ha',

And the knights hae ceased their merry gaffaw,

For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,

'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute:

The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,

An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!

An' lofty an' loud were the tones she assumed,

An' boasted how ladies and knights gaily plumed,

Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,

To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O!

" While the Haggis," she said, " was a beggarly slave,  
 " An' never was seen 'mang the fair an' the brave ;"  
 " Fuff! fuff!" quo' the Haggis, " thou vile lying knave,  
 Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O?  
 Can it fill a toom wame? can it help a man's pack?  
 A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,  
 But when starving at hame, will it keep him, alack!  
 Frae trying his hand at the hanging, O?"

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,  
 But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,  
 Wha stood list'ning bye, an' to settle the plea,  
 They begged he would try his endeavour, O!  
 For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,  
 And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot,  
 But a Haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it's *hot*,  
 So his bowels were moved in her favour, O!

" Nocht pleasures the lug half sae weel as a tune,  
 An' whar hings the lug wad be fed wi' a spoon?"  
 The Harp in a triumph cried, " Laddie, weel done,"  
 An' her strings wi' delight fell a tinkling, O!  
 " The harp's a braw thing," continued the youth,  
 " But what is a harp to put in the mouth?  
 It fills na the wame, it slaiks na the drouth,—  
 At least,—that is *my* way o' thinking, O.

" A tune's but an *air*; but a Haggis is *meat*;—  
 An' wha plays the tune that a body can eat?—  
 When a Haggis is seen wi' a sheep's head and feet,  
 My word she has gallant attendance, O.  
 A man wi' sic fare may ne'er pree the tangs,  
 But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her fangs;  
 But the bard that maun live by the wind o' his sangs,  
 Waes me, has a puir dependence, O.

" How aften we hear, wi' the tear in our eye,  
 How the puir starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,

Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,  
 Without e'er a friend within hearing, O.  
 But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crust,—  
 Lay his head on a Haggis to gie up the ghost?—  
 O never, since time took his scythe frae the post,  
 An truntled awa to the shearing, O.

“ Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup ;—  
 Gie the Haggis the lead, be't to dine or to sup :—  
 Till the bags are weel filled, there can nae drone get up,—  
 Is a saying I learned from my mither, O.  
 When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly twang,  
 An' soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—  
 An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,  
 Gude grant ye may aye be thegither, O.” *Carrick.*

---

### SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

AIR—“ *The Rose of Allandale.*”

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,  
 Frae out the azure sky ;  
 While ilka little star aboon  
 Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.  
 How calm the eve ! how blest the hour !  
 How soft the sylvan scene !  
 How fit to meet thee—lovely flower !  
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Now, let us wander through the broom,  
 And o'er the flowery lea ;  
 While simmer wafts her rich perfume.  
 Frae yonder hawthorn tree :  
 There, on yon mossy bank we'll rest,  
 Where we've sae aften been,  
 Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,  
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen !



How sweet to view that face so meek,—  
 That dark expressive eye,—  
 To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,—  
 Those lips of coral dye !  
 But O ! to hear thy Seraph strains,  
 Thy maiden sighs between,  
 Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—  
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen !  
 O ! what to us is wealth or rank ?  
 Or what is pomp or power ?  
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,—  
 This blest extatic hour !  
 I'd covet not the Monarch's throne,  
 Nor diamond-studded Queen,  
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,  
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

*Alc. Rodger.*

#### THE NAILER'S WIFE

AIR—"Willie Wastle."

THERE lives a Nailer wast the raw,  
 Wi' brain o' peat, an' skull o' putty ;  
 He has a wife—gude saff us a' !  
 A randy royt ca'd Barmy Betty !  
 O sic a scauld is Betty !  
 Och hey ! how bauld is Betty !  
 Xantippe's sel', wi' snash sae snell,  
 Was but a lamb compared wi' Betty.  
 An' O but she's a grousome quean,  
 Wi' face like ony big bass fiddle,  
 Twa flaming torches are her een,  
 Her teeth could snap in bits—a griddle.  
 O what a wight is Betty !  
 O sic a fright is Betty !  
 Wi' fiery een, an' furious mien,  
 The queen o' terrors sure is Betty !  
 Ye've seen upon a rainy night,  
 Upon the dark brown clouds refleckit,

Clyde Airn Warks' grim an' sullen light—  
 Then, that's her brow when frowns bedeck it,  
 O what a brow has Betty !  
 O sic a cove is Betty !  
 Her vera glow'r turns sweet to sour,  
 Sae baleful is the power o' Betty.

It had been good for you and me,  
 Had mither Eve been sic a beauty,  
 She soon wad garr'd *auld Saunders* flee  
 Back to his dungeon dark an' sooty.  
 O what a grin has Betty !  
 O how like Sin is Betty !  
 The auld "foul thief" wad seek relief,  
 In his maist darksome den frae Betty.

Whene'er ye see a furious storm,  
 Uprooting trees, an' lums down smashin',  
 Ye then may some idea form,  
 Of what she's like when in a passion.  
 O what a barmy Betty !  
 O sic a stormy Betty !  
 The wind an' rain may lash the plain,  
 But a' in vain they strive wi' Betty.

For then the weans she cuffs and kicks,  
 In fau't or no, it mak's nae matter ;  
 While trenchers, bowls, and candlesticks,  
 Flee through the house wi' hailstane blatter.  
 O what a hag is Betty !  
 O sic a plague is Betty !  
 Dog, cat, an' mouse, a' flee the house,  
 A-wondering what the deuce means Betty.

Her tongue—but to describe its power,  
 Surpasses far baith speech and writing ;  
 The Carron blast could never roar  
 Like her, when she begins a flyting.  
 O what a tongue has Betty !  
 O siccan lungs has Betty !

The blast may tire, the flame expire,  
But nought can tire the tongue o' Betty.

*Alex. Rodger*

“O MITHER! ONY BODY.”

AIR—“*Sir Alex. M'Donald's Reel.*”

“O mither, ony body!

“Ony body! ony body!

“O mither, ony body!

“But a creeshy weaver.

“A weaver's just as good as nane,

“A creature worn to skin and banc,

“I'd rather lie through life my lanc,

“Than cuddle wi' a weaver.”

The lassie thocht to catch a laird,

But fient a ane about her cared;

For nane his love had e'er declared,

Excepting, whiles—a weaver.

Yet ne'er a weaver wad she tak',

But a' that cam', she sent them back,

An' bann'd them for a useless pack,

To come nae mair and deave her.

Their sown crocks—their trantlum gear—

Their trash o' pirns she couldna bear;

An' aye the ither jibe and jeer,

She cuist at ilka weaver.

But sair she rued her pridefu' scorn,

E'er *thretty nicks* had mark'd her horn,

For down she hurkled a' forlorn,

In solitude to grieve her.

She gaed to kirk, she gaed to fair,

She spread her *lure*, she set her *snare*,

But ne'er a *nibble* gat she there,

Frae *leading apes*, to save her.

At last, unto the barn she gaed,

An' ilka e'ening duly pray'd,

That some ane might come to her aid,

An' frae her wants relieve her.

An' thus the lassie's prayer ran—

“ O send thy servant some bit man,

“ Before her cheeks grow bleach'd an' wan,

“ An' a' her beauties leave her.”

A weaver lad wha ance had woo'd,

But cam' nae speed, do a' he could,

Now thocht her pride might be subdued,

An' that he yet might have her.

He watch'd when to the barn she gaed,

An' while her bit request she made,

In solemn tone, he slowly said—

“ Lass—will ye tak' a weaver.”

“ Thy will be done—I'm now content,

“ Just ony body ere I want,

“ I'll e'en be thankfu' gin thou grant,

“ That I may get a weaver.”

The weaver, he cam' yont neist day,

An' sought her hand— she ne'er said “ nay,”

But thocht it time to mak' her hay,

So jumpit at the weaver.

Now, ye whase beauty's on the wane,

Just try the barn, at e'en, your lane,

Sma' fish are better far than nane,

Ye'll maybe catch a weaver.

*Alex. Rodger.*

---

### BLYTHE ARE WE SET WI' ITHER.\*

BLYTHE are we set wi' ither;

Fling Care ayont the moon;

---

\* This song hath a right pleasant smack of boon companionship.  
The lines—

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,

We'll scug the blast, and dread nae harm;

Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,

We'll keep the genial current warin—

are worthy of Burns. The Author was Ebenezer Picken, a native of Paisley, who was born about the year 1765, and, after many vicissitudes, died in 1815, or 1816. His Poems have been published.

No sae aft we meet thegither ;  
 Wha wad think o' parting soon ?  
 Though snaw bends down the forest trees,  
 And burn and river cease to flow ;  
 Though Nature's tide hae shor'd to freeze,  
 And Winter nithers a' below ;  
     Blythe are we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,  
 We'll scug the blast, and dread nae harm ;  
 Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,  
 We'll keep the genial current warm.  
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,  
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa',  
 Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,  
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.  
     Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,  
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,  
 Shall get a fright afore we part,  
 Will mak' them fear to come again.  
 Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,  
 The sparkling glass will banish pine ;  
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,  
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.  
     Blythe are we, &c.

---

A D A M G L E N . \*

TUNE—*Adam Glen.*

Pauky Adam Glen,  
 Piper o' the clachan,  
 Whan he stoitet ben  
     Sairly was he pechan,  
 Spak a wee, but tint his win',  
 Hurklit down and hostit syne,

---

\* By Mr. Laing of Brechin—this is one of the best illustrations of the frosty-bearded anti-Malthusian that we have met with in type.

Blew his beak, an' dightit's een,  
 An' whaisl't a' forfoughten.  
 But, his yokin dune,  
 Cheerie kyth't the body,  
 Crackit like a gun,  
 An' leugh to auntie Madie ;  
 Cried, my callants, raise a spring,  
 " Inglan John," or ony thing,  
 For weel I'd like to see the fling,  
 O' ilka lass and laddie.  
 Blythe the dancers flew,  
 Usquebaugh was plenty,  
 Blythe the piper grew,  
 Tho' shaking han's wi' ninety.  
 Seven times his bridal vow  
 Ruthless fate had broken thro'—  
 Wha wad thought his coming now  
 Was for our maiden auntie.  
 She had ne'er been sought,  
 Cheerie houp was fading,  
 Dowie is the thought  
 To live and die a maiden.  
 How it comes we canna ken,  
 Wanters ay maun wait their ain,  
 Madge is hecht to ADAM GLEN,  
 An' soon we'll hae a wedding'.

---

SANCT MUNGO.\*

SANCT MUNGO wals ane famous sanct,  
 And ane cantye carle wals hee,  
 He drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,  
 Quhan bettere hee culdna prie ;

---

\* The Patron saint of Glasgow Cathedral. The Molendinar burn, alluded to in the third line, is the Lethe that separates the two great repositories of mortality—the church-yard of the Cathedral, and the Necropolis.

Zit quhan he culd gette strongere cheere,

He neuer wals wattere drye,

Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,

And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,

And merryllye hee sang ;

Quhaneuer hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,

Ye very Firre Parke rang ;

Butte thoch hee weele culd lilt and synge,

And mak sweet melodye,

He chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,

Quhan pryed wi' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,

Farre-famed for godlye deedis,

And grete delyte hee daylye took

Inn countynge owre hys beadis ;

Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,

Can count als welle als hee ;

Butte ye beadis quilk I like best to count

Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct :—

Sa weele hee lykit gude zil,

Thatte quhyles hee staynode hys quhyte vesture,

Wi' dribblands o' ye still ;

Butte I, hys maist unwordye sonne,

Haue gane als farre als hee,

For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,

Through lufe o' barlye-bree.

*Alex. Rodger.*

---

### GLASGOW PATRIOTS.\*

AIR—" *There was a handsome Soldier.*"

LOYAL hearted citizens !

Great news there's come to town ;

---

\* It is not long since the turf covered the remains of the Glasgow Homer, Alex. M'Donald, alias, *Blind Aleck*, author of these verses, who for many

I have not got the particulars yet,  
 But they'll be in the afternoon.  
 Loyal hearted citizens !  
 Great news I've got to tell,  
 Of the wars in Spain and Portingall,  
 And how the town of Badajos fell.  
 There was one Aleck Pattison,  
 A man of great renown ;  
 He was the first that did mount Badajos walls,  
 And the first that did tumble down.  
 He was a handsome tall young gentleman,  
 As ever my eyes did see ;  
 A captain, colonel, or major,  
 He very soon would be.  
 I am the author of every word I sing,  
 Which you may very well see,  
 The music alone excepted,  
 But just of the poetree.  
 I've travell'd the world all over,  
 And many a place beside ;  
 But I never did see a more beautifuller city,  
 Than that on the banks of the navigatable river, the Clyde  
 I left Inverness without e'er a guide,  
 And arrived in Glasgow city,  
 Where I've been informed that bold John Bull,  
 Again beat the French so pretty.

---

years perambulated our streets, and with dexter hand directed the movements of his violin, while his lips gave the *measured* accompaniment. A remarkably spirited sketch of his life appeared in the Scots Times Newspaper at his death, drawn up by our City Chamberlain, Mr. John Strang. Aleck was, perhaps, one of the readiest improvisatores of his time ; and it was greatly to his advantage that he was not distressed by a very delicate ear for either numbers or harmony. Whether his lines had a greater number of feet than consisted with ease and grace, or limped in their motion for want of the due proportion, these defects were amply compensated for by a rapid articulation in the one case, and in the other by a strong dash or two of the bow.



I came into the Star Inn and Hotel ;  
 First, they gave me brandy, and then they gave me gin ;  
 Here's success, to all the waiters  
 Of the Star Inn—————and Hotel !

THE TOOM MEAL-POCK.\*

PRESERVE us a' ! what shall we do,

Thir dark unhallowed times ?

We're surely dreeing penance now,

For some most awfu' crimes.

Sedition daurna now appear,

In reality or joke,

For ilka chield maun mourn wi' me,

O' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,

For sport and pastime free,

I seem'd like ane in paradise,

The moments quick did flee.

Like Venuses they a' appeared,

Weel pouter'd were their locks—†

'Twas easy dune, when at their hames,

Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.

And sing, Oh waes me !

How happy past my former days,

Wi' merry heartsome glee,

When smiling Fortune held the cup,

And Peace sat on my knee ;

Nae wants had I but were supplied,

My heart wi' joy did knock,

\* This capital song was written by John Robertson, Weaver, in Paisley, about the time of the political ferments of 1793. We know not the air to which it is sung, but believe it is an old one. Our worthy friend, Mr. George Miller, Blantyre, sings it inimitably, whether the air, or the accent, or the action, be taken into consideration.

† The allusion here, is to hair powder, which, at the time in question, was used by all respectable persons, *gentle and simple*.

When in the neuk, I smiling saw  
A gaucie, weel-filled pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about Reform,  
Nor petition Parliament;

A wiser scheme I'll now propone,  
I'm sure ye'll gie consent;—

Send up a chield or twa like *him*,  
As a sample o' the flock,

Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof  
O' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,

Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,  
Hae nae impression on yon folks,  
Just tell ye'll stand a-hin.

O, what a contrast will ye show,  
To the glow'rin' Lunnun folk,

When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,  
Wi' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glow'r, and stare,  
Before yon hills o' beef;

Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,  
For Scotia's relief;—

Tell them ye are the very best  
Wal'd frac the fattest flock;

Then raise your arms, and O! display  
A hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain  
That hauds the state thegither,

For Scotland wishes just to tak'  
Gude nicht wi' ane anither!

We canna thole, we canna bide  
This bard unwieldy yoke,

For wark and want but ill agree,  
Wi' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

## I SHALL RETURN AGAIN.\*

I WOULD not have thee dry the tear  
 That dims thine eye of blue ;  
 I would not that thy cheek should wear  
 A smile at our adieu :

Yet cheer thee, love, the past was bliss,  
 And though we part in pain,  
 A happier hour will follow this,  
 And we shall meet again.

Oh think not that the wild sea-wave  
 Shall bear my *heart* from thee,  
 Unless its cold breast prove my grave,  
 'Twill work no change in me,  
 The troubled music of the deep  
 Is now our farewell strain,  
 And fond affection well may weep,  
 Yet—I'll return again.

I go to find a bower of peace,  
 In lovelier lands than thine,  
 Where cruel fortune's frowns shall cease,  
 Where I can call thee mine.  
 And when to crown my fairy plan,  
 But *one thing* shall remain ;  
 Then, love—if there be truth in man—  
 I shall return again.

*Wm. Kennedy.*

## THE ANSWER.

WHY walk I by the lonely strand ?  
 He comes not with the tide,

---

\* This song was one of the first written by Mr. Kennedy, and was presented by him to our publisher, who had suggested the air to which it is usually sung—The Highland Watch, or March in the 42d Regiment. We regret that a lyrist so highly gifted does not favour the world with more of his pieces.

His home is in another land,  
 The stranger is his bride.  
 The stranger, on whose lofty brow,  
 The circling diamonds shine,  
 Is now his bride, whose earliest vow,  
 And pledge of hope, were mine.  
 They tell me that my cheek is pale,  
 That youth's light smile is gone ;  
 That mating with the ocean gale  
 Hath chilled my heart to stone ;  
 And friendship asks what secret care  
 There is to work me wo,  
 But vainly seeks a grief to share  
 Which none shall ever know.  
 Ye waves, that heard the false one swear,  
 But saw him not return,  
 Ye'll not betray me, if a tear  
 Should start in spite of scorn.  
 Yet, no—a wounded spirit's pride,  
 Though passion's pangs are deep,  
 Shall dash the trait'rous drop aside,  
 From eyes that must not weep.  
 In vain, alas ! I have no power  
 To quit this lonely strand,  
 From whence, at the wild parting hour,  
 I saw him leave the land.  
 Though he has ta'en a stranger bride,  
 My love will not depart ;  
 Its seal, too strong for woman's pride,  
 Shall be a broken heart.

*Wm. Kennedy.*

---

NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea ;  
 When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be !  
 And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,  
 If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name !

Up, up, my lads!—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer,—  
Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!  
Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor  
speck;

Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter-deck;  
He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,  
And Spanish planters crossed themselves at whisper of his  
name;

But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely  
smile—

His bark will take no prize again, nor ne'er touch Indian  
isle!

'S blood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—  
The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!  
With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,  
No need would he have had to cruise, in tropic climes,  
again:

But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on  
shore,  
And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned  
no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—  
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef;  
Upon a cutting coral-reef—scarce a good league from land—  
But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the  
strand:

His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and, with an old  
canoe,  
Even had he numbered ten for one, what could Ned Bolton  
do?

Six days and nights, the vessel lay upon the coral-reef,  
Nor favouring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of  
relief;  
For a land-breeze, the wild one prayed, who never prayed  
before,  
And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore:

The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture  
 near,  
 Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer !  
 A calm !—a calm !—a hopeless calm !—the red sun burning  
 high,  
 Glared blisteringly and wearily, in a transparent sky ;  
 The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the  
 song,  
 The only pastime at an hour when rest seemed far too long.  
 So boisterously they took their rouse, upon the crowded  
 deck,  
 They looked like men who had escaped, not feared, a sud-  
 den wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away ! away ! to sea  
 Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free ;  
 Their battle-flag these rovers bold then hoisted top-mast  
 high,

And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.  
 “ One last broadside !” Ned Bolton cried,—deep boomed the  
 cannon’s roar,

And echo’s hollow growl returned an answer, from the  
 shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous  
 cheer,

Ceased not, so long as ocean spared, the shattered privateer :  
 I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning, in the gale,  
 We strove to save, we tacked, and fast we slackened all  
 our sail—

I knew the wave of Ned’s right hand—farewell !—you strive  
 in vain !

And he, or one of his ship’s crew, ne’er enter’d port again

*Wm. Kennedy.*

---

#### IRISH INSTRUCTION.

IN this wonderful age when most men go to college,  
 And every man’s skull holds a hatful of knowledge,

'Twill soon be a wonder to meet with a fool,  
 Since men are abroad like Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

There are very few men like O'Toole who can teach,  
 When the head wont respond, he applies to the breech;  
 And whacking them well, till he gives them their full,  
 Let us knock in the larning, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

One morning the Doctor went out to his walk,  
 And found on the door his own likeness in *chalk*,  
 That morn'ing he flogg'd every brat in the school,  
 Its a part of my system, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

Now get on with your larning as fast as you can,  
 For knowledge is sweeter than eggs done with ham;  
 Fire away with your lessons, mind this is the school,  
 Or I'll blow ye to pot, says Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

And now, my dear childer, bear this in your mind,  
 That words without meaning are nothing but wind;  
 Accept of all favours, make that the first rule,  
 Or your nothing but goslins, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When you go to a house and they ax you to eat,  
 Don't hold down your head, and refuse the good meat;  
 But say you will drink too, or else you're a fool,  
 Myself does the same thing, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When father and mother have turned their backs,  
 Don't kick up a row with the dog and the cat;  
 Nor tie the pig's tail to a table or stool,  
 Ye're a parcel of villains, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

But give over fighting, and think of your sins,  
 Or I'll break ev'ry bone in your rascally skins,

Nor try to deceive me like ducks in a pool,  
For I'll find out the sinner, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When into your grandmother's cup-board ye break,  
In scrambling down from it take care of your neck—  
Don't cheat the poor hangman, that crazy old fool ;  
Give the *Devil* his due, says Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

The lessons are over, so run away home,  
Nor turn up your nose at a crust or a bone ;  
Come back in the morning, for that is the rule ;  
And ye'll get more instructions from Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

---

#### MARY BEATON.

BONNIE blooming Mary Beaton !  
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton !  
Could I but gain her for my ain,  
I'd be the blythest wight in Britain.

I've woo'd and sued this mony a day,  
Ilk tender vow o' love repeatin',  
But still she smiles, and answers "*nay*,"  
While I, puir saul ! am near the greetin',  
Bonny blooming, &c.

If smiles frae her can wound sae sair,  
How sair were frowns frae Mary Beaton !  
The lee-lang night I sich and grane,  
An' toss an' tumble till I'm sweatin',  
For wink o' sleep can I get nane,  
For thinkin' still on Mary Beaton.  
Bonnie blooming, &c.

Poor troubled ghaist ! I get nae rest,  
And what's my trouble ? Mary Beaton.  
When ither youngsters blythe an' gay,  
Set aff to join some merry meetin',



By some dyke-side I lanely stray,  
A-musing still on Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

A' mirth an' fun, I hate an' shun,  
An' a' for sake o' Mary Beaton.

I ance could laugh an' sing wi' glee,  
And grudg'd the hours sae short an' fleetin',  
Bnt *now* ilk day's a *moon* to me,  
Sae sair I lang for Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

Till ance she's mine, I'll waste an' pine,  
For now I'm past baith sleep an' eatin'

Her fairy form sae light an' fair,  
Her gracefu' manner sae invitin',  
Alas ! will kill me wi' despair,  
Unless I soon get Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

Wad she but bless me wi' a YES,  
Oh how that *yes* my lot wad sweeten !

*Alex. Rodger.*

---

## PETER AND MARY ;

### A KITCHEN BALLAD.

*Founded on Fact, and written expressly for all the Hangers-on about the  
Dripping-Pan.*

THE learned have said (but who can tell  
When learned folks are right)  
That there is no such thing in life  
“ As loving at first sight.”

But I will now an instance bring,  
You may rely upon,  
How PETER BLACK fell deep in love  
With MARY MUCKLEJOHN.

He through the kitchen-window look'd,  
 When Mary just had got  
 A round of beef all newly cook'd,  
 And smoking from the pot.

And aye he gaz'd and aye he smelt.  
 With many a hungry groan,  
 Till Mary's heart began to melt  
 Like marrow in the bone.

And looking up, she sweetly smiled,  
 Her smile it seemed to say,  
 "Please, Mr. Black, if you're inclined,  
 You'll dine with me to-day."

*At least* so Peter read her smile,  
 And soon tripp'd down the stair ;  
 When Mary kindly welcom'd him,  
 And help'd him to a chair.

There much he praised the round of beef,  
 And much he praised the maid ;  
 While she, poor simple soul, believed  
 Each flattering word he said.

Perhaps he made some slight mistakes,  
 Yet part might well be trew'd,  
 For though her face was no *great shakes*,  
 The beef was really *good*.

Then Peter pledged his troth, and swore  
 A constant man he'd be,  
 And *daily*, like a man of truth,  
 Came *constantly* at three.

And thus he dared, though long and lean,  
 Each slanderous tongue to say,  
 That, though when present he seem'd long,  
 That he was *long* away.

*Three* was the hour, when bits were nice,  
 And then he show'd his face,

But show'd it there so very oft  
That Mary lost her place.

Some fair ones say that love is sweet,  
And hideth many a fault ;  
Our fair one found, when *turn'd away*,  
Her love was rather *salt*.

Poor Mary says to Peter Black,  
“ Now wedded let us be,  
Bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh  
You promis'd to make me.”

“ Flesh of your flesh, I grant I said,  
Bone of your bone, I'd be ;  
But now you know you've got no *flesh*,  
And *bones* are not for me.”

Poor Cooky now stood all aghast  
To find him on the shy,  
And rais'd her apron-tail to wipo  
The *dripping* from her eye.

She sobb'd “ Oh, perjured Peter Black,  
The basest man I know,  
You're Black by name, you're black at heart,  
Since you can use me so.”

Yet, still to please her Peter's *taste*  
Gave her poor heart relief ;  
So Mary went and hung herself,  
And thus became *hung beef*.

That grief had *cut her up*, 'twas plain  
To every one in town,  
But Peter, when he heard the tale,  
He ran and *cut her down*.

Fast, fast his briny tears now flow'd  
Yet Mary's sands ran fleeter ;  
Such *brine* could not *preserve* the maid,  
Though from her own *salt Peter*.

From this let cookmaids learn to shun  
 Men who are long and lean ;  
 For when they talk about their love,  
 'Tis *pudding* that they mean.

*Carrick.*

### THE DEIL O' BUCKLYVIE.

NAE doubt ye'll hae heard how daft Davie M'Ouat  
 Cam' hame like a deil, wi' an auld horn bouat ;  
 His feet they were cloven, horns stuck through his bonnet,  
 That fley'd a' the niebours when e'er they look'd on it ;  
 The bairns flew like bees in a fright to their hivie,  
 For ne'er sic a deil was e'er seen in Bucklyvie.

We had deils o' our ain in plenty to grue at,  
 Without makin' a new deil o' Davie M'Ouat :  
 We hae deils at the sornin', and deils at blaspheming ;  
 We hae deils at the cursin', and deils at nicknamin' ;  
 But for cloots and for horns, and jaws fit to rive ye,  
 Sic a deil never cam' to the town o' Bucklyvie.

We hae deils that will lie wi' ony deils breathing ,  
 We're a' deils for drink when we get it for naething ;  
 We tak' a' we can, we gie unco little,  
 For no ane 'll part wi' the reek o' his spittle ;  
 The shool we ne'er use, wi' the rake we will rive you,  
 So we'll fen without ony mair deils in Bucklyvie.

Though han'less and clotless, wi' nae tail to smite ye,  
 Like leeches when yaup, yet fu' sair can we bite ye ;  
 In our meal-pock nae new deil will e'er get his nieve in,  
 For among us the auld ane could scarce get a livin'.  
 To keep a' that's gude to ourselves we contrive aye,  
 For that is the creed o' the town o' Bucklyvie.

But deils wi' Court favour we never look blue at,  
 Then let's drink to our new deil, daft Davie M'Ouat ;

And lang may he wag baith his tail and his bairdie,  
 Without skaith or scorning frae lord or frae lairdie ;  
 Let him get but the Queen at our fauts to connive aye,  
 He'll be the best deil for the town o' Bucklyvie.

Now, I've tell't ye ilk failin', I've tell't ye ilk faut ;  
 Stick mair to yer moilin', and less to yer maut ;  
 And aiblins ye'll find it far better and wiser,  
 Than traikin' and drinkin' wi' Davie the guizar ;  
 And never to wanthrift may ony deil drive ye,  
 Is the wish o' wee Watty, the bard o' Bucklyvie.

*Carrick.*

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### A MOTHER'S DAUTY.

AIR—" *My mither's aye glowrin' onre me.*"

My mither wad hae me weel married,  
 My mither wad hae me weel married ;  
     Na, she tries a' she can  
     To get me a gudeman,  
 But as yet, a' her plans hae miscarried.  
 To balls and to concerts she hies me,  
 And meikle braw finery buys me ;  
     But the men are sae shy,  
     They just glow'r and gang by,  
 There's nane has the sense yet to prize me.

To ilka tea-party she tak's me,  
 And the theme o' her table-talk mak's me ;  
     But the folks leuk sae queer,  
     When she cries " Lizzy ! dear,"  
 That their conduct most grievously racks me.  
 She hauls me aff to the coast there,  
 Expecting to mak' me the toast there ;  
     But somehow or ither,  
     A lass wi' her mither,  
 Discovers her time is but lost there.

At the kirk, too, I'm made to attend her,  
 Not wholly heart-homage to render,  
     But in rich "silken sheen,"  
     Just to see and be seen,  
 And to dazzle the gowks wi' my splendour ;  
 But for a' my sweet smirks and my glances,  
 There's never a wooer advances  
     To oxtter me hame,  
     Wi' my dainty auld dame ;  
 Alas, now, how kittle my chance is !  
 I'm sure I'm as good as my cousin,  
 Wha reckons her joes by the dizen ;  
     That besiege her in thrangs,  
     Ilka gate that she gangs,  
 A' swarmin' like bumbees a-bizzin' .  
 And for beauty, pray what's a' her share o't ?  
 Like me she could thole a hue mair o't ;  
     For it's granted by a',  
     Though she dresses right braw,  
     She has wonderfu' little to spare o't.  
 But I trow I maun try a new plan yet,  
 And depend on *mysel'* for a man yet ;  
     For my cousin Kate vows,  
     That *some mithers are coves*,  
 That wad scaur the best chiel that ever ran yet.  
 And gin I hae the luck to get married,  
 Gin I hae the luck to get married,  
     Wi' a husband to guide,  
     (Let Miss Kate then deride,)  
 I'll be proud that my point has been carried.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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" HOUT AWA', JOHNNY, LAD!"

Hour awa', Johnny, lad ! what maks ye flatter me ?  
 Why wi' your praises sae meikle bespatter me ?

Why sae incessantly deave and be-clatter me,  
 Teasing me mair than a body can bide?  
 Can I believe, when ye "angel" and "goddess" me,  
 That ye're in earnest to mak me your bride?  
 Say, can a woman o' sense or yet modesty,  
 Listen to talk frae the truth sae far wide?  
 Few are the flatterer's claims to sincerity,  
 Loud though he boast o' his honour and verity;  
 Truth frae his lips is a wonderfu' rarity,  
 Words by his actions are sadly belied!  
 Woman he deems but a toy to be sported wi',  
 Dawted or spurned at, as caprice may guide;  
 Blooming a while to be dallied and courted wi',  
 Then to be flung like auld lumber aside!  
 True love has seldom the gift o' loquacity,  
 Lips to express it, aft want the capacity;  
 Wha, then, can trust in a wooer's veracity,  
 Whase butter'd words o'er his tongue saftly slide?  
 What are love's tell-tales, that give it sweet utterance,  
 Wherein the maiden may safely confide?  
 What—but the glances, the sighs and heart-flutterings,  
 Of the loved youth who takes truth for his guide?  
 Yet, though I've spoken wi' seeming severity,  
 Made observations wi' prudish asperity,  
 I'd be the last ane to geck, or to sneer at ye,  
 Kenning how little is made by fause pride.  
 Could we but then understand ane anither, then  
 Soon wad my bosom the matter decide;  
 Leaving my worthy auld father and mither, then  
 Hey, Johnny, lad! I'd become your ain bride.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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#### HIGHLAND POLITICIANS.

COME, Tougall, tell me what you'll thocht  
 Anout this Bill Reform, man,

Tat's preeding sic a muckle steer,  
 An' like to raise ta storm, man ;  
 For noo ta peoples meet in troves,  
 On both sides o' ta Tweed, man,  
 An' spoket speechums loud an' lang,  
 An' very pauld inteed, man.

Teed, Tonald, lad, she'll no pe ken,  
 For she's nae politish, man,  
 But for their speechums loud an' lang,  
 She wadna gie tat sneesh, man ;  
 For gin she'll thocht ta thing was richt,  
 She wad her beetock traw, man,  
 An' feught like tamn—till ance ta Bill  
 Was made coot Cospel law, man.

Hoot toot, man, Tougall ! tat nicht do  
 When SHORDIE TWA did ring, man,  
 An' her fore-faiters trew ta tirk,  
 To mak teir Chairlie king, man ;  
 But tirks, an' pistols, an' claymores,  
 Pe no for me nor you, man ;  
 Tey'll a' pe out o' fashions gane  
 Since pluity Waterloo, man.

Last nicht she'll went to pay her rent,  
 Ta laird gie her ta tram, man,  
 An' tell her tat this Bill Reform  
 Was shust a nonsense tamn, man !  
 Pe no for honest man's, she'll say,  
 Pe meddle 'ffairs o' State, man,  
 But leave those matters to him's CRACK,  
 Him's CLORY, an' ta great man.

She'll talk 'pout *Revolutions*, too,  
 Pe pad an' wicked thing, man,  
 Wad teuk awa ta 'stinctions a',  
 Frae peggar down to king, man ;  
 Nae doubts, nae doubts, her nainsel' said,  
 But yet tere's something worse, uian,



To *Revolutions* tat will teuk

Ta puir man's cow nor horse, man.

An' ten she'll wish ta *Ministers*

Pe kicket frae teir place, man :

Och hon, och hon ! her nainsel said,

Tat wad pe wofu' case, man ;

For gin ta *Ministers* pe fa',

*Precentors* neist maun gang, man—

Syne wha wad in ta Punker stood,

An' lilt ta godly sang, man ?

Och ! ten ta laird flee in a rage,

An' *sinfu'diel*\* me ca', man—

Me tell him no pe understood

What him will spoke ava, man :

Ta *sinfu'diel* !—na, na, she'll say,

She'll no pelang tat clan, man,

Hersel's a true an' trusty *Grant*,

As coot as 'nitter man, man.

But, Tougall, lad ! my 'pinion is,

An' tat she'll freely gie, man,

Ta laird pe fear tat this Reform

Will petter you an' me, man :

For like some ither lairds, she still

Wad ride upon our pack, man ;

But fait ! she'll maybe saw ta tay,

Pe tell him 'nitter crack, man.

For *Shames ta fecter*† say this Bill

Will mak' ta rents pe fa', man ;

Pe mak' ta sneesh an' whisky cheap,

Ta gauger chase awa, man ;

An' ne'er let lairds nor factors more

Pe do ta poor man's harm, man,

Nor purn him's house apoon him's head,

An' trive him aff ta farm, man

\* Infidel.

† James the Weaver.

Weel, Tonald ! gin I'll thocht it that,  
 Reformer I will turn, man,  
 For wi' their 'pressions an' their scorns,  
 My very pluit will purn, man :  
 Och, shust to hae ta try apout,  
 Wi' some tat I will ken, man ;  
 Tey'll prunt my house to *please ta laird*,  
 Cot ! let them try't again, man !

*Alex. Rodger.*

### O ! DINNA BID ME GANG WI' YOU.

O ! DINNA bid me gang wi' you,  
 'Twould break my mither's heart ;  
 There's nane to care for her but me,  
 Sae dinna bid us part :  
 Increasing frailties tell that here  
 Her time will no be lang,  
 And wha wad tend her deeing bed,  
 Gin I wi' you should gang ?  
 She kens our hearts, and says she thinks  
 She could our absence bear ;  
 But while she speaks, her aged e'e  
 Is glist'ning wi' a tear.  
 Light waes will weet the youthfu' cheek,  
 But ah ! severe's the pang  
 That stirs the time-dried fount of grief,  
 Sae dinna bid me gang.

*James Scott.*

### KILROONY'S VISIT TO LONDON.

HAVE ye heard of the excellent sport  
 Afforded by Master Kilroony,  
 How, when he got up to the court,  
 The king recognised an old crony ?

'Right happy to see you I am !

And welcome you are into Lunnan :

The natives cried out, there is Dan,

We scarcely believed you were comin'.

(Spoken.) 'And so, Mr. Daniel Kilroony, how do you do?' says the King. 'Pretty well, I thank you,' says Dan, 'Oxis doxis glorioxis to your Kingship's glory, for ever, and a day after; I hope your Majesty is full of salubrity?' 'That I am,' says the King. 'Did you bring your shillelab with ye, Dan?' 'I did.' 'And right you were,' says His Majesty, 'for betwixt you and me, there is the *ould one* to pay here, and no money to give him; depend upon it, there will be wigs upon the grass this year, long before it grows, Dan; but keep your mind asy, for I am determined to stand by my loyal loving subjects as long as they have a button on their coats.' 'That's right,' says Dan, 'and if one of the varmint, after this, presume to question your Majesty's goodness, blow me if I don't beat their two eyes into one.'

Then the King and Kilroony down sat,

And partook of an excellent dinner;

There was roasted and boil'd, lean and fat,

To comfort the heart of each sinner;

There was brandy, and porter, and ale,

With excellent wine and good whisky,

All the fruits that are sold by retail;

So the King and Kilroony got frisky.

'And how is Mrs. Kilroony and all the childer?' says the King, after the dinner was over. 'Why, pretty well, thank your Majesty,' says Dan. 'How is your own good lady, the Quean, I don't see her about all the house, at-all-at-all?' 'Spake aisy,' says the King, 'she's in bad humour to-day, this is Friday, and she's busy wi' washing and cleaning; and when engaged in that sort of work, the *ould black gentleman* with the long tail, couldn't make her keep the dumb side of her tongue undermost.' 'And are ye so circumstanced,' says Dan, 'it's just the same way with Mrs. Kilroony; when her blood got up, she used to make me believe that she would fight the devil himself; but faith I

took it out of her.' 'And how did you manage that?' says the King. 'Just wi' the same elegant instrument you were enquiring after a little ago. I rubbed her down with an oaken towel, and gave her five-and-twenty drops of shillelah oil next her stomach in the morning. 'Don't mention it,' says the King. 'Then don't ax me,' says Dan.

'Arrah, murder!' exclaim'd the good King,  
 'Could you cudgel the bones of a woman?'  
 'I would try,' says Kilroony, 'to bring  
 Back her sinses, and make her a true one;  
 For ladies when doing what's wrong,  
 Are nought but a parcel of *varmint*:  
 Says the King to Kilroony, 'go home,  
 I've heard quite enough of your *sarmint*.

'Get out of my house this minute,' says the King, 'and never afterwards let me hear you insinuate any thing against the female generation. Bad luck to you for a dirty bog-trotting-potwalloper, can't ye give out your counsel to your own beautiful *pisantry*, six millions of elegant male and female Paddies, all in a state of beautiful naturality; sure there's work enough for your patriotism. Daniel Kilroony, leave this, I say, and never be after showing yourself here as long as there's a nose protruding from your countenance.' 'Please your Majesty,' says Dan, 'might I venture to show myself should I ever happen to lose that usefule appendage?' 'Never,' says the King—'leave my presence, or I'll spake ye into the earth in a moment.

So Kilroony was 'cut at the court,  
 And soon left the city of Lunnan;  
 All the Paddies had capital sport,  
 When they saw poor Kilroony back coming  
 'Kilroony, Kilroony!' said they,  
 'You would fain be a parliament *mimber*,  
 But the King he put *salt* in your tay,  
 And burn't your nose with a cinder.  
 O have you not heard, &c.

## THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.\*

THE bairns got up in a loud, loud skreech,  
 The deuks dang o'er my Daddie, O ;  
 Quo' our gudewife, " let him lie there,  
 For he's just a paidling body, O :  
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,  
 He paidles late and early, O ;  
 This thirty years I hae been his wife,  
 And comfort comes but sparely, O."

" Now haud your tongue," quo' our gudeman,  
 " And dinna be sae saucy, O,  
 I've seen the day, and so hae ye,  
 I was baith young and gaucy, O.  
 I've seen the day you butter'd my brose,  
 And cuitered me late and early, O ;  
 But auld age is on me now,  
 And wow but I fin't richt sairly, O."

" I carena' tho' ye were i' the mools,  
 Or dookit in a boggie, O ;  
 I kenna the use o' the crazy auld fool,  
 But just to toom the coggie, O.  
 Gin the win' were out o' your whaisling hauze,  
 I'd marry again and be voggie, O ;  
 Some bonny young lad would be my lot,  
 Some rosy cheeked roggie, O."

Quo' our gudeman, " gie me that Rung  
 That's hingin' in the ingle, O ;  
 I'se gar ye haud that sorrowfu' tongue,  
 Or else your lugs will tingle, O.

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\* The first two stanzas are, with a few verbal alterations, from Burns—the additional verses are by a facetious contributor to whom this publication is indebted for the graphic humour of our brethren of the Green Isle.

Gang to your bed this blessed nicht,  
 Or I'll be your undoing, O ;"  
 The canny auld wife crap out o' sicht,  
 What think ye o' sic wooing, O ?

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### LOVE'S FIRST QUARREL.

"WHAR' shall I get anither love,  
 Sin' Johnny's ta'en the gee ?  
 Whar' shall I get anither love,  
 To speak kind words to me ?

To row me in his cozie plaid,  
 Whan wintry winds blaw snell,  
 Whar' shall I get anither love ?  
 Waes me, I canna tell.

Yestreen I quarrel'd wi' my love,  
 'Cause he behaved unmeet,  
 An' rubb'd my cheek wi' his hard chin  
 Till I was like to greet.

I flate upon him lang and sair,  
 At last he took the huff,  
 An' tel't him ne'er to see my face,  
 If he kept his baird sae rough.

But a' nicht lang I lay an' sigh't,  
 Wi' the warm tear in my e'e,  
 And I wish'd I had my Johnny back,  
 Though his baird were to his knee.

It's harsh to use a maiden thus,  
 For her simplicity,  
 Wha scarce can tell what loving means,  
 Or kens what man should be."

The youth ahint the hallan stood,  
 And snirtled in his sleeve,

It's cordial to a love-sick heart,  
To hear its true love grieve.

He slipp'd ahint her—ere she wist,  
He baith her een did steek,  
“ Now guess and tell wha's *weel-shav'd chin*,  
Is press'd upon your cheek ?”

Her lips sae rich wi' *hinny dew*,  
Smil'd sae forgiving-like,  
That Johnny crook'd his thievish mou,  
To herry the sweet *byke*.

*Carrick.*

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### THE GUDEMAN'S PROPHECY.

THE win' blew loud on our lum-head,  
About auld Hallowe'en ;  
Quo' our gudewife to our gudeman,  
“ What may this tempest mean ?”

The gudeman shook his head, an' sich'd,  
Quo' he, “ 'tween you and me,  
I fear we'll hae some bluidy wark,  
And that ye'll live to see.

For just before the Shirra Muir,  
We had sic thuds o' win',  
An' mony a bonny buik lay cauld,  
Before that year was dune.”

“ Hoot, toot ! gudeman, ye're haverin' noo,  
An' talkin' like a fule,  
Ye ken we've aye sic thuds o' win',  
'Bout Candlemas or Yule.”

“ I'll no be ca'd a fule,” quo' he,  
“ By ony worthless she,  
My boding it sall stan' the test,  
An' that belyve ye'll see.”

“To ca’ your wife a worthless she,  
Shows just ye’re scant o’ wit,  
But if ye’ll speak that word again,  
I’ll brain you whar ye sit.”

Now up gat he, and up gat she,  
An’ till’t fell teeth an’ nail,  
While frae the haffets o’ them baith,  
The bluid cam down like hail.

Our Gutchyre now spak frae the nuik,  
A sairie man was he,  
“Sit down, sit down, ye senseless fouk,  
An’ let sic tuilzcing be.

An’ gudewife learn an’ no despise  
The word o’ prophecy,  
For “*bluidy wark*” this nicht has been,  
An’ that ye’ve lived to see.

I could hae seen wi’ hauf an e’e,  
The prophecy was sure,  
For siccan words ‘tween married fouks,  
Bring on a “*Shirra Muir*.”

An’ noo I hope ilk wedded pair,  
A moral here may fin’,  
An’ mind though tempest rage without,  
A *calm sough* keep within.

*Carrick.*

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### THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

WEE stuffy, stumpy, dumpie laddie,  
Thou urchin elfin, bare an’ duddy,  
Thy plumpit kite an’ cheek sae ruddy  
Are fairly baggit,  
Although the breekums on thy fuddy  
Are e’en right raggit.



Thy wee roun' pate, sae black an' curly,  
 Thy twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,  
 The biting frost, though snell an' surly  
     An' sair to bide,  
 Is scouted by thee, thou hardy wurly,  
     Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weet.  
 Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,  
 Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet  
     Right bauld an' sicker,  
 An' ne'er wast kenned to whinge or greet,  
     But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's wee peel-garlic gets  
 Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,  
 Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,  
     To keep them pale ;  
 But aitmeal parritch straights thy guts,  
     An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's paiks, the maister's whippin',  
 Can never mend thy gait o' kippin' ;  
 I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'  
     A' after thee,  
 An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippin'  
     Far owre the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,  
 Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,  
 Stridin' owre horse, an' yerkin' cattle  
     Wi' noisy glee,  
 Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle,  
     Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,  
 Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,  
 Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,  
     Ilk oily leary,

Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudy,  
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,  
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,  
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,  
Ilk dusty batchy,  
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,  
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimblin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,  
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,  
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindit fiddler,  
Ilk wee speech-crier,  
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,  
Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly-draiglin', dribblin' wight,  
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night,  
An' stagger's hame in braid daylight,  
Bleerit, blin', an' seaur,  
Thou coverest him up, a movin' fright,  
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,  
In teapot, bottle, *stoup*, or cappie,  
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,  
Wi' couthy care,  
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie  
A' in the air.

At e'en, when weary warkmen house,  
Their sair forfoughten spunks to rouse,  
An' owre th' inspirin' whisky bouse,  
Croon mony a ditty,  
Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,  
Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,  
An' though thou now are wee an' barefoot,

Thou'lt be a swankin', spunky spark yet,  
 Or I'm mista'en,  
 Unless misfortunes gurly bark yet  
 Should change thy vein.

O, why sould age, wi' cankered e'e,  
 Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee,  
 We a' were callants ance, like thee,  
 An' happier then  
 Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,  
 We think us men.

*James Ballantine, Edinburgh.*

### THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

God bless our lovely Queen,  
 With cloudless days serene ;—  
 God save our Queen.

From perils, pangs and woes,  
 Secret and open foes,  
 Till her last evening close,  
 God save our Queen.

From flattery's poisoned streams ;—  
 From faction's fiendish schemes,  
 God shield our Queen ;—  
 With men her throne surround,  
 Firm, active, zealous, sound,  
 Just, righteous, sage, profound ;—  
 God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove,  
 Her faithful subjects' love ;—  
 God bless our Queen.

Grant her an Alfred's zeal,  
 Still for the Commonweal,  
 Her people's wounds to heal ;—  
 God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth ;—  
 In the straight paths of truth,  
     Lead our young Queen ;  
 And as years onward glide,  
 Succour, protect and guide,  
 Albion's hope—Albion's pride ;—  
     God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,  
 Bright be Victoria's reign ;—  
     God guard our Queen.

Safe from the traitor's wiles,  
 Long may the Queen of Isles,  
 Cheer millions with her smiles ;—  
     God save our Queen.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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#### THE FORSAKEN.

O GIVE me back that blissful time,  
 When I so fondly gazed on thee,  
 And loved—nor deemed my love a crime,  
 Till now too late, my fault I see.  
 O give me back my innocence !  
 Alas! that may not—cannot be,  
 Too deep, too dark is my offence,  
 For purity to dwell with me.

Hast thou forgot the solemn vows,  
 So oft exchanged by thee and me,  
 While seated underneath the boughs,  
 Of yonder venerable tree ?  
 Those vows, indeed, may be forgot,  
 Or only laughed at, now, by thee,  
 But to thy mind they'll yet be brought,  
 When cold below the sod I'll be.

How could'st thou treat a maiden so,  
 Who would have gladly died for thee ?

Think, think what I must undergo,  
 Think of my load of infamy ;  
 O could repentance wash my stain,  
 What peaceful days I yet might see,  
 But no ;—I ever must remain  
 A victim of my love, for thee.

*Alex. Rodger.*

### OH! PRINCELY IS THE BARON'S HALL.

OH! princely is the Baron's hall,  
 And bright his lady's bower,  
 And none may wed their eldest son  
 Without a royal dower ;  
 If such, my peerless maid, is thine,  
 Then place thy lily hand in mine.  
 A cot beside the old oak-tree,  
 The woodbine's pleasant flower,  
 A careless heart and spotless name,  
 Sir Knight, are all my dower ;  
 Thy gold spur and thy milk-white steed,  
 May bear thee where thou'lt better speed.  
 Now, by the ruby of thy lip—  
 The sapphire of thine eye—  
 The treasures of thy snowy breast,  
 We part not company :  
 A sire's domain—a mother's pride,  
 Can claim for me no wealthier bride.

*Wm. Kennedy.*

### WEE RABIE.

A E mornin', weo Rabie, fu' canty and gabbie,  
 Gat up frae his nestie an' buskit him braw ;  
 To sweeten his lifey, he wish'd for a wifey,  
 An' fix'd on tall Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

The laughin' wee bodie soon mountit on Doddie,  
 Sae sleekit, an' bridled, an' saddled, an' a';  
 A drap in his headie, to haud his heart steadie,  
 Aff he trotted for Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

A wqoer mair vap'rin', mair paukie and cap'rin',  
 Ne'er before took the road sae weel mountit an' a';  
 But the fowk thought him muzzy, to fix on a huzzy,  
 Sae strappin' as Nell o' Heathery Ha'.

But Rabbie was happy, love smit wi' the nappy,  
 Nor dream'd that his person was punylie sma';  
 He canter'd fu' smirky, a bauld little birky,  
 Nor halted till landit at Heathery Ha'.

Wi' whip-han' he knuckled, while neighbours a' chuckled,  
 An' wondered what made him sae trig and sae braw;  
 Ne'er thinking that Doddie had brought the wee bodie,  
 A-wooin' to Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

But Rabie soon lightit, without being frightit,  
 An' vow'd he'd hae Nelly, or hae nane at a';  
 Then tiptoe in goes he, resolved to be easie,  
 Before ne'd leave Nelly an' Heathery Ha'

Soon Nelly, though taller, wi' Rabbie though smaller,  
 Agreed to be buckled for gude an' for a';  
 She vows he is snodie, though but a wee bodie,  
 An' better a mannie than ne'er ane ava.

Sae they've remounted Doddie, lang Nell, the wee bodie;  
 'Twas sport to see Rabie sae brisk gaun' a'wa',  
 He sat in Nell's lapie, sae laughin' an' happy,  
 An' trottit hame crously frae Heathery Ha'.

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### LOVELY MAIDEN.

LOVELY maiden, art thou sleeping?  
 Wake, and fly with me, my love,  
 While the moon is proudly sweeping  
 Through the ether fields above;

While her mellow'd light is streaming  
 Full on mountain, moor, and lake !  
 Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming ?  
 'Tis thy true love calls—awake ?

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,  
 Even the watch-dog's lull'd asleep ;  
 Hark ! the clock the hour is knelling,  
 Wilt thou then thy promise keep ?  
 Yes, I hear her softly coming,  
 Now her window's gently rais'd,  
 There she stands, an angel blooming—  
 Come, my Mary ! haste thee, haste !

Fear not, love ! thy rigid father  
 Soundly sleeps, bedrench'd with wine ;  
 'Tis thy true love holds the ladder,  
 To his care thyself resign !  
 Now my arms enfold a treasure,  
 Which for world's I'd not forego ;  
 Now our bosoms feel that pleasure,  
 Faithful bosoms only know.

Long have our true love's been thwarted  
 By the stern decrees of pride,  
 Which would doom us to be parted,  
 And make thee another's bride ;  
 But behold my steeds are ready,  
 Soon they'll post us far away ;  
 Thou wilt be Glen Alva's Lady  
 Long before the dawn of day !

*Alex. Rodger.*

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COME THEN, ELIZA DEAR.

DEAREST Eliza, say, wilt thou resign  
 All thy companions gay, and become mine ?

Wilt thou through woe and weal,  
 Be my loved partner still,  
 Share with me every ill,  
 Nor e'er repine ?

Wilt thou, O lovely fair ! when I'm distress'd.  
 All my afflictions share, soothe them to rest ?  
 Wilt thou, when comforts fail,  
 When woe and want assail,  
 With sympathizing wail,  
 Cling to this breast ?

Yes, yes, O dearest youth ! here I resign,  
 All else I prize on earth, thy fate to join ;  
 Gladly I'll share thy wocs,  
 Soothe thee to calm repose,  
 While heaven on me bestows  
 Such love as thine.

Come then, Eliza dear, come to this breast,  
 Thou alone reignest here, kindest and best ;  
 If wealth and rural peace,  
 If love that ne'er shall cease,  
 Can give thee ought like bliss,  
 Thou shalt be bless'd.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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### THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED ! a steed of matchless speed,  
 A sword of metal keen !  
 All else to noble hearts is dross,  
 All else on earth is mean,  
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,  
 The rolling of the drum,  
 The clangour of the trumpets loud,  
 Be sounds from heaven that come ;



And oh ! the thund'ring press of knights,  
 When as their war-cries swell,  
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,  
 Or rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,  
 And don your helms amain,  
 Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call  
 Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye,  
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,  
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh  
 For the fairest of the land.

Let piping swain and craven wight,  
 Thus weep and puling cry;—  
 Our business is, like men to fight  
 And hero-like to die !

*Motherwell.*

### YOUNG PADDY'S TUTOR.

SOME patriots howl o'er Paddies wrongs,  
 And raise such lamentation, O ;  
 Whilst others contrive with their speeches and songs,  
 To complete her stultification, O.  
 Ould Father M'Flail, good honest man,  
 Like a heavenly constellation, O,  
 Enlightens the Paddies as much as he can,  
 With his system of education, O.

*(Spoken.)* ' Come hither the whole varmint of ye, and let me see that ye're all present and none ov ye absent. I see ye're all here, my bonnies; the more credit to you for the interest you take in your larnin'. But before commencin' the instruction of the day, let us attend to the comforts of the Academy. Phidre O'Gallach ! what sort of a turf is that ye brought with you this morning? Ye'll be after kaping it warm in your pocket, for shame, till ye come up to the school;—did you ever expect that a handful like it could give a hap'worth of heat to

comfort the Institution? Jim Mullen, now for you, my man; what sort of a way is that 'you've turn'd the corner of your catechism? don't abuse the literature of the country. Are ye at it already? paice childer—houl' your paice, I say, agin; for I don't know whether my tongue is in my own mouth, or dancin' agin the teeth of all the childer in the Academy. Mike Linahan, there's no hearin', for you're roaring as if a score of ducks were houlding a holiday in your mouth; them black-nosed pepper-boxes on Dublin Castle, with the brimstone breath comin' up their throats, couldn't hear themselves spakin' for you! turn the dumb side of your tongue uppermost, or I'll glue it agin the ceilin' of your mouth! Winny M'Coy, my little pot of honey; there's not a sweeter mouth in ould Ireland, nor one that M'Flail would like to put knowledge and letters into, but there is no opening or pretinsion yet in your intellects; the mighty big letters coming up from the bottom of your breast, would be splittin' your throat to ribbands, and opening another mouth below your illigant chin; and there would be no raison for your takin' in sustenance and comforts there, my sweet potato blossom; just trot away home on that purty little foot of your's, that couldn't hurt a hair on the head of a daisy, and come back agin to the instruction when the turf is puttin' on its clothes for summer. Now, children, go on with the instruction of the day. Looney M'Twolter, ye scoundrel, what's the name of that letter that's starin' you there in the face?' 'Q, sur.' 'It's a lie, sir! that's A; didn't I tell you that a month ago? Sure you might see the two legs of it standing up there like the sticks at your grandmother's clay cabin door? O, Looney, Looney! you'll never make a clargy in the 'varsal world. And what's the name of the next letter that comes after the A? sure you havn't forgot it already! What do you call the little gentleman, with the sting in his tail, and yellow jacket over his shoulders, that flies about the bogs and the ditches?' 'Bee, sur.' 'That's the name of it, you blackguard; many's the day you run after him when ye should have been following your edication. And what do you call the fellow of the B?' 'That's the moon, sur.' 'Thunder and thump! that's murderous; who ever heard of a letter called the moon? What do I do when I look through my spectacles, ye rapscaillon, ye?' 'Ye squint, sur' (*Beats him.*) 'And what else?' 'You see, sur.'

'Troth, I do that, and C is the very name ov it; run away to your seat, an' turn the sharpest corner of your eye to your lesson.'

And thus the worthy Father lays,  
 Of knowledge the sure foundation, O,  
 The system every one should plase,  
 For its all of his own creation, O.  
 The Arts and Sciences every one,  
 From the very first emanation, O,  
 He explains to all as clear as the sun,  
 What a brilliant elucidation, O.

'Charley M'Fluskey, come hither; but first of all take that fly out of your mouth. What would you think now, if that little creature contained in its tiny body the soul of your own ould grandmother? but you don't understand transmugrification; never catch flies in the school, sur. Denis Hourigan, now, tell me the name of that letter I was explaining to you yesterday—the long one there, for all the world like a May-pole? You've forgot, I see, that's sartain. What was't your father gave to your mother last Saturday night, when he came home?' 'He gived her a black eye, sur.' 'And isn't I the very name of the letter? And what's the name of the next but one after the I? What does your mother open the door with?' 'A latch, please your worship.' 'Any thing else?' 'A key, sur.' 'Sure, and K's the very name of it too. Well, and what's the name of that round letter like the full moon, afore she turns herself into a raping-hook agin, as our own Belfast prophets foretel? I wonder if I can 'ring it out ov ye?' (*Pulls his ear.* 'O murder, murder!' 'That's it now; I'll take the O, and lave the murder to yourself. Tell me now, before I dismiss you, the name of that one with the slop over his head. Sure you know what mother takes to her breakfast on Sunday morning?' 'Rum, sur.' Oh ye little tell-tale! well does I love it my own self too, as well as a duck does a dhurty day; an' it were not for a dhrop or two of it, my ould throat would get dhry with spaking—and my body a lump of dhry dust—ould Father M'Flail, your tutor, would be blown about like the dust in the very air you're breathin'. Does your mother never take anything else?' 'Tay, sur.' 'And T's the very word I want; so get away to your seat, and pay more attention for the future. And now,

Dennis O'Neal, you are farther on with your larning; tell me how many cases them Latins had amongst them.' Six; please your honour. 'Then fire away and let's hear their names.' 'There was the Nomativ, and the Ginitiv, and the Jockativ. 'Thunder and turf, who ever heard of the Jockativ case; take that, (*knocks him down,*) and remember that is the *Knockativ*. There is a lesson in jigonometry for you, that your mother never contracted for. Larry Hoolagan, spell Babelmandel, an' be hanged t'ye.' 'B-a-able-m-a-mandle, Babelmandel.' 'That's the thing, my boy. Spell us Constantinople.' 'C-o-n-con-s-t-a-n-stan-tinople, Constantinople.' Do you know the meanin' of that mighty word, now? That's the name of the Grand Turk, -sir, who commands the cratures with the three tails. There's the benefit of navigation to you without ever puttin' your foot on water.'

Now boys and girls go home I say,  
 And see ye give over flirtation, O;  
 Nor dare any more the truant to play,  
 But get on with your idication, O.  
 May English, Irish, Scotch, each one,  
 Soon make an amalgamation, O,  
 With heart, and soul, and blood, and bone,  
 To confirm their liberation, O.

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#### WEARIE'S WELL.

In a soft 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 dreamin'  
 Their path through the sky;

The burn babbled freely  
 Its love to ilk 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 filled my e'e,  
 And they drapt on your wee loot—  
 A warld's wealth to me.

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

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

Fareweel, and for ever,  
 My first luv 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 luvè, may  
It fleet over thee !

*Motherwell.*

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,

My heart is like to break—

I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,

I'm dyin' for your sake !

Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,

Your hand on my briest-bane—

Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,

When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,

Sair grief maun ha'e its will—

But let me rest upon your briest,

To sab and greet my fill.

Let me sit on your knee, Willie,

Let me shed by your hair,

And look into the face, Willie,

I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,

For the last time in my life—

A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,

A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart.

And press it mair and mair—

Or it will burst the silken twine

Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,

When we thegither met—

Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,

That our first tryst was set !

Oh wae's me for the loanin' green  
 Where we were wont to gae—  
 And wae's me for the destinie,  
 That gart me luvè thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,  
 I downa seek to blame—  
 But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,  
 And dree a warld's shame!  
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,  
 And hailin' ower your chin;  
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
 For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
 And sick wi' a' I see—  
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
 Or be as I should be.  
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
 The heart that still is thine—  
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,  
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,  
 A sair stoun' through my heart—  
 Oh! haud me up and let me kiss  
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt,  
 Anither, and anither yet!—  
 How fast my life-strings break!  
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard  
 Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,  
 That lilts far ower our<sup>2</sup> heid,  
 Will sing the morn as merrilie  
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;  
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,  
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,

Will hap the heart that luvit thee  
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,  
On land where'er ye be—  
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,  
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!  
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,  
'That file my yellow hair—  
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,  
Ye never sall kiss mair! *Motherwell.*

### THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,  
As spring's rath blossoms die,  
And sadness hath o'ershadowed 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 murmured sighs and joyous tears,  
Dropping like rain,  
Discoursed my love, and told how loved  
I was again.  
Farewell!



'Twas not in cold and measured phrase  
 We gave our passion name ;  
 Scorning such tedious eloquence.  
 Our hearts' 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 doomed 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 !

*Motherwell.*

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### MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,  
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,  
 While opening flower and bursting bud  
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;  
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,  
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,  
 And cheerily the blythsome lark  
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.  
 'Tis early prime ;  
 And hark ! hark ! hark !

His merry chime

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in

The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love ! and May-dews shake

In pailfuls from each drooping bough,

They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom

That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,

Aurora's smiles are streaming free ;

With earth it seems brave holiday,

In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,

For mark, love, mark !

How bathed in light

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he upward flies,

Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel

The voice of heaven within them thrill,

In summer morn, when mounting high

This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky dell

Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,

And where its clear stream murmurs on,

Meet type of our love's purity ;

No witness there,

And o'er us, hark !

High in the air

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! away soars he,

Bearing to heaven my vows to thee !

## HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!

Like the leaf from the tree;  
Or the down that is blown

By the wind o'er the lea.  
He is fled, the light-hearted!  
Yet a tear must have started  
To his eye, when he parted  
From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!

Like a gallant so free,  
Plumed cap on his head,  
And sharp sword by his knee;  
While his gay feathers fluttered,  
Surely something he muttered,  
He at least must have uttered  
A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away

To far lands o'er the sea—  
And long is the day  
Ere home he can be;  
But where'er his steed prances,  
Amid thronging lances,  
Sure he'll think of the glances  
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!

Like the leaf from the tree;  
But his heart is of stone  
If it ne'er dream of me!  
For I dream of him ever:  
His buff-coat and beaver,  
And long sword, Oh, never  
Are absent from me!

## OH, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

OH wae be to the orders that marched my luvè 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 hae ta'en my luvè, and left a broken heart to me  
 The drums beat in the mornin' afore the screich o' day,  
 And the wee, wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the  
     morn was gray ;  
 The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,  
 But wacs me for my sodger lad that marched 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 gade there to see my luvè embark for Germanie !  
 I looked ower 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 hae twinn'd my winsome  
     luvè 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,  
 Sync for every loop that I cast on, I am 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 hae nae winsome luvè like mine in the wars o'  
     Germanie !

*Motherwell.*

## BRITAIN'S QUEEN, VICTORIA.

AIR—*Rob Roy Macgregor O.*

BRIGHTEST gem of Britain's Isle !  
 Born to wear the British crown,  
 Millions basking in your smile,  
 Crowd around your noble throne,  
 Rending air with loud applause,  
 Swearing to defend your cause,  
 British rights and British laws,  
     And Britain's Queen, Victoria.

Bravest Britons guard your crown !  
 Patriots, statesmen, honest men—  
 Tyrants, traitors, trample down !  
 Never more to rise again ;—  
 Let corruption wither'd parch !  
 Let reform and knowledge march !  
 Through perfection's glorious arch,  
     Led by Queen Victoria !

Equal rights, and equal laws,  
 Let the people a'Il enjoy,  
 Peace proclaim'd with loud huzzas !  
 Never more let war destroy ;—  
 Agriculture, lead the van ;  
 Commerce, free to ev'ry man ;  
 Religion pure, complete the plan,  
     Glory to Victoria.

*John Paterson.*

## I MET TWA CRONIES.

I MET twa cronies late yestreen,  
 Wham blythe I've aft been wi' ;  
 And ilka mind soon felt inclined  
 To taste the barley-bree :

We sat sae late, and drank sae deep,  
 That roarin' fou gat we ;  
 And haith ! I found, when I gaed hame,  
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

All lanely by the fire she sat,  
 Her brows hung owre her e'e ;  
 And wistfu' hush'd she aye the bairn,  
 Though sleeping on her knee—  
 I saw the storm was masking fast,  
 That soon wad fa' on me ;  
 Sae quietly slipt I aff to bed,  
 And left her in the gee.

Neist day her looks were sour and sad,  
 And ne'er a word spak she ;  
 But aye the tear-drap gather'd big,  
 And dimm'd her bonnie e'e :  
 Quo' I, " My dear, what's past let gang,  
 And frown nae mair on me,  
 The like again I'll never do,  
 Gin ye ll ne'er tak the gee !"

When this she heard, her brows she raised,  
 And down beside me sat ;  
 I kiss'd her, for her heart was fu',  
 And, puir wee thing ! she grat :  
 Quo' she, " Gin ye'll but keep your word,  
 And bide at hame wi' me—  
 Hae, there's my han', that, while I live,  
 I'll never tak' the gee !"

Then let us ca', and pay our drap,  
 And toddle while we doo ;  
 For gin we drink anither bowl  
 We'll a' get roarin' fou' :  
 My wifie's smile is aye sae kind,  
 When blythe or pleased is she,  
 To anger her wad be a sin,  
 Or gar her tak' the gee !

## MARRY FOR LOVE AND WORK FOR SILLER.

WHEN I and my Jenny thegither were tied,  
 We had but sma' share o' the world between us ;  
 Yet lo'ed ither weel, and had youth on our side,  
 And strength and guid health were abundantly gi'en us ;  
 I warsled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,  
 And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till her,  
 For aye we had mind o' the canny auid rule,  
 "Marry for love, and work for siller."

Our bairns they cam' thick—we were thankfu' for that,  
 For the *bit* and the *brattie* cam' aye along wi' them ;  
 Our *pan* we exchanged for a guid *muckle pat*,  
 And somehow or ither, we aye had to gi'e them.  
 Our laddies grew up, and they wrought wi' mysel',  
 Lik ane gat as buirdly and stout as a miller,  
 Our lasses they keepit us trig aye, and hale,  
 And now we can count a bit trifle o' siller.

But I and my Jenny are baith wearin' down,  
 And our lads and our lasses hae a' gotten married ;  
 Yet see, we can rank wi' the best i' the town,  
 Though our noddles we never too paughtily carried.  
 And mark me—I've now got a braw *cockit hat*,  
 And in our *civic building* am reckon'd a pillar ;  
 Is na THAT a bit honour for ane to get at,  
 Wha married for love, and wha wrought for siller ?

Alex. Rodger.

## IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt braw,  
 It's no that thy skin has the pureness o' snaw,  
 It's no that thy form is perfection itsel',  
 That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna tell ;  
 But oh ! its the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,  
 That mak's thee sae dear and sae lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,  
 Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,  
 It's joyous to gaze on these tresses sae bright,  
 O'ershading a forehead sae smooth and sae white ;  
 But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,  
 O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,  
 The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,  
 Those gay gowden ringlets that yield sic delight,  
 By the cauld breath o' time may be changed into white ;  
 But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,  
 Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can dee.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch the shore,  
 Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labrador,  
 Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,  
 Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams ever run ;  
 Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,  
 If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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### A LULLABY.

O SAFTLY sleep, my bonnie bairn !  
 Rock'd on this breast o' mine ;  
 The heart that beats sae sair within,  
 Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts !  
 That such late watches keep ;  
 An' if ye break the mother's heart,  
 Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn !  
 Nor look sae wae on me,  
 As if ye felt the bitter tear  
 That blin's thy mother's e'e.



Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears.  
 Lest on my bairn ye dreep ;  
 An' break in silence, waefu' heart,  
 An' let my baby sleep.

Ritchie

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### THE DOCTORS.

BE honours which to Kings we give,  
 To Doctors also paid ;  
 We're the King's *subjects* while we live,  
 The Doctor's when we're dead.

Though when in health and thoughtless mood,  
 We treat them oft with scoffing ;  
 Yet they, returning ill with good,  
 Relieve us from our *coughing* (coffin).

At times they kill us, to be sure,  
 In cases rather tickle ;  
 But when they've kill'd—they still can *cure*  
 Their patients—in a *pickle*.

And when at last we needs must die,  
 The Doctors cannot save  
 From death—they still most kindly try  
 To *snatch us* from the *grave*.

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### LADY'S POCKET ADONIS.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,  
 A lady very stylish, man,  
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,  
 She fell in love with an Irishman,  
     A nasty, ugly Irishman,  
     A wild tremendous Irishman,  
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, rumping, roaring  
     Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
 For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across ;  
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
 Were almost double a yard across.

Oh the lump of an Irishman,  
 The whisky-devouring Irishman—  
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting,  
 rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,  
 And the other eye was out, my dear ;  
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs,  
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.

Oh the great big Irishman,  
 The rattling, battling Irishman—  
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering  
 swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,  
 That he used to snort and snuffle, O ;  
 And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,  
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

Oh the horrible Irishman,  
 The thundering, blundering Irishman,  
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-  
 ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;  
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,  
 He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

The boozing, bruising Irishman,  
 The 'toxicated Irishman—  
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy  
 Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,  
 Like all the girls of quality ;

And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,  
Just by the way of jollity.

Oh the leathering Irishman,  
The barbarous, savage Irishman—

The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were  
bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

*Doctor Maginn.*

### A COOK'S LEGACY.

BLEAK now the winter blaws, thiek flee the driftin' snaws,  
A' the warld looks cauld and blae;  
Birds wha used to sing, now wi' shiverin' wing,  
Dozen'd sit on the frosted spray;  
But though the wintry winds blaw keenly,  
What are the wintry winds to me,  
When by the kitchen fire sae cleanly,  
My love is baking a pie for me!

Oh when I think on her cheeks sae greasy,  
Oh when I think on her shoulders fat,  
Never a lass have I seen like Leczy,  
She makes my poor heart to go pitty-pat!  
All the way hame though never so dreary,  
It charms my heart to think of thee;  
How by the kitchen fire sae cheery,  
My love is baking a pie for me!

Some yield their hearts to the charms of beauty,  
Doating with pleasure upon her smile,  
But when they've caught their long-wish'd booty,  
'Twill neither make pat nor pan to boil;  
And wi' their beauty they aft catch a Tartar—  
Often it happens, as all may see;  
Then for beauty, I'll scorn to barter  
The maid that is baking a pie for me!

*Carrick.*

## JUNE AND JANUARY.

AIR—"Willie was a Wanton Wag."

Frosty-bearded warlock body,  
 Wife to you I'll never be ;  
 Rather wad I wed the wuddie,  
 Or a runkled maiden die ;  
 Gang your wa's, an' seek some ither—  
 Ane that's weary o' her life,  
 For ye're liker Death's half-brither,  
 Than a man that wants a wife.

What care I for a' your grandeur,  
 Gear an' lands, and houses braw ?  
 Sapless rung ! the witch o' Endor  
 Scarce wad taen you wi' them a' !  
 Troth, ye might hae hain'd your siller,  
 That ye've spent on fripperies vain ;  
 Dotard fool ! to think a tailor  
 E'er could mak' you young again !

When you gat your dandy stays on,  
 Was't to mak you trig an' sma' ;  
 Or for fear that ye might gyzen,  
 And in staves asunder fa' ?  
 Ye wad tak' me to your bosom,  
 Buy me braws an' ilk thing nice !  
 Gude preserve's ! I'd soon be frozen,  
 Clasp'd by sic a slierd o' ice !

Hoot ! haud aff—ye're quite ridic'ous  
 Wi' your pow as white as snaw,  
 An' your drumstick-shanks sae feckless,  
 Aping youth o' twenty-twa ;  
 Wha could thole your senseless boasting,  
 Squeaking voice, an' ghaistlike grin ?  
 Doited driveller ! cease your hoasting,  
 Else gie ower your fulsome din.

Wha could sit an' hear a story,  
 'Bout a bosom's burning pains,  
 Frae an auld "*Memento mori*,"  
 Sand-glass, skull, an' twa cross banes ?  
 But for fear my scorn should cool ye,  
 Hark ! I'll tell you what I'll do,  
 When December's wed to July,  
 There's my *fit*, I'll then tak' you.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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### MY GUEDEMAN.

AIR—"*Loch-Erroch Side.*"

My gudeman says aye to me,  
 Says aye to me, says aye to me ;  
 My gudeman says aye to me,  
 Come cuddle in my bosie !  
 Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still  
 Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,  
 And a' his aim's to see me weel,  
 And keep me snug and cozie.

For though my cheeks where roses grew,  
 Hae tint their lively glowing hue,  
 My Johnnie's just as kind and true  
 As if I still were rosy.

Our weel-won gear he never drank,  
 He never lived aboon his rank,  
 Yet wi' a neebour blythe and frank,  
 He could be as jocose aye.

We hae a hame, gude halesome cheer,  
 Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,  
 And rosy bairns, to us mair dear  
 Than treasures o' Potosi :

Their minds are formed in virtue's school,  
 Their faut's are check'd wi' temper cool,  
 For my gudeman mak's this his rule,  
 To keep frae hasty blows, aye.

It ne'er was siller gart us wed,  
 Youth, health, and love, were a' we had,  
 Possess'd o' these, we toil'd fu' glad,  
     To shun want's bitter throes, aye ;  
 We've had our cares, we've had our toils,  
 We've had our bits o' troubles whiles,  
 Yet, what o' that ? my Johnny's smiles  
     Shed joy o'er a' our woes, aye.

Wi' mutual aid we've trudged through life,  
 A kind gudeman, a cheerfu' wife ;  
 And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,  
     Towards our journey's close, aye ;  
 And when we're stretch'd upon our bier,  
 Oh may our souls, sae faithfu' here,  
 Together spring to yonder sphere,  
     Where love's pure river flows, aye.\*

•  
*Alex. Rodger.*

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### O PETER M'KAY.

*Ane sober advice to ane drucken Souter in Perth.*

AIR—"Come under my Plaidie."

O Peter M'Kay ! O Peter M'Kay !  
 Gin ye'd do like the brutes, only drink when ye're dry,  
 Ye might gather cash yet, grow gawey and gash yet,  
 And carry your noddle Perth-Provost-pow-high ;  
 But poor drucken deevil, ye're wed to the evil  
 Sae closely, that naething can sever the tie ;  
 Wi' boring, and boosing, and snoring, and snoozing,  
 Ye emulate *him* that inhabits—the sty.

O Peter M'Kay ! O Peter M'Kay !  
 I'm tald that ye drink ilka browster wife dry ;—  
 When down ye get sitting, ye ne'er think o' flitting,  
 While cogie or caup can a dribble supply ;—

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\* The first four lines form the chorus of a very old song.

That waur than a jaw-box, your monstrous maw soaks  
 Whate'er is poured in till't, while "give" is the cry;  
 And when a' is drunk up, ye *bundle* your trunk up,  
 And bid, like the *sloth*, the bare *timmer* good-bye.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!

Gang hame to your awls, and your lingals apply,  
 Ca' in self-respect, man, to keep you correct, man—  
 The task may be irksome—at ony rate try;  
 But gin ye keep drinking, and dozing, and blinking,  
 Be-clouding your reason, God's light from on high,  
 Then Peter depend on't, ye'll soon make an end on't,  
 And close your career 'neath a cauld win'try sky.

*Alex. Rodger.*

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#### MARY'S GANE.

O WAES my heart, now Mary's gane,  
 An' we nae mair shall meet thegither,  
 To sit an' crack at gloamin' hour,  
 By yon auld grey-stane amang the heather.  
 Trysting-stane amang the heather,  
 Trysting-stane amang the heather,  
 How bless'd were we at gloamin' hour,  
 By yon auld grey-stane amang the heather.

Her faither's laird sae gair on gear,  
 He set their mailin to anither,  
 Sae they've selt their kye, and ower the sea  
 They've gane, and left their native heather.  
 Left their native blooming heather,  
 Left their native blooming heather,  
 They've selt their kye, and ower the sea  
 They've gane, and left their native heather.

Her parting look bespake a heart,  
 Whase rising grief she couldna smother,

As she waved a last fareweel to me  
 An' Scotland's braes an' blooming heather ;  
     Scotland's braes and blooming heather,  
     Scotland's braes and blooming heather,  
 'Twas sair against the lassie's will,  
 To lea' her native blooming heather.

A burning curse licht on the heads  
 O' worthless lairds colleagued thegither,  
 To drive auld Scotland's hardy clans  
     Frae their native glens and blooming heather.  
     Native glens and blooming heather,  
     Native glens and blooming heather,  
 To drive auld Scotland's hardy clans,  
     Frae their native glens and blooming heather.

I'll sell the cot my granny left,  
 Its plenishing an' a' thegither,  
 An' I'll seek her out 'mang foreign wilds,  
     Wha used to meet me amang the heather ;  
     Used to meet me amang the heather,  
     Used to meet me amang the heather,  
 I'll seek her out 'mang foreign wilds,  
     Wha used to meet me amang the heather.

*Carrick.*

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#### OUR JOHN HIELANMAN.

I've sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,  
 I've sax eggs in the pan, gudeman ;  
 I've ane for you, an' twa for me,  
 An' three for our John Hielanman.

Oh Johnny has a shapely leg,  
 Weel fitted for tae philibeg ;  
 While we've a hen to lay an egg,  
     That egg's to our John Hielanman.  
     I've sax eggs, &c.



Ye ken, gudeman, you're failing noo,  
 An' heavy wark ye canna do,  
 Ye neither thrash nor haud the plough  
 Sae weel as our John Hiellanman.

I've sax eggs, &c.

The folk that work should always eat,  
 An' Johnny's wordy o' his meat.  
 For ne'er a job that's incomplete  
 Is done by our John Hiellanman.

I've sax eggs, &c.

As yet, gudeman, I'm no to blame,  
 For I've maintain'd an honest fame ;  
 But just stap aff to your lang-hame,  
 An' I'll wed our John Hiellanman.

I've sax eggs, &c.

*Carrick.*

### THE HERRING-HEAD CLUB.

As we journey through life let us live by the way,  
 A famous remark which a sage once did say ;  
 We all now are met, spite of care the old scrub,  
 And we'll pass half an hour in the Herring-head club.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Some good folks complain of the times being bad,  
 But the way to improve them, is not to be sad ;  
 To laugh is no sin, if we raise no hubbub,  
 At least so we think at the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

King Fergus the First, who in Scotland did reign,  
 Was a merry old blade who did seldom complain :  
 No glasses had he, so he drank from a shell,  
 His nobles and he had a glorious spell.

Derry down, &c.

One night being merry and full of much glee,  
 For with herrings and drink they were all on the spree—  
 This meeting, cried Fergus, it is now time to dub,  
 So, my drouthies, we'll call it the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

And now I command that ye keep the thing up,  
 Be sure once a-month that on herrings ye sup,  
 And if ye forget it, my ghost shall ye drub,  
 And this was the rise of the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

Then drink to King William, and drink to the Queen,  
 May their pains be all past and their sorrows all seen ;  
 May we all pass through life without jostle or rub,  
 And often come back to the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

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### THE AULD SCOTTISH BRUGH.

*AIR—“John Anderson my Jo.”*

IN Scotland stands an ancient brugh, wi' some twal-hundred  
 people,

A lang and narrow strip o' street, and ae high-shoulder'd  
 steeple ;

Ilk grocer i' the borough is a bailie, or has been,

But the Provost was perpetual, and drave the hail machine.

At twal o'clock, the Provost cam, and stood upo' the street,  
 And waggit to his right-hand man, i' the public house to meet;  
 The Bailie threw his apron by, and o'er their gill they sat,  
 And they managed a' the Toun's affairs in a bit quiet chat.

The Deacon, wi' a face half-wash'd, gaed consequential by—  
 But the Deacon, as a' body kent, had nae finger i' the pie.  
 The Deacon made the Provost's breeks, and a' his laddies'  
 claes—

And the Provost, though the best o' friends, was yet the  
 warst o' faes.

And oh! the Provost was a man o' consequence and worth—  
He managed weel, he strutted weel, yet had nae wit nor  
birth:

He led the Councel in a string, and the member ken't, I  
trow,

That, if he said the word, 'twas done, and there were votes  
enow.

And when the canvassin' cam' round, the member walk'd  
about,

And bughted i' the Provost's arm—they sought the Deacon's  
out;

The bodies threw their nightcaps by, or wi' them cleaned a  
chair,

And the member sat i' the ben house, wi' a condescendin'  
air.

The gudewife stood aside, and beck'd and twirled her apron  
strings,

And wunner'd that the member deign'd to speak to them,  
puir things!

The Parliamentar roar'd, and talked, and syne kiss'd the  
gudewife—

And the wife declares the Deacon's vote is now as sure's his  
life.

The Bailie's wife, wi' a braw head, frae her window looks  
out,

And cried, ' Preserve 's! he's comin' now—what are ye a  
about?

Put down the wine, ye lazy jad!—the lassie's surely mad!  
And down she sits, to be surprised, upon her cosh bit pad.

The Bailie bustles in before—his very lugs are red—

The gudewife hears upo' the trance a Parliamentar's tread!

He enters a' sooawvity, and chucks each chubby laddie,

And swears how ane is like to her, anither to its daddy.

And now the Provost walks him hame to dinner wi' himsel',  
 And the member tak's his seat atween the leddie and Miss  
 Bell—

And the leddie cracks o' Dr. John, and syne o' Captain  
 Sandy,

Wha, by his Honour's influence, to India got so handy.

But, waes my heart! the auncient town has now gane down  
 the hill,

And vested rights o' families are stolen by Russell's Bill—  
 And vulgar weaving touns, I trow, like Glasgow and Dundee,  
 Maun steal the honours frae our brughs o' high antiquity!

---

MISTER PETER PATERSON.

*Or, a Bailie in his Cups.*

MISTER Peter Paterson,  
 Ye will find that late or soon,  
 If ye dinna change your tune,  
 Ye will most dearly rue.

Mister Peter Paterson,  
 Mister Peter Paterson,  
 Mister Peter Paterson,  
 I see you're gayan' fu'.

You're a Bailie now, ye ken,  
 Then drink wi' nane but sober men,  
 Nor sit in ony dirty den  
 Wi' ony vulgar crew.

For I maun tell it to your face,  
 That it's a sin and a disgrace,  
 For you to sit in sic a place,  
 And drink till ye get fu'.

So, Mister Peter Paterson, &c.

Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 Ye aye tak' the gate ower soon,

To snool your pet an' keep him down,  
 Before ye ken what's true :  
 Believe me, I was nae sie gates,  
 But dining wi' tho magistrates,  
 An' some o' them gaed *ower the sklates*,  
 As weel's your dainty dow.

So, Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 I'm no sae vera fu'.  
 Provost Brodie he was there,  
 But yet they gart me tak' the chair,  
 Guidsave, Kate, had ye been there,  
 You'd keekled weel, I true.

Deacon Roset when he saw't,  
 He left the room he was sae chawt,  
 And on his tail we ne'er coost saut,  
 The hail nicht lang I true.

So, Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 I'm no sae vera fu'.

(*Bailie hickuping and laughing as he proceeds.*)—"I'm no sae vera fu', Mrs. Paterson, and its vera ill-done o' you to say sae; besides, it's no a proper expression to use to a man filling a civil as weel as an official capacity, and who has got a cocket hat on his head, and a gou'd chain about his neck—ha, ha, lass, ca' ye that naething?—lang looked-for's come at last—I've got the cocket hat noo—you did na ken what I wa about these twa-three days. Little thought ye o' the braw tow I had in my rock—ha, ha, lass, catch a cat sleeping wi' a mouse in her lug. I've been on the hunt these twa days, and I've catched cocky at last. But noo, Mrs. Paterson, since you're a Bailie's wife, I maun gi'e you a word o' advice:—Never say the Bailie cam' hame fu'. O woman! woman! what wad the Provost's wife think o' you? she's the prudent woman! she never says the Provost cam' hame fu'.—na, na, the Pro-

vost cam' hame 'a *leelle elevated*,' that's her prudent expression, worthy woman that she is; so dinna forget, Mrs. Paterson, but just say, whan ye speak about me and the town's affairs, that 'the Bailie cam' hame a *leelle elevated*.' But what d'ye think we're gaun to be about the morn? Ha, ha, lass, we're to be great folks the morn—the morn's the Lord's day, ye ken, Mrs. Paterson, and me and the magistrates are gaun to hae a grand *paraad* to the kirk, and we're to hae the town-officers afore us, wi' their hats aff and their halberts in their han's; ay, woman, they're to be a' afore us, guid-be-thanket! they're to be *afore us*, I've been sair enough fashed i' my day wi' them *gaun after me*. Mony a time the buffers took me *afore* the Bailie; but praise be blessed! I've got them *afore the Bailie now*; time about's fair play, ye ken, Mrs. Paterson. Now, Mrs. Paterson, there's just ae favour I want o' you the night; Mrs. Paterson, and ye nuaanna deny me; you needna laugh, Mrs. Paterson, I'm a wee new-fangled about my cocket hat; ye ken, I had a lang and a sair strussel to get it; now, I acknowledge I'm a *leelle elevated* the night, as the Provost's wife says, and I canna think to part wi't woman; now, what I want o' you, Mrs. Paterson, is just to let—let—let me sleep wi' my cocket hat on the night—I just want to lie in *state* for ae nicht; and ye ken, Mrs. Paterson, you would be so agreeably astonished when ye waukened in the morning, and found yoursel lying beside a Bailie, a *real Bailie*, woman! wi' his three-cornered night-cap and a' his paraphernalia on. Now, Mrs. Paterson, you'll oblige me the night, like a dear, and I'll tell you the morn about a town's job that I'm to get that'll do me muckle good and you *little ill*. Thou's get the best silk gown to be had within the four quarters o' this or ony ither town in Scotland. What d'ye think o' that, Mrs. Paterson?"

There's mony a job about a town  
 To gar a Bailie's pat play brown,  
 But on ac job I'll keep my thumb,  
 Ye'll hear't some ither day.  
 So, Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 So, Mistress Peter Paterson,  
 I'm no sae vera fu'

*Carrick.*

# WHISTLE-BINKIE.



“To gie them music was his charge.”

---

SECOND SERIES.

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DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.





# WHISTLE-BINKIE.

## SECOND SERIES.

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### “LO'E ME LITTLE AND LO'E ME LANG.”

Awa' wi' your wheezing, your coaxing, and teasing,  
Your hugging and squeezing I beg you'll let be ;  
Your praising sac fulsome, too sweet to be wholesome,  
Can never gang down wi' a lassie like me ;  
Nae mair than a woman, nae higher than human,  
To Sylphs and to Seraphs I dinna belang ;  
Then if ye wad gain me, the way to attain me,  
Is “Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang.”

Wi' some silly gawkie, your fleeching sac pawkie,  
Like sweet dozing draughts, will glide cannily down ;  
Hence, seek some vain hizzy, and doze her till dizzy,  
She'll quickly consent a' your wishes to crown ;  
But pester na me wi't, my heart canna 'gree wi't,  
I'm sick o' your cuckoo's unvarying sang  
Cease, therefore, your canting, your rhyming and ranting,  
But “Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang.”

The love that lowes strongest, say, lasts it the longest ?  
The fires that bleeze brightest burn soonest awa' ;  
Then keep your flame steady—a moderate red aye,  
Or else ye may yet hae a cauld coal to blaw ;

And quat your romantics, your airs, and your anties,  
 Tak' truth's honest track, and you'll seldom gae wrang  
 Then win me, and welcome, let weal or let ill come,  
 I'll "Lo'e you little, but lo'e you lang."

ALEXANDER RODGER.

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## THE AULD SCHOOL.

A NEW SANG TO A NEW TUNE.

Is there ony that kens nae my auld uncle Watty,  
 Wi' 's buckled knee breckums an' three cockit hattie?  
 Is there ony that kens nae my auld auntie Matty,  
 Wi' r wee black silk cloak, and her red collar'd cattie?  
     O, auld uncle Watty,  
     An' auld auntie Matty,

Ye may gang whare ye like, but their match winna see.

They've a weel plenished house, an' a weel stockit pantry.  
 Kegs o' gin in their press, kegs o' ale on their gantree;  
 An' the lean parish poor, an' the fat county gentry,  
 Ne'er find sic a bien counthy hame in the kintry.  
     O, auld uncle Watty,  
     An' auld auntie Matty,

Ye're dear unto a', but ye're dearer to me.

They've saved a' they hae, tho' they never were greedy,  
 Gang to their house hungry, they're sure aye to feed ye,  
 Gang to their house tatter'd, they're sure aye to cleed ye  
 O, wha 'll fill their place to the puir an' the needy?  
     O, auld uncle Watty,  
     An' auld aunty Matty,

Ye're kind unto a', but ye're kinder to me.

I mind nae o' mither, I mind nae o' faither,  
 Yet ne'er ken't the ha'eing or wanting o' either,  
 For the puir orphan sprout, that was left here to wither,  
 Gat uncle for faither, and aunty for mither.

O, auld uncle Watty,  
 An' auld aunty Matty,  
 Few orphans ha'e uncle and aunty like me.

An' didna my bosom beat fondly an' fou,  
 When up like an aik 'neath their nursing I grew ;  
 While a tear in their e'e, or a clud on their brow,  
 Was aye sure to pierce my fond heartie right through.

O, auld uncle Watty,  
 An' auld aunty Matty,  
 Ye're faither, an' mither, an' a' thing to me.

But hve play'd a plisky, that maist rave asunder,  
 Three hearts that ye'll no find the like in a hunder ;  
 I married wee Mary, to a' body's wonder,  
 An' maistly had paid for my het-headed blunder.

For auld uncle Watty,  
 An' auld aunty Matty,  
 Vow'd they wad ne'er own either Mary or me.

But Mary's kind heart, aye sae eouthy and slee,  
 Soon won the auld bodies as she had done me ;  
 When our callant cam' hame, to the kirk wi't cam' she—  
 Ca'd it Watty—the auld folk sat bleer't in the e'e.

An' auld uncle Watty,  
 An' auld aunty Matty,  
 Cam' nursin' the wean hame 'tween Mary an' me.

An wow but the callant grows buirdly an' strang,  
 There's nae Carritch question, nor auld Scottish sang,  
 But the loun screeds ye aff in the true lowland twang,  
 I doubtna he'll beat his ain faither or lang ;

For auld uncle Watty,  
 An' auld aunty Matty,  
 Are learnin' the callant as aince they did me.

Gae bring me the pinks o' your famed infant schools,  
 Whase wee sauls are laden wi' newfangled rules,

Gif wee Watty dinna mak a' o' them fools,  
 I'll e'en gie ye leave to lay me in the mools:  
     An' auld uncle Watty,  
     An' auld Aunty Matty,  
 May throw down their buiks an' gae booby for me.

JAMES BALINTINE, Edinburgh

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MY COUSIN JEAN.

TUNE,—“ *When she cam' ben she bobbit.* ”

CHORUS.

My Cousin Jean—my cousin Jean,  
 A wild little hempie was my cousin Jean;  
 For gentle or semple she ne'er cared a preen.  
 Yet the toast o' our parish is my cousin Jean.

I mind her right weel whan the cricket was young,  
 She'd a stap like the roe an' a glibby gaun tongue,  
 An' a' the schule callants she skelptit them clean,  
 Sae supple the nieves gat o' my cousin Jean.

Whar mischief was brewin' or devilry wrought,  
 A lum set a-low, or a tough battle fought,  
 At the head of the foray was sure to be seen,  
 The wild wavin' ringlets o' my cousin Jean.

O, rade ye to market or rade ye to fair,  
 Ye were sure to fa' in wi' my daft cousin there;  
 Yet the puir, an' the feckless, aye gat a gude frien',  
 And a plack frae the pouches o' my cousin Jean.

She helpit the tinklers their dour mules to load,  
 She follow'd them miles on their moorland road,  
 Syne frightened the bairns wi' their stories at e'en;  
 Weel kent were their cantrips to my cousin Jean.

But our auld Mess John had a Lunnun bred son,  
 Wha lang had an e'e after Jean and her fun,  
 An' he begg'd but an hour frae his father at e'en,  
 To convert the wild spirit o' my cousin Jean.

I wat a sweet convert the stripling soon made,  
 But gif a' wi' his preachin', troth's no to be said,  
 For precious to him were the dark glancin' e'en,  
 Whilk laugh'd 'neath the arch'd brows o' my cousin Jean.

Young Jean took to reading o' queer prented buiks,  
 An' wander'd at midnight 'mang hay-ricks and stooks—  
 Whilst the college-bred birkie right aften was seen,  
 Pointing out heaven's wonders to my cousin Jean.

Nae doubt the hale parish was spited to see,  
 Sic a dance in her gait, sic a sang in her e'e,  
 And ilk auld wifie wager'd her life to a preen,  
 She would soon get a down-come—my young cousin Jean.

Dumfounder'd were a' the hale parish, I trow,  
 When they saw the next week i' the minister's pew,  
 At the young laird's right han', they could scarce trust their  
 e'en—

A modest young bride sat my young cousin Jean.

Now crabbit auld wisdom should ne'er slight a tree,  
 Though when it is young it may waver a wee,  
 In its prime it may flourish the fair forest queen,  
 For sae was the upshot o' my cousin Jean.

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

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### THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

AIR,—“*For lack o' gowd.*”

How happy lives the peasant, by his ain fireside,  
 Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside,  
 Wi' his wifie blythe and free, and his bairnie on her knee,  
 Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside.  
 Nae cares o' State disturb him, by his ain fireside,  
 Nae foolish fashions curb him, by his ain fireside,  
 In his elbow chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,  
 To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,  
 That health, content and peace, surround his ain fireside,  
 A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles,  
 At their harmless pranks and wiles, around his ain fireside.  
 And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,  
 In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,  
 Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,  
 He informs ilk youthfu' mind about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor, draws near his ain fireside,  
 And seeks the friendly door, that guards his ain fireside,  
 She's welcomed to a seat. bidden warm her little feet,  
 While she's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.  
 When youthfu' vigour fails him, by his ain fireside,  
 And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,  
 With joy he back surveys, all his scenes of bygone days,  
 As he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,  
 What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside,  
 With a bosoni-cheering hope, he takes heaven for his prop,  
 Then calmly down does drop, by his ain fireside.  
 O may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside,  
 Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside,  
 May virtue guard our path, till we draw our latest breath,  
 Then we'll smile and welcome death, by our ain fireside.

ALEX. RODGER.

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TAK IT MAN, TAK IT.

TUNE,—*Brose and Butler.*

WHEN I was a Miller in Fife,  
 Losh ! I thought that the sound o' the happer,  
 Said tak hame a wee flow to your wife,  
 To help to be brose to your supper.  
 Then my conscience was narrow and pure,  
 But someway by random it rackit ;

For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,

While the happer said—tak it man, tak it.

Hey for the mill and the kill,

The garland and geer for my cogie,

Hey for the whisky or yill,

That washes the dust owre my craigie.

Altho' its been lang in repute,

For rogues to mak rich by deceiving;

Yet I see that it disna weel suit,

Honest men to begin to the thieving.

For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,

Od! I thought ilka dunt it would crack it;

Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,—

Still the happer said—tak it man, tak it.

Hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,

Might be deaved wi' its clamorous clapper;

Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,

After kenning what's said by the happer.

I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,

Saying shame, is your conscience no chackit;

But when I grew dry for a horn,—

It changed aye to—tak it man, tak it.

Hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam wi' their pocks,

'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker;

Sae I barter'd whiles wi' the gowks,

Gied them grain for a soup o' their liquor.

I had lang been accustom'd to drink,

And aye when I purposed to quat it,—

That thing wi' its clapperty clink,—

Said aye to me—tak it man, tak it.

Hey for the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,

This far I can see through the matter;

There's men mair notorious to fame.  
 Mair greedy than me for the muter.  
 For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,  
 Or wi' safety the half we may mak it,  
 Had some speaking happer within,  
 That said to them—tak it man, tak it.  
 Hey for the mill, &c.

DAVID WEBSTER.

RONALD MACGIECH.\*

AIR—“*Hills o' Glenorchy.*”

O RONALD MACGIECH was a kenspeckle loon,  
 Had cash in ilk pocket, and feres in ilk town;  
 He was idle and thro'ither, and drucken an' a',  
 His face it was round, and his back was aye braw.  
 He ate o' the daintiest, drank o' the best,  
 At sma' cost to him, as the neighbourhood wist;  
 He troubled the change-folk baith often and dreigh—  
 Yet wha was sae welcome as Ronald Magiech?  
 Tho' landlord and maid wad fain answer'd his bell,  
 The landlady ever served Ronald hersel';  
 She'd sit to taste wi' him, though ever sae thrang,  
 And see him a' right, though a' else should gae wrang.  
 And rise when he liket at e'en to gae 'wa',  
 He ne'er got a hint for his lawing ava;  
 Baith merchants and customers boost stand abeigh,  
 No ane wad she look at but Ronald Macgiech.

\* Ronald Macgiech—with other aliases—who paid the forfeit of his crimes in front of the Glasgow Jail, along with an associate in crime—Robert M'Kinlay, alias Rough Rab, in 1819. Ronald was a veteran in his profession, and thoroughly understood all the Outs and Ins of burglary. He had attained the moral hardihood—which only a course of orime can induce—to turn into humorous burlesque the exit from the scaffold—by remarking, “That it was sair on the e'e-sicht.” When his hosiery had been the worse for wear, he used to say that it “Saved him trouble, for he could draw them on by whatever end he catched first.”



Sae lichtly, nae lad in the hale kintra side,  
 Could dance you a hornpipe, or set to a bride :  
 At fairs, in the reel-house he'd caper and spreigh,  
 Till the rattle-tree rattled wi' Ronald Macgeich.  
 Though o' him the men were a' rede and unfain,  
 The lasses aye leuch when they met him again :  
 To a' ithers woovers though saucy and skeigh,  
 They were aye unco cosh-like wi' Ronald Macgiech.

Whate'er was awn him he was aye sure to get,  
 But ne'er could remember to pay his ain debt ;  
 The luckiest wight too he was in the land,  
 For ithers aft lost things, but Ronald aye fand  
 At last he did something—no ane could tell what,  
 The Wiggies\* were down on him, nae gude sign that ;  
 He died in his shoon, about twa stories heich,  
 'Twas sair on the e'esicht of Ronald Macgiech.

THOMAS DICK, Paisley.

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### I'LL TEND THY BOWER, MY BONNIE MAY.

I'LL tend thy' bower, my bonnie May,  
 In spring-time o' the year,  
 When saft'ning winds begin to woo  
 The primrose to appear—  
 When daffodils begin to dance,  
 And streams again flow free—  
 And little birds are heard to pipe  
 On the sprouting forest tree.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,  
 When summer days are lang—  
 When Nature's heart is big wi' joy,  
 Her voice laden wi' sang—  
 When shepherds pipe on sunny braes,  
 And flocks roam at their will,

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\* Lords of Justiciary.

And auld an' young in cot an' ha',  
 O' pleasure drink their fill.  
 I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,  
 When autumn's yellow fields—  
 That wave like seas o' gowd—before  
 The glancin' sickle yields ;  
 When ilka bough is bent wi' fruit—  
 A glorious sight to see!—  
 And showers o' leaves, red, rustling, sweep  
 Out owre the withering lea.  
 I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,  
 When thro' the naked trees,  
 Cauld, shivering on the bare hill side,  
 Sweeps wild the frosty breeze ;  
 When tempests roar, and billows rise,  
 Till Nature quakes wi' fear—  
 And on the land, and on the sea,  
 Wild winter rules the year.

WILLIAM FERGUSON, Edinburgh.

### THE MERMAYDEN.

*Set to Music by R. A. Smith.*

" THE night is mirk, and the wind blaws schill,  
 And the white faem weets my bree,  
 And my mind misgies me, gay mayden,  
 That the land we sall never see."  
 Then up and spak the mermayden,  
 And she spak blythe and free,  
 " I never said to my bonnie brydegroom  
 That on land we should weddit be.  
 " Oh, I never said that ane erthlie priest  
 Our bridal blessing should gie ;  
 And I never said that a landwart bower  
 Should hald my love and me."  
 ' And whare is that priest, my bonnie mayden,  
 If ane erthlio wicht is na he ?'

" Oh the wind will sough, and the sea will rain  
When weddit we twa sall be."

' And whare is that bower, my bonnie mayden,  
If on land it should na be?'

" Oh my blythe bower is low," said the mermayden,  
" In the bonnie green hows o' the sea.

My gay bower is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,  
And the banes o' the drown'd at sea ;  
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,  
And the water waste my drurie.

" And my bower is sklaitit wi' the big blue wave,  
And paved wi' the yellow sand ;  
And in my chalmers grow bonnie white flowers  
That never grew on land.

And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie brydegroom,  
A leman on earth that wad gie  
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,  
As I'll gie 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 bowir 'neath the wan water,  
Full fifty fathoms and nine."—

A wild, wild skreich gied the fey bridegroom,  
And a loud, loud lauch the bryde ;

For the mune rose up, and the twa sank down,  
Under the silver'd tide.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

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### WHETHER OR NO.

*Set to Music by John Turnbull.*

MANG a' the braw lads that come hither to woo me,  
There's only but ane I wad fain mak' my joe ;  
And though I seem shy, yet sae dear is he to me,  
I scarce can forgie mysel' when I say " No."

My sister she sneers 'cause he hasna the penny,  
 And cries, "ye maun reap, my lass, just as ye sow,"  
 My brither he bans, but it's a' ane to Jenny,  
 She'll just tak' the lad she likes—whether or no.

My father he cries, "tak' the laird o' Kinlogie,  
 For he has baith mailins and gowd to bestow:"  
 My mither cries neist, "tak' the heir o' Glenbogie,"  
 But can I please baith o' them?—weel I wat no!  
 And since 'tis mysel' maun be gainer or loser—  
 Maun drink o' life's bicker, be't weal or be't woe,  
 I deem it but fair I should be my ain chooser;—  
 To love will I lippen, then—whether or no.

Cauld Prudence may count on his gowd and his acres,  
 And think them the sum o' a' blessings below,  
 But tell me, can wealth bring content to its makers?  
 The care-wrinkled face o' the miser says "No!"  
 But oh when pure love meets a love corresponding,  
 Such bliss it imparts as the world cannot know;  
 It lightens life's load, keeps the heart from desponding,  
 Let Fate smile or scowl, it smiles—whether or no!

ALEX. RODGER.

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### THE WIDOW'S EXCUSE.

AIR—"O saw ye the Lass wi' the bonnie blue een."

"O LEEZIE M' CUTCHEON, I canna but say,  
 Your grief hasna lasted a year and a day;  
 The crape aff your bonnet already ye've tane;  
 Nae wonner that men ca' us fickle an' fain.  
 Ye sich't and ye sabbit, that nicht Johnnie dee't,  
 I thought my ain heart wad hae broken to see't;  
 But noo ye're as canty and brisk as a bee;  
 Oh! the frailty o' women I wonner to see:

The frailty o' women, I wonner to see,  
 The frailty o' women, I wonner to see;

Ye kiss'd his cauld gab wi' the tear in your e'e ;  
Oh, the frailty o' women I wonner to see.

“ When Johnnie was living, oh little he wist,  
That the sound o' the mools as they fell on his kist,  
While yet like a knell, ringing loud in your lug,  
By anither man's side ye'd be sleeping sae snug.  
O Leezie, my lady, ye've surely been fain,  
For an unco-like man to your arms ye have ta'en ;  
John M'Cutcheon was buirdly, but this ane, I trow,  
The e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through :

O, the e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through,  
His nose it is shirpit, his lip it is blue,  
Oh Leezie, ye've surely to wale on had few,  
Ye've looted and lifted but little, I trow.”

“ Now, Janet, wi' jibing and jeering hae dune,  
Though it's true that anither now fills Johnnie's shoon,  
He was lang in sair trouble, and Robin, ye ken,  
Was a handy bit body, and lived butt and ben.  
He was unco obliging, and cam at my wag,  
Whan wi' grief and fatigue I was liken to fag ;  
'Deed, John couldna want him—for aften I've seen  
His e'e glisten wi' gladness whan Robin cam' in.

Then, how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun !  
Oh, how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun,  
When I needed his help, he was aye at commaun' ;  
Then how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun ?”

“ At length when John dee't, and was laid in the clay,  
My haun it was bare, and my heart it was wae ;  
I had na a steek, that was black, to put on,  
For wark I had plenty wi' guiding o' John ;  
Now Robin was thrifty, and ought that he wan,  
He took care o't, and aye had twa notes at commaun',  
And he lent me as muckle as coft a black goon,  
Sae hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon.

Then hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon,  
 My heart-strings wi' sorrow were a' out o' tune :  
 A man that has worth and twa notes at commaun',  
 Can sune get a woman to tak him in haun."

WILLIAM FINLAY.

—  
 AULD JOHN NICOL.

AIR—"John Nicol."

I SING of an auld forbear o' my ain,  
 Tweedle dum twadle dum twenty-one ;  
 A man wha for fun was never out-done,  
 And his name it was auld John Nicol o' Quhain.

Auld John Nicol was born—he said,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;  
 Of man or of maid 's no weel kent—sin he's dead,  
 Sae droll was the birth o' John Nicol o' Quhain.

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;  
 And auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,  
 And he courted her tocher—the lands o' Balquhain.

Auld John Nicol he made her his wife,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;  
 And the feast was the funniest feast o' his life,  
 And the best o' the farce he was laird o' Balquhain.

The lady was fifty, his age was twal' mair,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;  
 She was bow-hough'd and humph-back'd, twined like a  
 stair,  
 "But her riggs are fell straucht," quo' John Nicol o'  
 Quhain.

By some enance or ither auld John got a son,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;

He was laid in the cupboard for fear that the win',  
 Wad hae blawn out the hopes o' the house o' Balquhain.

The lady was canker'd and eident her tongue,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;

She scrimpit his cog—thrash'd his back wi' a rung,  
 And dousen'd for lang auld John Nicol o' Quhain.

Ae day cam a ca'er wi' mony lang grane,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;

“ Oh ! death”—quo' the laird, “ come stap your wa's ben,  
 Ye'se be welcome to tak Mrs. Nicol o' Quhain.”

Auld John was a joker the rest o' his life,  
 Tweedle dum, &c. :

And his ae blythest joke was the yirdin' his wife,  
 For it left him the laird o' the lands o' Balquhain.

PATRICK BUCHAN.

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I HAD A HAT, I HAD NAE MAIR.

AIR—“ *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*”

I HAD a hat, I had nae mair,  
 I gat it frae the hatter ;  
 My hat was smash'd, my skull laid bare,  
 Ae night when on the batter ;  
 And sae I thocht me on a plan,  
 Whereby to mend the matter—  
 Just turn at ance a sober man,  
 And tak to drinking water.

My plan I quickly put in force,  
 Yea, stuck till't most sincerely,  
 And now I drive my gig and horse,  
 And hae an income yearly.  
 But, had I still kept boozing on,  
 'Twa'd been anither matter,  
 My credit, cash, and elaes had gono,  
 In tatter after tatter.

My wife, perhaps, a worthless pest,  
 My weans half-starved and duddy ;  
 And I, mysel', at very best,  
 Gaun wi' an auld coal cuddie ;  
 Wi' scarce a stick in a' the house,  
 Or spoon, or bowl, or platter,  
 Or milk, or meal, to feed a mouse,  
 Or blanket save a tatter.

Now, Gude be praised, I've peace o' mind,  
 Clear head and health o' body,  
 A thrifty wife, cosh and kind,  
 And bairnies plump and ruddy.  
 Hence, I'd advise ilk weirdless wight,  
 Wha likes the gill-stoup's clatter,  
 To try my plan this very night,  
 And tak' to drinking water.

ALEX. RODGER.

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### PAT MULLIGAN'S COURTSHIP.

Tis our duty to love both our father and mother,  
 Give up talking nonsense, and all sorts of bother,  
 But greater by far is the duty to smother

Our love, when beginning to ail :

O dear ! dear ! what can the matter be !

Och botheration now, what can the matter be,

Thunder and turf ! why what can the matter be ?

How, Cupid, my poor heart doth fail !

“Och, Judy, but you have kilt me now, I can nather ate, sup, sleep,  
 nor drink, for thinking ov ye, ye've made a hole in my heart like a  
 bung-hole, for which I hope you will live to repent and be forgiven.  
 Bad cess to me ! if the people ar'nt beginnin' to think, that I am the livin'  
 atomy, aich of us, both saw at Donnybrook Fair, an' if my flesh, an'  
 bones, an' blood, dhrop of me longer, they'll be in earth's keeping afore  
 my own eyes. Living, you must be mine, and if I die, I shall lay my



death agin ye every night till I bring you to your senses, you murder-  
ing jewel!"

Then I search'd all around for a sweetheart less cruel,  
In the hope she would make me forget my first jewel  
This only was adding fresh fire to the fuel,  
And making more trouble and wail.

"It is all over with you now, Paddy, says I, so before the breath  
laves yer body, you had better consult your own clargy, Father Murphy,  
and get a mouthful of ghostly consolation to die with. Father, says  
I to him, I am going to die." "Then you're a great big fool," says  
he, "what puts that into your head, my son?" "Judy has kilt me,"  
says I, "and it's of no use livin' any longer." "Paddy, my son," says  
he, "you ought to know that this world on which you are placed, is  
just like a potful of praties—ye are all sent here to jumble, and tumble,  
and bubble, and roar; and, the man that remains longest in the pot of  
affliction without his skin breakin' intirely—that man, you may dipind  
on't, is the true potatoe." "Arrah Father," says I, "it's not that at  
all, it's Judy."

Then dear! dear! what can the matter be!  
Och botheration now, what can the matter be,  
Pewter and pots! why what can the matter be?

Cupid, my poor heart doth flail.

So finding no peace, I determined to marry,  
Get Judy's consent, and no longer to tarry,  
'Tis the road all must go, though a few will miscarry,  
As onward through life they do sail.

"Judy," says I, "will you have me iver and always and amin?"  
"Well Pat, an' suppose I were, should I be any the worse for't."  
"Troth an' myself often wondered that you were niver axin me."  
"Is't your own self that I'm hearin' spakin'—beauty an' blessing on  
every tether lenth o' ye Judy?" "It's not in the natur of woman to  
refuse ye, Pat Mulligan," says she. "Then it's done in the closing of  
an eye-cover," says I, "and next Sunday, Father Murphy, took us  
afore him, and repated the last bindin' words, that we should be one in

soul, body, an' nature, seed, breed, an' giniration for ever, and I never ripinted; and I would advise all love-sick swains, just to ax their sweethearts, and maybe they'll answer like my own Judy, it's not in the natur of woman to refuse ye."

Well! well! now nought can the matter be,  
Honey, and sugar now, nought can the matter be,  
Pigs and paraties since nought can the matter be,  
Paddy no longer need wail.

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### THOU ZEPHYR, AS THOU FLITT'ST AWAY.

Thou zephyr, as thou flitt'st away,  
Wafting thy perfume o'er the grove,  
If in thy course thou chance to stray  
Along the cheek of her I love;  
Oh! tell her that thou art a sigh,  
Breathed from a fond and humble heart,  
By fate, debarr'd from hopes so high,  
But do not tell from whom thou art!

Thou streamlet, murmuring sweetly o'er,  
The pebbles in thy rocky bed,  
If ever near thy lonely shore,  
Her wandering foot should chance to tread;  
Oh! whisper softly in her ear,  
That with thy pure transparent wave,  
There mingles many a bitter tear,  
But do not tell the eye that gave!

E. PINKERTON.

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THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.  
THEY come! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song,  
and Flowers;  
They come! the glad some months that bring thick leafiness  
to bowers;

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling care and care  
aside,

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide:  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,  
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and  
bland;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously,  
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and welcome  
thee:

And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are  
silvery grey—  
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering “Be  
gay!”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,  
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:  
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming like  
red gold,  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course  
they hold.

Heaven bless them! all these little ones, who far above this  
earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upheught a sound, from yonder wood it  
came;

The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad  
name;—

Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art,  
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the  
heart!

It is a rare and gracious boon! for thought-crazed wight  
 like me,  
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer  
 tree!  
 To suck once more in every breath their little souls away  
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright sum-  
 mer day,  
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant  
 boy,  
 Wander'd through green woods all day long, a mighty heart  
 of joy.

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to  
 think  
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight to  
 drink;—  
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm un-  
 clouded sky,  
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.  
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and  
 cold,  
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed  
 old!

MOTHERWELL.

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OCH! WHILE I LIVE, I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

Och! while I live, I'll ne'er forget  
 The troubles of that day,  
 When bound unto this distant land,  
 Our ship got under weigh.  
 My friends I left at Belfast town,  
 My love at Carrick shore,  
 And I gave to poor old Ireland  
 My blessing o'er and o'er.

Och ! well I knew, as off we sail'd,  
 What my hard fate would be ;  
 For, gazing on my country's hills,  
 They seem'd to fly from me.  
 I watch'd them, as they wore away,  
 Until my eyes grew sore  
 And I felt that I was doom'd to walk  
 The shamrock sod no more !

They say I'm now in Freedom's land,  
 Where all men masters be ;  
 But were I in my winding-sheet,  
 There's none to care for me !  
 I must, to eat the stranger's bread,  
 Abide the stranger's scorn,  
 Who taunts me with thy dear-loved name,  
 Sweet isle, where I was born !

Och ! where—och ! where's the careless heart  
 I once could call my own ?  
 It bade a long farewell to me,  
 The day I left Tyrone.  
 Not all the wealth, by hardship won  
 Beyond the western main,  
 Thy pleasures, my own absent home !  
 Can bring to me again !

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

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### THE PEERLESS ROSE OF KENT.

WHEN beauty, youth, and innocence,  
 In one fair form are blent,  
 And that fair form our vestal Queen,  
 The peerless ROSE of KENT,  
 Say, where's the Briton's heart so cold—  
 The Briton's soul so dead,

As not to pour out ardent prayer  
For blessings on her head ?

This is the day —the joyous day,  
That sees our lady crown'd,  
Hence, may not one disloyal heart,  
In Albion's Isles be found ;  
But may she find in every breast  
An undisputed throne,  
And o'er a gallant people reign,  
Whose hearts are all her own.

For ne'er did woman's hand more fair  
The regal sceptre hold,  
And ne'er did brow more spotless wear  
The coronal of gold ;  
And ne'er beneath the purple robe  
Did purer bosom beat ;  
So ne'er may truer lieges kneel  
A lovelier Queen to greet.

May every blessing from above,  
On Kent's fair Rose descend,  
While wisdom, dignity, and grace,  
On all her steps attend.  
Still may she wear fair Virtue's bloom,  
Throughout a happy reign,  
And long be hail'd the " Queen of Isles"—  
Fair Mistress of the Main !\*

ALEXANDER RODGER.

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### THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.

O ENGLAND! dear home of the lovely and true  
Lovedland of the brave and the free,

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\* This song was written on the Coronation of Queen Victoria, 28th June, 1823.

Though distant—though wayward—the path I pursue,  
My thoughts shall ne'er wander from thee.

Deep, in my heart's core,  
Rests the print of thy shore,

From a die whose impression fades never ;

And the motto impress'd,

By this die, on my breast,

Is " England, dear England, for ever,"

May blessings rest on thee for ever !

As Queen, she sits throned with her sceptre of light,  
Aloft on the white-crested wave ;

While billows surround her, as guards of her right

To an island where breathes not a slave.

And her sceptre of light

Shall, through regions of night,

Shed a radiance like darts from day's quiver,

Till the unfetter'd slaves,

To the Queen of the Waves,

Shout " Freedom and England for ever,"

May blessings rest on thee for ever !

How often hath Fame, with his trumpet's loud blast,

Praised the crimes of mock-heroes in war,

Whose joy was to revel o'er nations laid waste,

And drag the fallen foe at their car !

But a new law, from heaven,

Hath by England been given

To Fame—and from which she'll ne'er sever,—

" No hero but he

Who saves and sets free,"

Saith England, free England, for ever,

May blessings rest on thee for ever !

J. D. CARRICK.

## BAULD BRAXY TAM,

A WEEL KENNED CHIEL IN CARNWATH MUIR.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

BAULD Braxy Tam, he lives far in the west,  
Whaur the dreary Lang Whang heaves its brown heath  
crest ;

He's bauld as a lion, tho' calm as a lamb—  
rede ye nae rouse him, our bauld braxy Tam.

The strang stalwart loon wons upon the hill tap  
In a peat-biggitt shieling wi' thin theekit hap—  
Yet he ne'er wants a braxy, nor gude reestit ham,  
And snell is the stamack o' bauld braxy Tam.

See how his straught form, 'midst the storm-flecker'd lift,  
Stalks athwart the bleak muir, thro' the dark wreaths o'  
drift,

While the wowff o' the colley or bleat o' the ram  
Are beacons o' light, to guide bauld braxy Tam.

When April comes in aye sae sleety and chill,  
And mony young lammie lies dead on the hill,  
Though miss'd by its owner, and left by its dam,  
Its gude gusty gear to our bauld braxy Tam.

Tho' some o' us think he gets mair than eneugh—  
That he finds them himsel', whilk he east in the heugh,  
The bauldest amang us maun keep a sough ealm—  
He's a lang luggit deevil, our bauld braxy Tam.  
He ne'er parts wi' master, nor master wi' him—  
When the headsman luiks sulky, the herdsman luiks grin.  
Syne they souther a' up wi' a flyte and a dram,  
For Tam's like the master, the master like Tam.

Thro' a' our braid muirlands sae stunted an' brown,  
There's nane fear'd nor lo'ed like the hellicat loun ;



Our fair freckled maidens feel mony love dwaum,  
 When milking the ewes o' our bauld braxy Tam;  
 For the wild roving rogue has the gled in his e'e,  
 Twa three-neukit e'ebrees, aye louping wi' glee,  
 Wi' a black bushy beard, and a liquory gam—  
 O wha wad be kittled by bauld braxy Tam.

At the lown ingle cheek, in the lang winter night,  
 Tam's welcomed wi' pleasure aye mingled wi' fright;  
 Queer sangs, and ghaist stories, a' thro'ither eram,  
 In the big roomy noddle o' bauld braxy Tam.  
 Then the weans cour in neuks frae the fancy-raised ghaist,  
 And ilk lad faulds his arms round his ain lassie's waist;  
 The auld folks gae bed, in an ill-natured sham,  
 But the young gape till midnight round bauld braxy Tam

They wad fain hae him married, his courage to cove,  
 For he's fickle's the clouds, tho' he's het as the lowe,  
 He courts a' the lasses without ere a qualm,  
 Yet for nane by anither cares bauld braxy Tam.  
 But a puir auld sheep-farmer cam here to the muir;  
 Wi' a daughter as fair as her faither is puir;  
 She's pure as the dew-drap, an' sweet as the balm,  
 And she's won the stout heart o' our bauld braxy Tam.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

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### THE SMIDDIE.

AIR—" *The days o' langsyne.*"

YE'LL mount your bit naggie an' ride your wa's doun,  
 'Bout a mile and a half frae the neist borough toun,  
 There wons an auld blacksmith wi' Janet his wife,  
 And a queerer auld cock ye ne'er met i' your life,  
 As this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;  
 O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Ye'll fin' 'im as I do, a trust-worthy chiel  
 Weel temper'd wi' wit frae his head to his heel,

Wi' a saul in his body auld Nick ne'er could clout,  
And a spark in his throat, whilk is ill to drown out.

This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,  
For a deil o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

His smiddie ye'll ken by the twa trough stanes  
At the auld door cheeks, an' the black batter'd panes—  
By the three iron cleeks whilk he straik in the wa',  
To tye up wild yads when heigh customers ca'  
Oh this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,  
Sure the hail countrie kens him, this cronie o' mine.

Up agen the auld gable 'tis liko you may view,  
A tramless cart, or a couterless plough,  
An' auld teethless harrow, a brechem ring rent,  
Wi' mae braken gear, whilk are meant to be ment  
By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;  
He's a right handy craftsman, this crony o' mine.

There's an auld broken sign-board looks to the hie road,  
Whilk tells ilka rider whar his naig may be shod,  
There's twa or three wordies that ye'll hae to spell,  
But ye needna find fault for he wrote it himsel';  
This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,  
He's an aul' farren carl, this cronie o' mine.

When ye fin his auld smiddie, ye'll like, there's nae doubt,  
To see the inside o't as well as the out;  
Then stap ye in bauldly, altho' he be thrang,  
Gif the pint-stoup but clatter, ye'll ken him ere lang,  
This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,  
Baith wit, fun, and fire, has this cronie o' mine.

Twa or three chiels frae the town-end are sure to be there—  
There's the bauld-headed butcher, wha taks aye the chair,  
'Mang the quecrest auld fallows ae way and anither,  
That e'er in this world were elubbit thegither,  
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,  
They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

There's Dominie Davie, sae glib o' the mou ;  
 But its like ye will fin' the auld carl blin' fou ;  
 Wi' the wee barber bodie, an' his wig fu' o' news,  
 Wha wad shave ony chap a' the week for a booze ;  
     A' eronies o' mine, a' eronies o' mine,  
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

There's our auld Toun-Clerk, wha has taen to the pack,  
 Whilk is naething in bulk to the humph on his back ;  
 His knees are sae bow't, his splay feet sae thrawn,  
 Troth its no easy tellin' the road whilk they're gaun,  
     Tho' a cronie o' mine, a bauld cronie o' mine,  
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

There's Robin the ploughman, wha's cramm'd fu' o' fun,  
 Wee gamekeeper Davie, wi' bag, dog, and gun,  
 And the miller, wha blythly the pipes can play on,  
 So your sure to fa' in wi' the " Miller o' Drone,"  
     A' eronies o' mine, a' eronies o' mine,  
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

Then wi' thumpin' o' hammers, and tinklin' o' tangs,  
 Wi' auld fashion'd stories wrought into queer sangs,  
 Wi' this soun, and that, ye'll ablins be deaved—  
 And tak care o' your breeks that they dinna get sieved  
     Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,  
 For an arm o' might has this cronie o' mine.

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw,  
 Frae a black sooty hole whilk ye'll see i' the wa',  
 And lang or its empty, frien', I meikle doubt,  
 Gif the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about,  
     Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine—  
 O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Come now my gude frien' gie's a shake o' your haun,  
 The night's wearin' thro', and ye maun be gaun,

The callan will bring down your naig in a blink,  
 But before that ye mount again let us drink  
     this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,  
 Here's lang life and pith to this cronie o' mine.

ALEXANDER MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

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### SOME PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LANG KATE DALRYMPLE,  
 A CELEBRATED BALLAD SINGER.

TUNE—"Whistle, and I'll come to ye my lad."

O KATIE'S worth gowpens o'gowd to me,  
 O Katie's worth gowpens o'gowd to me,  
 Gang favour, gang fortune, I carena a flee,  
 My Katie's worth gowpens o'gowd to me.

She's nipit, decrepit—she's crabbit and wee.  
 Looks twa ways at ance wi' a grey greedy glee,  
 But she turns round on me wi' the tail of her e'e,  
 An' ilk glance has the glamour o' sunshine to me.

O Katie's worth, &c.

I'm couring and cauldrie, I'm lang and I'm lean,  
 Hae a leg like a lath, an' an arm like a preen,  
 Hae a face like a knife, an' a head like a bean,  
 Yet I'm comely and dear in my kind Katie's e'en.

O Katie's worth, &c.

We live man and wife, by nae priest ever tied,  
 We are bound by love's fetters, nae bondage beside ;  
 We were made, Kate an' me, to be ilk ither's pride,  
 Nane else covets me, nor yet fancy's my bride.

O Katie's worth, &c.

O why should a blackcoat tie me to my joe,  
 Sic bands may bring weal, but they sometimes bring woe ;  
 Gin ye're no match'd aboon, ye'll ne'er souther below,  
 Far better shake hands on't, syné bundle and go.

O Katie's worth, &c.

I ance was a wabster, and sair did bewail  
 That bonny wee Katie should sup water kail,  
 She windit my pirns, I was fond, she was frail,  
 So to fend for our weanies I took to the trail.

O Katie's worth, &c.

Syne I learnt a bit sang that spak kindly o' Kate,  
 Her name had a music that rang in my pate,  
 An' I sang't wi' sic birr thro' the streets air and late,  
 That a' body bought it wha cam in my gate.

O Katie's worth, &c.

When weans cry lang Katie, I e'en let them cry,  
 When fou fools wad fash me, I jouk an' gae bye,  
 When lasses come flirtin, I coax them fu' sly  
 Sae there's nane comes my way, but my ballant they buy.

O Katie's worth, &c.

Guid-natured contentment is aye sure to please,  
 I souther a' jars wi't, a' life's wheels I greeze;  
 Like the sweet sighing sough o' the saft summer breeze,  
 Is a well scrapit tongue, tho' its laden wi' lees.

O Katie's worth, &c.

Then wha wad eir fash wi' a loon that's sae slee,  
 Wha shouthers life's rubs wi' a heart fu' o' glee,  
 Ye'll ne'er break my heart, nor yet bluther my e'e,  
 Sae lang's ye leave Katie to cuddle wi' me.

Then my Katie's worth, &c.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

### THE EVIL E'E.

AN evil e'e hath look't on thee,  
 My puir wee thing, at last,  
 The licht has left thy glance o' glee,  
 Thy frame is fading fast.

Wha's frien's—wha's faes in this cauld world  
 Is e'en richt ill to learn,  
 But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,  
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn,

Your tender buik I happit warm,  
 Wi' a' a mither's care,  
 I thought nae human heart could harm  
 A thing sae guid an' fair.  
 An' ye got aye my blessing when  
 I toil'd, your bread to earn,  
 But an evil e'e hath look't on thee  
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

The bloom upon thy bonnie face,  
 The sunlicht o' thy smiles,  
 How glad they made ilk eerie place,  
 How short the langsome miles,  
 For sin I left my minnie's cot  
 Beside the brig o' Earn,  
 O, ours has been a chequer'd lot,  
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

I can forgie my mither's pride,  
 Though driven frae my hame,  
 I can forgie my sister's spite—  
 Her heart maun bear its blame.  
 I can forgie my brither's hard  
 And haughty heart o' airn,  
 But not the e'e that withers thee,  
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

I ken that deep in ae black breast  
 Lies hate to thee and me;  
 I ken wha bribed the crew that press't  
 Thy father to the sea.  
 But hush!—he'll soon be back again  
 Wi' faithfu' heart I learn,

To drive frae thee the evil e'e,  
My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

ALEXR. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

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OUR AIN GUDE TOWN.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

AIR—" *The young May moon.*"

O LEEZE me now on our ain gude Town !  
I wat there's few like our ain gude Town ;  
On the crown o' the land, may be mony mair grand  
But there's nae ane sae dear as our ain gude Town.

There's lads fu' rare in our ain gude Town,  
And lasses fu' fair in our ain gude Town ;  
The light o' their e'e is a fountain o' glee,  
And it flows to the heart in our ain gude Town.  
O leeze me now, &c.

O dearly we loe thee, our ain gude Town,  
And meikle we owe thee, our ain gude Town ;  
The friendship, the love, we were fated to prove,  
Were happiest aye in our ain gude Town.  
O leeze me now, &c.

Then here's to the health o' our ain gude Town,  
The wisdom and wealth o' our ain gude Town ;  
May plenty and peace, ilka blessing increase,  
And sweet freedom aye halo our ain gude Town !  
O leeze me now, &c.

THOS. DICK, Paisley.

## THE KAIL BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.\*

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,  
 F'or a spot o' good ground for to be a kail-yard,  
 It was to the brose that they had the regard ;  
     O ! the kail brose of auld Scotland ;  
     And O ! for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,  
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd his foes,  
 Before they began they had dined upon brose.  
     O ! the kail brose, &c.

Then our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,  
 With bonnet and belt which their dress did compose,  
 With a bag of oatmeal on their back to make brose.  
     O ! the kail brose, &c.

\* This song has been reprinted in our collection as being an exact copy from the original MS.—which we have seen in the hands of Mr. Peter Buchan, the indefatigable ballad collector. The author was Alex. Watson, merchant tailor in Aberdeen, who was at one time Deacon of the Incorporated Trades, in the northern metropolis. The circumstance that first suggested the idea to the author, was a Scottish regiment recruiting in Aberdeen, playing in their processions the "Roast Beef of Old England" oftener than the patriotic Deacon thought consistent with true national spirit—thus, as he thought, holding his country in invidious contrast—and so, while the goose was hot, he struck off the "Kail Brose of Auld Scotland." We think it contains incontestible evidence that the worthy Deacon knew that there were other sorts of padding that would relieve the acute angles in the framework of man besides roast beef. The reader will observe that there are two or three stanzas in the original not printed in the current version ; and the third stanza but the last, "Now State," &c. was never before given. This song was written during the period of the American war, 1781, and the guardians of the Press in those days were so nervous, that they feared, if published, it might be construed into sedition.



In our free early ages a Scotsman could dine  
Without English roast beef, or famous French wine,  
Kail brose, if weel made, he always thought fine.

O! the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or mayor,  
Nae kickshaws of puddings or tarts were seen there,  
A dish of kail brose was the favourite fare.

O the kail brose, &c.

It has been our favourite dish all along,  
It our ladies makes beauties, our gentlemen strong—  
When moderately used, it our life does prolong.

O! the kail brose, &c.

While thus we can live, we dread no kind of foes—  
Should any invade us, we'll twist up their nose,  
And soon make them feel the true virtue of brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

Now State politicians, new taxes propose,  
Involving our country in numberless woes,  
What a blessing it is! there's yet nane upon brose!

O! the kail brose, &c.

But aye since the thistle was joined to the rose,  
And Englishmen no more accounted our foes,  
We have lost a great part of our stomach for brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

But each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,  
Can cheerfully dine on a dishful of brose,  
And the grace be a wish to get plenty of those.

O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,

And O for the Scottish kail brose!

LASS, GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

“LASS, gin ye wad lo'e me,

Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,

Ye'se be layde o' my ha',  
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.

A canty butt, a cozie ben,  
Weel plenished ye may true me ;  
A brisk, a blythe, a kind gudeman—  
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me !”

Walth, there's little doubt ye hae,  
An' bidin' bein an' easy ;  
But brisk an' blythe ye canna be,  
An' you sae auld and crazy.  
Wad marriage mak you young again ?  
Wad woman's love renew you ?—  
Awa', ye silly doitet man,  
I canna, winna lo'e you.”

Witless hizzie, e'en's ye like,  
The ne'er a doit I'm earin' ;  
But men maun be the first to speak,  
An' wanters maun be speirin'.  
Yet, lassie, I hae lo'ed you lang,  
And noo I'm come to woo you—  
I'm no sae auld as elashes gang,  
I think you'd better lo'e me !”

“Doitet bodie !—auld or young,  
Ye needna langer tarry,  
Gin ane be loutin' owre a rung,  
He's no for me to merry.  
Gae hame and ance bethink yoursel'  
How ye wad come to woo me—  
And mind me i' your latter-will,  
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me !”

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

## TA PRAISE O' OUSKIE.

AIR—“*Neil Gow's farewell to whisky.*”

TA praise o' ouskie, she will kive,  
 An' wish ta klass aye in her neive ;  
 She tisna thought that sho could live  
 Without a wee trap ouskie, O.

For ouskie is ta thing my lad,  
 Will cheer ta heart whenc'er she's sad :  
 To trive bad thoughts awa like mad,  
 Hoogh ! there's naething like kood ouskie, O.

Oh ! ouskie's koot, an' ouskie's cran,  
 Ta pestest physick efer fan ;  
 She wishes she had in her han',  
 A kreat pig shar o' ouskie, O.

Ta lallan loon will trank at rum,  
 An' shin tat frae ta Tutchman come ;  
 An' pranty—Ficugh ! tey're a' put scum,  
 No worth a sneesh like ouskie, O.

Ta shentles they will trank at wine,  
 Till faccs like ta moon will shine ;  
 Put what's ta thing can frighten mine?—  
 Poogh ! shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

Ta ladies they will klour and plink,  
 Whene'er tey'll saw't a man in trink ;  
 Put py temsel tey'll never wink,  
 At four pig dram o' ouskie, O.

An' some will trank a trashy yill,  
 Wi' porter some their pellites fill ;  
 For Loch Ard fu', a sinkle shill  
 She wadna gie o' ouskie, O.

Some lads wi' temprant rules akree,  
 An' trench their kite wi' slooshy tea ;

She's try't tat too, but nought for me—  
Is like a wee trap ouskie, O.

What kars her roar, and tance, and sing?  
What kars her loup ta highlan fling?  
What kars her leuk as pault's ta king?  
Put shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

Whene'er she's towie fex, and wae,  
Whane'er ta cault her nose maks plae,  
What cheers her heart py night an' tay?  
Hoogh! shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

ALEX. FISHER.

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SINCE FATE HAS DECREED IT.

AIR—“*A' body's like to get married but me.*”

SINCE Fate has decreed it—then e'en let her gang,  
I'll comfort mysel' wi' a canty bit sang:  
Yes; I'll sing like a lintie and laugh at it a',  
Though the auld donnart dotard has wiled her awa'.  
O wae worth that siller! what mischief it breeds,  
Dame Fortune's pet weans, how it pampers and feeds;  
It has made them baith ane whom auld Nature meant twa,  
And has torn frae my arms, my dear lassie awa'.

The neighbours will clatter about the affair,  
But e'en let them talk—that's the least o' my care,  
For the sigh will blaw by in a fortnight or twa,  
But ne'er oan restore to me, her that's awa'.  
Come cheer up my heart!—yet, what need'st thou be wae,  
There are thousands behint her, sae e'en let her gae;  
Yes; thousands, as bonnie, as good, and as braw—  
Then why should'st thou grieve for her, now she's awa'?

But ah! hapless lassie, my heart's wae for thee,  
To think what a comfortless life thou maun dree;  
How cheerless to sit in a rich splendid ha'  
'Midst desolate grandeur, when love is awa'.

And thou, her auld mither, ah what wilt thou say,  
 When thou seest thy poor lassie, heart-broken and wae ;  
 Ah what will avail then, her cleeding sae braw,  
 When it covers a bosom that's riven<sup>f</sup> in twa.

ALEX. RODGER.

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DOWN THE WATER.

AIR—"The Jorum."

Quo' Jean to me the tither morn, while munching at our  
 toast, sir,  
 "Dear me, gudeman, ye're unco worn—ye're looking like a  
 ghost, sir—  
 Ye're thin and wan—ye're colour's gane—I trow ye are nae  
 fatter—  
 In troth ye'll needs subtract a day, and journey down the  
 water.  
 I'm sure 'twill do us meikle gude—a-waucht o' cauler air,  
 sir,  
 A cauler douk—a cauler breeze—and cauler fish and fare, sir ;  
 Besides, ye ken, I'm far frae weel—and sae is Jane our  
 daughter,  
 Sae trowth, gudeman, ye'll needs consent to journey down  
 the water.  
 There's Will, and Bob, and George, and Ned, are hardly  
 cured the measles ;  
 And Jess, and May, and Jean, and I—our skins are din  
 as weazles ;  
 Besides, ye ken, its just the thing—and see there's Mrs.  
 Clatter,  
 And ilka creature ought genteel—for weeks been down the  
 water."  
 Weel, weel, gudewife, sin e'en 'tis sae, and naething less  
 will please ye,  
 We'll see and set about it straucht—but losh it's no that easy,

For things are looking slack, and cash—is no a plenty matter—  
Ye'll needs douk twa-three times a-day—and fuddle lots o'  
water.

I true the packing soon began—odds and ends galore, sirs—  
Wi' Mackintosh's—pots and pans—and cordials a store, sirs;  
Syne bundling a' aboard—the boat maist aff ere we wan at  
her—

Her tether-tow maist stapp'd my breath and journey down  
the water.

Hardly frae the Broomielaw, wife and weans a' sea-sick,  
Ane bocking here, anither there—their stomachs under  
physic;

And then the landing—rumbling—tumbling—swearin' like  
a hatter,

And then to crown the job—mysel' maist drown'd into the  
water.

Rescued frae fear o' sudden death—we gather consolation,  
And, joyous hope, our trouble's o'er, within our new loca-  
tion;

An' now to see us pack'd and cramm'd like ony Yankee  
squatter,

Nae less than five in ilka bed—that's high life down the  
water.

A grumbling night o'erpast—the morn, we grumbling don  
our jackets,

In haste to seize our promised jaunt—the rain pours down  
in buckets;

Neist day's the same—the neist—the neist—we hear its cease-  
less patter,

And sulky through the window glow'r—that's pleasure down  
the water.

At last ae sunny day is sent to cheer each drooping spirit,  
In madden'd joy we hail the morn—for a' are downright  
wearit;

But mark ye how sic pleasure ends—our auldest, favourite  
daughter,  
Ran aff galanting, nane kent whaur—wi' some chiel down  
the water.

Wi' her restored—we journey back—in direfu' wrath and  
shame, sirs,  
And vowing that we ne'er again shall jaunt sae far frae  
hame, sirs :

Or if we do, by sooth and treth—I'se no be sic a fauter,  
As move like Patriarchs of old—in fam'lies down the water.

PATRICK BUCHAN.

### IT WAS NOT FOR THE DIAMOND RING.

*Set to Music by John Clow, Esq.*

It was not for the diamond ring upon your lily hand,—  
It was not for your noble name,—it was not for your land,—  
I saw no gem, no lordly name, no broad domain with thee,  
The day you stole my trusting heart and peace of mind  
from me.

You came—I knew not whence you came—we met—'twas  
in the dance—

There was honey in each word of yours, and glamour in  
each glance ;

Though many were around me then, I nothing saw but him  
Before whose brow of starry sheen fresh-fallen snow were  
dim.

You're gone !—it was a weary night we parted at the burn ;  
You swore by all the stars above, that you would soon re-  
turn ;

That you would soon return, light love ! and I your bride  
should be,

But backward will the burnie roll, ere you come back to  
me !

They say, that soon a smiling dame of lineage like to thine,  
Will take thee by the fickle hand, thy falsehood placed in  
mine ;

The music and the rose-red wine to greet her will appear—  
For wedding-song, a sigh I'll have—for bridal-pledge, a tear.

O would that thou had'st pass'd me by, in coldness or in  
pride !

Nor wrought this deadly wrong to her, who on thy truth  
relied :

The hunter's to the greenwood gone, his spear is in its rest,  
But he'll not wound the trusting dove, that shelters in his  
breast.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

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### THE FLITTIN' O' THE COW.

AIR—“ *Tak' your auld Cloak about ye.*”

IN summer when the fields were green,  
An' heather bells bloom'd ower the lea,  
An' hawthorns lent their leafy screen,  
A fragrant bield for bird an' bee ;  
Our Hawkie in the clover field  
Was chewin' her cud wi' gratefu' mou',  
An' our gudewife, wi' eidant hand,  
Had just been out to flit the cow.

O, our gudeman's a leal gudeman,  
But nane maun dare to say him na ;  
There's nae a laird in a' the lan'  
Wi' higher hand mainteens the law.  
Though he be poor he's unco proud,  
An' aye maun be obey'd at hame ;  
An' there, when he's in angry mood,  
Wha conters him may rue the same.

“ Gae flit the cow !” says our gudeman—  
Wi' ready tongue the dame replies,



“ Gudeman, it is already dune”—

“ Gae flit the cow !” again he cries.

“ My will ye’ll do wi’ hand an’ heart,  
If ye’re a wife baith kind an’ true ;

Obedience is the woman’s part—

Make haste, gudewife, an’ flit the cow !”

“ Gudeman, ye’re surely clean gane gyte,  
The cow’s already flittit been ;

To see you fume an’ hear you flytè,

I fairlie meikle what ye mean.

What need to gang an’ do again

The thing that I hae dune e’en now ?

What idle tantrum’s this ye’ve ta’en ?”

“ I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow !”

“ Gudeman, when we were lad an’ lass,

Your tongue was like a honey kaim ;

An’ aye ye vowed ye’d ne’er prove fause,

But kythe like ony lamb at hame :

But now ye look sae dark an’ doure,

Wi’ angry e’e an’ crabbit mou’,

Ye gar me aften rue the hour”——

“ I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow !”

Syne he began to loup an’ ban,

When out the wife flew in a huff—

“ Come back ! come back !” cries our gudeman—

“ Come back ! obedience is enough ! !

My sovereign will ye maun obey,

When my commands are laid on you ;

Obedient, baith by night an’ day,

An’ ready aye to “ *flit the cow!*”\*

ALEXR. SMART, Edinburgh.

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\* We cannot but think that our friend, Mr. Smart, has represented  
the “ Head of the House” as carrying authority with rather a high hand.

## JOSEPH TUCK.\*

I'm Joseph Tuck, the tailor's son,  
 A poor but honest blade, sirs,  
 And for these five-and-twenty years,  
 A roving life I've led, sirs ;  
 But as I mean to settle here,—  
 I'se tell you what my trade is,—  
 I'm barber, blacksmith, parish clerk,  
 Man-midwife to the ladies.

Bow, wow, wow, ri tum te edi.

I learn the bloods the way to box,—  
 I show them how to fence, sirs,—  
 I teach the girls the way to coax,  
 And also how to dance, sirs.  
 I'm skilled in every Highland Reel,  
 Strathspey, and Irish Jig, sirs,—  
 And I can shave a parson's beard,  
 And curl a lady's wig, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My shop is stock'd with London toys,—  
 Guns, wooden swords, and dolls, sirs,  
 Red herrings, treacle, blacking balls,—  
 Sweet gingerbread and coals, sirs.  
 I sell all sorts of ladies' ware,—  
 Rings, parasols, and muffs, sirs,  
 I also deal in sausages,  
 And other garden stuffs, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I keep all kinds of liquors, too,—  
 Rum, brandy, ale, and porter,

\* We have inserted this Song in our miscellany, though it has been in almost every collection of Comic Songs published within the last quarter of a century. The Author's name was never before given—it is an early effusion of one of our contributors—Mr. William Finlay, Paisley.

I light the lamps the whole year through,  
 Or take them by the quarter.  
 I dress all kinds of leather, too,  
 And linens, fine or coarse, sirs,  
 I keep a school for singing psalms,  
 And tools for shoeing horse, sirs.  
 Bow, wow, wow, &c.

All kinds of sweetmeats, too, I sell,—  
 Soap, sugar, salt, and spice, sirs,  
 Potatoes, spunks, and periwigs,—  
 And traps for catching mice, sirs.  
 Ching's patent lozenges I sell,—  
 And Godfrey's cordial roots, sirs,  
 I also both can make and mend  
 All kinds of shoes and boots, sirs.  
 Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I also have on hand for sale,  
 All sorts of weaving ware, sirs,  
 Wheel-barrows, picks, and pouckin' pins,  
 And cheeses made in Ayr, sirs  
 All kinds of cobbler's tools I keep,  
 Umbrellas, brogues, and awls, sirs,  
 Flay'd pigeons, speldings, bacon hams.  
 And imitation shawls, sirs.  
 Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Thus I have given you in full,  
 A statement of my ware, sirs,  
 My rings and ruffs—my dolls and muffs—  
 My leather and my hair, sirs.  
 But not to wear your patience out,  
 I here will make a stop, sirs,  
 And only hope you'll take the hint,  
 And purchase at my shop, sirs.  
 Bow, wow, wow, ri tum te edi

## THE WIDOW'S WONDERS.

“ O LEEZIE but I'm wae for you, nae wonder that ye mane,  
Whaur will we fin' the like o' him that noo is dead and gane ?  
The picture o' guid nature, aye sae hearty and sae kin',  
Nae wonder whan ye think on him your wits ye're like to  
tine.”

“ O Janet, Janet, say nae mair about him, honest man,  
I canna weel forget him, though I do the best I can ;  
He was a kin', kin' man to me, and when I see the wreck  
O' a' my peace and happiness, my heart is like to break.

I was an orphan lassie left, and hadna mony freens,  
And Janet, lass, I mind it weel when I was in my teens,  
I didna think without a man that I my life would dree,  
But aft I wonder't to mysel' wha's lassie I wad be.

At Lanrick fair, I met wi' Pate, and few were like him then,  
He had an unco takin' way—he was the waul o' men,  
And on that day, whan he and I, did hauns thegither join—  
I wonder't, if there was on yirth, a happier lot than mine.

But wark grew scarce, and markets dear, and trouble on us  
cam',

And Pate turn'd ill that vera day that I lay in o' Tam,  
I guided Pate, and mony a nicht as by his bed I sat,  
I wonder't hoo we could come through, an' burstit out and  
grat.

Tam wither't like a sickly flower that frae its stalk does fa';  
And in a twalmonth after that, puir Pate was ta'en awa ;  
And as I laid him in his kist, and closed his glazed e'e,  
I wonder't if the yirth contain'd a lanelier thing than me.

Noo I'm a waefu' widow left, a' nicht I sich and grane,  
And aften in my musin' moods when sitting here my lane  
There's ae thing, I'll confess to you, 'bout whilk I'm sair  
perplext,—

I aften wonder Janet, now—wha's lassie I'll be next.

WILLIAM FINLAY, Paisley.

## THE EWE MILKER'S SONG.

Oh ! what is peace ?

'Tis the bleat of the lamb as it plays on the mountain ;  
'Tis the sound of the stream as it falls from the fountain :  
'Tis the soft evening breeze as it stirs among the trees,  
And wakes the voice of melody to soothe and to please.

Oh ! this is peace.

Oh ! what is fair ?

'Tis the dew-laden primrose that droops her fair form ;  
'Tis the harebell that glistens tho' dashed with the storm ;  
'Tis Cynthia's pale ear ; 'tis the mild evening star,  
That spies the fond lovers, and gladdens from far.

Oh ! this fair.

But what is love ?

'Tis the cry of the cushat as it coos in the dale ;  
'Tis the voice of my Colin as he sings in the vale :  
'Tis the thick beating sigh : 'tis the fair melting eye,  
That moistens with fondness when Colin is nigh.

Oh ! this is love.

WILLIAM NICHOL.

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COME AFF WI' YOUR BONNETS, HUZZA ! HUZZA !\*

COME aff wi' your bonnets, huzza ! huzza !

The Provost is comin', huzza ! huzza !

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\* "*Come aff wi' your bonnets.*"—This song was written on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Scotland in 1822, when the then civic dignitaries paid their loyal and dutiful respects to their Sovereign. A short time before this, a certain Chief Magistrate of Glasgow had called a public meeting of the inhabitants a little against the grain. When he came to the meeting, he found the Town Hall full of people. On his coming in, no notice was immediately taken of him, the people keeping on their hats. Taking fire, at what he conceived a slight put upon him, he began a lecture upon the proprieties, telling them they ought to take <sup>off</sup> their hats to the Provost; hence there came among

The bailies an' beddles, wi hammers an' treddles,  
An' lingles, an' barrels, an' a', an' a'.

---

some a saying of, "Aff hats to the Provost," to which, the first line of the song alludes.

"*The bailies and beddles.*"—The Church beadles were taken to Edinburgh on the occasion, as livery servants.

"*Wi' hammers, and treddles, and lingles and barrels.*"—These various implements of trade are emblematical of certain individuals in the Magistracy, there being then among our civic rulers, a smith, a weaver, a shoemaker, and a cooper.

"*Gif in Embro' our dwelling ye saw,*" &c.—Those who wish to see an account of the splendour of this dwelling, may consult a pamphlet entitled "The King's Visit to Edinburgh, as far as the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow were concerned," published in Glasgow, 1822, and said to be from the pen of an LL.D. In it, among other things, we learn that the dwelling in question, was at No. 66, Queen Street, Edinburgh; that it contained ample accommodation, there being no less than stabling for eighteen horses; and that the Provost of Glasgow, "our ain Provost's name," was engraven on a brass plate on the door.

"*We'll hing up our signs in a ram.*"—The signs of Glasgow were at one time an object of no little pride to the citizens. Symptoms of a change in this respect, however, begin now to manifest themselves. Certain mercantile, and even manufacturing concerns in Glasgow, who would very lately have sported their signs, content themselves now with a small notice in black and gold at the side of the close or entry, as "Bogle Mirrlees, first floor;" and some of a still more uppish cast, have no less than a front door like a dwelling-house to their place of business, with a brass-plate by no means so large as was "our ain Provost's name on the ca'," but smaller, and smelling much more of gentility. Whether this feeling of disparagement respecting our signs, has spread to the provinces or not, we cannot tell; but we know, that as late as the year 1821, the signs were objects of great worship and regard to the country visitors of our good City. It is matter of history, that the attractions of our many great and gilded signs, proved a sore hindrance to the right discipline and effective order of the country troops, called in to quell the Radical rising of that year. No sooner did the gallant yeomen enter our streets, than their eyes, to the neglect of every thing else, were irresistably caught by the mass of gilded literature so abundantly spread over our walls; and when, after the toils of the day, these

Gif in Embro' our dwelling ye saw, ye saw,  
 Wi' our ain provost's name on the ca', the ca',

---

brave men were dismissed, bands of them were seen wandering everywhere, diligently reading the signs. It was proposed to the commander of these troops (but whether carried into actual effect or not, the writer of this cannot tell) that in order at once to gratify their taste for reading, and to prevent them from wandering about in staring groups, to the defiance of all ease and convenience in passing the streets and pavements, each captain should convene his troop at a convenient place in the morning, and read for their amusement and information, two or three pages of the Glasgow Directory. And let those who are to come after us, consider well before they mock at our signs, when they are told, that when our Magistrates, and those of the surrounding towns, went to meet the King at Edinburgh, they erected booths by the highway, in which they arranged themselves to welcome him as he passed, and that over every booth there was an inscription or sign. The inscription on the Glasgow sign was, "Let Glasgow Flourish;" the one next it, and in a line with it, "We come to welcome our King;" on which, the writer of the pamphlet already mentioned, remarks—"These two inscriptions being in a row, read together wonderfully well." Hence, "We'll hing up our signs in a raw."

"*Mak' flunkies o' saulies sae brow.*"—The beadles, whom we have already remarked, were made waiting-men to the bailies, are also, for the most part, saulies, or serving-men at funerals."

"*Wi' gowd an' wi' green.*"—The livery in which these beadles were dressed, was green and gold, and very showy. The beadles, moreover, were, for the most part well-made, well-fed, rosy fellows, and became their liveries well. One of these, Warrander Begerney, was uncommonly buirdly. He is said to have made the remark, "that the King and he looked best in a' their processions;—an' nae wonner, for as to processions, the King an' me are best used to them."

"*Let Glasgow aye flourish awa.*"—"Let Glasgow Flourish," the well-known motto of the Glasgow Arms. Six coaches well painted and furnished up for the occasion, by a certain *ci-devant* Deacon-Convener, had the arms and motto emblazoned in large upon their pannels. Twelve copies of the arms and motto, therefore, appeared to "dazzle folk's e'en," wherever the civic procession moved. A thirteenth copy of the motto appeared on the sign over the booth. How could the writer omit "Let Glasgow aye flourish awa?"

An' a' that accords, ye wad tak' us for lords,  
 An' let them wha win, just laugh awa, awa.  
 Come aff wi' your bonnets, &c.

We'll hing up our signs in a raw, a raw,  
 Mak' flunkies o' saulies sae braw, sae braw ;  
 Wi' gowd an' wi' green, how we'll dazzle folk's e'en,  
 An' let Glasgow aye flourish awa, awa.  
 Come aff wi' your bonnets, &c.

When to Majesty down we maun fa', maun fa',  
 Ilk bailie sae gaucie an' braw, an' braw,  
 We canna weel guess how great George can do less,  
 Than to mak' bits o' Knights o' us a', us a'.

Come aff wi' your bonnets, huzza ! huzza !  
 The provost is comin', huzza ! huzza !  
 The bailies an' beddles, wi' hammers an' treddles,  
 An' lingles, an' barrels, an' a', an' a'.

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### BESSY'S WOOING.

TUNE—" *The hills o' Glenorchy.*"

O GUESS ye wha's gane a becking an' bowing,  
 Guess ye wha's gane a billing an' cooing,  
 Guess ye wha's gane a coaxing and wooing,  
 To bonnie young Bessy the flower o' the Glen.

Auld Souter Rabby, that dresses sae brawly ;  
 Auld Barber Watty, sae smirky an' waly ;  
 Auld Elder Johnnie, sae meek an' sae haly—  
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

Fat Deacon Sandy the heigh Council nabby ;  
 Wee Tailor Davie, sae glibby an' gabby ;  
 Dominie Joseph, sae thread-bare an' shabby—  
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.



Big Mason Andrew, sae heavily fisted ;  
 Jock Gude-for-naething, wha three times had listed ;  
 Lang Miller Geordie, wi' meal a' bedusted—  
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

Gleed Cooper Cuddy, a' girded fu' tightly,  
 Red-nosed Sawyer Will, wi' his beak shining brightly ;  
 The tree-leggit Pensioner, marching fu' lightly—  
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

They're sighing an' sabbing, they're vowing an' swearing ;  
 They're challenging, duelling, boxing, an' tearing ;  
 While Bess, pawky jaud, is aye smirking an' jeering—  
 There ne'er was a gillflirt like Bess o' the Glen.

But a young Highland drover cam' here wi' some cattle ;  
 Gat fou, an' swore Gaelic—gat fierce, an' gae battle ;  
 An' a' the hale pack did he lustily rattle—  
 Hech ! was nae that fun to young Bess o' the Glen ?

His braid manly shouthers, caught Bessy's black eye ;  
 Her heart gae a stound, an' her breast gae a sigh ;  
 An' now the bauld Drover's gien owre driving kye—  
 For troth he's baith Laird o' young Bess an' the Glen.  
 JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

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### BETSY BAWN.

TUNE—" *Blythe, blythe are we.*"

I LITTLE reck't that restless love,  
 Wad ere disturb my peace again :  
 I little reck't my heart would prove,  
 A victim 'neath his galling chain.  
 I've bribed him o'er and o'er again,  
 And mony a plack, I ween, hae drawn ;  
 But a' in vain, I pine in pain  
 For crookit-backit Betsy Bawn.

You've heard o' cheeks o' rosy hue—  
 O' breath sweet as the bud's perfume ;  
 Ye've heard o' e'en whilk dang the dew  
 For brightness, on the lily's bloom ;  
 Ye've heard o' waist sae jimp and sma'—  
 Whilk ye nae doubt would like to span ;  
 Far other charms, my fancy warms—  
 Red goud's my terms wi' Betsy Bawn.

Right sad's the weary wanderer's fate,  
 When round him roars the tempest's din,  
 When howling mastiff at ilk gate,  
 Keeps a' without, and a' within.  
 I wot ! a harder fate they dree,  
 Wha' maun at drouthy distance stan'  
 Wi' langin e'e, yet daurna pree  
 The barley-bree o' Betsy Bawn.

Sweet love, ye work us meikle ill—  
 Far mair than we daur sing or say ;  
 And weel ye ken had I my will,  
 An hour wi' me ye doughtna stay.  
 Yet for the sake o' auld langsyne,  
 I'll yet forgie ye—there's my han',  
 Gif wi' ane dart, ye pierce her heart—  
 The flinty part o' Betsy Bawn.

Daft Beauty, swears her e'en's like deil's ;  
 Her humphy back, is sax times bow't ;  
 Her wither'd limbs, like twa auld eels—  
 Are roun' and roun', ilk ither row't.  
 Let love be cross'd wi' spit and host,  
 A parchment skin, a horny han' ;  
 Her purse is clad, sae I maun wed—  
 And eke maun bed wi' Betsy Bawn.

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

## THE SEA! THE SEA!

A PARODY.\*

THE Sea! the Sea! Oh me! oh me!  
 The pail—be quick! I quail—I'm sick,—  
 I'm sick as I can be:  
 I cannot sit, I cannot stand;  
 I prithee, steward, lend a hand;  
 To my cabin I'll go,—to my berth will I hie,  
 And like a cradled infant lie.  
 I'm on the Sea—I'm on the Sea!  
 I am where I would never be;  
 With the smoke above, and the steam below,  
 And sickness wheresoe'er I go;  
 If a storm should come no matter, I wot;  
 To the bottom I'd go—as soon as not.

I love, oh! how I love to ride  
 In a neat post chaise, with a couple of bays,  
 And a pretty girl by my side:  
 But, oh! to swing amidst fire and foam,  
 And be steam'd like a mealy potato at home:  
 And to feel that no soul cares more for your wo,  
 Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go,  
 The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,  
 But I loved my donkey more and more,  
 And homeward flew to her bony back,  
 Like a truant boy or a sandman's sack;  
 And a mother she was, and is, to me;  
 For I was—an ass—to go to sea!

The fields were green, and blue the morn,  
 And still as a mouse the little house  
 Where I—where I was born;

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\* This parody on Barry Cornwall's song of "The Sea," we have taken, with permission, from Fraser's Magazine.

And my father whistled, my mother smiled,  
 While my donkey bray'd in accents mild :  
 Nor ever was heard such an outcry of joy  
 As welcomed to life the beautiful boy.  
 I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,  
 With my peaceable donkey and termagant wife ;  
 With a spur for the one, and a whip for the other ;  
 Yet ne'er have wish'd to change with another :  
 And a proverb of old will apply to me—  
 “ Who is born to be hang'd will not die in the sea ! ”

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THE SAILOR'S REST.

WHY search the deep  
 For those who sleep  
 Beneath its heaving billow ?  
 Is that blue sea  
 Now raging free  
 A more ignoble pillow,  
 Than their's who die  
 On shore—and lie  
 Where the green turf is spread !  
 Away ! away !  
 Let the Sleeper lay—  
 His—is a noble bed !—  
 There let him rest  
 His weary breast,  
 Upon the lonely wave,  
 Whose glittering crest  
 The sunny west  
 Hath made a golden grave.—  
 Upon the sea  
 He will not be  
 The banquet of the worm ;  
 But food for things  
 With snow-white wings  
 That sport amid the storm

He was not one  
 Who looked upon  
 The consecrated grave—  
 As better spot  
 Wherein to rot  
 Than on the deep sea wave.  
 His lot was cast  
 To brave the blast  
 Through life—and now laid low,  
 Methinks his rest  
 Would be unblest  
 Where the tempest cannot blow.

O ! let his tomb  
 Be where his home  
 Was ever in his life—  
 Amid the wrath  
 Of Ocean's path,  
 And the wild surge's strife.—  
 The winds will be  
 Sweet melody  
 Unto his spirit near :  
 For their's was long  
 The only song  
 The Sailor cared to hear.

JOHN CROSS BUCHANAN.

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### THE HAPPY MEETING.

AIR—" *Guardian angels.*"

HAVE you hail'd the glowing morning,  
 When the sun first gilds the plain ?  
 Or the genial spring returning,  
 After winter's dreary reign ?  
 Then conceive, to me how dear  
 When my Anna—faithful, fair,

After years of lonely pain,  
Bless'd my fond eyes—my arms again.

Every charm more finely heighten'd,  
Fix'd my raptur'd, wondering eyes!  
Every grace divinely brighten'd,  
Held my soul in sweet surprise;  
O! I could have gazed my last,  
On her bosom heaving fast—  
Met her eyes benignly bright,  
With ever-growing new delight.

Who'd not bear a separation  
Thus again to fondly meet,  
And to find no alteration,  
Save the heart's more ardent beat;  
Thus, the same soft hand to grasp,  
Thus the same fair form to clasp,  
Thus the same warm lips to kiss—  
O, say, can Heaven give more than this?

ALEXANDER RODGER.

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### O THINK IT NOT STRANGE.

O THINK it not strange that my soul is shaken,  
By every note of thy simple song;  
These tears, like a summoning spell, awaken  
The shades of feelings, that slumber'd long.  
There's a hawthorn tree, near a low-roof'd dwelling;  
A meadow green, and a river clear;  
A bird, that its summer-eve tale is telling;  
And a form unforgotten—they all are here.  
They are here, with dark recollections laden,  
From a sylvan scene o'er the weary sea;  
They speak of the time when I parted that maiden,  
By the spreading boughs of the hawthorn tree.

We sever'd in wrath—to her low-roof'd dwelling,  
 She turn'd with a step which betray'd her pain—  
 She knew not the love that was fast dispelling  
 The gloom of his pride, who was her's in vain.

We met never more—and her faith was plighted,  
 To one who could not her value know ;  
 The curse that still clings to affections blighted,  
 Tinctured her life's cup with deepest wo.  
 And these are the thoughts which thy tones awaken,  
 The shades of feelings that slumber'd long—  
 Then think it not strange, that my soul is shaken  
 By every note of that simple song.

W. KENNEDY.

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COME TO THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

AIR—“ *March to the battle field.*”

COME to the Banks of Clyde,  
 Where health and joy invite us ;  
 Spring, now, in virgin pride,  
 There waiteth to delight us :  
 Enrobed in green, she smiles serene—  
 Each eye enraptured views her ;  
 A brighter dye o'erspreads her sky,  
 And every creature woos her.

Come to the Banks of Clyde,  
 Where health and joy invite us ;  
 Spring, now, in virgin pride,  
 There waiteth to delight us.

Mark! how the verdant lea,  
 With daisies she is strewing ;  
 Hark! now, on every tree,  
 The birds their mates are wooing :  
 Love wakes the notes that swell their throats,  
 Love makes their plumage brighter ;

Old Father Clyde, in all his pride,  
 Ne'er witness'd bosoms lighter ;  
 Mark ! how the verdant lea,  
 With daisies she is strewing ;  
 Hark ! how, on every tree,  
 The birds their mates are wooing.

ALEX. RODGER.

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WHAT THE BODY WANTED WI' ME.

A CARL cam' to our town,  
 Whan little we war thinkin',  
 Wi' a rung out ow're his riggin',  
 Like a pedlar cam he linken'.  
 As he hanker'd at the ha' door,  
 Sic pauky blinks he gae me,—  
 That I wonder'd in my mind,  
 What the body wanted wi' me.

He said he was a lairdie,  
 O' riggs and roughness plenty,  
 His stack-yard, and his stable stow'd  
 Wi' corn and couts fu' dainty ;  
 And for a "serie something,"  
 Had he wauchled wast to see me—  
 Still I wonder'd in my mind,  
 What the body wanted wi' me.

He took me by the hand so shy,  
 And fain wad stoun a prievin,  
 But I started like a stunkart quey,  
 To see him sae behavin' :  
 "Be kind," quo he, "my lassie leel,  
 Nor be sac fain to flee me ;"  
 Syne I hanker'd in my mind,  
 What the body wanted wi' me.



I bade the cadgie carl devawl,  
 And aye his aim was spcerin' ;  
 " I'll tarry nane to tell," quoth he,  
 " The ettle o' my eeran :  
 I'm coothly come your luvie to win—  
 Frae dool and doubting free me ;"  
 And sighing said—" the bridal bed"  
 Was what he wanted wi' me.

When youth and beauty were my boast,  
 I then had lovers plenty,  
 But sair I've rued my scorn sinsyne,  
 When offers turn'd but scanty :  
 I laid a laithfu' loof in his—  
 But fain the fool was o' me,  
 Death left me lady of his lan',  
 Before a towmond wi' me.

Now back comes beauty wi' a bang—  
 For walth the wrinkle covers ;  
 As ance mysel', my siller now,  
 Has charms, and choice o' lovers ;  
 But let them gang the gate they cam,  
 Their flattering winna fee me ;  
 I'll hugg my hoard, an' beet my banes,  
 Wi' what they're wanting wi' me.

G. MACINDOE.

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### JOCK, RAB, AND TAM;

OR, NATURAL REQUISITES FOR THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS

" OH what'll we do wi' Jock, gudeman ?  
 It's like he'll ne'er do weel—  
 He's aye at the head of a' mischief,  
 And just as cunnin's the Deil."  
 " Ah ! hech ! he'll yet be a man, gudewife,  
 O' whilk we'll baith be proud—

We'll gie the callan a while o' the schule,  
An' he'll be a lawyer gude!"

"An' what'll we do wi' Rab, gudeman—  
An' how will he win his bread?  
To plow and saw, to shear and maw,  
He hasna hands nor head!"  
"Ah! hech! he'll yet be a man, gudewife,  
O' whilk we'll baith be proud—  
We'll gie the callan a while o' the schule,  
An' he'll be a doctor gude!"

"But what'll we do wi' Tam, gudeman,  
It dings me maist of a'!  
A gapin', glourin', witless coof,  
He's gude for nocht ava'!"  
Ah! hech! he'll yet be a man, gudewife,  
O' whilk we'll baith be proud—  
We'll gie the callan a while o' the schule,  
An' he'll be a minister gude!"

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

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### THE LAKE IS AT REST.

AIR—"Angel's whisper."

THE lake is at rest, love,  
The sun's on its breast, love;  
How bright is its water, how pleasant to see!  
Its verdant banks showing  
The richest flow'rs blowing—  
A picture of bliss, and an emblem of thee:

Then oh! fairest maiden,  
When earth is array'd in  
The beauties of heaven, o'er mountain and lea;  
Let me still delight in  
The glories that brighten,  
For they are, dear Anna, sweet emblems of thee.

But, Anna! why redden?  
 I would not, fair maiden,  
 My tongue could pronounce what might tend to betray  
 The traitor; the demon  
 Who could deceive woman,  
 His soul's all unfit for the glories of day:

Believe me then, fairest,  
 To me thou art dearest;  
 And tho' I in raptures view lake, stream, and tree—  
 With flow'r-blooming mountains,  
 And crystalline fountains,  
 I view them, fair maid, but as emblems of thee.

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### STREET ORATORY.

AIR—" *Bartholomew Fair.*"

'Tis a most amusing sight,  
 For a philosophic wight,  
 Through the streets of the city to stroll—  
 And mark the variation  
 Of this mighty population,  
 As the great tide onward doth roll.  
 What a bustle, what a noise,  
 What variety of cries,  
 Every one tries another to out-bawl;  
 You would think the Tower of Babel  
 Had again let loose its rabble,  
 Such a clatter ne'er was heard since the Fall!  
 What a comical compound,  
 And diversity of sound,  
 From the motely group doth arise,  
 From your salt and whit'ning venders,  
 Fiddle scrapers, organ grinders,  
 And your sellers of yard-long shoe ties!

See yonder crowd collected,  
 Every one with ears erected  
 Around the far-famed Jamie Blue;\*

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\* Jamie Blue, *alias* Blue Thumbs, *alias* P.D., so nick-named from the circumstance of his having vended button blue as indigo, and pepper dust—as best black Jamaica pepper. The real name, however, of this Goose-dub Cicero, was James M'Indoe, and the parish of Killearn, county of Stirling, has a right to claim him as one of her sons, as well as the classical George Buchanan. For many years our orator was a dealer in hardwares, and carried his shop on his shoulders to country fairs, taking the houses and villages on his way to these marts of cattle, corn, and the et ceteras of husbandry. The edge of his acquisitive disposition was rather too keenly set, and he made no scruple to make the most of his customers, as opportunity afforded. For some misdemeanour committed during his peregrinations, he was sent to board and berth in the Royal Navy, which sentence, however, he soon found means to contravene, by making his escape. Whether a patriotic spirit burned within the pepper dealer, with cayenne intensity, or an eye after the Government grant of enlistment money, we pretend not to say, though we incline to adopt the latter as the influencing motive; but the man of button-blue, soon after, threw over his shoulders, the scarlet uniform of his Majesty's privates, in the 71st, or Glasgow Regiment. To obviate the necessity of desertion, he contrived to commit some crime for which he was discharged by tuck of drum, as an accompaniment to the Rogue's March. Our hero, after this, for some time went round the country vending leeches, dropping chains, and, for at least twenty-five years, he made shift to live by editing and vending street Gazettes. We have, ourselves, heard Jamie remark on the variety of occupation and life that he had led: "he now kent a' the teeth in the wheel." Though of a robust build by nature, the dissolute life which he had led shattered the walls of the clayey tenement, and he was compelled to seek an asylum in the Glasgow Town's Hospital, where he resided for nearly the last two years of his life. When the cheering April sun of 1836 made its appearance, after the tempestuous weather that had preceded, James begged to get out to take pot luck with the world again; remarking, "that he would just do like the Robin, come back to them again in winter." James fulfilled his promise, and died in the Hospital. 9th January, 1837 — During the

The affair, depend upon't,  
Of the which he gives account,  
Is full, and particular, and true !

MEZZO TENOR.

“ Here you have a full and particular account of the execution of that poor unfortunate man, Saunders Widdie, for robbing the butter and potatoe market at Buchty Brae, on the seventeenth day of November last.

“ You have an account of his behaviour during the awful period of his confinement—after the fatal judgment was pronounced, till the moment he ascended the scaffold for execution.

“ He was attended in his devotions, by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Pouch-the-penny, incumbent of that parish, but melancholy to relate, so little effect had the admonitions of the pious clergyman on the unfortunate culprit, that he carried with him to the fatal drop, a pund o' butter in ae hand, an' a potatoe in the other—ay, an' he threw the potatoe wi' sic a birr, that it knockit down an auld wifie at the fit o' the gallows.”

Blind Aleck next appears, \*  
Whose head for many years,  
A hot-bed of poesie has been :  
With his violin in hand,  
He now takes up his stand,  
And thus his harangue doth begin :—

AIR—“ *John Anderson my Joe.*”

“ I'm the author of every word I sing,  
And that you may very well see ;  
The music alone excepted,  
But just of the poetree.”

---

time of his sojourn in that establishment, he conducted himself with great propriety, and appeared to feel his moral sores as he drew nigh to the precincts of the narrow house.

\* See Note in first Series, page 61.

" Ladies and gentlemen !—Any of you that has a friend in the army—just give me their christian name, and the regiment to which they are attached, and I'll make you a song as fast as my tongue can repeat it." (*From the crowd*)—" Well, Aleck, try your powers on the Glasgow Volunteers, Colonels Hunter and Geddes, and Major Paterson." (*Symphony*)—fierce dash or two of the bow.

RECITATIVE—STACCATO.

" For they're the men I do declare,  
I mean the Royal Lanarkshire Volunteers "

AIR—" *O'er Bogie.*"

" The first comes Colonel Hunter,  
In a kilt see he goes,  
Every inch is a man  
From the top to the toes:—

He is the loyal Editor,  
Of the Herald news-pa-per—  
And no man at the punch bowl,  
The punch can better stir.  
Like the fiery god of war,  
Colonel Geddes does advance,  
On a black horse, that belonged  
To the murdered King of France.

And then comes Major Paterson,  
You'll say he's rather slim ;  
But 'twill take a clever ball,  
For to hit the like of him.

(*Violin.*) Tee ramp di damp, tee ramp di damp,  
Tee ramp di damp ti dee ;  
Tee diddledam fiddledam riddledam,  
Liddledam, tiddledam fiddle-de-dee."

Thus ends Blind Aleck's song,  
And from the list'ning throng,  
A burst of applause is heard :

And the charitable section,  
Of the crowd make a collection,  
For the comfort of the poor blind bard.

So the comedy goes on,  
And the characters each one,  
Have their parts made exactly to fit.  
But who, ye powers of mirth,  
From the canvass next steps forth?  
'Tis Hawkie \*—the orator and wit.

\* We suppose the name Hawkie, was bestowed on our Trongate Demosthenes, on account of his manner of articulating; a hawking-up-throat-sawing tone, as if there were a war in the windpipe, and the antagonist forces very nearly balanced:—were our orator, instead of rattling pebbles in his mouth, to modulate the tone, to try the friction of a bottle-brush in the passage, it were more likely to do good. This character must be known to most of our readers; his real name is William Cameron:—He was born near Bannockburn. An accident befel him while an infant, that rendered a crutch necessary from the first step in life, onwards; and this circumstance was attended with another unhappy effect, the parents, instead of putting him under wholesome discipline, and restraining his somewhat impetuous temper, petted and indulged the boy; so that when he got into his teens, no check they could impose would control him: taking the curb between his teeth, he bade complete defiance to the reins of parental authority. Cameron received an education more liberal than people in the situation of his father usually bestow on their children, partly to compensate for the defect in his limb, and also, as he promised to be a boy of spirit, and above average talent. He was apprenticed to a tailor, but would not, lame as he was, content himself to squat with the cross-legged fraternity, but made off with a gang of strolling players, with whom he remained a considerable time. This moral wreck may be seen, almost every night, in one or other of our principal streets, surrounded by a mob, haranguing them on the topics of the day. Hawkie's readiness in repartee, is truly astonishing—and woe betide any of our whiskered-eigar-smokers who attempt to break a lance with him! the coarse sarcasm with which he assails them, is as easily borne as a ladleful of boiling pitch poured down the back. Hawkie is a very extensive Manufacturer of Facts; with a

CROAKING BARRITONS (*Anglice*—Barrowtone) OF VOICE.

“ A-hey ! bide a wee, bodies, and dinna hurry awa hame, till ye hear what I hae gotten to tell ye ; do you think that I cam’ out at this time o’ nicht to cry to the stane wa’s o’ the Brig’-gate for naething, or for onything else than for the public guid ?—wearing my constitution down to rags, like the claes on my carcass, without even seeking a pension frae her Majesty ; though mony a poor beggar wi’ a star o’er his breast, has gotten ane for far less.”

(*Voice from the crowd*)—“ Hawkie, ye should hae been sent to parliament, to croak there like some ither parliamentary puddocks till your throat were cleared.” (*Reply*)—“ Tak aff your hat when ye speak to a gentleman—it s no the fashion in this kintra to put hats on cabbage stocks—a haggis would loup its lane for fricht afore ye—ye’ll be a

most copious vocabulary, the warp and woof of his Munchausen fabrics, are of wonderful consistency. He is far superior in point of natural talent to what Jamie Blue was, even in his best days, between whom and Hawkie, there existed a most jealous rivalry. Jamie put in his claim as greatly Hawkie’s superior in the Dialogue, indorsed with “ It’s aboon his fit.” Hawkie, on the other hand, cut his rival as with a butcher’s saw, telling him that he knew nothing of the language, that he addressed the public in, “ come out to the street, and be a listener, and l ! let you hear the Scottish language in its pith and purity ; ye ken as muckle about it, as grumphyie does about grammar.” These feuds are now at rest. It fell to Hawkie, as the survivor, to speak of his opponent, when removed from collision in their respective cullings, in the lines concluding this somewhat lengthy note. To the credit of professional jealousy must we attribute their severity :

Oh ! Clootie, if to thy het hame,  
His hapless soul has happed ;  
Tak’ care o’ a’ your whisky casks,  
Or faith they’ll soon be tapped.

Chain ! chain ! bin’ fast, the drunken cove,  
For, Clootie, ye’ve nae notion  
Of Jamie’s maw, gin he’s let loose,  
His drouth would drain an ocean.



king whare a horn-spoon is the emblem of authority!" (*Resumes*)—"Here ye hae the history of a notorious beggar, the full and particular account of his birth and parentage—at least on the mither's side."

"This heir to the wallets, was born in the byre of a kintra farmer, an' just in the crib afore the kye, and was welcomed to the world by the nose of honest hawkie." (*From the crowd*)—"Was this a sister of your's, Hawkie." (*Answer*)—"Whatna kall yard cam' ye out o' that's your brither aside ye, is't? you're a seemly pair, as the cow said to her cloots." (*Continues*)—"It ne'er could be precisely ascertained the hour o' this beggar's birth, though the parish records hae been riddled to get at the fact. I maun also tell ye, for I dinna like to impose on my customers, that there is great doubt about the day o' the month, an' even about the month itsel'; but that he was born, hasna been disputed, though it might hae been, if we hadna an account o' his life and death, to convince the gainsayers. As to whether he was a seven months' bairn, or a nine months' bairn—the houdie has gi'en nae ither deliverance, than that he was his father's bairn, and what her profession required her to do; but the public voice is strongly inclined to favour the opinion, that he cam hame at full time, as he arrived sooner at the years o' discretion than usual; an' if ye dinna ken the period when a beggar's bairn comes to his estate duly qualified I'll tell you—it's when he ceases to distinguish between ither folk's property and his ain." (*From the crowd*)—"What a poor stock ye maun hae; ye hae been yelling about that beggar, till the story is as bare as your ain elbows." (*Retort*)—"Hech, man, but you're witty—when ye set out on the tramp, dinna come to me for a certificate, for I really cou'dna recommend ye, ye havena brains for a beggar, and our funds are no in a condition to gi'e any pensions the now." (*Continued*)—"Ye hae an account o' the education, which he received riding across the meal pock; and the lair that he learn't aff the loofs o' his mither, which was a' the school craft he e'er received:—but sic a proficient did he himsel' grow in loof lair, that like a' weel trained bairns, he tried his hands on the haffits of his auld mither in turn, and gied her sic thunderin' lessons, that she gied up her breath and business in begging, at the same time, to her hopeful son and successor." (*Voice from the crowd*)—"Ye should hae keepit a school amang beggars, and micht hae

taen your stilt for the taws." (*Retort*)—"Oh man, I would like ither materials to work wi' than the like o' you; it's ill to bring out what's no in; a leech would as soon tak' blood out o' my stilt, as bring ony mair out o' you than the spoon put in." (*Resumes*)—"Ye hae an account of his progress in life, after he began business on his ain account, and what a skilful tradesman he turn'd out—he could 'lay on the eadge' \* better than ony walleteer that e'er coost a pock o'er his shouther."

"Ye hae an account o' his last illness and death—for beggars die as weel as ither folk, though seldom through a surfeit; ye hae also a copy of his last Will and Testament, bequeathing his fortune to be drunk at his dredgy—the best action he ever did in his life, and which maks his memory a standing toast at a' beggars' carousals—whan they hae ony thing to drink it wi'; and really, you'll allow me to remark, if we had twa or three mae public-spirited beggars in our day, that would do the like, the trade might yet be preserved in the country—for it has been threatening to leave us in baith Scotland and England, in consequence of the opening up of the trade wi' Ireland; and the prices hae been broken ever since: we hae a' this to contend wi' to preserve the pocks frae perishing, for the sake o' our children." (*Voice from the crowd*)—"Och, Willie, is it your own self that i'm hearin' this morning? and how did ye get home last night, after drinking till the daylight wakened ye? troth ye did not know your own crutch from a cow's tail." (*Retort*)—"Oh man, Paddie, it's naething new to me to be drunk, but it's a great rarity to yon—no for want o' will, but the bawbees. What way cam' ye here, Paddie? for ye had naething to pay for your passage; and your claes are no worth the thread and buttons that haud them thegither;—gin I had a crown for every road that your trotters could get into your trowsers by, it would be a fortune to me." "Take me over said you, to your ould croak-in-the-bog;—I wish I had my body across agin, out of this starvation could country, for there's nothing bnt earth and stones for a poor man to feed on; and in my own country, I'll have the potatoe for the lifting." "Hech, man,—but the police keeps ye in order—and ye thought when ye cam' o'er, to live by lifting? man! aff

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\* Skilful address in begging.—*Dict. of Buckish Slang.*

wl' ye to your bogs—there's nae place like hame for ye, as the Deil said when he found himsel in the Court o' Session."

"Ye hae an account o' this beggar's burial, and his dredgy." (*Boy's voice from the crowd*)—"Was ye there Hawkie? surely—if the stilt could haud ye up!" "Och, sirs, are ye out already—you're afore your time—you should hae staid a wee langer in the nest till ye had gotten the feathers on ye, and then ye would hae been a goose worth the looking at." (*Continues*)—"Sic a dredgy as this beggar had wad mak' our Lords o' Session lick their lips to hear tell o'—thae gentry come down amang us like as mony pouter-monkeys—with their heads dipped in flour pocks, to gie them the appearance o' what neither the school, or experience in the world could teach them;—gin hangie would gie them a dip through his trap-door, and ding the dust aff their wigs—there's no a beggar frae John O'Groat's to the Mull o' Galloway, that wadna gie his stilts to help to mak' a bonfire on the occasion."

"Ye hae the order o' the procession at the burial—it's the rank in the profession that entitles to tak' precedence at a beggar's burial—ye never hear tell o' blood relations claiming their right to be nearest the beggar's baues; we'll be thinking the world is on its last legs, and like to throw aff its wallets too, when sic an event occurs.

(*Interrupted*)—"Your stilt would, nae doubt, be stumpin' at the head o' them a'." (*Reply*)—"Stan' aside, lads, I'm just wantin' to see if he has cloots on his trotters, for horns are sae common, now-a-days, amang the gentry o' the blood, whar we should look for an example; that they hae ceased to distinguish the class that nature intended them for." (*Goes on*)—"First in order was Tinklers, the beggars' cavalry, wha being in constant consultation with the gentry of the lang lugs, hae some pretensions to wisdom; next Swindlers, wha mak the best bargains they can wi' their customers, without pretendin' to hae ony authority for doin't—no like our black coats, wha can only get authority on ae side, to gang to a scene of mair extensive usefulness, whar the preaching pays better—our brethren of the pock a' follow this example; they never stay lang whar there's naething either to get or to tak',—but I'm forgetting mysel;—at their heels was Pickpockets, wha just tak the hangman's helter wi' them, and gang the length o' their tether—for hangie aye keeps the hank in his ain hand. Next, Chain-

drappers—the jewellers in the camp, wha are ready to sell cheap, or half the profits wi' every body they meet, and wha are like mony o' our public instructors—aye get mair than they gie—then Prick-the-loops, wha are sae familiar wi' the hangman's loop, that they've turned the idea into business, and set up wi' their garter—which they can easily spare, as they hae seldom ony stockings to tie on wi't: by this simple expedient, they make large profits on sma' capital: Next, Chartered-beggars or Blue-gowns—wha get a license frae the authorities to cheat and lie over the whole country. Next, the hale clanjamfrey o' Vagrants—for they're a' but beggars bairns the best o' them—Randies, Thieves, Big-beggars and Wee-beggars, Bane-gatherers and Rowley-powleys—Criers o' Hanging speeches—wha, generally, should hae been the subject o' their ain storȳ—some wi' weans, but a wi' wallets, broken backs, half arms, and nae arms; some only wi' half an e'e—ithers wi' mae e'en than nature gied them—and that is an e'e after every thing that they can mak their ain; snub-noses, cock-noses, slit-noses, and half-noses; Roman noses, lang noses—some o' them like a chuckie-stane, ithers like a jarganell pear; hawk-noses and goose-noses; and mind ye, I dinna find fault with the last kind, for nature does naething in vain, and put it there to suit the head: but whatever the size and description o' the neb, they could a' tak' their pick; for the hale concern, man and mither's son, had mouths, and whar teeth were wanting, the defect was mair than made up by desperate willin' guins."

"Some were lame, though their limbs were like ither folks; there are mae stilts made than lame folk, for I maun tell ye some gang a-begging and forget their stilts, and hae to gang back for them, afore they can come ony speed; ithers had nae legs to be lame wi'; a few like mysel' had only ae guid ane, like the goose in a frosty morning, but made up the loss by the beggar's locomotive, a stilt, which a poor goose canna handle wi' advantage."

The rear o' this pock procession, was clos'd by bands o' sweeps, wha are ready for a' handlings, whar there's onything to do for the teeth; an' they hae the advantage o' us, for they're aye in Court-dress, and like honest Colly, dinna need to change their claes.

"In the hame-coming there was a scramble, wha should be soonest at the feast, and a quarrel, an' you'll maybe be surpris'd that there was

but ae quarrel, but I maun tell you, that they were a' engaged in't, an' maist o' them, kentna what they were getting their croons cloored for, but just to be neighbour-like. The cracking o' stilts, the yelly-hooings o' wives and weans, and the clatter o' tinkler's wives, wad hae ca'm'd the sea in the Bay of Biscay—do ye ken the distance at which a beggar fights his duel?—it's just stilt-length, or nearer, if his enemy is no sae weel armed as himsel'."

"Ye hae a return o' the killed and wounded—four Blind Fiddlers with their noses broken—four Tinkler's wives with their tongues split, and if they had keepit them within their teeth, as a' wives' tongues should be, they would have been safe—there's nae sonder or salve that can cure an ill tongue—five Croons crackit on the Outside—sixteen torn Lugs—four-and-twenty Noses laid down—four Left Hands with the thumb bitten aff—ten Mouths made mill doors o'—four dizen Stilts wanting the shouther piece—twenty made down for the use of the family, in ither words, broken in twa; an' they're usefu', for we have a' sizes o' beggars. After a' this, the grand dredgy, but I havena time to tell you about it the night; but ye see what handlings beggars would hae if the public would be liberal."

"Buy this book, if ye hae nae bawbees I'll len' ye, for I'm no caring about siller. I hae perish'd the pack already, an' I am gaun to tak' my stilt the morn's morning, and let the Creditors tak what they can get."

This is the end of all,  
 High and low, great and small;  
 This finishes the poor vain show,  
 And the King, with all his pride,  
 In his life-time deified—  
 With the beggar is at last laid low.

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### MINISTER TAM!

OH! ken ye his reverence, Minister Tam?  
 Oh! ken ye his reverence, Minister Tam?  
 Wi' a head like a hog, an' a look like a ram—  
 An' these are the marks o' Minister Tam.

Oh! Minister Tam's mistaen his trade—  
 The parish beadle he should hae been made ;  
 The kintra clash i' the manse to tell,  
 To summon the Session, an' ring the bell !

He's gotten a kirk, but he's preach'd it toom ;  
 He ca's, examines, but nane will come ;  
 His-elder bodies they daurna speak—  
 He's makin' an' breakin' them ilka week !

There's aye some will-o'-the-wisp in his pow,  
 That keeps the country side in a lowe ;  
 There'll never be peace, an' that ye'll hear tell,  
 Till he hang as heigh as the parish bell !

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

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BRIGHTLY IS THE STREAMLET FLOWING.

AIR—“ *Merrily every bosom boundeth.*”

BRIGHTLY is the streamlet flowing,  
 Brightly oh ! brightly oh !  
 To its mother ocean going  
 Brightly oh ! brightly oh !  
 O'er its current, rapid, dancing,  
 Stately oaks their arms advancing,  
 Are the lovely scene enhancing  
 Brightly oh ! brightly oh !  
 Haste, then, streamlet to the ocean  
 Sweetly oh ! sweetly oh !  
 Kiss thy mother in devotion  
 Sweetly oh ! sweetly oh !  
 But no ray comes to illumine  
 My poor heart in grief consuming,  
 Tho' the flow'ry banks be blooming  
 Sweetly oh ! sweetly oh !  
 But what sun illumes the bushes  
 Radiant oh ! radiant oh !

'Tis Matilda's glowing blushes  
 Radiant oh ! radiant oh !  
 Run then, streamlet, run, and never  
 From thy mother ocean sever ;  
 Oh ! Matilda's mine for ever,  
 Radiant oh ! radiant oh !

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### THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

TUNE,—“ *The Hills o' Glenorchy.*”

THE auld cripple beggar cam jumping, jumping,  
 Hech, how the bodie was stumping, stumping,  
 His wee wooden leggie was thumping, thumping,  
 Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man ?

An' aye he hirschelled, an' hoastit, hoastit,  
 Aye he stampit his foot an' he boastit,  
 Ilka woman an' maid he accostit,  
 Saw ye e'er sic a hirplin crouse auld man ?

The auld wives cam in scores frae the clachan,  
 The young wives cam rinnin a' gigglin an' laughin,  
 The bairnies cam toddlin a' jinkin an' daffin,  
 An' poocket the tails o' the queer auld man.

Out cam the young widows a' blinkin fou meekly,  
 Out cam the young lasses a' smirkin fou sweetly,  
 Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin discreetly,  
 An' gat a bit smack frae the queer auld man.

Out cam the big blacksmith a' smeekit an' duddy,  
 Out cam the fat butcher a' greezy an' bluidy,  
 Out cam the auld cartwright the wee drunken bodie,  
 An' swore they wad slaughter the queer auld man.

Out cam the lang weaver wi' his biggest shuttle,  
 Out cam the short snab wi' his sharp cutty whittle,

Out cam the young herd wi' a big tatty beetel,  
 An' swore they wad batter the queer auld man.

The beggar he cuist aff his wee wooden peg,  
 An' he show'd them a brawny sturdy leg,  
 I wat but the carle was strappin an' gleg,  
 Saw ye e'er sic a brisk auld man ?

He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife,  
 He dumpit the butcher, who ran for his life,  
 He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife,  
 Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man ?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom,  
 He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon,  
 He skelpit the herd on his bog-reed to croon,  
 Saw ye e'er sic a strong auld man ?

The wives o' the town then a' gather'd about him,  
 An' loudly an' blythly the bairnies did shout him,  
 They hooted the loons wha had threaten'd to clout him,  
 Kenn'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man ?

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

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COME, A SONG—A GLAD SONG.

COME, a song—a glad song, when each heart with delight,  
 Like fix'd stars are beaming around us to-night,  
 When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,  
 Oh! who would not join in a soul-stirring song ?

Sing on, happy hearts ! if your praises should be  
 Breathed forth for the land of the brave and the free,  
 Let the proud echoes swell Scotland's mountains among,  
 They're the altars of freedom ! the highlands of song !

Sing on, happy hearts ! and if love be the theme,  
 Then breathe in glad music the bliss of the dream,  
 For the ladies, God bless them ! who seldom are wrong,  
 Say " love's sweetest breath is a soul-melting song."



Sing on, merry hearts ! and if auld mother wit,  
 Be the prize you would aim at, the mark you would hit,  
 Go bathe your glad souls in the blood of the vine,  
 Till your hearts overflow with the lays o' langsyne.

Song—song was the joy of our boyhood's glad time ;  
 Song—song still shall cheer the proud home of our prime,  
 And when bent with old age, we go hirpling along,  
 We'll beat time with our crutch to a merry old song.

Then a song—a glad song, when each heart with delight,  
 Like fix'd stars are beaming around us to-night,  
 When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,  
 Oh! who would not join in a soul-stirring song ?

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

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### SIMON BRODIE.

HEARD ye e'er o' our gudeman,  
 The gaucy laird o' braid Dunwodie,  
 The wale o' cocks at cap or can,  
 Honest, canty Simon Brodie:  
 Auld farren canty bodie,  
 Winsome, pranksome, gleesome bodie,  
 The crack o' a' the kintra side,  
 Is auld canty Simon Brodie.

Simon he's a strappin' chiel,  
 For looks wad mell wi' ony body,  
 In height an ell but an' a span,  
 An' twice as braid is Simon Brodie:  
 Troth he is a canty bodie,  
 An auld farren canty bodie,  
 An' tho' his pow's baith thin and grey,  
 Ye'd hardly match me Simon Brodie.

Simon Brodie had ane wifo,  
 I wat she was baith proud and bonny,

He took the dishelout frae the bink,  
 And preen't it till her cockernony !  
 Wasna she a thrifty bodie,  
 The braw, braw lady o' Dunwodie,  
 In claes sae fine to dress and dine,  
 Wi' sic a laird as Simon Brodie.

An' Simon had a branded cow,  
 He tint his cow and couldna find her,  
 He sought her a' the lee lang day,  
 But the cow cam hame wi' her tail ahind her.  
 Yet think na him a doited body,  
 Think na him a davert body,  
 He has walth o' warld's gear,  
 Maks men respect auld Simon Brodie.

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### THE DEACON'S DAY.\*

AIR—" *Kebbockstane Weddin'.*"

O RISE man Robin, an' rin your wa's,  
 The sun in the lift is bleezing brightly,  
 Put on the best o' your Sunday braws,  
 And your gravat tie round your thrapple tichtly :  
 Then whip on your castor, and haste to the muster,  
 The Trades i' the Green hae this hour been convenin',  
 And our wits we man use, a good Deacon to choose ;  
 'Tis a day " big with fate," at your post then be leanin'  
 Now Robin has risen, and aff he has gane,  
 To meet wi' the leaders o' ilk Corporation—  
 And awa they parade wi' their banners display'd—  
 There has ne'er been it's like sin' the Queen's Coronation :

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\* The Deacon Convener, in Glasgow, is head of the Incorporated Trades, and presides over the meetings of these chartered crafts—he is also entitled, *ex-officio*, to a seat in the City Council.

There were Tinklers and Tailors—and Wabsters and Nailers,  
 And Barbers and Blacksmiths, and Gardeners sae gaudy;  
 A' life to the heels, and as guid-looking chieks  
 As e'er cam to light by the help o' a howdie.

“Gentlemen,—We hae this day met for the purpose of electing a head to our Master Court. It is true that new-fangled notions hae taen possession o' men's minds since the date o' our charter, and mair particularly since the date o' our late Magna Charta—the Reform Bill; but will ony man possessed o' his seven senses argufy me into the belief, that the Incorporation of Wrights, that I hae, during the currency o' the last twalmonth, been the head o'—or rather, I may say, the centre upon which a' its hinges turned—has not been productive of substantious and manifest advantage to the public in general, and to the craft in particular. Noo, Gentlemen, to keep to the square o' my speech—rough and knotty though it be, and micht be a' the better o' a strip frae a jack plane—I like to be special in a' my specialities, and to keep to the dove-tail o' the matter—I therefore, before proceeding to the election, have to request that you will allow me to say a word or twa touching the matter in hand. Although I am yet the tongue o' the trump, it would, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, be unwise, as weel as ill-bred, to tak' up much o' your time at the present moment, seeing how much we have before us this day, independent of what we have to o'ertak', and tak'-o'er, too—the better tak' o' the twa—before bed-time; therefore, I will be exceedingly brief, for I'm beginning to fear that ye'll think me a boring-bit; to use the words of my frien', the late Deacon Convener, I will be 'very wluippy in the matter o' my speech.'—Weel, Gentlemen, we have all heard o' my friend and brother in the management o' his ain corporation—Geordy Wiggles, present Deacon of the Incorporation of Weavers. Our man is nae man of mere thrums, or a piece of veneer manufacture—put the wummle through him, ye wad find the same piece outside and in—nane o' your fley-the-doods, but a man o' means and measures, and who will dress up and keep in thorough repair, a' the building about our Corporation—Wha seconds Deacon Wiggles?” “Me, Deacon,” answers Deacon Snipe the Tailor. “Weel, lads, I see my friend is carried unanous (at least I'm unanous) by a great majority.—Cheer the Deacon till the kebars shake.”

A shout of applause which rent the air,  
 Was heard at the grand Master Deacon's election  
 And awa to his dwelling they now repair,  
 That his friends may rejoice in the happy selection.  
 His comely guidwifie sprang out in a jiffie,  
 And stood at the door in her best every steek on;  
 Joy danced in her e'en as she welcomed them in  
 To dine, and to drink to the health o' the Deacon.

The dinner was tasty, their appetites guid—  
 For tradesmen hae stomachs as weel as their betters,  
 And they synded down the sappy, substantial food,  
 Wi' a capfu' o' yill, and a glass o' strong waters:  
 Then up raise the auld Deacon, a subject to speak on,  
 For which he lamented his powers were not fitting;  
 But he scarted his lug, gied his wig a bit rug,  
 And thus, after hoasting, broke forth to the meeting—

“After what I hae this day spoken in anither place, there's nae occasion again to put the bit through the same bore, or to run the plane o'er a dressed plank, sae I'll gie ye Deacon Convenor Wriggles good health, no forgetting wife and sproots—they'll be a' trees belyve—and may every guid attend him and them; and may he aye be able to keep a guid polish on the face o' our Corporation affairs, and leave them without a screw loose to his successor.—Umbrells\* to Deacon Wriggles.”

The health was drunk aff wi' three times three;  
 And the roar and the ruffing a' fairly subsided—  
 The young Deacon blush'd, and sat fidging a wee,  
 For he saw that a speech couldna weel be avoided.  
 He scarcely, we reckon, for gospel was takin',  
 A' that the auld Deacon had said on his merit;  
 But like a' men in place, he received it with grace,  
 Then raise up to his feet, and address'd them in spirit.

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\* Toast drunk off and glasses inverted.

“ Really, friens, it's out o' the power o' speeca or language, whether in print or out o't, to tell ye the feelings o' my heart.—Did ever a bairn o' Willie Wiggles' think to come to such preferment—really if I could speak there's plenty o' room for scope, but my heart is tumbling the wullcat, and I canna trust the tongue in my ain head. I doubt that I'll no be able to ca' a pirnfa' o' waft into the wab o' my discourse on this occasion, but hae to gather up the ends afore I begin; but ultimately in the end, and in the middle o' the meantime, my gratitude and respect for ye a' will never hae doue, for the lasting, permanent, and never-ending honor ye hae conferred on me this day. I expect to learn my duty as I get mair into the marrow o' our Corporation matters—you'll no expect me to be perfited in ae day. My father used to say to me, “ Geordy, my man, keep aye a canny hand—just get on by degrees gradually,” whilk I hae aye tried to do; for when I took langer steps than the length o' my limbs would allow, I aye spelder'd mysel' and can' down to my knees, and lost my time and my standing—forbye being langht at: I ca' canny, and never draw back my shuttle till it is clear o' the selvedge—and this preserves my wab o' life free o' ciuds and scobs, a'ways even. I would advise ane an' a' o' ye to do the like, and then the fabric o' your wark in the ways o' the world will be a pattern for ithers; and when your shaft is at the beam-head, you may cut your wab by the thrum-keel, wi' credit to yoursel'. I hae now gotten to the hill-tap o' my ambition; and to think o' me being advanced to be Deacon o' Deacons, is an honour that's reserved for but few: It hasna cost me a great strussel either, sic preferment—but this may be fleeching mysel', but I canna help it—ye a' ken it's true; nae doubt the watering-can\* has been gaun about, an' been gayan often filled sin' I set mye'e on the Deacon's chair, but I hae stood my water and corn brawly. (*Noise in the street.*) Dear me, freens, what's that I hear, the very weans on the street crying—gude day to you, Deacon. “ No, no, Deacon, it's Hawkie crying a hanging speech, or maybe his cure for ill wives.” “ Is that a' ? Weel, lads, that wad be better than Solomon's Balm—for wise as he was, he couldna help

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\* Gill-stoup.

himsel' when he got his wab misbet—I was saying, was'nt I, that I had stood my corn and water? aye lay in your corn first, and ye'll be the better able to stand a tap dressing—do like the Kilbarchan calves, drink wi' a rip i' your mouth. Mony a time, and often, hae I gaen, or was taen, hame, wi' as mony great thochts in my head, working like a croak fu' o' sour dressing, as would sair ony o' our town's ministers to work wi' for a towmond; but when I lifted my e'e neist morning, the warp o' my ideas had lost the lees;—I couldna mak onything o' them; but had ony body been able to put it through a right ravel, they wad hae benefited mankind an' been the very best stroke ever drawn through a reed. Noo, ultimately in the end—as I am on my last pirn—I may just relate to you for your encouragement, frae what a sma' beginning I hae come to this pinnacle o' honour and prosperity, as ye see this day, so that nane o' ye may be discouraged, although ye begin wi' a wab o' ill yarn; and it's possible you may get up the ladder o' preferment—yea, e'en to the last step, gin ye put on your feet steadily, and aye put the richt ane first; this thing and that may gie ye a jundie, but keep a firm grip wi' baith hands o' the ladder rails, and your e'e fixed on the tap, and nae fear. Weel, after I was done wi' my 'prenticeship—and mony a time my stomach thocht my wizen was sneekit during that time—for what wi' gauze parritch, and muslin kail—ae barley-pile a hale dressing frae the ither, and dancing curcuddie in the pot a-boil—I thocht mony a time my heart wad ne'er been able to send a shot mair through the shed; but I got through, and then tried a bit shop in the Kirk-raw, wi' the house in the ben end, and a bit a garter o' garden ahint; sae on I wrocht as my father advised, by degrees gradually, and made a fendin' o't, and bettered my condition; and by-and-bye, I says to my laird—man, could ye no put back the yard dykes a bore, and gie me mair elbow room, for I could yerk my shuttle in at the ae side, and catch't at the ither without stressing mysel'; that's the very words I said to him, but he laughed me aff frae ae Martinmas till anither, till at las'—for the bit property was only his in name—a burden o' debt that lay on its back, brack down the shouthers o' the laird, and landed it on mine—whilk I could easily bear, for mair has been added till't since, and the shouthers hae stood it a'. Noo ye see what can be done;—keep Providence

aye on ae side o' ye, and a consistent life on the ither—and you'll work your last thrum into the very heddles wi' comfort to yoursel', and leave an example to the youngsters wha are just beginning to put their feet on the treddles."

At length in his chair the Deacon sat down,  
 And the sweat for a wee frae his haffits he dichtet;  
 The glass and the song, and the joke gaed roun'  
 Till ilk a ane's wit by his neighbour's was lichted:  
 Sic laughin' and daffin', and roarin' and ruffin'—  
 Care couldna a hole see to stap his cauld beak in;  
 And when they broke up, the glorious group  
 Gaed hobblin' hame—hiccupin'—Health to the Deacon.

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### THE BRITISH HERO.

UP with our native banner high! and plant it deep and  
 strong!  
 And o'er the empire let its folds in glory float along;  
 For a thousand years have come and gone, and a thousand  
 years shall go,  
 Ere tyrant force, or traitor wile, shall lay that banner low!  
 And come, my friends, your goblets fill, till the wine o'er-  
 swell the brim,  
 And pledge me in a willing cup of gratitude to him,  
 Who, when the bravest shrank appall'd, that banner lifted  
 high,  
 Till, where'er hestep'd, it waved above a field of victory!  
 Whose arm was like the thunderbolt to do whate'er his  
 mind—  
 Swift as the lightning-flash, had once imagined and com-  
 bined;  
 Whose soul no timid doubts could stay, nor coward fears  
 could quell,  
 Not calmer in the festive hall than 'mid the battle's yell!

Who shall forget, that felt the joy, when every morning's  
 sun,  
 Was hail'd with rattling guns, to tell another field was won ;  
 When, after years of doubt and gloom, one universal roar  
 Proclaim'd through Europe's gladden'd realms that the ty-  
 rant ruled no more ?

Then here's to him, the foremost man of all this mortal  
 world,  
 Who down to dust the ruthless foe of earth and mankind  
 hurl'd !  
 Long may he live to wield and grace the baton of command,  
 That marshali'd kings and nobles once in his unconquer'd  
 hand !

And never in a worthier grasp the leading-staff was worn—  
 For ever honour'd be his name to ages yet unborn,  
 And be it still the proudest boast, when a thousand years  
 are gone,  
 To be a native of the land that rear'd a WELLINGTON.

E. PINKERTON.

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TA OFFISH IN TA MORNING.\*

TUNE—" *Johnnie Cope.* "

HER nainsel' come frae ta hieian' hill,  
 Ta ponny town o' Glasgow till,  
 But o' Glasgow she's koten her pelly fill,  
 She'll no forget tis twa tree mornin'.

She'll met Shony Crant her coosin's son,  
 An' Tuncan, an' Toukal, an' Tonal Cunn,  
 An' twa tree more—an' she had sic fun,  
 But she'll turn't oot a saut saut mornin'.

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\* This graphic piece of Celtic humour, was written by one of our contributors, and has obtained great local popularity—we have reprinted it in our collection, the current version being very incorrect.



Sae Shony Crant, a shill she'll hae  
 O' ta fera cootest usquapae,  
 An' she'll pochtet a shill, ay an' twa tree mae,  
 An' she'll trank till ta fera neist mornin'.

She'll sat, an' she'll trank, an' she'll roar, an' she'll sang,  
 An' aye for ta shill ta pell she'll rang,  
 An' she'll maet sic a tin t'at a man she'll prang,  
 An' she'll say't—' Co home tis mornin'.

Ta man she'll had on ta kreat pig coat,  
 An' in her han' a rung she'll cot,  
 An' a purnin' cruzie, an' she'll say't you sot  
 She'll maun go to ta Offish tis mornin'.

She'll say't to ta man—“ *De an diaoul shin duitse ?*”<sup>\*</sup>  
 An' ta man she'll say't—“ Pe quiet as ta mouse,  
 Or nelse o'er her nottle she'll come fu' crouse,  
 An' she'll put ta Offish in you in ta mornin'.”

Ta man she'll dunt on ta stane her stick,  
 An' t'an she'll pe sheuk her rick-tick-tick,  
 An' t'an she'll pe catchet her by ta neck,  
 An' trawn her to ta Offish in ta mornin'.

Ta mornin' come she'll be procht pefore  
 Ta shentleman's praw, an' her pones all sore,  
 An' ta shentleman's say't, “ You tog, what for  
 You'll maet sic a tin in tis mornin'.”

She'll teukit aff her ponnet and she'll maet her a poo,  
 An' she'll say't, “ Please her Crace she cot hersel' foo,  
 But shust let her co and she'll never to  
 Ta like no more in ta mornin'.

But t'an she'll haet to ta shentleman's praw  
 Ta *Sheordie* frae out o' her sporan traw,

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\* Pronounced— *De an diaul shean toose.* *Anglice*—What the Devil's that to you ?

An' she'll roart out loot—"De an diaoul a ha ċ gra?\*"  
 Oh hone O ri 'tis mornin'!"

O t'an she'll pe seit ta shentlemans, "she'll no unterstoot  
 What fore she'll pe here like ta lallan prute,  
 But she'll maet her cause either pad or coot,  
 For she'll teak you to ta law this mornin'."

Ta shentleman's say't "respect ta coort,  
 Or nelse my koot lat you'll suffer for't,  
 Shust taur to spoket another wort,  
 And she'll send her to ta Fischal in ta mornin'."

Oich! she didna kuew what to do afa,  
 For she neter found herself so sma',  
 An' klat she was right to kot awa,  
 Frae oot o' ta offish in ta mornin'.

Oh! tat she war to ta Hielans pack,  
 Whar ne'er ta pailie's tere to crack,  
 An' whar she wad gotten ta sorro' a plack,  
 Frae n'oot o' her sporan in ta mornin'.

An' tat there was there her coosin's son,  
 An' Tuncan, an' Tookal, and Tonal Cunn,  
 An' twa tree more, she wad haet sic fun,  
 And no be plaiget wi' pailies in ta mornin'.

ALEX. FISHER.

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### ROLL, FAIR CLUTHA.

AIR—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN Nature first, with mighty hand,  
 Traced Clyde's fair windings to the main,  
 'Twas then the Genii of the land,  
 Assembled round, and sung this strain:

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\* Pronounced—Tee an diaul a how craa. *Anglice*—What the devil do you say?

“ Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,  
And be thy banks for ever free.”

For on thy banks in future times,  
A brave and virtuous race shall rise,  
Strangers to those unmanly crimes,  
That taint the tribes of warmer skies.

“ Roll,” &c.

And stately towns and cities fair,  
Thy lovely shores shall decorate ;  
With seats of science, to prepare  
Thy sons for all that's good and great.

“ Roll,” &c.

And on thy pure translucent breast,  
Shall numerous fleets majestic ride ;  
Destined to south, north, east, and west,  
To waft thy treasures far and wide.

“ Roll,” &c.

And up thy gently sloping sides,  
Shall woods o'er woods in grandeur tower ;  
Meet haunts for lovers and their brides,  
To woo in many a sylvan bower.

“ Roll,” &c.

And early on each summer morn,  
Thy youth shall bathe their limbs in thee ;  
Thence to their various toils return  
With increased vigour, health, and glee.

“ Roll,” &c.

And still on summer evenings fair,  
Shall groupes of happy pairs be seen,  
With hearts as light as birds of air,  
A-straying o'er thy margin green.

“ Roll,” &c.

And oft the Bard by thee will stray,  
When Luna's lamp illumines the sky,

Musing on some heart-melting lay,  
 Which fond hope tells him ne'er shall die.  
 "Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,  
 And be thy banks for ever free."

ALEX. RODGER.

THE HOWDIE.\*

TUNE—"Jenny Nettles."

AIBLINS ye'll ken Jeanie Glen,  
 Jeanie Glen, Jeanie Glen;  
 Gif no, it's little loss—d'ye ken?—  
 She's an auld drucken howdie!  
 O wow but she's a rantin' queen—  
 Her like was never heard nor seen  
 O wow but she's a rantin' queen,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

I gat her unto my wife Bet,  
 My wife Bet, my wife Bet—  
 I vow that morn I'll ne'er forget,  
 The auld drucken howdie:  
 The ne'er a fit she'd leave her hame,  
 Till twa het pints were in her wame;  
 The ne'er a fit she'd leave her hame,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

I brought her 'hint me on the meer,  
 On the meer, on the meer—  
 She maist brack Bess's back I swear—  
 The auld drucken howdie:

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\* This portrait is drawn by William Ferguson, journeyman plumber in Edinburgh, and is but too true a picture of these country petticoat practitioners, who, with possets, caudle-cups, and panado, really turn the house upside down.—If the colouring is strong, the subject admits not of delicate tints.

A wallet wore she round her waist,  
 Would haud a bow o' meal anaist—  
 The pouch that hung about her waist ;  
 The auld drucken howdie.

Mutches wore she, nine or ten,  
 Nine or ten, nine or ten,  
 Shapet like a clockin' hen,  
 The auld drucken howdie :  
 In her breast a sneeshin' mill,  
 I wadna like to hae't to fill—  
 Her siller-tappit sneeshin' mill—  
 The auld drucken howdie.

My trouth she kept the house asteer,  
 House asteer, house asteer ;  
 Sic a dust, the guid be here !—  
 The auld drucken howdie :  
 Auld an' young she drave about,  
 Wi' rowing pin, or auld dishelout ;  
 Auld an' young she drave about,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

Aye she sought the tither dram,  
 Tither dram, tither dram—  
 An' flate like fury till it cam',  
 The auld drucken howdie.  
 She turn'd the hale house upside down,  
 Swagg'ring like a drunk dragoon,  
 She turn'd the hale house upside down,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

Ne'er a preen she cared for Bet,  
 Cared for Bet, cared for Bet—  
 Roar, she might, like rivers met,  
 The auld drucken howdie.  
 When the wean was brought to licht,  
 I wat she was a dais'd like sicht,

When the wean was brought to licht,  
The auld drucken howdie.

She could neither stand nor gang,  
Stand nor gang, stand nor gang—  
Yet up she got a caidgy sang,  
The auld drucken howdie.

The sweat was hailin' owre her brow,  
An' she was dancin' fiddler fou,  
The sweat like sleet, fa'in' frae her brow,  
The auld drucken howdie.

She gat the wee thing on her knee,  
On her knee, on her knee—  
An' roar'd like wud, to mask the tea!  
The auld drucken howdie.

Neist she cut the cheese in twa,  
Trowth she was neither slack nor slaw,  
At whangin' o' the cheese in twa,  
The auld drucken howdie.

Seven cups o' tea an' toast,  
Tea an' toast, tea an' toast,  
Her wally wizen glibly cross'd,  
The auld drucken howdie.

"She'll ne'er be done," cried little Jock,  
"The cheese we'll in the aumry lock,"  
"She'll ne'er be done," roar'd little Jock,  
"The auld drucken howdie."

Aye the tither whang she took,  
Whang she took, whang she took,  
'Twad sair'd a sober chiel' an' ook,  
The auld drucken howdie.

"She'll eat us up," quo' Bet my wife!  
"That pang gaed thro' me like a knife,  
She'll eat us up," quo' Bet my wife,  
"The auld drucken howdie."

“ Tell her that the bottle’s toom !  
 Bottle’s toom, bottle’s toom,  
 She’ll drink else till the day o’ doom !  
 The auld drucken howdie.”

“ The deil be in your maw,” quo’ I,  
 “ I’m sure ye’re neither boss nor dry ;  
 The deil be in your maw,” quo’ I,  
 “ Ye auld drucken howdie.”

“ She swore I was a nither’t loun,  
 Nither’t loun, nither’t loun,  
 Said, she’d clour my cuckold crown,  
 The auld drucken howdie.”  
 At last she spak’ o’ gaun awa’,  
 O’ what joy it gied us a’ !  
 Whene’er she spak’ o’ gaun awa’,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

A hale hour sat she langer still,  
 Langer still, langer still,  
 Her tongue gaun like a waukin’ mill,  
 The auld drucken howdie.  
 At length she took her hood an’ cloak,  
 Syne to see how she did rock,  
 When she got on her hood an’ cloak,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

Says she, “ Gudeman, I’ll soon ca’ back,  
 Soon ca’ back, soon ca’ back”—  
 I look’t right queer, but naething spak—  
 The auld drucken howdie.  
 I gar’d the callant yoke the cart,  
 An’ set her on’t wi’ a’ my heart,  
 Right glad was I wi’ her to part,  
 The auld drucken howdie.

## MEARNS MUIR MAGGY,

## A MEARNS MUIR TRADITION.

IN a wild track o' country, the lang Mearns Muir,  
 Whaur the sky is sae bleak, and the soil is sae puir,  
 Whaur the rain fa's in floods, an' the wind gurls chill,  
 And as the *Flood* left it, sae Nature stands still—

There deep in a dell, down below a steep craggy,  
 There liv'd an auld wife, ca'd Mearns Muir Maggy

She was wylie wi' wit, she was laden wi' lair,  
 Could charm awa sorrow, or fley awa care,—  
 Could smooth down sick pillows, wi' sic soothing skill,  
 That nae weanie grew sick, nor nae wife fell ill,

But the *Head* o' the *House* had to mount his best naggy,  
 An' bring hame ahint him auld Mearns Muir Maggy.

Ae night when the muir was half deluged wi' rain,  
 An' the cauld gowlin blast swept athwart the wild plain,  
 A lonely black female, sair laden wi' pain,  
 Cam into Meg's cot, an' gae birth to a wean,

Ere the morn she was gane, an' had left a gowd baggie  
 Wi' the bairn to be nursed by auld Mearns Muir Maggy.

Years pass'd, and the callant grew up to a man,  
 An' the clashing still gather'd, the rumour still ran,  
 That the loun was nae canny, that Meg an' his faither,  
 Whoever he was, were acquaintit wi' ither,

An' some wha wad fain haen her burnt for a haggie.  
 Ca'd *Auld Nick* the lover o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

But scandal still quail'd 'neath her mild beaming eye,  
 The Kirk never miss'd her in wat day or in dry,  
 An' the strong burly black, as if bound by a charm,  
 Cam' aye kindly leading auld Meg in his arm,

Tho' mony a braw lassie wad sald her last raggie,  
 To hae clung to the arm, that led Mearns Muir Maggy.



But auld Maggy died, and the Black left alane  
 Roam'd like a wild spirit owre mountain an' plain,  
 Bright freedom, his charter, true courage his targe,  
 Daur ca' him a poacher, he'd scowl at the charge,  
 Till warm wi' his wand'ring he shot a proud staggie,  
 That belong'd to the landlord o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

The lord, a rich nabob, had come frae afar,  
 'Twas said he had fought in the wild Indian war,  
 An' come hame fortune laden, frae these sunny climes,  
 Whaur fortune's like his aft are purchased wi' crimes,  
 For grasping an' greedy, heart stinted an' scraggy,  
 Was the judge o' the orphan o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

The judge e'ed the poacher, the poacher the judge,  
 As if they bore ither some lang gather'd grudge,  
 The pannel, a miniature tore from his neck!—  
 'Twas the judge fondly pressing a sweet female black!  
 The old sinner shook as if seized with an ague—  
 His son was the black rear'd by Mearns Muir Maggy.

And whaur was there c'er sic a baron of old?  
 As the Black Knight of Mearns Muir, burly an' bold?  
 There's mony brave nobles hae sprung frae his reins,  
 That hae held braider sway o'er auld Scotland's domains,  
 But nae friend was mair manly, nae foemen mair jaggy,  
 Than the comely black foundling o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

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#### HIGHLAND COURTSHIP.

“ORCH will you had ta tartan plaids?  
 Or will you had ta ring, mattam?  
 Or—will you had a kiss frae me—  
 An' tat's a petters ting mattam?”

(REPLY—PIANO OF VOICE.)

“Oh haud awa! bide awa!  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;

I'll neither kiss, nor hae a ring—  
Nae tartan plaid for me, Donald."

" Oich tear—ay—what's noo ?

O see you not her praw new hose—  
Her fleckit plaid, plue green mattam,  
Ta twa praw hose—an' prawer spiog,  
An' ta shouther-pelt 'peen a' mattam."

" O haud awa! bide awa—  
Haud awa frae me, Donald ;  
Your shouther-knots, and trinkabouts,  
Hae nae great charm for me, Donald.

" No! it's a terrible potheration—eh—no!  
Her can pe shaw ta petter houghs,  
Tan him tat wear ta crown mattam—  
Nainsel' hae phistol an' claymore,  
Wad fley ta lallan loon, mattam."

" No haud awa—bide awa,  
Haud awa frae me, Donald ;  
Gae hame and hap your highlan' houghs,  
An' fash nae mair wi' me, Donald."

" Ay, laty, is tat ta way you'll spok—put—yes maybe for all tat  
Hersel' hae a short coat—pi pocht  
No trail my feet at rin, mattam,  
A cuttie-sark o' goot harn-sheet,  
My mither he'll pe spin, mattam."

" Just haud awa—bide awa—  
Haud awa frae me, Donald ;  
Awa and cleed your measled shanks,  
An' screen them 'boon the knee, Donald.

" Oich after all, surely and moreover—my tear.  
You'll ne'er pe pitten wroecht a turn,  
At ony kin' o' spin, mattam ;  
Nocht—shug your laeno\* in a skull  
An' tidal highland sing, mattam.

Noo heard you tat ?"

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\* *Laeno*—child.

“ Just haud awa—bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;  
 Your juggling skulls, and highlan’ reels—  
 They’ll soun’ but harsh wi’ me, Donald.”

“ It’s a perfect pestoration—hoc—never surely—after all I’ll spoke.

An’ in ta mornings when you’ll rise,  
 You’ll got fresh whey for tea, mattam—  
 Ream an’ cheese, as much you please!  
 Far cheaper nor pohea, mattam.

Noo, I’m sure!—ah—yes—”

“ Haud awa—bide awa—  
 Bide awa frae me, Donald;  
 I wadna quit my morning’s tea—  
 Your whey could ne’er agree, Donald.”

“ Weel—weel—weel—I’ll thocht that’s all—put—

Haper-gaelic ye’se pe learn!—  
 Tats ta pretty speak, mattam;  
 You’ll got a cheese and putter-milk—  
 Come wi’ me gin ye like, mattam.

Oh yes—I’ll saw your face noo.”

“ Na—haud awa—bide awa—  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;  
 Your gaelic sang, and Highland cheer,  
 Will ill gang down wi’ me, Donald.”

“ Never more yet—oich!—oich!—it’s an awfu’ this.

I’ll got for you a sillar prooch—  
 Pe piggas as ta meen, mattam;  
 Yes! you’ll ride in curroch ’stead o’ coach—  
 Tan wow but you’ll pe fine, mattam!

Tat’s ta thing noo, my ponniest dautie—you’ll not say no—no more for  
 er—oh yes—”

But—haud awa—bide awa—  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;  
 For a’ your Highland rarities,  
 You’re no a match for me, Donald.”

“ What !! tat’s ta way tat you’ll be kin’!  
 Praw pretty man like me, mattam!  
 Sae lang’s claymore hung py my pelt,  
 I’ll never marry thee, mattam.

A shentleman to be disdain !”

“ Oh come awa—come awa—  
 Come awa wi’ me, Donald—  
 I wadna lea my Highlandman !  
 Frae lallands set me free, Donald.”

Tat’s my doo—noo always for ever and never.”

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### BANKRUPT AND CREDITORS.

HAE ye heard o’ Will Sibbald—my trowth there were few,  
 That had less in their pouch, or had mair in their pow ;  
 A master for lang he had faithfully sair’d,  
 Till he thocht as he ae nicht sat straiking his beard :  
 “ Through wat and through dry a’ my life I hae drudged,”  
 And to work late and early I never have grudged ;  
 I’ve been a man’s slave since my name I could spell—  
 What think ye though noo I should work for mysel’ ?

So he took a bit shop, and sell’t gingebread and snaps,  
 Spunks, treacle and brumstane, and laif-bread and baps ;  
 But a’ wad na do—at his wares nane wad look,  
 So a wide gaucy shop in the main street he took :  
 Ilk day like a gin-horse he eidently wrocht—  
 Makin’ siller like sclate stanes, as a’ body thocht,  
 Till ae day wi’ a dunt that astonish’d the town,  
 The great Willie Sibbald—the barrow laid down.

O’ his freens and acquaintance a meeting was ca’d,  
 And a lang face sly Willie put on to the squad ;  
 “ My gude worthy freens,” he then said wi’ a grane,  
 I have naething to show you—for books I keep nane ;

My father ne'er learnt me to write my ain name,  
 And my master, I'm sure I maun say't to his shame,  
 Ne'er made up the defect, sirs—but keepit me ticht,  
 Tween the trams o' a barrow frae morning till nicht."

The freens then on Willie began to leuk queer,  
 And ane that sat next him then said wi' a sneer—  
 "Man Will, I'm dumfouner't—ye wrocht air an' late—  
 Something gude might be surely brought frae your estate;"  
 "Estate, man," quo' Willie—"I'se tell ye my freen,  
 Ilk maik through my fingers has noo slippit clean—  
 And for an estate, I can solemnly swear,  
 Gif I had had that, faith I wudna been here."

'Mang Willie's rare talents, an' these were not few,  
 By the virtue of which mankind's noses he drew,  
 He could sing like a mavis—and ane o' his freens,  
 Wha to Willie's guid fortune had furnish'd the means,  
 On his creditors' list he just stood at the tap,  
 So he looks in Will's face, and says he—"My auld chap,  
 The best way I ken ye'll get out o' this fang,  
 Instead o' our siller—just gie's a bit sang."

#### THE DIVIDEND.

"ALACK! what will come o' me noo I hae been stricken sair,  
 I never drank like ither men, nor fed on costly fare—  
 I wrocht aye till 'twas late at e'en, raise wi' the morning dawn,  
 And yet ye see the barrow-trams hae drappit frae my haun.

Ye've socht a wee bit sang frae me, but brawly ye may see  
 I'm no, whatever some may think, in ony singing key;  
 But your promise o' a free discharge I trust ye winna shift,  
 For 'twerna wi' the hope o' that, my lip I couldna lift.

I wonner what gart fock suppose that I could siller mak—  
 They ne'er saw ony signs o't on my belly or my back;  
 My waistcoat aye was o' the plush—my coat o' coarsest drab—  
 I keepit nae establishment—nae servants, horse, nor cab.

Ye talk o' putting me in Jail, but trowth ye needna fash,  
 Ye'll only lose your temper, and what's waur—ye'll lose your cast  
 For neither house nor ha' hae I—nor grun', nor guids, nor gear,  
 Or, as I said before to ye—ye wudna seen me here.

thocht when auld I wad have had a guid rough bane to pike,  
 And nocht to do but streek me on the lea side o' the dike;  
 But I ha'e disappointed been—my boat has gane to staves,  
 And left me bare and helpless to the mercy o' the waves.

WM. FINLAY, Paisley.

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### THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.\*

THOU cauld gloomy Feberwar,  
 Oh! gin thou wert awa!  
 I'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,  
 I'm wae to see thy snaw;  
 For my bonnie braw young Hielandman,  
 The lad I loe sae dear,  
 Has vow'd to come and see me,  
 In the spring o' the year.

A silken ban' he gae me,  
 To bin' my gowden hair;  
 A sillar brooch and tartan plaid,  
 A' for his sake to wear:  
 And oh! my heart was like to break,  
 (For partin' sorrows sair,)  
 As he vow'd to come and see me,  
 In the spring o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloaming dims the sky,  
 I wander out alane,

---

\* The first verse of this song is a fragment of the late lamented Tanshill—the supplement by Patrick Buchan, the oldest son of Mr. Peter Buchan, with whom the reader is already familiar.

Whare buds the bonny yellow whins,  
 Around the trystin' stane :  
 'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,  
 And kiss'd awa' the tear,  
 As he vow'd to come and see me,  
 In the spring o' the year,

Ye gentle breezes softly blaw,  
 And cleed anew the wuds ;  
 Ye lavrocks lilt your cheery sangs,  
 Among the fleecy cluds ;  
 Till Feberwar and a' his train,  
 Affrichted disappear—  
 I'll hail wi' you the blythisome change,  
 The spring-time o' the year.

---

#### PUSH ROUN' THE BICKER.

YE, wha the carking cares of life,  
 Have aft times caused to claw your haffet,  
 Leave for a while the bustling strife,  
 And worldly men and matters laugh at :  
 Let fools debate 'bout kirk and state,  
 Their short liv'd day let patriots flicker ;  
 Let Outs and Ins kick ither's shins ;  
 Ne'er mind, my boys—push roun' the bicker.

A' things that glitter are not gowd,  
 Then push the stoup roun'—lads be hearty ;  
 Wha e'er had fortune at his nod,  
 Like that bauld binkie, Bonaparte ;  
 He tumbled kings—thae costly things,  
 Wha thocht they on their stools sat sicker ;  
 But his crown at last to the yirth was cast—  
 And the vision past—push roun' the bicker.

And wha could cope wi' Philip's son ?  
 The greatest hero that we read o',

How did he hound his armies on,  
 To conquer worlds he had nae need o',  
 His beast he rade with thundering speed,  
 And aye his pace grew quick and quicker,  
 Till down he sat—poor fool, and grat—  
 His pipe was out—push roun' the bicker.

Then let us drive dull care adrift,  
 Life's day is short, even at the langest ;  
 "The race is no aye to the swift,  
 Nor is the battle to the strangest !"  
 'Bout kirk and state let fools debate,  
 Their short lived day let statesmen flicker ;  
 Let Outs and Ins kick ither's shins,  
 Ne'er fash your beards—push roun' the bicker.

WILLIAM FINLAY. Paisley.

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### JOHN GUN.

He's a bauld beggarman, John Gun, John Gun,  
 He's a bauld beggarman, John Gun ;  
 O far he has been an' muckle he's seen,  
 An' mony an ill deed he's dune, John Gun,  
 An' mony an ill deed he's dune.

He's been 'mang the French, John Gun, John Gun,  
 He's been 'mang the French, John Gun ;  
 But sune he came hame—he made little o' them,  
 They had vagrants enou' o' their ain, John Gun,  
 They had vagrants enou' o' their ain.

The fouks a' fear John Gun, John Gun,  
 The fouks a' fear John Gun ;  
 When he comes in, ye'll hear nae din,  
 But our breath gaun thick out an' in, John Gun—  
 But our breath gaun thick out and in.

An' how does he fend? John Gun, John Gun,  
 An' how does he fend? John Gun—



He fends unco weel, he gets milk, he gets mead—  
 But no for his guid but his ill, John Gun—  
 But no for his guid but his ill.

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

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### THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,  
 And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day ;  
 The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,  
 On the deck of the Daring's a love-lighted star ;  
 Then wake, lady ! wake ! I am waiting for thee,  
 And this night, or never, my bride thou shalt be !

Forgive my rough mood ; unaccustom'd to suc,  
 I woo not, perchance, as your land-lovers woo ;  
 My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,  
 That startle the deep, when the combat's begun ;  
 And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand  
 Whose glove has been, ever, the guard of a brand.

Yet think not of these, but, this moment, be mine,  
 And the plume of the proudest shall cower to thine ;  
 A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,  
 And the chief of a thousand will kneel as thy slave ;  
 Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall last  
 Till the red flag, by inches, is torn from the mast.

O islands there are, on the face of the deep,  
 Where the leaves never fade, where the skies never weep ;  
 And there, if thou wilt, shall our love-bower be,  
 When we quit, for the greenwood, our home on the sea ;  
 And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that were done,  
 When we braved the last blast, and the last battle won.

Then haste, lady, haste ! for the fair breezes blow.  
 And my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow ;  
 Now fast to the lattice these silken ropes twine,  
 They are meet for such feet and such fingers as thine ;

The signal, my mates—ho ! hurra for the sea !  
 This night, and for ever, my bride thou shalt be.

WM. KENNEDY.

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MEG MEIKLEJOHN.

YE kentna Meg Meiklejohn, midwife in Mauchlin ?  
 She was the widow of lilti-cock Lauchlan ;  
 He was a body gaed rockin and rowin'—  
 His ae leg was stracht—its neighbour a bow in't.

Maggy was boussie frae croon to the causey,  
 Lauchie was gizen'd 's an auld girnall bassie ;  
 And as for their features, folk said it that kent them,  
 If nature meant sour anes, she needna repent them.

Of the stark aquavitæ they baith lo'ed a drappie,  
 And when capernutie then aye unco happy ;  
 Of a' in the parish this pair was the bauldest,  
 As burns brattle loudest when water's the shaulest.

Whiles Lauchie wad spurn at the whisky like poison  
 But after he preed it, wad drucken an ocean ;  
 Maggy, too, had a fell tipping gate o't,  
 An aye took a drappie whenc'er she could get it

Lauchie had looms, but was lag at the weaving,  
 His fingers and thumbs though, were active in thieving ;  
 Lauchie had looms that but few could hae wrought on,  
 For Lauchie had schemes that but few wad hae thought on.

Lauchie had secrets weel worthy the keeping,  
 For Lauchie made siller while ithers were sleeping,  
 Lauchie a second sight surely had gi'en him,  
 An' saw things wi' less light than ithers could see them.

But Lauchie did dee, and was welcomely yirdet,  
 The folks said his conscience was unco ill girdet ;  
 When it took a rackin, it beat a' description,  
 His oily gaun tongue, too, was fu' o' deception.

Now Lauchie's awa', and the bodies in Mauchlin,  
 Wish Meg in her kist, an' as deep sleugh'd as Lauchlan;  
 But Lauchie for cunning surpass'd a' his fellows,  
 He die't just in time for escaping the gallows.

DAVID WEBSTER.

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THE TREE OF LIBERTY.\*

TUNE,—“*Up an' waur them a', Willie.*”

HEARD ye o' The Tree o' France?

I watna what's the name o't—

Aroun' it a' the Patriots dance,

Weel Europe kens the fame o't :

It stands whare ance the Bastile stood,

A prison built by kings, man,

When superstition's hellish brood

Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upon this Tree there grows sic fruit,

Its virtues a' can tell, man ;

It raises man aboon the brute,

It mak's him ken himsel', man.

Gif ance the peasant taste a bite,

He's greater than a lord, man ;

An' wi' the beggar shares a mite

O' a' he can afford, man.

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\* This song is said to be a production of the Ayrshire Ploughman, and although it is not equal in concentrated power and vigour to some of his avowed poems, it must be admitted to be a piece of no ordinary merit, and a most successful imitation of his manner. We have submitted it to a gentleman of the highest respectability, to whose opinion Burns paid great deference, and to whom he was in the habit of showing his compositions, and he had never heard the Poet allude to “The Tree of Liberty.” Burns, too, who outlived the stormiest period of the French Revolution, would doubtless have qualified many of the expressions, had he given them, after having seen some of the effects of that dreadful political hurricane which deluged that unhappy country with blood.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,  
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man,  
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,  
 An' mak' us a' content, man :  
 It clears the e'en, it cheers the heart,  
 Mak's high an' low guid frien's, man :  
 An' he wha acts the traitor's part,  
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel  
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,  
 An' staw'd a branch, spite o' the De'il,  
 Frae 'yont the Western waves, man.  
 Fair virtue water'd it wi' care,  
 An' now she sees, wi' pride, man,  
 How weel it buds an' blossoms there,  
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see  
 The works o' virtue thrive, man,  
 The courtly vermin bann'd the Tree,  
 An' grat to see't alive, man.  
 King Louie thocht to cut it down,  
 When it was unco sma', man ;  
 For it the watchman crack'd his crown,  
 Cut aff his head an' a', man !!!

A wicked crew syne on a time,  
 Did tak' a solemn aith, man,  
 It ne'er should flourish in its prime—  
 I wat they pledged their faith, man ;  
 Awa' they gaed, wi' mock parade,  
 Like beagles huntin' game, man ;  
 But sune grew weary o' the trade,  
 An' wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

For freedom standing by the Tree,  
 er sons did loudly ca', man ;

She sung a sang o' Liberty,  
 Which pleas'd them ane an' a', man.  
 By her inspir'd, the new-born race  
 Sune drew the avengin' steel, man,  
 The hirelings ran—her foes gi'ed chase,  
 An' bang'd the despots weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,  
 Her poplar, an' her pine, man,  
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,  
 An' o'er her neibours shine, man ;  
 But seek the forest round an' round,  
 An' soon 'twill be agreed, man,  
 That sic a tree cannot be found  
 'Tween Lon'on an' the Tweed, man.

Without this Tree, alake ! this life  
 Is but a vale o' woe, man,  
 A scene o' sorrows, mix'd wi' strife ;—  
 Nae real joys we know, man :  
 We labour sune, we labour late,  
 To feed the titled knave, man,  
 An' a' the comfort we're to get,  
 Is—that ayont the grave, man !

Wi' plenty o' sic Trees, I trow,  
 The world wad live in peace, man ;  
 The sword wad help to mak' a plough,  
 The din o' war wad cease, man.  
 Like brethren in a common cause,  
 We'd on each ither smile, man,  
 An' equal rights an' equal laws,  
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat  
 Sic haesome, dainty cheer, man—  
 I'd gi'e the shoon frae aff my feet  
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.

Syne let us pray, auld England may  
 Sune plant this far-fame'd Tree, man;  
 An' blythe we'll sing, and hail the day  
 That gave us Liberty, man.

---

KITTY O'CARROL.

O TALK not of battles and wars,  
 Where nations and monarchs will quarrel;  
 Of Venus, and Cupid, and Mars,  
 I'm for Kitty O'Carrol!  
 Kitty's the joy of my soul,  
 She has made my poor heart to surrender;  
 That heart, once as sound as a coal,  
 Is now almost burnt to a cinder.

Och! my darlin', every eye in your head is mild and lovely, and every thing lookin' out of them that's good and natural in the world. Ah! my jewel, but every morsel of your purty body, hands and feet, body and shoulders, mouth and nose, all illigance itself intirely. Oh! you creature of all creatures aneath the stars and the moon, not forgettin' the great sun himself! I'm sure the very daisy that you tread upon will lift its head and look after ye, cryin', my dew-drop, when shall I have another kiss of your purty toes.

O when I get up in the morn,  
 Her image is standin' 'fore me,  
 Murder, but I am forlorn—  
 Kitty I live to adore ye!  
 Morning, or evening, or noon,  
 Eatin', or drinkin', or sleepin',  
 Mine you will surely be soon,  
 Or else I will kill me wid weepin'.

Love has been compared to a giddiness; faith! I think it is rather like law, or a rat-trap; when once you get into it, there's no getting out again; or the great bog of Allen the farther in the deeper. Surely she

must relent some time ; there is nothing in this world like perseverance, as the Cat said when she scratched her way into the milk-house. Och, what is really to become of me—it is better to die at once than be kilt intirely, from mornin' till night ; och, sure and my body is lavin' my bones altogether. My clothes are beginnin' to wonder what has become of me—and they'll be after seekin' some other carcase to cover themselves wid—ar'n't they roarin' murder at every corner of my bones ? I'm good for nothing now but stanin' amongst the praties when they're comin' forward to be useful to the mouth, and cryin' to them black-nosed thieves, be after takin' your body away gin the feathers will carry you. Master Horny-beak, and lave the blessings to the people that have some naturalty in them, for it will be better for me to be stuck up among the swate pratie blossoms, and purtectin' the fruit, than runnin' about like a walkin' bone-fire among the bogs.

Oh Kitty I live but for you,

For you, love, I daily am dyin',

My heart you have bored through an' through,

And kilt me with groaning and cryin'.

Consent now, and say you'll be mine,

For I know you are full of good nature,

To me you are all but divine,

You murtherin', coaxing young crature !

---

'T WAS MORN.

AIR—“ *Within a mile of Edinburgh Town.*”

'T WAS morn—and the lambs on the green hillocks played,

The laverock sang sweetly on high,

The dew-drops bespangled ilk green spiky blade,

And the woods rang wi' music and joy ;

When young Pati: down the vale

Met fair Kitty wi' her pail,

He elasp'd her hand and blythely speered,

“ Dear lassie, where to now ?”

“ A wee bit down the glen,” quo’ she,  
 “ To milk our bruckit cow.”

“ O Kitty ! I’ve lo’ed you this towmond an’ mair,  
 And wha lo’es na you canna see,  
 There’s nane on our plains half sae lovely and fair,  
 No ;—nane half sae lovely to me :  
 Will you come, dear lass, at e’en,  
 Up the burnie’s bank sae green ?  
 And there beneath the beechen shade,  
 You’ll meet a lover true.”  
 “ Na, na,” she cried, “ I canna come  
 At e’en to meet wi’ you.

“ My mither will flyte and my father will ban,  
 Gin here meikle langer I stay,  
 Come cease wi’ your wheezin’, and let gae my han’,  
 It’s daft like at this time o’ day.”  
 “ Dearest lassie, ere ye gang,  
 Tell me shall we meet ere lang ?  
 Come say’t an’ seal’t wi’ ae sweet smack  
 O’ that enticing mou’ ;”  
 “ Haud aff,” she cried, “ nor think that I  
 Was made for sport to you.”

“ Then fareweel, proud lassie, for since ye’re sae shy,  
 Nae langer I’ll press you to bide ;  
 E’en show aff your airs, toss your head and look high,  
 Your beauty demands a’ your pride ;  
 I may find some ither where,  
 Ane mair kind, although less fair.”  
 He turned to gang—she laughing cried,  
 “ Stop, lad, I’ve ta’en the rue,  
 Come back and set the tryst wi’ me,  
 And I will meet wi’ you.”

ALEX. RODGER.



## BEACON SONG.

THERE'S fire on the mountains, brave knights of the north,  
 Mount, mount your fleet steeds and away ;  
 There's fire on the mountains, mount knights of the north,  
 For our beacons blaze bright as the day.  
 Hasten away, hasten away.

Let your war-flags wave wild on the blast of the night.  
 To the notes of the bold bugle-horn ;  
 Though your steeds may get warm in your fiery advance,  
 They'll grow cool in the dews of the morn.  
 Hasten away, hasten away.

Hot foot comes the foe from his home in the south,  
 To ravage our dear native land ;  
 Hasten away, hasten away, brave knights of the north,  
 And meet him with buckler and brand.  
 Hasten away, hasten away.

From litter, from loch-side, from corry and glen,  
 The mountain-men come to your aid,  
 With broadsword and axe newly ground for the fray,  
 And all in their tartans arrayed.  
 Hasten away, hasten away.

Hasten away, hasten away, brave knights of the north,  
 There's glory, there's fame to be won ;  
 Berwick law, Berwick law, is your mustering ground,  
 Oh ! shame if the conflict's begun.  
 Hasten away, hasten away.

The foe you now meet, you have oft met before,  
 And oft driven him back with dismay ;  
 Though his spear-heads, in thousands, gleam bright to our  
 fires,  
 Clap spurs to your steeds and away.  
 Away, hasten away.

## FIRST LOVE.\*

THOU think'st that nought hath had the power  
 This heart to softness move ;  
 Thou'rt wrong—no knight more faithfully  
 Ere wore his lady's glove,  
 Than I within my breast have borne  
 A first, an only love.

Her form—I cannot paint her form—  
 In life I was but young,  
 Even when I last knelt at her feet,  
 And on her accents hung.  
 I would not swear her beautiful,—  
 Yet such she must have been,—  
 And in my dreams of paradise  
 She mingles in each scene.

This present time, in crowded halls,  
 Surrounded by the gay,  
 I follow, in forgetfulness,  
 Her image far away ;  
 And if I list a touching voice  
 Or sweet face gaze upon,  
 'Tis but to fill my memory  
 With that beloved one.

For days—for months—devotedly  
 I've lingered by her side,  
 The only place I coveted  
 Of all the world so wide ;  
 And in the exile of an hour,  
 I consolation found,

---

\* We have, with the author's kind permission, taken this exquisite ballad from "Fitful Fancies," by William Kennedy, from which we have already extracted so liberally. It is, perhaps, the most finished piece published in modern times—whether as respects the intensity of feeling, or the classical elegance of expression.

Where her most frequent wanderings  
Had marked it holy ground.

It was not that in her I saw  
Affection's sovereign maid,  
In beauty and young innocence  
Bewitchingly arrayed ;  
'Twas more—far more ;—I felt, as if  
Existence went and came,  
Even when the meanest hind who served  
Her father, breathed her name.

I longed to say a thousand things,  
I longed, yet dared not speak,  
Half-hoped, half-feared, that she might read  
My thoughts upon my cheek.  
Then, if unconsciously she smiled,  
My sight turned faint and thick,  
Until, with very happiness,  
My reeling heart grew sick.

O days of youth ! O days of youth !  
To have these scenes return,  
The pride of all my riper years  
How gladly would I spurn !  
That form—the soul of my boy-life—  
Departed, and none came,  
In after-time, with half the charm  
Which cleaves unto her name.

Nor vanished she, as one who shares  
The stain of human birth,  
But, like an angel's shade, that falls  
In light, upon the earth ;  
That falls in light, and blesses all  
Who in its radiance lie,  
But leaves them to the deeper gloom  
Whene'er it passes by.

## RHYMING RAB THE RANTER.\*

WHEN Scotia's pipe had tint her tune,

Lang reestin' in the reek, man,

And pipers were sae faithless grown,

They scarce could gar her squeak, man ;

A doughty chiel cam' down the hill,

Ca'd Rhymin' Rab the Ranter—

But pipers a' their chafts might claw,

When he blew up the chanter.

He blew sae sweet, he blew sae shrill,

He blew sae loud and lang, man,

\* This song was produced on the Anniversary of the Kilbarchan Burns' Club.

It may not be known, generally, that Kilbarchan was the birth-place of Habbie Simson, rival to Rab the Ranter. There is a tradition that Habbie, who could not bear a rival, was fairly beat by Rab in a trial of their musical powers, and that, determining to be avenged, he put his hand to his sword, and aimed a most dreadful blow at his successful rival, turning away his head at the same time to avoid seeing the deadly gash that his weapon had inflicted. Taking the direction of Blackstone Moss, he bogged himself for three days in one of the hags. The stomach, ever selfish, and not caring about the sympathies of the neck, put in her irresistible alternative, "Better be hanged than starved;" so the combative piper returned to a friend's house, who was anxious about him, and could not account for his absence. Habbie, relating the detail of the murder, claimed his protection against the fangs of justice. "Gae wa', ye daft gouk! my certie, Rab's baith meat and claith like; I saw him this verra day, and there didna appear to me the scart o' a treen about his face." Habbie, though relieved from fear, would not have cared though his rival's drone had been for ever silenced. On examining the scabbard of his sword, he found the blade sleeping quietly and bloodless; the hilt having come away in the haste and fury of the enraged piper.

A statue of Habbie graces a niche in the Kilbarchan church steeple, blowing with as much expression as rudely chiselled freestone can give; at least two bagfuls of spare wind in his inflated cheeks.

Baith hill and dale can tell the tale,  
 They ne'er gat sic a sang, man ;  
 Fame heard the soun' a' Scotland roun',  
 My sooth he didna saunter,  
 Like fire and flame flew fast the name,  
 O Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

From John o'Groats to cross the Tweed,  
 And round the English border,  
 Was heard the rant o' Rabbie's reed,  
 Sae weel 'twas kept in order.  
 To shepherd knowes where shamrock grows,  
 Wi' sic a stound he sent her,  
 Auld Erin's drone her hood put on,  
 To shun the Scottish chanter.

Our lasses linket to the lilt,  
 The lads they lap and caper'd,  
 The carlins coost their crummies tilt,  
 Sae vauntingly they vapour'd,  
 Auld gutchers gray streek't up their clay,  
 To club the merry canter ;  
 Whilst wood and glen prolong'd the strain,  
 O' Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

But Scotia weel may wail her skaith,  
 And break her drones an a' man,  
 For death has marr'd her piper's breath,  
 Nae langer can he blaw, man,  
 She e'en may sit her down and sigh,  
 And wi' a greet content her,  
 She'll ne'er again on hill or plain,  
 Meet Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

Here's health to Scotland and her lair,  
 Her heighs and hows sae scraggie ;  
 Her doughty sons and dochters a',  
 Her haggis and her coggio.

And when the wee drap's in her e'e,  
 To 'fend her frae mishanter,  
 Her toast triumphant still shall be,  
 Here's Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

G. MACINDOE.

FRIENDS AROUND THE TABLE SET.

AIR,—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*

FRIENDS around the table set,  
 Blyth am I to see you met,  
 See that your ills ye a' forget,  
 And sing your sang wi' glee.

Nae doubt but ye have a' some grief,  
 For ae night wont ye tak' relief,  
 For ae short night your sails unreef,  
 And take the tide so free.

Wha would sit in sullen gloom,  
 For sic a ane we hae nae room,  
 Wi' gude peat-reek your brain perfume,  
 And let us merry be.

Wha never grumbles, stan' or fa'  
 However fortune rows the ba',  
 But aye weel pleased his cork can draw,  
 That's the man for me.

Then tak' your tumbler while its warm,  
 A wee drap drink can do nae harm,  
 It cheers the heart, and nerves the arm—  
 At least it's so wi' me.

Man's life is but a wee bit span,  
 And is it no the wisest plan,  
 To be as happy as we can,  
 And aye contented be?

## THE TINKLER'S SONG.

AIR,—“*Allan-a-Dale.*”

O who are so hearty, so happy and free,  
 Or who for the proud care so little as we ?  
 No tyrants control us, no slaves we command,  
 Like free passage-birds we traverse sea and land ;  
 And still to the comfort of all we attend,  
 By singing out “ caldrons or kettles to mend.”

Each climate—each soil, is to us still the same,  
 No fix'd local spot for our country we claim ;  
 Yon lordly domain, with its castles and towers,  
 We care not a pin for—the world it is ours ;  
 Superiors we know not—on none we depend,  
 While our business is, caldrons or kettles to mend.

The law says we're vagrants—the law tells a lie,  
 The green earth's our dwelling, our roof the blue sky,  
 Then tho', through the earth, for employment we roam  
 How can we be vagrants, who ne'er are from home ?  
 Our neighbours are mankind, whom oft we befriend,  
 While trudging about, pots or kettles to mend.

No rent, tithes, nor taxes, we're called on to pay,  
 We take up our lodgings wherever we may,  
 If people are kind, we show kindness to them,  
 If people are churlish, why we are the same ;  
 But those who are friendly fare best in the end,  
 While their pots, bellows, caldrons or kettles we mend.

Not even the parson, the squire, nor my lord,  
 A daintier supper than we can afford,  
 For nature profusely each blessing doth grant,  
 Then why should her children be ever in want ?—  
 Let them share with each other whate'er she may send,  
 Like us—while we've caldrons or kettles to mend.

Then fill to the stranger a cup of the best,  
 And when he is wearied conduct him to rest,

For the poor lonely wanderer, homeless and bare,  
 Should ever the wanderers' sympathy share;  
 Now we've one consolation—whate'er be our end,  
 While the world remains wicked—*we* daily do mend.

ALEX. RODGER.

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COW KATE,

AN ANNANDALE STORY.

*Seeking a Tune.*

HERE'S a green velvet hollow, amang Moffat hills,  
 Ca'd the Deevil's Beef Pot, where in three little rills  
 The Tweed, Clyde, an' Annan, sweet babbling arise  
 Amang bald mountain-tops, that brave cauld gowlin skies;  
 There nature—wild nature—reigns glorious an' great,  
 An' there by the Annan dwells bonnie Cow Kate.

Cow Kate was brought up by a rich Border Laird,  
 Wha'd mony braid acres o' Annan's best sward,  
 Nae workin', nor daffin', her mettle could tire,  
 For the lassie wrought hard in the fields an' the byre.  
 An' simmer an' winter, an' early an' late,  
 Aye up to the oxters was bonnie Cow Kate.

She grew like a tree, and she bloom'd like a flower,  
 Wi' her growth there cam' grace, wi' her beauty cam' power,  
 An' she tripped up the hill, an' she strade down the glen,  
 Envied by the lasses, adored by the men;  
 Yet the farmers were shy, an' the herdsmen were blate,  
 An' nane cam a-wooing to bonnie Cow Kate.

There's changes in a' thing, e'en fortune will change,  
 An' faces look fond, that were wont to look strange,  
 An' hunders o' woers baith stalwart an' braw,  
 Cam round her when death took the auld laird awa',  
 An' the clatter gaed round he had left his estate  
 To his ae strappin daughter, our bonnie Cow Kate.

Kate kilted her high, an' she stood in the byre,  
 Sent her woers to Annan to drown out their fire,



Ca'd her sheep to the tryst, an' her kye to the fair,  
 Ne'er ae better drover or herdsman was there,  
 An' mony a jockie was fain to retreat,  
 Wi' his wit for his winning frae bonnie Cow Kate.

The shyest are catch'd, when they're catch'd wi' a start,  
 The head may be cool, but waes me for the heart,  
 Even Katie fand out, 'mid a mirk wreath o' snaw  
 That a herdsman had stoun a' her heart's peace awa',  
 Wrapt warm in his bosom, he bare hame elate,  
 An' had for his valour our bonnie Cow Kate.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

### HURRAH FOR THE THISTLE.

*Music by Mr. Turnbull, Glasgow.*

HURRAH for the Thistle!—the brave Scottish Thistle,  
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me;  
 A fig for the flowers, in your lady built bowers;  
 The strong bearded—weel guarded, Thistle for me.

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,  
 When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;  
 'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,  
 For the greater the tempest, the greener it grows.

Hurrah for the Thistle.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land,  
 On the bonneted brow—on the hilt of the brand—  
 On the face of the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,  
 May the Thistle be seen, whare the Thistle should be.

Hurrah for the Thistle.

Hale hearts we hae yet to bleed in its cause,  
 Bold harps we hae yet to sound its applause,  
 How then can it fade, when sic cheils an' sic cheer,  
 And sae mony braw sprouts o' the Thistle are here.

Then hurrah for the Thistle!—the brave Scottish Thistle,  
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me;

A fig for the flowers, in your lady built bowers,  
The strong bearded—weel guarded Thistle for me.

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh

WHA DAUR MEDDLE WI' ME?

ROUGH, sturdy, beardy, fire-crown'd king,  
Thou jaggy, kittly, gleg wee thing,  
Wha dares to brave the piercing sting  
O' Scotia's thistle,  
Soon scamper aff', hap stap an' fling,  
Wi' couring fustle.

'Midst scenes o' weir, in days o' yore,  
When the grund swat wi' life's red gore,  
And Scotia's land frae shore to shore,  
Groan'd sair wi' waes,  
Thy form dim seen, 'midst battle's roar,  
Aft scared her faes.

When Wallace, sturdy patriot wight,  
His trusty broad sword glancing bright,  
Gar'd Southron reivers scour like fright  
Frae Scotland's braes,  
Thou snelly shot thy horns o' might,  
An' brogged their taes.

When Bruce at Bannockburn's red field  
Made Edward's doughty army yield,  
An' Southrons down in thousands reeled,  
Stark, stiff an' dour,  
The vera weans did thistles wield,  
An' fought like stour.

Since then no foe hath dared to tread  
Upon thy guarded, crimson head,  
But proudly from thy mount'in bed  
Thy head thou rear'st,  
By flowing springs of freedom fed,  
No blast thou fear'st.



And auld aunty's heart he gar'd clink,  
 Wi' "Mirren, will ye be my deary?"  
 For I'm neither sae auld, auld,  
 Nor am I sae gruesome or uggin,  
 I've a score o' guid nowt i' the fauld,  
 And a lang neck'd purse o' a moggin.

At this Mirren's heart gae a crack,  
 Like the thud o' a waukin mill beetle,  
 And she thocht, but she ne'er a word spak,  
 "Weel, I'd e'en be contented wi' little."  
 For Mirren, tho' three score and ane,  
 Had never had "will ye," speer'd at her,  
 So she laid a fond loof in his han',  
 And quo' "Robin that settles the matter."  
 Sae busk ye lass braw, braw,  
 Busk and let's aff, for I'se warren,  
 We'se hae daffin and laughin an' a',  
 At the buikin o' Robin and Mirren.

PATRICK BUCHAN.

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MY AIN COUNTRIE.

TUNE,—*"The Brier Bush."*

How are ye a' at hame,  
 In my ain countrie?  
 Are your kind hearts aye the same.  
 In my ain countrie?  
 Are ye a' as fu' o' glee,  
 As witty, frank and free,  
 As kind's ye used to be?  
 In my ain countrie.  
 Oh! a coggie I will fill  
 To my ain countrie!  
 Ay and toom it wi' gude will  
 To my ain countrie,  
 Here's to a' the folk I ken,  
 'Mang the lasses and the men,

In ilk canty butt an' ben,  
O' my ain countrie!

Heaven watch thou ever o'er  
My ain countrie!

Let tyrants never more  
Rule my ain countrie!  
May her heroes dear to thee—  
The bauld hearts and the free—  
Be ready aye to dee,  
For their ain countrie!

May a blessin' licht on a'  
In my ain countrie!  
Baith the grit folk an' the sma  
In our ain countrie!  
On whatever sad I kneel—  
Heaven knows I ever feel—  
For the honour and the weal  
O' my ain countrie!

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

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THE HIGHLAND MAID.

TUNE,—“42d March.”

AGAIN the lav'rock seeks the sky,  
And warbles dimly seen,  
And summer views wi' sunny jey,  
Her gow'ny robe o' green.  
But ah! the summer's blyth return  
In flowery pride array'd,  
Nae mair can cheer the heart forlorn,  
Or charm the Highland maid.

My true love fell by Charlie's side,  
Wi' mony a clansman dear,  
A gallant youth, ah! wae betide  
The cruel Southron's spear.

His bonnet blue is fallen now,  
 And bloody is the plaid,  
 That often on the mountain's brow  
 Has wrapp'd his Highland maid.

My father's shieling on the hill,  
 Is cheerless now and sad ;  
 The passing breezes whisper still,  
 " You've lost your Highland lad."  
 Upon Culloden's fatal heath  
 He spak o' me they said,  
 And faulter'd wi' his dying breath,  
 " Adieu ! my Highland maid."

The weary night for rest I seek,  
 The langsome day I mourn,  
 The smile upon my wither'd cheek  
 Ah ! never can return.  
 But soon beneath the sod I'll lie,  
 In yonder lowly glade,  
 Where haply ilka passer by  
 Shall mourn the Highland maid.

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SIR BENJAMIN BUFFSTRAP.\*

AIR,—“ *Black Jock.*”

HAVE you heard of Sir Benjamin Buffstrap, the Broad,  
 That knight of the razor so outre and odd—  
 The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar ?

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\* This clever, little, facetious, bustling personage, is a particular friend of the author ; is considered a great accession to every social party—and is as ready at repartee as the celebrated Jemmy Wright. He still resides at Barrowfield bar, Bridgeton—is barber, toll-man, spirit-dealer, farmer of ladle-dues, draff and sand contractor, punster, and poet. The term barbarous, has only an alliterative application ; the worthy polisher of chins is as smooth and agreeable in his manners as the edge of his own blades.

Sure a sharper short shaver has seldom been seen,  
 With his buffstrap so black and his blades all so keen,  
 And his suds in his soap-box as white as the snow—  
 How closely the crop of the chin he can mow !

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

Though a barbarous barber Sir Benjamin be,  
 Yet, like his neighbour shaver, no Savage† is he,

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar :

For all his barbarities tend but to smooth  
 The wrinkles of age down to dimples of youth,  
 While the blood of his victims he studiously spares,  
 And only cuts off stiff rebellious hairs—

The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar.

This barbarous barber's a wonderful wight,  
 For his breadth is exactly the length of his height !—

The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar ;

And his broad bluff face is so pregnant with glee,  
 And his wild wit comes flashing so fearless and free,  
 That to see and to hear him, I'm certain would make  
 A whole congregation of Quakers' sides ache—

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

'Tis said, too, that he can disguise so the truth,  
 As to give to old age the resemblance of youth—

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar ;

Can make the dark countenance lively and fair,  
 And give the bald pate an exub'rance of hair ;  
 Nay, more—by the help of his combs and his curls,  
 Can transform mouldy maids into gay giddy girls—

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

Long may this sharp shaver successfully shave  
 The chin of the just man—the cheek of the knave—

\* Savage is the name of a neighbour strap

But while light sweeps his hand o'er the honest man's chin,  
 Ne'er causing wry faces, nor scratching the skin,  
 May the cheek of the villain severely be stung  
 By the rough rugged razor, or keen cutting tongue,  
 Of the barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

ALEX. RODGER.

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THE BLACK SHEEP.\*

AIR,—“*John Anderson my jo.*”

OH John, what can be keeping you—how lang man, will ye  
 bide,  
 Ye surely hae mista'en your road, and dauner't into Clyde;  
 Here weary by the ingle side, a lanely wife I sit—  
 I'm sure that's Twa that's chappit noo, and nae word o' ye  
 yet.

Of our John's reformation I lang hae tint a' houp,  
 He never thinks o' rising while a drap there's in the stoup:  
 Wi' gaunting and wi' gaping, my puir head's like to split—  
 I hear his voice upon the stair—and surely that's his fit.

(*John soliloquising on the stair.*) “That's no our stair—no the ane  
 that I gang up to my nest on—I think it's coming down to meet me—  
 and it's gaun round about too—there's no twa stanes in't like ane  
 anither—some o' them wad haud twa feet, and ithers a sparrow couldna  
 get fittin' on. Weel, gin I were at the head o't, and on the inside o' my  
 ain door, I'll raise a skellihewit wi' Janet, it will I—because, gin I  
 dinna do't wi' her, she'll do't wi' me—an' a man should be aye master  
 in his ain house, right or wrang; it's a' the same whether the parritch is  
 ready or no—on the fire or aft'—cauld or het, I maun be het;—if she's pou-

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\* This piece of exquisite humour is a contribution of the late John Carrick, to the second series of the Laird of Logan, and we have thought that it is not out of its element in this collection.



terin' at the fire, and keeping it in for me, I'll tell her she had nae business staying up—she might hae been aneath the blankets, for she would pouter a while, afore the fire could len' ony light for me to come hame wi';—and if she be in her bed, I'll make her lugs stoun' wi' her carelessness about her half marrow—that he might hae been robbed or murdered for ony care she had o' him, but lying there snoring like a dog in a tod's hole.—But there she is—I hear her,—can I really be angry wi' her?—Yes; I maun be angry at something.”—(*Chaps.*) (*Enquires*)—“Wha's that?” “Open the door, and ye'll see—it's ill to ken folk through a twa-inch plank.” “I would like to ken wha it is, before I open my door to ony body.” “Weel, Janet, you're perfectly right—there's naething like being cautious.” “Is't you, John, after a' ? siccan a night as I hae spent, thinking a' the ills on earth had happened to you; whar hae ye been, John?” “Oh, Janet, dinna be in sic a hurry.” “In a hurry, John, near three o'clock in the morning!” “Janet, it's the first time since you and I cam thegither, that I hae seen you wasting ony thing!” “Me wasting, John!—the only thing I'm wasting is mysel.” “Na, Janet, that's no what I mean; what's the use o' burning twa crusies to let ae body see—an' ye might hae lighted half a dizen an' they a' couldna let me see to come hame?” John, John, you're seeing wi' mae een than your Maker gied ye this night—your een are just gaun thegither.” “I'm no a hair fley'd for that, my doo, Janet, as lang's my nose is atween them.” “Ou ay, John, but ye hav'na tell't me whar ye hae been till this time in the morning?” “Did ye ever hear sic a high wind as is blawin' frae the lift this night? the cluds will be blawn a' to rags—there'll no be a hale corner left in them to haud a shower in, afore the mornin'—no a gas-lamp blinkin' in the Trongate; gin ye get up wi' the ducks in the mornin', Janet, you'll see the Green scattered ower wi' the kye's horns, for they couldna keep their roots in siccan a win'—an' ye'll get them for the gathering.” “Ay, John, it's a high wind, but for any thing that I hear, it's blawin' nae higher than your ain head; whar was ye?” “Dear me, did I no tell ye, Janet? I'll hae forgotten then; I might hae tell't ye—I'm sure I was nae ill gate—that's a lang an' no vera tenty stair o' ours to come up; I maist missed my fit this night coming up it mair than ance—we'll hae to flit next term I doubt; ye maun gang and look after anither ane the morn, an'

I'll gang wi' ye—twa heads are better than ane, quo' the wife, gaun wi' her dog to the market." "Come, come, John, nane o' your palavers, ye needna think to draw the blade ower an auld body's e'e; the stair, John, atweel's nane o' the best, but the stair that would suit you best this night, is ane wi' nae steps in't;—but whar was ye? and wha was ye wi'?" "Janet, ye hae little pity for me; if I should crack ane o' my pins (limbs) ye maybe think because I'm a shaver o' corks, that I can easily mak' a new ane—but, Janet, fu' o' curiosity too! woman, it's a dangerous thing to be ower inquisitive—ye mind what the mither o' us' got by't; besides, 'Gied,' as honest Rabbie Burns says, 'the infant world a shug, maist ruined a'—oh, but it is a pithy word that *shug!* there's no a part o' speech in the English tongue like it." "Whaur was ye, John, *whaur?* I doubt ye hae been in ill company, this night—ye never put me aff this way before; will ye no tell me, John?" "Weel, weel, Janet, dinna be sae tontit about it—I was awa' at a burial." "At a burial, John!—what burial could there be at this hour? It could be nae decent body, I'm sure, that had to be huddled awa' at sic an untimeous time o' nicht." "'Deed, Janet, you're richt there; she was a very troublesome kind o' body, and raised muckle discord amang families; we were a'saying, she's weel awa' if she bide." "But wha is she?" "Just our auld frien' ANNIE, and she never cam about the house but *ill weather* was sure to follow; now, I think ye may guess." "Ay, puir body!—has she win' awa' at length, puir creature. Annie! Annie!—oh aye, but whan I mind—there's mae Annie's than ane—was it Annie Spittle?" "Oh no, it wasna her, poor body!" "Was it Annie Dinwiddie?" "No; that woman's *din* is enough to drive ony man to the *muddie*." "Weel, John, I ken nae mae o' the name; but I see you're just trying, as usual, to mak' game o' me. Wæs me! it's a hard thing to be keepit sae lang out o' my bed to be made a fou man's fool."

Says John, "no ane that ye hae nam'd 's the lassie that I mean—

Ae Annie yet, my dearest doo, ye hae forgotten clean;  
 We buried ANI-MOSITY—and trowth I thought it fit,  
 That whan we had her in the yird, a skinfu' I should get."

# WHISTLE-BINKIE.



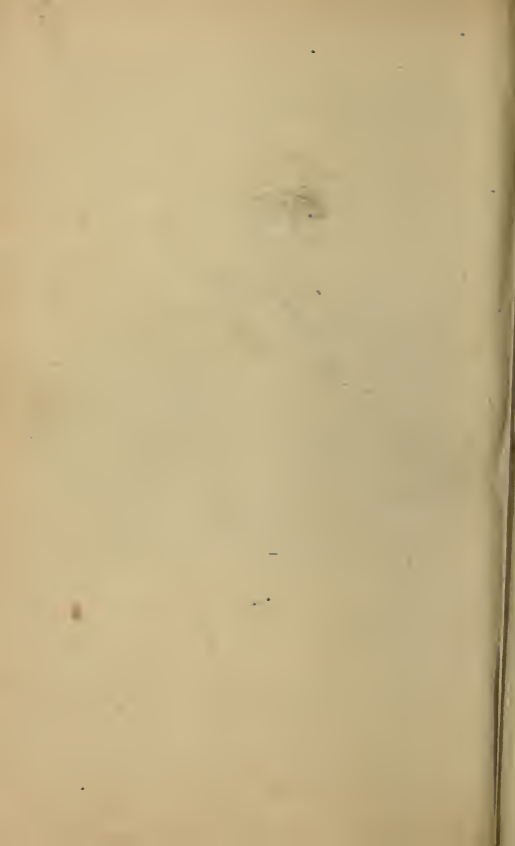
THE ORIGINAL OF "JOHNNIE M'GILL."

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THIRD SERIES.

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DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.



# WHISTLE-BINKIE.

## THIRD SERIES.

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### OUR FAIR YOUNG QUEEN.

AIR—"Caledonia."

O! SCOTLAND's hills are bonny hills,  
A' clad wi' heather bells,  
And music warbles in the rills  
Which sport adown the dells;  
And there be glens in fair Scotland  
Where foe hath never been,  
And wild and free we'll keep them yet  
For our young Queen!

O! wad she cross the Tweed some day,  
Our Scottish glens to view,  
Our fairy lakes and streamlets grey,  
Lone isles and mountains blue.  
And see auld Scotland's goodly bands,  
Wi' belt and buckle sheen,  
In proud array come forth to greet  
Their fair young Queen!

For Scotland has her yeomen leal,  
And sturdy loons they be,  
That whirl, like willow wands, their steel,  
When marshall'd on the lea.

And should a foe invade our soil,  
 No braver band, I ween,  
 Would fight beneath the banners broad  
 Of our young Queen !

And Scotland has her clansmen brave,  
 Who bear the targe and brand ;  
 Who'd spend their dearest blood to save  
 Their own romantic land.  
 And they would leave their hills of mist,  
 And glens of lovely green,  
 To form a living bulwark round  
 Their fair young Queen !

And Scotland has her lovely ones,  
 A beauteous train are they ;  
 But much she mourns her tuneful sons,  
 Her bards and minstrels gray.  
 For they who wak'd her sweetest lyres,  
 Sleep 'neath the turf so green,  
 We've few to sing the welcome now  
 Of our young Queen !

We've heard of merry England's scenes,  
 And trusty souls are there ;  
 And Erin boasts her green domains,  
 Rich woods, and prospects fair.  
 But Scotland boasts her stormy hills,  
 Where freemen aye have been,  
 O come and let us doat on thee,  
 Our fair young Queen !

*James Murray*

## OUR BRAW UNCLE.

*Set to Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.*

My auld uncle Willie cam down here frae Lunnon,  
 An' wow but he was a braw man ;  
 An' a' my puir cousins around him cam rinnin',  
 Frae mony a lang mile awa, man.

My uncle was rich, my uncle was proud—  
 He spak o' his gear, and he bragg'd o' his gowd ;  
 An' whate'er he hinted, the puir bodies vow'd  
 They wad mak' it their love an' their law, man.

He staid wi' them a' for a week time about,  
 Feastin', an' fuddlin', an' a', man,  
 Till their pantries and patience he baith riddled out,  
 An' they thocht he was ne'er gaun awa', man.  
 And neither he was ; he had naething to do,  
 He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too ;  
 Though they ne'er saw a boddle they'd naething to say,  
 For they thocht they wad soon hae it a', man.

But when our braw uncle had stay'd here a year,  
 I trow but he wasna a sma' man,  
 Their tables cam down to their auld hamilt cheer,  
 An' he gat himsel' book'd to gae 'wa'. man.  
 Yet e'er the coach started, the hale o' his kin  
 Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in,  
 And they prest on him presents o' a' they could fin',  
 An' he vow'd he had *done* for them a', man.

And sae did he too ; for he never cam' back,  
 My sang ! but he wasna a raw man,  
 To feast for a year without paying a plack,  
 An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.

An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed  
 O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed.  
 The best o't, when auld uncle Willie was dead,  
 He left them—*just naething ava, man.*

*James Ballantyne*

---

WILLIE WINKIE. \*

*A Nursery Rhyme.*

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the toon,  
 Up stairs an' doon stairs in his nicht-gown,  
 Tirlin' at the window, crying at the lock,  
 "Are the weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?  
 The cat's singin' grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,  
 The dog's speldert on the floor and disna gie a cheep,  
 But here's a waukrife laddie, that *wunna fa' asleep.*"

Onything but sleep, you rogue, glow'ring like the moon,  
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,  
 Rumblin', tumblin' roon about, crawin' like a cock,  
 Skirlin like a kenna-what, waukenin' sleepin' fock.

"Hey Willie Winkie, the wean's in a creel,  
 Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a verra eel,  
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug and raveling a' her thrums—  
 Hey Willie Winkie—see there he comes."

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\* The Scottish Nursery Morpheus.



Wearit is the mither that has a stoorie wean,  
 A wee, stumpie, stousie, that canna rin his lane,  
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep afore he'll close an e'e—  
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips, gies strength anew to me.

William Miller

---

THE E'ENING DRAPPIE.

AIR—"When the kye come hame."

While drinkers revel in excess, let tenty folk abstain,  
 The spendthrift meet the knave's caress, the miser hoard  
 his gain,

We scorn excess in ilka form, and keep the line between,  
 Aye steerin' clear o' calm and storm, when o'er a glass at e'en.

Wi' it the auld heart canty grows, the waefu' cease to  
 mourn,

Within ilk breast a feeling lows, that heats but disna burn.  
 The niggard's hand it opens wide, and makes the simple  
 keen,

A magic change that winna hide, springs frae a glass at  
 e'en.

When nith'rin cares begin to bite, and life's gay spring  
 runs dull.

Afore sic showers o' life and light, they tide it fresh and  
 full.

Ilk clud frae aff the mind it blaws, and leaves the soul se-  
 rene,

An' ilka frosty feeling thaws, outowre a glass at e'en.

The tale that's told o' ithers' we comes wi' a sharper thrill,  
 And melts and moulds wi' kindly glow, ilk passion to its  
 will,

Our very feelings, thaw'd wi' it, to virtue's side will lean,  
 It waukens pity, sharpens wit, a canny glass at e'en.

The stane that plumbs the sleeping pool, an eddy frae it  
 springs,

Till owre the surface nought is found but wavy wimplin  
 rings,

And so the stagnant, selfish heart, where feeling ne'er was  
 seen,

Wi' kindness circles and expands, when owre a glass at e'en.

When round the fire we tak our sup, ilk feelin' brighter  
 beams,

The ills o' life a' bundled up, leave nought but pleasant  
 dreams,

Ilk object bears a warmer tint, afore that wasna seen,

Ane likes the warld and a' that's in't, when o'er a glass at  
 e'en.

*M. A. Foster*

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#### THE ROYAL UNION.

THERE'S joy in the Lowlands and Highlands,

There's joy in the hut and the ha' ;

The pride o' auld Britain's fair islands,

Is woo'd and wedded an' a' :

She's got the dear lad o' her choosing—

A lad that's baith gallant and braw ;

And lang may the knot be a-loosing

That firmly has buckled the twa.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a',  
 Buckled an' bedded an' a',  
 The loveliest lassie in Britain  
 Is woo'd an' wedded an' a'.

May heaven's all-bountiful Giver  
 Shower down his best gifts on the twa ;  
 May love round their couch ever hover,  
 Their hearts close and closer to draw.  
 May never misfortune o'ertake them,  
 Nor blast o' adversity blaw ;  
 But every new morning awake them  
 To pleasures unsullied as snaw.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a', &c.

Then here's to our Queen an' her Marrow,  
 May happiness ay be their fa',  
 May discord and sickness and sorrow  
 Be banished for ever their ha'.  
 So, fy let us coup aff our bicker,  
 And toast meikle joy to the twa,  
 And may they, till life's latest flicker,  
 Together in harmony draw.

Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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THE AULD GUDWIFE AN' HER FOUR GUDE  
 KYE.

AIR.—“*Cutty-spoon an' tree-ladle.*”

THE auld gudewife gade out at c'en,  
 An' owre the craft her leefu' lane,  
 An' sought her kye and cried them hame,  
 An ca'd them ilka ane by name.

Come hame, ye jauds! the byre is clean,  
 Your lair is made o' the breckans green,  
 An' the yellow clover fills your sta;  
 Come hame, ye jauds!—come here awa'.

Come hame, &c.

What hauds the house i' saip an' saut,  
 What buys the houps to brew the maut,  
 An' mony a needfu' thing forbye?  
 Atweel its just my four gude kye.  
 Better kye there's nae i' the braes,  
 Brownie for butter, Brandie for cheese,  
 Hawkie for milk, Hornie for whey;  
 I wat fu' weel I'm proud o' my kye.

Better kye, &c.

*Alexander*

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OH! AND NO.

“Mary, Mary, long have I  
 Heaved for thee the weary sigh.”

“Oh!” said she,

“Canst thou not some kindness shew  
 Him that doteth on thee so?”

“No!” said she.

“Hast thou not, upon my breast,  
 Love as warm as mine confessed?”

“Oh!” said she.

“I charge thee, then, if thou art true,  
 Do as love would have thee do.”

“No!” said she.

“By that cheek, whose living red  
 Shames the tint o'er rose-leaves shed!”

“Oh!” said she,

“ Let that cheek, I charge thee, know  
Love’s deeper, richer, warmer, glow !”

“ No !” said she.

“ By thine eye, whose dazzling blue  
Dulls the light of heaven’s own hue !”

“ Oh !” said she,

“ Let, I charge thee, love inspire  
That holy eye with subtler fire !”

“ No !” said she.

“ Still one plea remains at least,  
Might not we go seek the priest ?”

“ Oh !” said she,

“ If I asked you there to fly,  
Could you still my suit deny ?—

“ No !” said she.

*I Buchanan Hall*

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DRINKING SONG.

AIR.—“ *Fake away.*”

SEE, see that each glass, and each jug be full,  
Each jug be full !

We must have a strong, and a powerful pull,  
Drink away !

And I’ll tell you to-night, if you all agree,  
A bit of my mind in a melodie,

Then drink away, boys, drink away !  
Steadily, readily, drink away !

I know there are fools in this world who sneer,  
In this world who sneer,

At our merry songs, and our hearty cheer,  
Drink away !

But wine is good is wise Solomon's say,  
 To fill up the cracks in our thirsty clay,  
     Then drink away, boys, drink away!  
     Cheerily, merrily, drink away!

See, see that ye fill, boys! for time and tide,  
     For time and tide,  
 The old sages say, will on no man bide,  
     Drink away!

But what care we how the tides may go,  
 When the rivers of wine beside us flow?  
     Then drink away, boys, drink away!  
     Steadily, readily, drink away!

I wish that the wise in their solemn schools,  
     In their solemn schools,  
 Would mix with their mournful, some merry rules,  
     Drink away!

And if wisdom, old lady, wont dry her tears,  
 We must pack her off with our roaring cheers;  
     Then drink away, boys, drink away!  
     Cheerily, merrily, drink away!

See, see that you fill, boys! come now a toast!  
     Come now a toast!

Here's a health to the lass each lad loves most!  
     Drink away!

And thick be the thorns on his life's highway,  
 Who would a sweet lass, or a friend betray!  
     Then drink away, boys, drink away!  
     Steadily, readily, drink away!

*A MacLellan*

## DRINKIN' BODY.

AIR.—“*Dainty Davie.*”

O' MONY ills we ken thee bie,  
 Drinkin' body, blinkin' body;  
 And fearfu' ills I wat they be,  
 Auld drinkin', blinkin' body.

O! mony ills we ken thee bie,  
 Thy tremblin' han', and sunken e'e,  
 The sad effects o' barley-bree,  
 Poor drinkin', blinkin' body.

Thou's scarce a dud upon thy back,  
 Reckless body, feckless body!  
 Whilk ance was clad right bein, alack!  
 Auld reckless, feckless body!

Thou's scarce a dud upon thy back,  
 Just like a house without its thack!  
 And yet thou'lt fuddle ilka plack,  
 Poor reckless, feckless body.

Thou boasted ance thy lands to plough,  
 Tauntin' body, vauntin' body;  
 Thy sax guid yads as ever drew,  
 Auld tauntin', vauntin' body;

Thou boasted ance thy lands to plough;  
 A butt, a ben, and aumry fu',  
 But whar the mischief are they now?  
 Poor tauntin', vauntin' body.

Now, thou's neither milk nor meal,  
 Senseless body, mensless body,  
 Buttered cake, nor kebbuc-heel,  
 Auld senseless, mensless body.

Now thou's neither milk nor meal,  
 Weel stock'd byre, nor cozy beil;  
 Thou's dancin' daily to the deil!  
 Poor mensless, senseless body.

Gif sober housewife say thou's wrang,  
 Tatter'd body, batter'd body,  
 When 'gainst her winnock thou com'st bang,  
 Auld tatter'd, batter'd body.

Gif sober housewife say thou's wrang,  
 Thou bids her for a witch gae hang,  
 'Sync dings her wi' a roguish sang,  
 Poor tatter'd, batter'd body.

For gudesake mend while yet thou can,  
 Witless body, fitless body ;  
 Foresake thy drouthy, clouty clan,  
 Auld witless, fitless, body.

For gudesake mend, if yet thou can ;  
 'Tis human nature's wisest plan,  
 To sink the brute and raise the man !  
 Poor witless, fitless body.

*A MacLellan*

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MAY, SWEET MAY.

O ! MAY, dear May,  
 A thousand welcomes, May !  
 At sight of thee my spirit springs  
 Aloft, as it were borne on wings !  
 Nor care, nor toil,  
 I reck the while  
 I'm basking in thy glorious smile,  
 Upon thy bosom, May.

O ! May, dear May,  
 Fond, flowery-bosom'd May !



Thy briery-scented breath again  
 Plays round my cheek, as fresh as when  
     Upon the green,  
     From morn till e'en,  
 With dallyings of love between,  
 I danced with thee, young May.

O ! May, dear May,  
 Blithe, song-inspiring May !  
 Thy joyful presence setteth free  
 The slumb'ring founts of melody.  
     And young and old,  
     The dull, the cold,  
 Their summer songs and hearts unfold,  
 To greet thy coming, May.

O ! May, dear May,  
 Sport, laughter-loving May !  
 Hie we to thy woodbine bowers,  
 Nor idly spend the fleeting hours,  
     For soon, too soon !  
     The waning moon  
 Will bring thy buxom sister, June,  
 And banish thee, sweet May.

O ! May, dear May,  
 Ripe, rosy-lipped May,  
 'Tho' brief the while thou ling'rest here,  
 I'll woo thee all the coming year ;  
     For she, sweet life !  
     My promised wife,  
 With every charm of nature rife,  
 Thine image is, my May.

O ! May, dear May,  
 Mine own loved natal May,

Thy blessed light it was which first  
 Upon mine infant eyelids burst ;  
     And when they close,  
     With all my woes,  
 And I am laid to long repose,  
 Light thou my grave, loved May.

*W Ferguson*

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THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

AIR—" *Brose and Butter.*"

Our May had an e'e to a man,  
     Nae less than the newly-placed Preacher ;  
 And we plotted a dainty bit plan  
     For trapping our spiritual teacher.  
 O, we were sly, sly ! O, we were sly and sleekit !  
 But ne'er say a herring is dry until it be reestit and reekit.

We treated young Mr M'Gock,  
     We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy ;  
 And we praised every word that he spoke,  
     Till we put him maist out o' the body.  
     O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

And then we grew a' unco guid—  
     Made lang faces aye in due season ;  
 When to feed us wi' spiritual fuid,  
     Young Mr M'Gock took occasion.  
     O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',  
     Except when frae hame he was helping ;

And then May, and often us a',  
Gaed far and near after him skelping.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought droll,  
That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,  
Was, though a wee dry on the whole,  
As refreshing as dews on Mount Hermon.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—  
The dainty bit plan that we plotted  
Was to get a subscription afit,  
And a *watch* to the minister voted.  
O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk,  
By turns lent a hand in collecting ;  
But May took the feck o' the wark,  
And the trouble the rest o' directing.  
O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyvo,  
And May, wi' sma' prigging, consentit  
To be ane o' a party o' five  
To gang to the Manse and present it.  
O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice  
To May in a deep consultation,  
To hae something to say unco nice,  
And to speak for the hale deputation.  
O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

Taking present and speech baith in hand.  
May delivered a bonny palaver,  
To let Mr M'Gock understand  
How zealous she was in his favour.  
O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove  
 That his female friends valued him highly,  
 But it couldna express a' their love ;  
 And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.  
 O, we were sly, sly, ! &c.

He put the gold watch in his fab,  
 And proudly he said he would wear it ;  
 And, after some flattering gab,  
 Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.

O, we were sly, sly ! O, we were sly and sleekit !  
 But Mr M'Gock was nae gowk wi' our dainty bit plan to be  
 cleekit.

May cam' hame wi' her heart at her mouth,  
 And became frae that hour a Dissenter ;  
 And now she's renewing her youth,  
 Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.

O, but she's sly, sly ! O, but she's sly and sleekit !  
 And cleverly opens ae door as soon as anither ane's steekit.

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#### TA KRAN HIGHLAN' PAGPIPE.

You'll may spoke o' ta fittle, you'll may prag o' ta flute,  
 Ay an' clafer o' pynas, pass trums, clairnet an' lute,  
 Put ta far pestest music you'll may heard, or will fan,  
 Is ta kreat Hielan pagpipe, ta kran Hielan pagpipe, ta prite  
 o' ta lap'.

O ! tere is no one can knew all her feelin', her thought,  
 Whan ta soon o' ta pibroch, will langsyne to her prought,  
 An' her mint whirl rount apout wi' ta pleasure once fan,  
 Whan she hears ta kreat pagpipe, ta kran, &c.

A teefishal lee is tolt apout Orpus, poor shiel,  
 Who went awa' toon to peg her wife pack frae ta teil,  
 Tey'll tolt tat she sharm'd Satan wi' a lute in her han',  
 No such thing, 'twas ta pagpipe, ta kran Hielan, &c.

It is lang since ako, tey'll spoke o' music ta got,  
 (Apollo tey ca' her) put she'll thocht fery ott  
 Tat tey'll paint her, so ponny, wi' a lyre in her han',  
 When tey'll knew 'twas the pagpipe, &c.

Fan ta Greck wi' him's pibrochs sharmed Allister Mhor,  
 And made him's heart merry—and made him's heart sore,  
 Made him greet like a childrens, and swore like a man,  
 Was't his lyre?—'twas ta pagpipe, &c.

Whan ta clans all pe kather't, an' all reaty for fought,  
 To ta soon o' ta fittle, woult tey march, tid you'll thought?  
 No, not a foot woult tey went, not a claymore pe trawn,  
 Till tey heard ta kreat pagpipe, ta kran, &c.

'Whan ta funeral is passin' slow, slow through ta klen,  
 Ta hearts all soft wi' ouskie, what prings tears from ta men?  
 Tis ta Coronach's loot wail soonin', solemn an' kran,  
 From ta kreat Hielan pagpipe, ta kran Hielan, &c.

Whan ta wattin' teuks place, O! what shoy, frolic, an' fun,  
 An' ta peoples all meetit, an' ta proose has peen run,  
 Tere's no music for tancin', has yet efer peen fan,  
 Like ta kreat Hielan pagpipe, ta kran Hielan, &c.

O, tat she hat worts to tolt all her lofe an' telight  
 She has in ta pagpipe, twoult teuk long, long years to write;  
 Put she'll shust teuk a trap before her task she'll pegan;  
 So here's to ta pagpipe, ta kran Hielan pagpipe, ta prite o'  
 ta lan'.

*Alex Fisher*

## THE LONELY DWELLIN'.

O! I ha'e seen the wild flowers blaw  
 On gentle Spring's returnin',  
 O! I ha'e seen the sere leaves fa',  
 And Nature clad in mournin';  
 But even then, my heart was light,  
 I knew nor care nor sorrow;  
 For Fancy painted a' things bright,  
 And Hope smiled on the morrow.

Now, waes my heart! the flowers may blaw,  
 The fleeting seasons vary;  
 I only mark the leaves that fa'  
 Around the grave o' Mary!  
 The moaning winds of Winter rise,  
 And on the ear come swellin';  
 While crisp and cauld the cranreuch lies  
 Upon her lonely dwellin'.

*Charles Gray*

## AS I WEND THROUGH THE WILD WOOD.

THE gloamin' is gloomin', the daylight awa',  
 Adown the lang loanin' the owsen come slaw,  
 Lowne sings the mavis on yonder auld tree,  
 And the lark leaves the clud for its nest on the lea;  
 As I wend through the wild wood, the dark wood, sae  
 eerie,  
 As I wend through the lang wood to meet thee, my  
 dearie.

The auld crazy mill seems to deepen its din,  
 While louder the burnie rairs o'er the wee lin,  
 And the bowl of the mastiff, sae lang and sae drear,  
 'Maist dauntens my heart as it fa's on my car.

As I wend, &c.

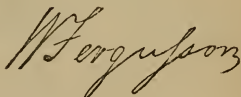
Nae moon climbs the dull lift, sae bare and sae blue,  
 Whare ae little starnie looks glimmering through ;  
 And the saft westlin' breeze as it passes me by,  
 Lifts the locks frae my brow wi' a pitifu' sigh.

As I wend, &c.

Ilk wee bird has faulded its wing for the night,  
 And the howlet belyve, frae yon auld turret's height,  
 Whare it dozes its lane, will be hootin' awa'  
 To the wandering sterns as they rise and they fa'.

Then haste through the wild wood, the dark wood sae  
 eerie,

Haste, haste through the lang wood to meet me, my  
 dearie.




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#### THE BOROUGH BAILIE.

To our borough my lord in his chariot rolled,  
 And his flunkies were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
 And the smile on his face, and the glance of his e'e  
 Seemed as fair to my sight as the flowers on the lea.

Like bees round their hives when the summer is green,  
 The councillors all round the tavern were seen ;  
 Like bees when the leaves of the forest are strewn,  
 That party by midnight were all overthrown.

For the steam of the alcohol rose to their brains,  
 And the window-frames shook with their bacchanal strains,  
 And in bumpers they drank to his lordship's success,  
 Till they dropt on the carpet like pears on the grass.

And there lay the butcher in holiday pride,  
 Not a cowl on his head, nor a steel by his side,  
 And the *sugh* of the sleeper waxed noisier still,  
 Though the shoemaker bawled for a *finishing* gill.

And there lay the tailor dejected and wan,  
 A shriveled abortion,—a fraction of man ;—  
 And the room is all silent, the carpet all wet ;  
 The tumblers demolished, the tables upset.

And the matrons were angry and loud in their wail,  
 That their doves had imbibed so much whisky and ale ;  
 But a compliment kindly and decently shored,\*  
 And they melted in smiles at the glance of my lord !

*J. Vedder*

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THE TOWN PIPER'S LAY.

AIR—“ *Will ye gang to the ewe-bughts, Marion ?* ”

NAINSEL frae ta hills wad pe flittin',

An' come to a toon on ta coast :

An' as it was proper and fittin',

She soon got a shentleman's post.

Her cousin ta laird o' Petgrunsel

A letter did send in a crack ;

An' syne frae ta provos' an' council

She got a *toon*-coat on her back !



She disna pe drink in ta mornin',  
 Except it be trams ane or twa ;  
 An' when ta lord provos' gies warnin',  
 She aye studes his henchman fu' pra'.  
 She disna pe drink in ta e'enin',  
 Unless it pe four or five cann ;  
 An' if she behaves where she's peen in,  
 She'll soon pe ta provos' pest man.

She marches ilk week to ta preachin',  
 An' shoulders her halbert like daft ;  
 An' aye while ta minister's teachin',  
 She sleeps in ta magistrate's laft.  
 But though she's o' shentle connexion,  
 She scorns for to prag or to plaw ;  
 Weel may ye deshest your refection !  
 Goot night, Sirs, an' shoy wi' ye a' !

*D. Vedder*

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#### LAUCHIE FRASER'S PROMOTIONS.

AIR—"Johnny Cope."

NAINSEL she was porn 'mang ta Hielan' hills,  
 'Mang ta goats, an' ta sheeps, an' ta whiskee stills,  
 An' ta brochan, an' brogues, an' ta snuishin' mills,  
 Oich ! she was ta ponnie land she was porn in :  
 For a' ta lads there will be shentlemaus porn,  
 An' will wear *skean-dhu* an' ta praw snuishin'-horn,  
 An' ta fine tartan trews her praw houghs to adorn,  
 An' mak' her look fu' spruce in ta mornin'.

Noo, ta shentlemans will no like to wroughtin' at a',  
 But she'll sit py ta *grieshach* her haffets to claw;  
 An' pe birsle her shanks, till they're red as ta haw,  
     An' a fu' o' measles ilka mornin'.

But her nainsel' at last to ta Lalans cam' doon,  
 An' will got her a place 'mang ta *mhor* Glaschow toon;  
 Whar she's noo *prush-ta-poot*, an' pe *polish-ta-shoon*,  
     An' pe shentleman's *flunkie* in ta mornin'.

But at last she will turn very full o' ta *proud*,  
 An' she'll hold up her heads, an' she'll spoke very loud,  
 An' she'll look wi' disdains 'pon ta low tirty crowd,  
     Tat will hing 'pout ta doors ilka mornin'.

Noo, her nainsel is go to have one merry ball,  
 Whar she'll dance *Killum Callum*, hoogh! ta best o' them all,  
 For ta ponniest dancer she'll pe in ta hall,  
     Ay, either 'mang ta evenin' or mornin'.

Ither lads will have lassies, hersel will have *no*,  
 It pe far too expense wi' ta *lassie* to go;  
 So, she'll shust dance hersei', her fine *preedings* to show,  
     Tat she learn 'mang ta place she was porn in.  
 Then t2 lads will cry "Lauchie, where from did you'll cam',  
 Tat you'll not give ta lassie ta dance an' ta dram?"  
 But te're a' *trouster mosachs*, every one shust ta sam'  
     They wad spulzie all her sporrان ere ta mornin'.

Noo, she's thochtin' she'll yet turn a praw *waiter's pell*,  
 When she wear ta fine pump an' pe dress very well;  
 An' py Sheorge! ere she'll stop, she'll pe maister hersel,  
     In spite o' a' their taunts an' their scornin'.  
 Syne wha like ta great Maister Fraser will pe,  
 When she'll hing up ta sign o' the "Golden Cross Key,"  
 An' will sit in her parlour her orders to gie  
     To her waiters an' her boots in ta mornin'?

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

## RHYMING RAB O' OUR TOUN.

Down by, near our smiddy, there lives a queer boddie,

As couthie an' canty's the simmer day's lang;

An' auld funny story sets him in his glory,

For aft he knocks 't into some pithy bit sang.

Tho' aye ha'flins modest, his cracks are the oddest

That ever were heard thro' the hale kintry roun',

Aye tauld aff sae freely, sae pauky an' sleely,

He's far an' near kent, Rhyiming Rab o' our toun.

Tho' deep read in pages o' auld langsyne sages,

As meikle 's micht maist turn the pows o' us a'.

Sent soon to the shuttle, his schule-craft 's but little,

Yet auld mither Nature him kindness did shaw;

Wi' first glint o' morning he's up, slumber scorning,

Enraptur'd to hail ilk melodious soun'

Whar clear wimplin' burnie trots slow on its journey,

Ye're sure then to see Rhyiming Rab o' our toun.

When e'en bit a younker, he'd cower in a bunker

Wi' 's beuk, daft gaffawers to mixna amang,

It pleas't him far better than gowk's sillie clatter,

The deeds o' our gutchers in auld Scottish sang.

When e'ening's clud's fa'in', and cauld win's are blawin',

His fireside 's the shelter o' ilk beggar loun,

Wi' kimmer or carle he'd share his last farle,

A warm-hearted chiel's Rhyiming Rab o' our toun.

He's free o' deceivry, the basest o' knavery,

An's blythe aye the face o' a cronnie to see;

Wi' him the lang mouter, mysel' an' the souter,

Hae aften forgather't an' had a bit spree;

There's naething we crack o' but he has the knack o',

When we owre the stoup an' the cauppie sit doun,

Tho' chiel's we've had clever, the equal we never

Had yet o' this bauld Rhyimin' Rab o' our toun.

There 's nae gothic chaumer, whar deils their black glaunc  
 Hae niffert wi' auld wives langsyne, late at e'en ;  
 Nae cave, crag, nor cairnie, by time-blasted thornie,  
 Owre Scotland's braid borders that he hasna seen.  
 But this Monday comin' we meet at the gloamin,  
 In wee Andro Sibbal's, our sorrows to droun,  
 Sae gin, my auld hearty, ye're ane o' the party,  
 Ye'll baith see an' hear Rhymin Rab o' our toun.

Robert Clark

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SWEET MAY! SWEET MAY!

AIR—“ *Miss Graham of Inchbraickie.*”

SWEET May! sweet May! revives again  
 The buds and blossoms of the year ;  
 And, clad anew, each hill and plain  
 In emerald green appear.  
 How bright the view from yonder bank,  
 Of primroses and daisies fair,  
 Where high o'er head the joyous lark  
 Makes vocal all the air ;  
 And round and round the spangl'd mead  
 The bounding lambkins frisk and play,  
 And little rills, like living light,  
 Gleam in the sunny ray.

But what were nature's fairest scenes,  
 Though grac'd with all her gayest flowers,  
 Unless we lov'd, unless we felt,  
 One fond, fond heart, were ours!

Then come, my own dear Mary, come,  
 My all on earth I prize most dear;  
 And in yon blooming hawthorn shade,  
 The glowing landscape near,  
 I'll tell to thee my hopes and fears,  
 And all my heart to thee confess,  
 And if thou giv'st me love for love,  
 I'll own no higher bliss.

*Muswell*

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#### OUR PUIR COUSIN.

*To an original Air, by Peter M'Leod, Esq.*

My young cousin Peggy cam down frae Dunkeld,  
 Wi' nae word o' lawlants ava, man,  
 But her blue speakin' een a' her kind meaning tald,  
 An' her brow shone as white as the snaw, man;  
 She cam here to shear, and she stay'd here to spin,  
 She wrought wi' the fraumit, an' liv't wi' her kin,  
 She laid naething out, but she laid muckle in,  
 An' she livit upon naething ava, man.

An' wow but the lassie was pawky an' slee,  
 For she smiled an' she smirkit till a', man,  
 Growing a' bodies' bodie, baith muckle an' wee,  
 An' our folk wadna let her awa, man,  
 For when there was trouble or death in the house,  
 She tended the sick-bed as quiet as a mouse,  
 An' wrought three folks' wark aye sae canny an' douce,  
 Ye wad thought she did naething ava, man.

She grew rich in beauty, she grew rich in gear,  
 She learnt to speak lawlants an' a', man;  
 Her wit it was keen, and her head it was clear,  
 My sang, she was match for us a', man;  
 She was trysted to suppers, and invitit to teas,  
 Gat gude wappin' presents, an' braw slappin' fees,  
 An' een my ain billies sae kittle to please,  
 She tickled the hearts o' them a', man.

But the sweet Highland lassie, sae gentle and meek,  
 Refused them for gude an' for a', man,  
 Aye gaun to the auld Highlan' kirk ilka week,  
 While the minister aft gae a ca', man;  
 O his was the fervour, and her's was the grace,  
 They whisper'd sweet Gælic, he gazed in her face,  
 Like light, true love travels at nae laggard pace—  
 She's the star o' his heart an' his ha', man.

*James Bullentine*

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#### THE BORRISTOUN.

*Written to an unpublished Gaelic Melody.*

'Twas on a cauld an' rainy day,  
 When coming owre the hills o' Dee,  
 I met a lassie young an' gay,  
 Wi' rosy cheeks an' lily bree:  
 An' laith that sic a flow'r should bloom,  
 Without the bield o' bush or tree;  
 I said, my lassie, will ye come  
 An' dwell in Borrístoun wi' me?

O wha may think to stay the hand  
 That turns the page o' destinie ?  
 The broken ship has come to land,  
 The stately bark has sunk at sea.  
 But fain to woo, and free to wed,  
 I'll bless the doom I hae to dree  
 That ettled her, my Highland maid,  
 To dwell in Borristoun wi' me !

*Always*

---

PETTICOAT WOOING.

AIR—"Braes of Bogie."

YE'LL come to the woin', dear laddie,  
 Ye'll come to the woin' at e'en ;  
 An' gin ye can win my auld daddie,  
 We'se sune mak a bridal, I ween.  
 'Tis true we hae baith a beginnin',  
 Tho' nane o' his siller we see ;  
 But the gudewill is aye worth the winnin'  
 Whan there's mair than gude wishes to gie.

Your *love* you may hang i' the widdie—  
 Your *sighs* you may stick to the wa' ;  
 They'll do wi' the dochter, my laddie,  
 But no wi' the daddie at a' :  
 Ye'll crack awa doucely an' cannie,  
 Of markets, of farmin', and flocks ;  
 Ye'll ruse up the days o' your grannie,  
 Auld fashions, an' auld-fashion'd fo'ks.

An' whan ye man wish him gude-e'enin',  
 I winna be far out o' view,  
 I'll come frae my dairy or spinnin',  
 An' gang out the loanin' wi' you,  
 An' gin the auld bodie's nae gloomin',  
 Gin nane o' his tauntin' he flings,  
 Niest Friday ye'll ca' i' the gloamin',  
 An' overly speak about things.  
 But gin ye see like a storm brewin',  
 Ye'll to your auld stories again ;  
 An' we'll tak anither week's woin',  
 An' try him mair cannily then.  
 I've heard my ain mither declarin',  
 An' wha cou'd hae kend him sae weel ?  
 My father wad lead wi' a bairn,  
 But wadna be ca'd for the de'il.

*Alasdair*

---

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

O MEIKLE bliss is in a kiss,  
 Whyles mair than in a score,  
 But wae betak the stouin' smack  
 I took ahint the door.  
 "O laddie, whisht! for sic a fright  
 I ne'er was in afore,  
 Fu' brawly did my mither hear  
 The kiss ahint the door.  
 The wa's are thick, ye needna fear,  
 But gin they jeer and mock,  
 I'll swear it was a startit cork,  
 Or wyte the rusty lock.  
 O meikle, &c.



We stappit ben, while Maggie's face  
 Was like a lowin' coal,  
 An', as for me, I could hae crept  
 Into a mouse's hole :  
 The mother lookt, saff's how she look't !  
 Thae mithers are a bore,  
 An' gleg as ony cat to hear  
 A kiss ahint the door.  
 O meikle, &c.

The douce gudeman, tho' he was there,  
 As weel might been in Rome,  
 For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,  
 An' never fashed his thoom.  
 But tittrin' in a corner stood  
 The gawky sisters four,  
 A winter's nicht for me they might  
 Hae stood ahint the door.  
 O meikle, &c.

“How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here ?”  
 The baud gudewife began ;  
 Wi' that a foursome yell gat up,  
 I to my heels an' ran ;  
 A besom whiskit by my lug,  
 An' dishclouts half-a-score,  
 Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,  
 At kissing 'hint the door.  
 O meikle, &c.

T. C. LATTO.

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#### WHEN THE BUTTERFLY.

WHEN the butterfly swung on the rose's fair breast,  
 And zephyrs would steal from the sky,  
 When each bird had for pleasure forsaken the nest,  
 Fair Rosa in anguish would sigh ;

Yet ev'n she was lovely as e'er was the thought  
 Of innocence smiling in sleep ;  
 And happy—till love in her bosom had sought  
 A birth-place, and left her to weep.

When the halls of old Sarnia echoed the song,  
 And the dance and the music were there ;  
 When pleasure and revelry reign'd in the throng,  
 Fair Rosa would sigh in despair ;  
 Yet once would her presence give bliss to the spot  
 Where the hours did in revelry fly ;  
 Yet soon were her name and her presence forgot,  
 And alone she unheeded would sigh.

The roses of health and of beauty soon fled,  
 Youth's noon was benighted with care ;  
 Old Sarnia's sepulchre yawned for the dead,  
 The priest with his missal stood there ;  
 And peaceful and lone in the dark house she sleeps,  
 Where love enters not to annoy,  
 And nought save the wind o'er the dismal spot weeps ;  
 But Rosa will waken in joy.

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### THERE'S A THRILL OF EMOTION.


*Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.*

THERE'S a thrill of emotion, half painful half sweet,  
 When the object of untold affection we meet,  
 But the pleasure remains, though the pang is as brief  
 As the touch and recoil of the sensitive leaf.

There's a thrill of distress, between anger and dread,  
 When a frown o'er the fair face of beauty is spread ;  
 But she smiles—and away the disturber is borne,  
 Like sunbeams dispelling the vapours of morn.

There's a thrill of endearment, all raptures above,  
 When the pure lip imprints the first fond kiss of love!  
 Which, like songs of our childhood, to memory clings;  
 The longest, the last, of terrestrial things.

*E. Bonnell*



SCOTLAND'S GUID AULD CHANNEL STANE.\*

AIR—“*Highland Harry.*”

OF a' the games that e'er I saw,  
 Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,  
 The bravest far aboon them a',  
 Was aye the witching Channel Stane!

O for the Channel Stane!  
 The fell gude game, the Channel Stane!  
 There's no a game amang them a'  
 Can match auld Scotland's Channel Stane!

I've played at quoiting i' my day,  
 And maybe I may do 't again,  
 But still unto mysel' I'd say,  
 O this is no the Channel Stane!

O for, &c.

I've been at bridals unca glad;  
 In courting lassies wondrous fain;  
 But what was a' the fun I've had,  
 Comparit wi' the Channel Stane!

O for, &c.

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\* Another name for the Curling Stone.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,  
 Never to come back again,  
 I'd sweep the mune an' starlits by,  
 And beat them at the Channel Stane.

O for, &c.

We'd boom across the Milky Way,  
 One tee should be the Northern Wain,  
 Another bright Orion's ray,  
 A comet for a Channel Stane!

O for, &c.

*James Magee*

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THE POETS, WHAT FOOLS THEY'RE TO DEAVE US.

AIR—“*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*”

THE poets, what fools they're to deave us,  
 How ilka ane's lassie's sae fine;  
 The first ane's an angel, and, save us!  
 The neist ane you meet wi's divine:  
 An' then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,  
 Be't Katie, or Janet, or Jean;  
 An' the moon or some far awa planet's  
 Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit  
 For figures to set aff their charms,  
 An' no a wee flower but's attackit  
 By poets, like bumbees in swarms.  
 What signifies now a' this clatter  
 By chiels that the truth winna tell?  
 Wad it no be settlin' the matter  
 To say—Lass, ye're just like yoursel?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,  
 For they are no deaf to the din,  
 That, like me, ony puir luckless deevil  
 Daur scarce look the gate they are in!  
 But e'en let them be wi' their scornin',  
 There's a lassie whase name I could tell,  
 Her smile is as sweet as the mornin',  
 But whisht! I am ravin' mysel'.

But he that o' ravin' 's conviekit,  
 When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,  
 May he ne'er get anither strait jacket  
 Than that buckled on by Mess John!  
 An' he wha, though cautious an' canny,  
 The charms o' the fair never saw,  
 Though wise as king SOLOMON'S grannie,  
 I swear is the daftest of a'.

*Robt Gifford*

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#### THE LOSS OF THE ROEBUCK.

How oft by the lamp of the pale waning moon,  
 Would Kitty steal out from the eye of the town;  
 On the beach as she stood, when the wild waves would roll,  
 Her eye shed a torrent just fresh from the soul;  
 And, as o'er the ocean the billows would stray,  
 Her sighs follow after as moaning as they.

I saw, as the ship to the harbour drew near,  
 Hope redden her cheek, then it blanch'd with chill fear ;  
 She wished to inquire of the whispering crew,  
 If they'd spoke with the Roebuck, or ought of her knew ;  
 For long in conjecture her fate had been tost,  
 Nor knew we for certain the Roebuck was lost.

I pitied her feelings, and saw what she'd ask,  
 (For Innocence ever looks through a thin mask,)  
 I stept to Jack Oakum, his sad head he shook,  
 And cast on sweet Kitty a side-glancing look :  
 " The Roebuck has founder'd—the crew are no more—  
 Nor again shall Jack Bowling be welcom'd on shore!"

Sweet Kitty, suspecting, laid hold of my arm :  
 " O tell me," she cried, " for my soul's in alarm ;  
 Is she lost?" I said nothing ; while Jack gave a sigh,  
 Then down dropt the curtain that hung o'er her eye ;  
 Fleeting life, for a moment, seem'd willing to stay,  
 Just flutter'd, and then fled for ever away.

So droops the pale lily, surcharg'd with the shower,  
 Sunk down as with sorrow, so dies the sweet flower ;  
 No sunbeam returning, nor spring ever gay,  
 Can give back the soft breath once wafted away ;  
 The eye-star, when set, never rises again,  
 Nor pilots one vessel more over the main!\*

*S Blamire*

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\* From a forthcoming volume of Poems and Songs by Miss Susanna Blamire, for the first time collected ; with a Memoir and some account of her writings, by Mr. Patrick Maxwell, Edinburgh. Miss Blamire

## MATTHEW M'FARLANE,

## THE KILBARCHAN RECRUIT.

AIR.—“*Kenmure's on an' awa', &c.*”

WHARE cam' the guineas frae, Matthew, my dear ?  
I trow thou had nane till the sodgers cam here ;  
If they be the king's, or the sergeant's, my son,  
Gi'e them back, for thou never maun carry the gun.

Could thou e'er think to gang o'er the braid sea,  
To lea'e the loan-head, the auld bigging, and me ;  
The smith and the smiddy, thy loom, and the lass  
That stands at the gavlè and laughs when ye pass ?

Mind, Matthew ! for thou likes thy belly fu' weel,  
There is naething abroad like our hearty aitmeal,  
Nor guid sheep-head-kail, for nae outlandish woman  
Has the gumption to ken that they need sic a scummin'.

In thy lug tho' that wild Highland sergeant may blaw,  
And talk o' the ferlies he's seen far awa,  
And the pleasures and ease o' a sodgering life,  
Believe me, it's naething but labour and strife !

was a native of Cumberland ; she was born at Thackwood, in the parish of Sowerby, in 1747, and died in Carlisle in 1795. She has long been favourably known as the author of “*What ails this heart o' mine,*” “*The Nabob's Return,*” “*The Chelsea Pensioners,*” and lately has been proved to have written that exquisite Scottish lyric, “*An' ye shall walk in silk attire.*” Her songs amount to between thirty and forty, many of them of surpassing beauty ; and her poems bear the impress of a highly gifted poetical mind.

If thy fit should but slip in the midst o' the drilling,  
 The ranking and rawing, and marching and wheeling,  
 The sergeant would cry, "Shoot the stammering loon!" o'  
 else,

"Tie the soonerel up to the halberds, ye soonerels!"

And when our king George to the wars wad be prancing,  
 Wi' the crown on his head, and his sceptre a' glancing,  
 Wi' chariots, and horsemen, and cornels, a host o' them,  
 And Sergeant M'Tavish as proud as the best o' them;

My son, and the rest o' the puir single men would be  
 Trudging behint them wi' their legs twining wearily;  
 Laden like camels, and cringing like colly dogs,  
 Till the Frenchmen in swarms wad come bizzen about  
 their lugs.

Then to meet Bonaparté rampaging and red  
 To the verra e'en-holes wi' the spilling o' bluid!  
 O, maybe the fiend in his talons wad claught thee!  
 And rive thee to spawls without speering whase augh  
 thee!

Thou maunna wear claes o' red, Matthew M'Farlane!  
 Nor ringe wi' twa sticks on a sheep's-skin, my darlin'!  
 Nor cadge wi' a knapsack frae Dan to Beersheba, nor  
 Dee like thy father at wearifu' Baltimore!

Bide still in Kilbarchan! and wha kens but thou  
 May be some day an elder, and keep a bit cow,  
 And ha'e for thy wife the braw through-ither lass  
 That stands at the gavle and laughs when ye pass.

But if thou maun sodger, and vex thy puir mither,  
 It's ae comfort to me, should I ne'er ha'e anither,  
 Whae'er may shoot thee, their prey when they mak' o' thee,  
 Will e'en get a gude linen sark on the back o' thee!



## THE CURLERS' GARLAND.

CURLERS, gae hame to your spades, or your ploughs,  
 To your beuks, to your planes, or your thummills;  
 Curlers, gae hame, or the ice ye'll fa' thro';  
 Hame, swith ! to your elshins, or wummills.

The curlin's owre, for the thow is come ;  
 On Mistilaw the snaw is meltin',  
 His hetheric haffets kythe black in the win',  
 And the rain has begun a-peltin'.

A lang fareweel to greens and beef,  
 To yill, to whisky, and bakes :  
 Fu' o' cracks is the ice, but we'll smuir our dule  
 By gorblin' up parritch and cakes.

We'll nae mair think o' the slithery rink,  
 Nor the merry soun " Tee high,"  
 Nor " Inwick here," nor " Break an egg there,"  
 Nor " He's far owre stark, soop him bye."

We maunna think o' the slithery rink,  
 Nor of hurras a volley ;  
 The ice is dauchie, nae fun can we get,  
 For ilka stane lies a collie ;

Nor roar " Besoms up, he's a capital shot ;"  
 " Now Jock, lie here, I say ;"  
 " He's weel laid on, soop him up, soop him up,"  
 " Now guard him, and won is the day."

But we trow when winter comes again,  
 Wi' a' its frosts and snaws,  
 We'll on the ice ance mair forgether,  
 Before life's gleamin' close.

—Curlers, gae hame to your spades or your ploughs,  
 To your pens, to your spules, or your thummills;  
 Curlers, gae hame, or the ice ye'll fa' through—  
 Tak' your ellwands, your elshins, or wummills.

When writing these verses, the author had in his eye Castlesemple Loch in Renfrewshire, a famous place for curling. Mistilaw is a conspicuous hill in the neighbourhood.

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### HALKERTON'S CALF.

TUNE—"The Corby and Pyet."

AN ill-deedy limmer is Halkerton's cow,  
 An' owre mony marrows has Halkerton's cow;  
 But the auldest greybeard sin' he kent a pickstaff,  
 Ne'er heard o' a marrow to Halkerton's calf.

Ne'er heard, &c.

Whan the kailyard is out o' its best cabbage stock,  
 An' the hairst-rig is short o' a thrave or a stonk,  
 An' the stack has been eased o' the canny drawn sheaf,  
 The mark o' the cloven foot tells o' the thief.

The mark, &c.

He's doure i' the uptack the deil canna teach,  
 This wonderfu' calf has the rare gift o' speech;  
 Has scripture by heart, as the gowk has its lied,  
 An' fechts wi' his tongue for a kirk an' a creed.

An' fechts, &c.

At alehouse an' smiddy he rairs an' he cracks,  
 'Bout doctrines, an' duties, an' statutes, and acts;  
 At blythemeat, an' dredgy, yulefeast, an' infare,  
 He's ready aff-hand wi' a grace or a prayer.

He's ready, &c.

*Alasdair*

## WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

*Music by P. M'Leod, Esq.*

WHEN Autumn has laid her sickle by,  
 And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry ;  
 And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,  
 And dance about in the fitfu' breeze ;  
 And the robin again sits burd-alane,  
 And sings his sang on the auld peat stare,  
 When come is the hour of gloamin grey,  
 Oh ! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale,  
 And spaingin about his snaw and his hail,  
 And the door is steekit against the blast,  
 And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,  
 And the ribs are rypet, the cannell alight,  
 And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright,  
 And the bicker is reamin wi' pithy brown aie ;  
 O dear is to me a sang or a tale !

Then I tove awa by the ingle-side,  
 And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,  
 When the nights were lang, and the sea ran high,  
 And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,  
 And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,  
 By some demon on message of mischief sent ;  
 O I bliss my stars that at hame I can bide,  
 For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side !

Charles Gray

## THE SOCIAL CUP.

AIR—“ *Andro and his cutty gun.*”

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry are we,

Blythe are we, ane and a' ;

Aften hae we cantie been,

But sic a nicht we never saw !

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,

And meikle mirth has been our fa' ;

Then let the sang and toast gae roun'

'Till chanticleer begins to craw !

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,

Pick and wale o' merry men ;

What care we tho' the cock may craw,

We're masters o' the tappit-hen !

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal,

Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa !

We're licht o' heart and winna part,

Tho' time and tide may rin awa !

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,

Hearts that care can never ding ;

Then let time pass—we'll steal his glass,

And pu' a feather frae his wing !

Now is the witchin' time o' nicht,

When ghaists, they say, are to be seen ;

And fays dance to the glow-worm's licht

Wi' fairies in their gowns of green.

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,

Ghaists may tak their midnight stroll

Witches ride on brooms astride,

While we sit by the witchin bowl !

Tut ! never speir how wears the morn,

The moon's still blinkin i' the sky,

And, gif like her we fill our horn,

I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry !

Elythe, blythe, and merry are we,  
 Blythe, out-owre the barley bree ;  
 And let me tell, the moon hersel'  
 Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea.

Then fill us up a social cup,  
 And never mind the dapple dawn ;  
 Just sit a while, the sun may smile  
 And licht us a' across the lawn !  
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we ;  
 See! the sun is keekin ben ;  
 Gie Time his glass—for months may pass  
 Ere we hae sic a nicht again !

*Charles Gray*

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**SIMMER DAYS ARE COME AGAIN.**

AIR.—“*Cameron's got his wife again.*”

The simmer days are come again,  
 The rosy simmer's come again,  
 The sun blinks blythe on hill and plain,  
 The simmer days are come again.

A gowany mantle cleeds the green,  
 The blossom on the tree is seen,  
 And Willie saw a bat yestreen,  
 I'm sure the simmer's come again.

The simmer days, &c.

The hazle bushes bend nae mair  
 Beneath the lades that crushed them sair,  
 And Tweed rows past her waters fair,  
 The cheerfu' simmer's come again.

The simmer days, &c.

The glens are green that looked sae ill,  
 The blast that shored our lambs to kill,  
 The wind has gliff'd it owre the hill,  
 And gladsome simmer's come again.  
   The simmer days, &c.

Ye little birdies, ane and a',  
 Aloud your tunefu' whistles blaw;  
 The wind's gane round, and fled's the snaw,  
 And lightsome simmer's come again.  
   The simmer days, &c.

Now, simmer, ye maun use us weel,  
 Wi' shower and sunblink at its heel;  
 We're unco glad ye're come, atweel,  
 Ye're doubly welcome back again.  
   Then welcome simmer back again, &c.

For Spring, ye see, ne'er minds us now,  
 To nurse the lambs, or tend the plough.  
 There's nane to tak our pairt but you,  
 And wow! we're glad ye're back again!  
   Then welcome simmer back again,  
   Rosy simmer back again,  
   The wuds sall ring wi' mony a strain,  
   To welcome simmer back again.

*James Murray*

## MOULDYBRUGH.

I KENT a wee toon, and a queer toon it was,  
 Auld Mouldybrugh, that was its name ;  
 A dreary dull village, wi' battered gray wa's,  
 Where ony thing new never came ;  
 Just twa or three houses, a' dismal and black,  
 And twa or three shoppies sae sma' ;  
 A market, where whiles the folk gathered to crack,  
 And drive a bit bargain or twa.

Besides an auld jail, wi' the court-house hard by,  
 A cross, and a mossy stane well ;  
 A kirk and a steeple, that dinlit the skye  
 Wi' a clinkin' auld timmer-tongu'd bell.  
 While the brown battered tower on the hoary hill tap,  
 That frowned owre the silly auld toon,  
 Tald o' its auld pith, for a bold baron chap  
 Had biggit it ne'er to come doun.

The hills lay in silence behind the auld toon,  
 A bleak heathery moor lay before ;  
 There we sported oursels in the days that are flown,  
 And dearly we lov'd the grey moor.  
 Ah! thou wert an Eden—yea, truly a land  
 Of milk and of honey to me ;  
 Where we herded the kye, a happy young band,  
 And harried the bike of the bee.

So quiet was the toon, and so douce were the folk,  
 They lived in a kind o' a dream ;  
 But at last they were roused wi' a desperate shock,  
 By that vapourin' article steam.  
 For wha wad hae thocht it? A railway was made  
 Across the lang heather sae dreary ;  
 The canny auld toonsfolks grew perfectly wud,  
 An' a' thing was turned tapsalteery.

Auld Mouldybrugh fairly was rowed aff its feet,  
 And naething gat leave to stand still;  
 They pulled doon the houses, and widened the street,  
 And biggit a muckle brick mill.  
 And droves o' new comers, that naebody kent,  
 Were workin', they kentna at what;  
 The bodies were just in a perfect ferment,  
 And didna ken what to be at.

Sic smashin' and chappin' was a' round about,  
 Sic clankin', sic rattlin', an' din;  
 Wi' rocks blaun like thunder frae quarries without,  
 And smiddies an' reeshlin' within;  
 And wheelbarrows drivin' a' hours of the day,  
 Wi' Eerishmen swearin' like Turks;  
 And horses were fechtin' wi' cartfu's o' clay,  
 And piaister and stanes for the works.

Soon a' kinds o' traders cam flockin' in shoals,  
 The railway brocht wonders to pass;  
 Colliers cam howkin' to sair us wi' coals,  
 And gas-bodies cam to make gas;  
 And butchers, sac greasy, wi' sheep, beef, and pigs,  
 And schoolmasters cam for the teachin';  
 And doctors wi' doses, and barbers wi' wigs,  
 And kirks were ereckit for preachin'.

But dearer to me is the auld biggit toon,  
 Wi' its cottages hoary and grey,  
 Where naething is altered, and naething dung doon,  
 Except by the hand of decay.  
 And oh for the bodies sae simple and plain,  
 Aye faithfu', and kindly, and true;  
 And oh for the days that we'll ne'er see again,  
 When they dreamt na of onything new!



## THE PRIDEFU' TAID.

AIR.—“ *Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*”

Wow me ! for sic a pridefu' taid  
 Our Tibbie's gown, the hizzie ;  
 She cuts sic capers wi' her head,  
 'Twad ding a bodie dizzie.  
 D'ye think it's her braw clouts o' olaes  
 That mak's her look sae saucy ?  
 Her bannet's but a bunch o' straes,  
 Does she ken that ? vain lassie !

A cauldribe silken tippet's neist  
 Aboon her shoulders wavin' ;  
 A lang white ribbon, round her waist,  
 Hangs like a crookit shavin' !  
 What tho' her slender sides shine braw  
 Wi' dashin' duds o' muslin,  
 Her share o' mither wit's but sma',  
 As yon new cleckit goslin'.

On Sunday, see her trip to kirk  
 Wi' rhymin' Rab, auld Nan's son ;  
 Neist day, she's aff wi' this gay spark,  
 To some grand ball o' dancin'.  
 Sae Tibbie means to let her life  
 Dance down the paths o' pleasure,  
 An' thinks, nae doubt, soon for his wife,  
 The chield will gladly seize her.

But, thoughtless Tib, my bonnie doo,  
 I'm fley'd ye'll be mistaken ;  
 For promise never yet prov'd true  
 Frae chiels wha gang a rakin'.

The days o' peace your breast now feels,  
 Will change to months o' mournin' ;  
 Frae ane wha kens sie flighty chieils,  
 Dear Tibbie, tak a warnin'!

*Robt Carmichael*

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THE HAPPY PAIR.

AIR—"Johnnie M'Gill."

Low down in a valley fu' snugly and braw,  
 There liv'd a blythe bodie o' saxty an' twa ;  
 Nae wranglin' to deave him, nor sorrow to grieve him,  
 He aye was contented an' happy wi' a'.

On his ain snug bit craftie, delighted fou aft he  
 Belabour'd frae mornin' to e'ening awa ;  
 Sae cheery an' dainty, he sung like a lintie,  
 Till gloamin, when darkness began for to fa'.

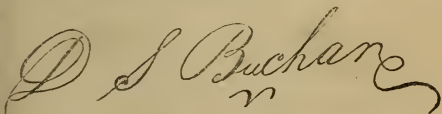
For Bessie his wifie, to comfort his life aye,  
 Wad clead him fu' cozie, in time o' the snaw ;  
 And tho' she was fifty, sae tidy and thrifty,  
 She aye made her hallan to shine like a ha'.

Near han' was a weddin', the bodies war bidden,  
 An' there they were buskit, fu' cleanly an' braw ;  
 But fu' o' rejoicin', they thocht na o' risin',  
 Until that the daylight began for to daw.

Their auld favourite doggie, a wee sleekit rogie,  
 Had toddled ahint them, when they gaed awa,  
 For aye he was timefu' to get a gude wamefu',  
 Altho' that he hadna ae tusk in his jaw.

Sae strong was the whisky, the carlie grew frisky,  
 For seldom he'd toom'd sic a drap in his maw ;  
 But while he was cheerfu', his Bessie was fearfu'  
 That ony mishanter her Johnnie should fa'.

The drinkin' o' toddy, it made the auld bodie  
 The white o' his e'en, like the parson, to shaw ;  
 Wi' arms high uplifted, he roar'd an' he rifted,  
 " I'm up in the happy place—Bess, come awa !"




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#### FAREWELL TO SCOTIA.

FAREWELL to ilk hill whar the red heather grows,  
 To ilk bonnie green glen whar the mountain stream rows,  
 To the rock that re-echoes the torrent's wild din,  
 To the graves o' my sires, and the hearths o' my kin.

Fareweel to ilk strath an' the lav'rock's sweet sang,  
 For trifles grow dear whan we've kenn'd them sae lang ;  
 Round the wanderer's heart a bright halo they shed,  
 A dream o' the past, whan a' others hae fled.

The young hearts may kythe, tho' they're forced far away,  
 But its dool to the spirit whan haffets are grey ;  
 The saplin transplanted may flourish a tree,  
 Whar the hardy auld aik wad but wither and dee.

They tell me I gang whar the tropic suns shine  
 Owre landscapes as lovely and fragrant as thine ;  
 For the objects sae dear that the heart had entwined,  
 Turn eerisome hame-thoughts and sicken the mind.



But so modest was Mrs Malone,  
   'Twas known  
 No one ever could see her alone,  
   Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,  
 They could ne'er catch her eye,  
 So bashful the Widow Malone,  
   Ohone;  
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

'Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,  
   How quare!  
 It's little for blushing they care  
   Down there,  
 Put his arm round her waist,  
 Gave ten kisses at laste,  
 "Oh!" says he, "you're my Molly Malone,  
   My own;"  
 "Oh!" says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the Widow they all thought so shy,  
   My eye!  
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,  
   For why?

But "Lucius," says she,  
 "Since you've made now so free,  
 You may marry your Mary Malone,  
   Ohonc!  
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,  
   Not wrong;  
 And one comfort it's not very long,  
   But strong:



Aye smashin', smashin',  
 Danny was nae canny;  
 Few could stand a thrashin'  
 Frae stieve-fisted Danny.

They lived up a stair  
 Down in the Laigh Calton;  
 Siccan shines were there,  
 Siccan noisy peltin';  
 Danny with his rung  
 Steekin' ilka wizen;  
 Nanny wi' her tongue,  
 Nineteen to the dizen.  
 Aye clashin', crashin',  
 Trowth it was nae canny;  
 Ony fashin', fashin',  
 Danny an' his Nanny.

Bodies round about  
 Couldna thole nor bide them;  
 Fairly flitted out,  
 Nane were left beside them;  
 Their bink was a' their ain,  
 Nane could meddle wi' them,—  
 Neighbour lairds were fain  
 A' the land to lea' them.  
 Some gae hashin' smashin',  
 Makin' siller canny,  
 Wha gat rich by clashin' ?  
 Danny an' his Nanny.

They'd a bonnie lassie,  
 Tonguey as her mither;  
 Yet as game and gaucie  
 As her fightin' father.

O! her waist was sma',  
 O! her cheeks were rosy,  
 Wi' a shower o' snaw,  
 Flaiket owre her bozy.  
 Sun rays brightly flashin'  
 Owre the waters bonny,  
 Glanced nae like the lashin',  
 Sparklin' een o' Anny.

Sight ye never saw,  
 Like the Laird and Leddy,  
 Wi' their dochter braw,  
 An' themsels sae tidy;  
 Wi' their armies crost,  
 On their ain stair muntit;  
 Gi'n ye daured to hoast,  
 How their pipies luntit.  
 Wooers e'er sae dashin',  
 Durst nae ca' on Anny,  
 Dauntit wi' the clashin'  
 O' her mither Nanny.

Beauty blooming fair  
 Aye sets hearts a bleezing;  
 Lovers' wits are rare,  
 Lovers' tongues are wheezing.  
 Barred out at the door,  
 A slee loon scaled the skylight,  
 An' drappit on the floor,  
 Afore the auld folks' eyesight.  
 In a flaming passion,  
 Maul'd by faither Danny,  
 Aff to lead the fashion,  
 Scamper'd bonny Anny.

*James Ballantyne*



## MARY MACNEIL.

AIR—“*Mrs. Kinloch of Kinloch.*”

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',  
 Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fareweel;  
 An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',  
 As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.  
 A' glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover,  
 Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;  
 And fondly they wander'd whar nane might discover  
 The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

O! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily  
 That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;  
 Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley  
 Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.  
 She mov'd, and the graces play'd sportive around her,  
 She smil'd, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;  
 She sang, an' the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,  
 To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',  
 Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;  
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',  
 Inflicts the deep wound naething earthly can heal.  
 The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein'—  
 The autumn, his corse on the red battle-fiel';  
 The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';  
 An' spring spread the green turf owre Mary Macneil!

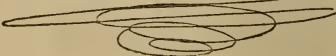
*E. Bonnell*



## WE SAT BENEATH THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

WE sat beneath the trystin' tree,  
 The bonnie dear auld trystiu' tree,  
 Whar Harry tauld in early youth,  
 His tender tale o' love to me ;  
 An' walth o' wedded happiness  
 Has been our blessed lot sinsyne,  
 Tho' foreign lands, lang twenty years,  
 Has been my Harry's hame an' mine.  
 Wi' gratefu' glow at ilka heart,  
 An' joyfu' tears in ilka e'e,  
 We sat again, fond lovers still,  
 Beneath the bonnie trystin' tree.

We gaz'd upon the trystin' tree,  
 Its branches spreading far an' wide,  
 An' thocht upon the bonnie bairns  
 That blest our blythe bit ingle-side ;  
 The strappin' youth wi' martial mien,  
 The maiden mild wi' gowden hair,  
 They pictur'd what oursel's had been,  
 Whan first we fondly trysted there ;  
 Wi' gratefu' glow at ilka heart,  
 An' joyfu' tears in ilka e'e,  
 We blest the hour that e'er we met  
 Beneath the dear auld trystin' tree !

*E. Bonnell*  


## THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY ! oh, mournfully  
 This midnight wind doth sigh,  
 Like some sweet plaintive melody  
 Of ages long gone by :  
 It speaks a tale of other years—  
 Of hopes that bloomed to die—  
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
 And loves that mouldering lie !

Mournfully ! oh, mournfully  
 This midnight wind doth moan ;  
 It stirs some chord of memory  
 In each dull heavy tone :  
 The voices of the much-loved dead  
 Seem floating thereupon—  
 All, all my fond heart cherished  
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully ! oh, mournfully  
 This midnight wind doth swell,  
 With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,  
 Hope's passionate farewell  
 To the dreamy joys of early years,  
 Ere yet grief's canker fell  
 On the heart's bloom—ay ! well may tears  
 Start at that parting knell !

W. Motherwell

## THOU KNOW'ST IT NOT, LOVE.

THOU know'st it not, love, when light looks are around  
thee,

When Music awakens its liveliest tone,  
When Pleasure, in chains of enchantment, hath bound  
thee,

Thou knowest not how truly this heart is thine own.  
It is not while all are about thee in gladness,

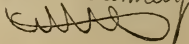
While shining in light from thy young spirit's shrine,  
But in moments devoted to silence and sadness,  
That thou'lt e'er know the value of feelings like mine.

Should grief touch thy cheek, or misfortune o'ertake thee,  
How soon would thy mates of the Summer away !

They first of the whole fickle flock to forsake thee,  
Who flatter'd thee most when thy bosom was gay.  
What though I seem cold while their incense is burning,  
In depths of my soul I have cherish'd a flame,  
To cheer the loved one, should the night-time of mourning  
E'er send its far shadows to darken her name.

Then leave the vain crowd,—though my cottage is lonely,  
Gay halls, without hearts, are far lonelier still ;  
And say thou'lt be mine, Mary, always and only,  
And I'll be thy shelter, whate'er be thine ill.

As the fond mother clings to her fair little blossom,  
The closer, when blight hath appeared on its bloom,  
So thou, love, the dearer shalt be to this bosom,  
The deeper thy sorrow, the darker thy doom.

Will-Kennedy  


## MY AULD UNCLE JOHN.

I SING not of prince, nor of prelate, nor peer,  
 Who the titles and trappings of vanity wear ;  
 I sing of no hero whose fame has been spread  
 O'er the earth, for the quantum of BLOOD he hath shed ;  
 But of one, who life's path with humility trod,  
 The friend of mankind, and at peace with his God ;  
 Who indeed died to " Fame and to Fortune unknown,"  
 But who lives in my heart's core—my auld Uncle John.

His manners were simple, yet manly and firm—  
 His friendship was generous, and constant, and warm ;  
 To Jew and to Gentile alike he was kind,  
 For the trammels of party ne'er narrow'd his mind :  
 His heart, like his haun, was aye open and free,  
 And tho' he at times had but little to gie,  
 Yet even that little with grace was bestow'n,  
 For it cam' frae the heart o' my auld Uncle John.

O weel do I mind, tho' I then was but young,  
 When he cam' on a visit, how blythely I sprung  
 To meet the auld man, who with visage so meek  
 Would a kiss of affection imprint on my cheek ;  
 Then I'd place him his chair—take his staff, and his hat—  
 Then climb up on his knee, whar delighted I sat ;  
 For never was monarch sae proud on his throne  
 As I on the KNEE o' my auld Uncle John.

When at school, to his snug room with pleasure I'd hie,  
 And often I've seen the fire flash from his eye—  
 And a flush o' delight his pale check overspread,  
 Wheu a passage from Shakspeare or Milton I read.  
 I or me the best authors he'd kindly select,  
 He then to their beauties my eye would direct,  
 Or the faults to which sometimes great genius is prone—  
 So correct was the taste o' my auld Uncle John.

'Twas said, when a stripling, his feelings had been  
 Storm-blighted and rent by a false-hearted quean ;  
 But this sour'd not his temper, for maidens would bloom  
 More brightly and fresh, when among them he'd come.  
 They would cluster around him, like flow'rs round the oak,  
 To weep at his love-tale, or laugh at his joke ;  
 For his stories were told in a style and a tone  
 That aye put them in raptures wi' auld Uncle John.

To all he was pleasing—to auld, and to young—  
 To the rich, and the poor, to the weak, and the strong ;  
 He laugh'd with the gay—moraliz'd with the grave—  
 The wise man he honour'd—the fool he forgave.  
 Religion with him was no transient qualm,  
 'Twas not hearing a sermon, or singing a psalm,  
 Or a holiday-robe for a season put on,  
 'Twas the everyday garb o' my auld Uncle John.

His country he lov'd, for her glory he sigh'd,  
 Her struggles of yore for her rights were his pride ;  
 He lov'd her clear streams, and her green flow'ry fells—  
 Her mists and her mountains, her dens and her dells.  
 Yes, the land of his fathers—his birth-place he lov'd !  
 Her science, her wit, and her worth he approv'd ;  
 But men of each kindred, and colour, and zone,  
 As brethren were held by my auld Uncle John.

His last sickness I tended ; and when he was dead,  
 To the grave, in deep sorrow, I carried his head  
 The spot is not mark'd by inscription or bust—  
 No child nor lone widow weeps over his dust ;  
 But oft when the star of eve brightly doth burn,  
 From the bustle and noise of this world I turn ;  
 And forget, for a while, both its smile and its frown,  
 O'er the green turf which covers my auld Uncle John

*Wm. Furley*

## THOUGH BACCHUS MAY BOAST.\*

THOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,  
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,  
 Such worship, alas! has no charms for the soul  
 When softer devotions the senses invite.  
 To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,  
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;  
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair  
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe !

What soul that's possessed of a dream so divine  
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?  
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine  
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's ton !  
 The tender excess which enamours the heart,  
 To few is imparted—to millions denied ;  
 The finer the feelings, the keener the smart,  
 And fools jest at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess has through life been my doom,  
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;  
 The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,  
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life !  
 Then come, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
 The magic illusions which ravish the soul,  
 Awake in my heart the soft dream of delight,  
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
 Nor soon, jolly god, from thy banquet remove ;  
 Each throb of my heart shall accord with the wine  
 That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by love !

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\* This song has been several times in print, but not with Miss Blamire's name appended, nor with the last stanza. We give it from the original MS. in the hands of Mr Maxwell.

And now, my gay comrades, the myrtle and vine  
 Shall united their blessings the choicest impart ;  
 Let reason, not riot, the garland entwine—  
 The result must be pleasure and peace to the heart.

*S Blamie*

---

THE WARY CHIEL.

THEY wad gi'e me a wife yestreen,  
 Without my will—against my will ;  
 They ettled wi' a winsome queen  
 To trap a wary chiel like me.  
 Had I been a silly fool,  
 Fast wad I been on the brier,  
 For free and pawky was the lass,  
 And witnesses she had to swear.  
 Deep and cunning was their plan  
 To beguile me—to beguile me ;  
 Guid be praised ! a single man  
 I am yet, and aye will be.

It's no a joke to marry folk  
 Wha want na wives—wha want na wives ;  
 There's mair nor me that canna dree  
 The safest tether a' their lives.  
 I heard them laugh when I ran aff  
 An' left them a'—the bride an' a' ;  
 But deil may care ; I well can spare  
 To gi'e them mair than ae guffaw.



Let them laugh and let them jeer,  
 I am easy—I am easy—  
 Never shall a woman wear  
 Breeks o' mine, for a' their jaw.

I ance was owre the lugs in love,  
 When daft and young—when daft and young,  
 But how I play'd the turtle-dove  
 Shall ne'er be sung—shall ne'er be sung.  
 And though I'm safe, and draw my breath  
 Wi' freedom now—wi' freedom now,  
 I fear I may some luckless day  
 Still tine my precious liberty.  
 A' yestreen I dreamt some lass,  
 Unco bonnie--sinfu' bonnie,  
 Stievely held me round the ha'se,  
 And roughly kiss'd and towzled me.

GEORGE J. L. P.

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### AULD ELSPA'S SOLILOQUY.

THERE'S twa moons the nicht,  
 Quoth the auld wife to hersel',  
 As she toddled hame fu' cantie,  
 Wi' her stomach like a stell !

There's twa moons the nicht,  
 An' watery do they glower,  
 As their wicks were burnin' darkly,  
 An' the oil was rinnin' ower !

An' they're aye spark, sparkin',  
 As my ain auld cruizie did,  
 When it blinket by the ingle,  
 When the rain drapt on its lid.

O but I'm unco late the night,  
 An' on the cauld hearthstane  
 Puir Tammie will be croonin',  
 Wae an' weary a' his lane.

An' the wee bit spunk o' fire I left  
 By this time's black and cauld,—  
 I'll ne'er stay out sae late again,  
 For I'm growing frail an' auld.

I never like to see twa moons,  
 They speak o' storm and rain,  
 An' aye, as sure's neist morning comes,  
 My auld head's rack'd wi' pain !

*Andrew Park*

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MY AULD BREEKS.

AIR—“*The Cornclips.*”

My mither men't my auld breeks,  
 An' wow ! but they were duddy,  
 And sent me to get Mally shod  
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy ;  
 The smiddy stands beside the burn  
 That wimples through the clachan,  
 I never yet gae by the door,  
 But aye I fa' a-laughin'

For Robin was a walthy carle,  
 An' had ae bonnie dochter,  
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,  
 Tho' mony lads had sought her :

But what think ye o' my exploit ?

The time our mare was shoeing,  
I slippit up beside the lass,  
And briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,  
The time that we sat crackin',  
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,  
I've new anes for the makin';  
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,  
An' lea' the carle, your father,  
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,  
Mysel, an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,  
I really think I'll tak' it,  
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,  
We'll baith slip on the back o't;  
For gin I wait my father's time,  
I'll wait till I be fifty;  
But na!—I'll marry in my prime,  
An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,  
At tyning o' his dochter:  
Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,  
An' far an' near he sought her;  
But when he cam' to our fire-end,  
An' fand us baith thegither,  
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,  
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,  
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,  
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,  
An' end this hurry-burry;

So Robin an' our auld wife  
 Agreed to creep thegither ;  
 Now, I hae Robin Tamson's pet,  
 An' Robin has my mither.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

---

“THE DREAM OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.”

ONCE more, Eliza, let me look upon thy smiling face,  
 For there I with the “joy of grief” thy mother's features  
 trace ;

Her sparkling eye, her winning smile, and sweet bewitch-  
 ing air—

Her raven locks which clust'ring hung upon her bosom fair.

It is the same enchanting smile, and eye of joyous mirth,  
 Which beamed so bright with life and light in her who  
 gave thee birth ;

And strongly do they bring to mind life's gladsome happy  
 day,

When first I felt within my heart love's pulse begin to play.

My years were few—my heart was pure ; for vice and folly  
 wore

A hideous and disgusting front, in those green days of yore :  
 Destructive dissipation then, with her deceitful train,  
 Had not, with their attractive glare, confus'd and turn'd my  
 brain.

Ah ! well can I recal to mind how quick my heart would  
 beat,

To see her in the house of prayer, so meekly take her seat ;

And when our voices mingled sweet in music's solemn  
strains,

My youthful blood tumultuously rush'd tingling through  
my veins.

It must have been of happiness a more than mortal dream,  
It must have been of heavenly light a bright unbroken  
beam:

A draught of pure unmingl'd bliss; for to my wither'd  
heart

It doth, e'en now, a thrilling glow of ecstasy impart.

She now hath gone where sorrow's gloom the brow doth  
never shade—

Where on the cheek the rosy bloom of youth doth never  
fade;

And I've been left to struggle here, till now my locks are  
grey,

Yet still I love to think upon this "dream of life's young  
day."

*Wm. J. L. J. J. J.*

"O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."\*

(A NEW VERSION.)

*O Charlie is my darling,*

*My darling, my darling;*

*O Charlie is my darling,*

*The young Chevalier.*

WHEN first his standard caught the eye,

His pibroch met the ear,

Our hearts were light, our hopes were high,

For the young Chevalier.

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\* This, and the songs that precede, are from a volume entitled "Lays and Lyrics," lately issued at Edinburgh, by Capt. Charles Gray, R.M.

Then plaided chiefs cam' frae afar,  
 Wi' hearts without a fear ;  
 They nobly drew the sword for war,  
 An' the young Chevalier.

But they wha trust to fortune's smile,  
 Hae meikle cause to fear ;  
 She blinket blythe but to beguile  
 The young Chevalier.

O dark Culloden—fatal field  
 Fell source o' mony a tear ;  
 There Albyn tint her sword and shield,  
 And the young Chevalier.

Now Scotland's "flowers are wede away."  
 Her forest trees are sere ;  
 Her royal oak is gane for aye,  
 The young Chevalier !

*Charles Gray*

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THE GOSSIPS.

AIR—*Laird o' Cockpen.*

LOSH ! sit down, Mrs. Clavers, and bide ye a wee,  
 I'll put on the kettle and mask a drap tea ;  
 The gudeman's at the fair, 'twill be nicht or he's back,  
 Sae just sit ye down noo, and gie's a' your crack.  
 Ah ! woman, I'll tell ye what I heard yestreen,  
 Somebody was some way they shouldna hae been ;  
 It's no that I'm jalousin' ocht that is ill,  
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still.

'Twas just i' the gloamin' as our kimmer Nell,  
 Wi' her stoups and her girr, was gaun down to the well;  
 She heard sie a rustle the bushes amang,  
 And syne sie a whistle sae clear, laigh, and lang;  
 She thoht 'twas the kelpie come up frae the loch,  
 But she fand her mistak', and was thankfu' enouch;  
 It's no that I'm jalousin' ocht that is ill,  
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still.

A shepherd-like chiel junket round by the dyke,  
 She kend wha it was by the yamph o' his tyke;  
 Syne through the laird's winnock he just gied a keek,  
 And the door gied a jee, syne did cannily steek:  
 There she saw some ane, dress'd in a braw satin gown,  
 Gang oxterin' awa' wi' her faither's herd loon;  
 It's no that I'm jalousin' ocht that is ill,  
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still,

His lang-nebbit words and his wonderfu' lare  
 Gar'd his honour the laird and the dominie stare;  
 But, losh! how they'll glow'r at the wisdom o' Jock,  
 When somebody lets the cat out o' the pock;  
 My certes! the leddy has surely gane gyte,  
 But if onything happens we'll ken wha to wyte;  
 It's no that we're jalousin' ocht that is ill,  
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still.

*Alexander Ritchie*

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#### THE ADMONITION

Oh! that fouk wad weel consider,  
 What it is to tyne a name.—MACNIELT.

“HECH! lasses, ye're lichtsome—it's braw to be young,”  
 Quo' the eldren gudewife, wi' her ailments sair dung;

“ Ye’re thrang at your crack about maybees an’ men—  
 Ye’re thinkin’, nae doubt, about hames o’ your ain ;  
 An’ why should ye no—I was ance young mysel’,  
 An’ sae weel’s I’ve been married my neighbours can tell !

“ In jokin’ an’ jamphin’ there’s nae ony crime,  
 Yet youth is a trying, a dangerous time ;  
 Tho’ now ye’re as happy as happy can be,  
 Yet trouble may come i’ the glint of an e’e.  
 When roses wad seem to be spread i’ your path,  
 Ye may look for the briers to be lurking aneath ;  
 But do weel and dree weel, there’s nae meikle fear,  
 The lot’s unco hard the leal heart canna bear.

“ I’ve liv’d i’ the warld baith maiden an’ wife,  
 An’ mony’s the change I ha’e seen i’ my life—  
 Tho’ some may na think it, it maks na to me,  
 There’s few for the better or likely to be.  
 When I was as young as the youngest o’ you,  
 The men ware mair faithfu’, the women mair true ;  
 There was na the folly an’ ill-fashion’d ways,  
 Among the young fouk that we see now-a-days.

“ Yet, lasses, believe me, I’m happy wi’ you,  
 Ye’re thochtfu’ an’ prudent as mony, I trow ;  
 Though like’s an ill mark, it’s a pleasure to me,  
 When I look to ithers, your conduct to see ;  
 I canna say flichter’d an’ foolish ye’ve been—  
 I canna say failings an’ fau’ts ye hae nanc—  
 The best has them baith, as ye’ve aften heard tell,  
 They rade unco sicker that never ance fell.  
 Sae mind your-ain weakness, be wary an’ wise ;  
 Let age an’ experience your conduct advise ;  
 And tho’ it is said, youth an’ eild never ’gree,  
 There’s nae fear o’ flyrin’ atween you an’ me.



" It may be there's some, tho', I'm sure, nane o' you,  
 Wad think wi' sic things I ha'e little to do—  
 Wad think that behaviour was naething to me,  
 Gin servants ware tentie—were worth meat an' fee.  
 Wae's me! is there ony to think sae inclin'd,  
 They ken na the duties I've daily to mind;  
 While I ha'e the fremmit my hallan within—  
 My bannock to brack, an' my errand to rin;  
 The present, the future, their gude an' their gain,  
 I'm bound to look owre as gin they ware my ain;  
 To see to their conduct a-field an' at hame,  
 To be, as it were, like a mither to them !

" Ye mind the auld proverb, auld fouk were na blate—  
 ' Misfortune's mair owing to folly than fate'—  
 Sae, lasses, for ance, ye maun lend me your ear,  
 Frae me an' my counsel ye've naething to fear.  
 Look weel to the ford ere ye try to wade thro',  
 It's just atween tyning an' winning wi' you;  
 Ye've wooers about ye as mony's ye may—  
 Ye've hopes an' ye've wishes as a' women ha'e;  
 Ye're young, and the lads, it wad seem, think ye fair;  
 But sma's your experience, I rede ye—BEWARE.  
 A woman's gude name is a treasure—a mine,  
 But ance be imprudent, an' ance let it tyne,  
 Her lost reputation she canna regain—  
 Tak care o' yoursel's, an' beware o' the men !"

*Alexander*

#### MY AULD LUCKY DAD.

My auld lucky dad was a queer couthie carl,  
 He lo'ed a droll story, and cog o' guid yill;  
 O' siller he gather'd a won'erfu' harl,  
 By the brisk eydent clack o' his merry-gaun mill.

He wasna a chicken, tho' blythsome and vaunty,  
 For thrice thretty winters had whiten'd his pow ;  
 But the body was aye unco cheery and canty,  
 And his big moggin knot set my heart in a low.

At the close o' the day, when his labour was ended,  
 He dandled me kindly fou aft on his knee ;  
 Thro' childhood and danger me fed and defended,  
 And lang was a gude lucky daddy to me.

But death cam athort him, and sairly forfoughten,  
 He hurkl'd down quietly—prepared for to dee ;  
 And left a' the bawbees, he aye had a thocht on,  
 The mill, and his lang neckit moggin to me.

A cottar hard by had a bonnie young dochter,  
 Sae winsome, and winning, she made my heart fain ;  
 Her heart and her hand she gae when I socht her,  
 Syne blushing, consented—she soon was my ain.

Noo, Maggy and I are baith cozy and happy,  
 Wi' bairnies around us, in innocent glee ;  
 Sae I'll aye be joyfu', and tak' out my drappy,  
 That I too an auld lucky daddy may die.

My neighbours they ca' me the little cot lairdie :  
 Bless'd peace and contentment aye dwell round our hearth,  
 And a clear siller burn wimpling thro' our bit yairdie,  
 Alang wi' the flowers, mak' a heaven upon earth.

While the loud roaring winds thud against our het ballan,  
 My wifie sits spinning, and lilts a bit sang ;  
 Nae trouble nor sorrow is kent in the dwellin'—  
 Nae nicht in December to us seems ower lang.

And when hoary age crowns my pow, still contented,  
 I'll lead the same life that my forbear had led,  
 That, when laid in the yird, I may lang be lamented  
 By kind-hearted oys, as a gude lucky dad.

*D. S. Buchan*

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MY AIN JESSIE.

THE primrose loves the sunny brae,  
 To meet the kiss o' wanton May;  
 The mavis loves green leafy tree,  
 And there makes sweetest melodie;  
 The lammie loves its mither's teats,  
 An' joyfu' by her side it bleats;  
 For heather-bells the wild bee roves—  
 A' Nature's creatures hae their loves,  
 An' surely I hae mine, Jessie.

Thou little kens, my bonnie lass!  
 Thou hast me brought to sic a pass;  
 Thy e'e sae saftly dark an' bright,  
 Like early simmer's day an' night;  
 It's mildness and its sunny blink  
 Hae charm'd me sae, I canna think  
 O' aught in earth, or sky, but thee,  
 An' life has but ae joy to me—  
 That is in lovin' thee, Jessie.

Last Sunday, in your faither's *dais*,  
 I saw thy bloomin' May-morn face;  
 An' as I aften staw a look,  
 I maist forgot the holy book;

Nor reekt I what the preacher preach'd,  
 My thoughts, the while, were sae bewitch'd!  
 An' aye I thought when thy bright e'e  
 Wad turn wi' lovin' look to me,  
     For a' my worship's there, Jessie.

But short time syne I held in scorn,  
 An' laugh'd at chiels whom lovedid burn;  
 I said it is a silly thought  
 That on a bonnie face could doat!  
 But now the laugh is turn'd on me—  
 The truth o' love is in thine e'e;  
 An' gin it's light to me wad kythe,  
 I something mair wad be than blythe,—  
     For in its smile is heaven, Jessie.

*John Keay*

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THE PANG O' LOVE.

*Set to Music by Mr. M'Leod.*

THE pang o' LOVE is ill to dree—  
 Hech whow! the biding o't—  
 'Twas like to prove the death o' me,  
 I strove sae lang at hiding o't.

When first I saw the wicked thing,  
 I wistna it meant ill to me:  
 I straik'd its bonny head and wing,  
 And took the bratchet on my knee;  
 I kiss'd it ance, I kiss'd it twice,  
 Sae kind was I in guiding o't,  
 When, whisk!—it shot me in a trice,  
 And left me to the biding o't.

An' hey me! how me!  
 Hech whow! the biding o't!  
 For ony ill I've had to dree  
 Was naething to the biding o't.

The doctors pondered lang and sair,  
 To rid me o' the stanging o't;  
 And skeely wives a year and mair,  
 They warstled hard at banging o't.  
 But doctor's drugs did fient a haet—  
 Ilk wifie quat the guiding o't—  
 They turned, and left me to my fate,  
 Wi' naething for't but biding o't.

An' hey me! how me!  
 Hech whow! the biding o't!  
 For ony ill I've had to dree  
 Was naething to the biding o't.

When freends had a' done what they dought,  
 Right sair bumbazed my state to see,  
 A bonny lass some comfort brought—  
 Ill mind her till the day I dee ;  
 I tauld her a' my waefu' case,  
 And how I'd stri'en at hiding o't,  
 And, blessings on her bonny face!  
 She saved me frae the biding o't.

An' hey me! how me  
 Hech whow! the biding o't!  
 For a' the ills I've had to dree  
 Were trifles to the biding o't.

*James Murray*

## THE LAST LAIRD O' THE AULD MINT.\*

AULD Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint,  
 Had an auld farrant pow, an' auld farrant thoughts in't ;  
 There ne'er was before sic a bodie in print,  
 As auld Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint :  
     So list and ye'll find ye hae muckle to learn,  
     An' ye'll still be but childer to auld Willie Nairn.

Auld Nanse, an auld maid, kept his house clean an' happy.  
 For the bodie was tidy, though fond o' a drappy ;  
 An' aye when the Laird charged the siller-taed cappy,  
 That on great occasions made caaers aye nappy.

    While the bicker gaed round, Nanny aye got a sharin'—  
     There are few sic-like masters as auld Willie Nairn.

He'd twa muckle tabbies, ane black and ane white,  
 That purred by his side, at the fire, ilka night,  
 And gazed in the embers wi' sage-like delight,  
 While he ne'er took a meal, but they baith gat a bite :  
     For baith beast an' bodie aye gat their full sairin—  
     He could ne'er feed alane, couthy auld Willie Nairn.

He had mony auld queer things, frae queer places brought—  
 He had rusty auld swords, whilk Ferrara had wrought—  
 He had axes, wi' whilk Bruce an' Wallace had fought—  
 An' auld Roman bauchles, wi' auld baubees bought ;  
     For aye in the Cowgate, for auld nick-nacks stairin',  
     Day after day, daundered auld, sage Willie Nairn.

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\* The Old Mint of Scotland, in which this eccentric philanthropist and antiquarian resided, is situated in South Gray's Close, and forms one of the most remarkable curiosities to the visitor of the Scottish metropolis.

There are gross gadding gluttons, and pimping wine-bibbers,  
That are fed for their scandal, and called pleasant fibbers ;  
But the only thanks Willie gae them for their labours,  
Were, " We cam nae here to speak ill o' our neighbours."

O ! truth wad be bolder, an' falsehood less darin',  
Gin ilk ane wad treat them like auld Willie Nairn.

His snaw-flaiket locks, an' his lang poutered que,  
Commanded assent to ilk word frae his mou' ;  
Though a leer in his e'e, an' a lurk in his brow,  
Made ye ferlie, gin he thought his ain stories true ;

But he minded o' Charlie when he'd been a bairn,  
An' wha, but Bob Chambers, could thraw Willie Nairn.

Gin ye speered him anent ony auld hoary house,  
He cocked his head heigh, an' he set his staff crouse,  
Syne gazed through his specks, till his heart-springs brak'  
loose,

Then 'mid tears in saft whispers, wad scarce wauk a mouse ;  
He told ye some tale o't, wad mak your heart yearn,  
To hear mair auld stories frae auld Willie Nairn.

E'en wec snarling dogs gae a kind yowffin bark,  
As he daundered down closes, baith ourie and dark ;  
For he kend ilka door stane and auld warld mark,  
An' even amid darkness his love lit a spark :

For mony sad scene that wad melted cauld airn,  
Was relieved by the kind heart o' auld Willie Nairn.

The laddies ran to him to redd ilka quarrel,  
An' he southered a' up wi' a snap or a farl ;  
While vice that had daured to stain virtue's pure laurel,  
Shrunk cowed, frae the glance o' the stalwart auld carl :

Wi' the weak he was wae, wi' the strong he was stern—  
For dear, dear was virtue to auld Willie Nairn.

To spend his last shilling auld Willie had vowed ;—  
 But ae stormy night, in a course rauchan rowed,  
 At his door a wee wean skirled lusty an' loud,  
 An' the Laird left him heir to his lands an' his gowd !  
     Some are fond o' a name, some are fond o' a cairn,  
     But auld Will was fonder o' young Willie Nairn.

O ! we'll ne'er see his like again, now he's awa !  
 There are hunders mair rich, there are thousands mair  
     braw,  
 But he gae a' his gifts, an' they whiles werena sma',  
 Wi' a grace made them lightly on puir shouthers fa' :  
     An' he gae in the dark, when nae rude e'e was glarin'—  
     There was deep hidden pathos in auld Willie Nairn.

*James Ballantine*

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#### I WILL THINK OF THEE, MY LOVE.

I WILL think of thee, my love,  
     When, on dewy pinions borne,  
 The lark is singing far above,  
     Near the eyelids of the morn.  
 When the wild flowers, gemm'd with dew,  
     Breathe their fragrance on the air,  
 And, again, in light renew  
     Their forms, like thee, so fair.

I will think of thee, my love,  
     At noon when all is still,  
 Save the warblers of the grove,  
     Or the tinkling of the rill.  
 When the Zephyr's balmy breeze  
     Sighs a pleasing melody ;  
 Then, beneath the spreading trees,  
     All my thoughts shall be of thee.



I will think of thee, my love,  
 At evening's closing hour,  
 When my willing footsteps rove  
 Around yon ruin'd tower.  
 When the moonbeam, streaming bright,  
 Silvers meadow-land and tree,  
 And the stars have paled their light—  
 Then, my love, I'll think of thee.

I will think of thee, my love,  
 At morning, noon, and night,  
 And every thing I see, my love,  
 My fancy shall delight.  
 In flowers I'll view thy lovely face ;  
 Thy voice—the lark's sweet song  
 Shall whisper love ; and thus I'll trace  
 Thine image all day long.

*Thomas L. Gray*

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O, MARY, WHEN YOU THINK OF ME.\*

O, MARY, when you think of me,  
 Let pity hae its share, love ;  
 Tho' others mock my misery,  
 Do you in mercy spare, love.

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\* This touching piece is from the pen of a hand-loom weaver at Inverary, an occupation any thing but favourable to the cultivation, even the very existence of poetic feeling. Mr. Thom will, we trust, ere long give to the world more substantial evidence of his talents, and which we have heard is in contemplation.—Ed.

My heart, O Mary, own'd but thee,  
 And sought for thine so fervently!  
 The saddest tear e'er wet my e'e,  
 Ye ken *wha* brocht it there, love.

O, lookna wi' that witching look,  
 That wiled my peace awa, love!  
 An' dinna let me hear you sigh,  
 It tears my heart in twa, love!  
 Resume the frown ye wont to wear!  
 Nor shed the unavailing tear!  
 The hour of doom is drawing near,  
 An' welcome be its ca', love!

How could ye hide a thought sae kind,  
 Beneath sae cauld a brow, love?  
 The broken heart it winna bind  
 Wi' gowden bandage, now, love.  
 No, Mary! Mark yon reckless shower!  
 It hung aloof in scorching hour,  
 An' helps na now the feckless flower  
 That sinks beneath its flow, love.

*William Thomson*

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A HIGHLAND GARLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.

(*A biographical sketch of Duncan M'Rory.*)

PART FIRST.

His honour the laird, in pursuit of an heiress,  
 Has squander'd his money in London an' Paris,  
 His creditors gloom, while the black-legs are laughin':  
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the ciachan!

Our worthy incumbent is wrinkled an' auld,  
 An' whiles tak's a drappie to hand out the cauld ;  
 Syne wraps himself round in his auld tartan rachan :  
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

The dominie toils like a slave a' the week,  
 An', although he's a dungeon o' Latin and Greek,  
 He hasna three stivers to clink in his spleuchan :  
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

The doctor's a gentleman learned and braw,  
 But his outlay is great, an' his income is sma' ;  
 Disease is unkent i' the parish o' Strachan :  
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

Auld Johnnie M'Nab was a bien bonnet-laird,  
 Sax acres he had, wi' a house an' a yard ;  
 But now he's a dyvor, wi' birlin' an' wauchin' :  
 The gauger's the wealthiest man i' the clachan !

The weel-scented barber, wha mell'd wi' the gentry,  
 The walking gazette for the half o' the kintra—  
*His* jokes hae grown stale, for they ne'er excite laughin' :  
 The gauger's the wittiest man i' the clachan !

The drouthy auld smith, wi' his jest an' his jeer,  
 Has shrunk into nought since the gauger cam' hero ;  
 The lang-gabbit tailor's as mute as a maukin :  
 The gauger's the stang o' the trump i' the clachan !

On Sunday the gauger's sae trig an' sae dashin',  
 The model, the pink, an' the mirror o' fashion ;  
 He cleeks wi' the minister's daughter, I trow,  
 An' they smirk i' the laft in a green-cushion'd pew !

At meetings, whenever the Bailie is preses,  
 He tak's his opinion in difficult cases ;  
 The grey-headed elders invariably greet him ;  
 An' brewster-wives curtsey whenever they meet him !

The bedral, wha howffs up the best in the land,  
 Aye cracks to the gauger wi' bonnet in hand;  
 Tho' cold, wi' his asthma, is sair to be dreaded,  
 He *will*, in his presence, continue bare-headed.

At dredgies an' weddings he's sure to be there,  
 An' either is *in*, or sits *next* to the chair;  
 At roups an' househeatin's, presides at the toddy,  
 An' drives hame at night i' the factor's auid noddie.

At Yule, when the daft-days are fairly set in,  
 A ploy without him wadna be worth a pin;  
 He opens ilk ball wi' the toast o' the parish,  
 An' trips like Narcissus, sae gaudy and garish.

An' when he's defunct, and is laid in the yerd,  
 His banes maunna mix wi' the mere vulgar herd  
 In the common kirkyard, but be carried in style,  
 An' buried deep, deep, in the choir, or the aisle.

## PART SECOND.

BEING, WHA WAS HE THINK YOU ?

CRITIC—"Pray, who is this rare one? The author's to  
 blame—

Not to tell us long since of his lineage and name."

AUTHOR—"A trace with your strictures—don't ravel my  
 story;

If I *must* tell his name, it is Duncan M'Rory.

"An' as for his ancestors—Sir, by your leave,  
 There were GRANTS in the garden with Adam and Eve;  
 Now, Duncan held this an apocryphal bore,  
 But he traced up his fathers to Malcolm Canmore!

"An' they had been warriors, an' chieftains, an' lairds,  
 An' they had been reivers, an' robbers, an' cairds;  
 They had filled every grade from a chief to a vassal;  
 But Mac had been Borriisdale's *ain* dunniwassel.

“ The chief an’ M’Rory had hunted together,  
They had dined i’ the Ha’ house, an’ lunched on the  
heather ;

M’Rory had shaved him an’ poutered his wig—  
My certie ! nae wonder M’Rory was big !

“ When Borrisdale sported his jests after dinner,  
M’Rory guffaw’d like a laughing ‘ hyenar ’,  
An’ thunder’d applause, and was ready to ‘ swear  
‘ Such peautiful shestin’ she neffer tit hear.’

“ When Borrisdale raised a young regiment called ‘ local,’  
An’ pibrochs an’ fifes made the mountains seem vocal,  
M’Rory was aye at his post i’ the raw,  
An’ was captain, an’ sergeant, an’ corplar, an’ a’.

“ An’ he drill’d the recruits wi’ his braw yellow stick,  
Wi’ the flat o’ his soord he ga’e mony a lick :  
An’ in dressin’ the ranks he had never been chidden ;  
An’ he dined wi’ the cornal whene’er he was bidden.

“ On his patron’s estate he was principal actor,  
Gamekeeper an’ forester, bailie an’ factor ;  
An’ mony a poacher he pu’d by the lugs,  
An’ mony a hempie he set i’ the jongs !

“ But Borrisdale gaed to the land o’ the leal,  
An’ his *country* was bought by a nabob frae Keel ;  
So M’Rory’s a gauger sae trig an’ sae garish,  
The mightiest man i’ the clachan or parish !”

David Necker.

## A BAILIE'S MORNING ADVENTURE.

THE sun clam up outowre the Neilston braes,\*  
 And frae his e'ebrows scuff'd the mornin' dew ;  
 And warnin' dargsmen to put on their claes,  
 Began to speil along the lift sae blue.

He sheuk his sides, and sent a feckfu' yeild,  
 And rais'd the simmer-lunts† frae loch and limu ;  
 The wunnocks skinkl't in the heartsome beild,  
 And ilka dew-drap shone a little sin.

The funneit tod cam forth to beik himsel' ;  
 The birds melodious chirpit in the shaw ;  
 Sae braw a mornin' gae a bodeword fell,  
 That some wanchance was no that far awa.

For deils and warlocks earthly things foreken,  
 And wyse their fause end by a pauky quirk—  
 Sae aft they harbinger the weird o' men,  
 An' wind a bricht pirn for a cast richt mirk.

As rose the sun afore the sax-hour bell,  
 Sae rose the Bailie, and stravaigit out ;  
 Guess ye the Bailie, whose exploit I tell,  
 In five feet verses jinglin' time about.

Nae feck o' care was in the Bailie's head ;  
 He thocht nae mair nor common bodies thik ;  
 Sae witches draw us stownlins to our deid,  
 And wyse us smilin' to the very brink.

He daunert on, ne'er thinkin' whar-awa ;  
 He walkit stately—bailies donna rin ;—  
 Till, wi' a start he thocht he halflins saw  
 Some fearsome bogle wavelin' in the sin.

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\* Neilston Braes—Rising ground in the parish of that name, to the south of Paisley and Glasgow.

† Simmer-lunts—Exhalations rising from the ground in warm weather.

He cried, but naething answered to his ca';  
 His steps he airtit to the bogle's stance;  
 But aye the bogle lap a bit awa;  
 He only wan whar it had kyth'd to dance.  
 Awhile he glowr'd; hech, what an eerie sicht!  
 A bushy shaw grew thick wi' dulesome yew;  
 Sure sic a spat was made to scour the licht,  
 And hide unearthly deeds frae mortal view.  
 How lang he stood, dementit, glowrin' there;  
 Whether he saw a wraith, or gruesome cow;  
 How near he swarf'd, how started up his hair,  
 Are secrets still deep buried in his pow.  
 What words he spak, we'll aiblins ne'er find out;  
 But some fell charm he surely mann'd to mutter;—  
 For at the very bit he turn'd about,  
 And doddit hame to eat his rows and butter.

Chas. Crawford

---

**I'LL LIVE A SINGLE LIFE.**  
 SOME foolish ladies will have men,  
 Whatever these should be,  
 And fancy they are getting old,  
 When scarcely twenty-three:  
 They never once reflect upon  
 The trials of a wife;  
 For me, I'll pay my lovers off,  
 And live a single life!  
 I cannot think of Mr. Figg;—  
 I do not like the name;  
 And as for Mr. Tikeler,  
 Why that is much the same!

And Mr. *Goold* has grown so *poor*,  
 He could not keep a wife,  
 And Mr. *Honey* looks so *sour*—  
 I'll live a single life !

I see some ladies who were once  
 The gay belles of the town,  
 Though but a short year married,  
 All changed in face and gown.  
 And Mr. *Gentle* rudely *scolds*  
 His little loving wife;  
 And Mr. *Lowe* has grown so *cold*—  
 I'll live a single life !

There's Mr. *Home* is always *out*  
 Till twelve o'clock at night ;  
 And Mr. *Smart* is *dull* and *black*,  
 Since married to Miss *White*.  
 And Mr. *Wright* has all gone *wrong*,  
 And beats his loving wife;—  
 I would not have such men, I trow—  
 I'll live a single life !

Miss *Evans* looks so very *odd*,  
 Since wed to Mr *Strang* ;  
 Miss *Little* looks so very *broad*  
 Beside her Mr. *Lang*.  
 Miss *Hartley* looks so *heartless* now,  
 Since Mr. *Wishart's* wife ;  
 Miss *Rose* has turn'd so *lily-pale*—  
 I'll live a single life !

There's Mr. *Foot* has begg'd me oft  
 To give him my fair *hand*;  
 And Mr. *Crabbe* has sought me too,  
 And so has Mr. *Bland*;



And Mr. *Young* and Mr. *Auld*  
 Have asked me for their wife ;  
 But I've denied them every one—  
 I'll live a single life !

So, ladies who are single yet  
 Take heed to what I say ;  
 Nor cast your caps, and take the pet,  
 As thoughtless maidens may :  
 Remember 'tis no common task  
 To prove a prudent wife ;  
 For me, no one my hand need ask—  
 I'll live a single life !

*Andrew Park*

---

MARY DRAPER.\*

AIR—" *Nancy Dawson.*

DON'T talk to me of London dames,  
 Nor rave about your foreign flames,  
 That never lived,—except in drames,  
 Nor shone, except on paper ;  
 I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,  
 Who lived in Ballywhaemacrew,  
 And, let me tell you, mighty few  
 Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,  
 Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,  
 Her foot was small, and neat to view,  
 Her waist was slight and taper ;

---

\* Taken, with permission, from Charles O'Malley, the *Irish Dragoon*.

Her voice was music to your ear,  
 A lovely brogue, so rich and clear ;  
 Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear  
 As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,  
 Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,  
 Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"  
 For nothing could escape her :  
 I've seen her too—upon my word—  
 At sixty yards bring down her bird ;  
 Oh ! she charmed all the Forty-third !  
 Did lovely Mary Draper.

And at the spring assizes ball,  
 The junior bar would, one and all,  
 For all her fav'rite dances call,  
 And Harry Deane would caper ;  
 Lord Clare would then forget his lore,  
 King's Counsel, voting law a bore,  
 Were proud to figure on the floor,  
 For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,  
 Were all her slaves, and so would you,  
 If you had only but one view  
 Of such a face and shape, or  
 Her pretty ancles—but, ohone !  
 It's only west of old Athlone  
 Such girls are found—and now they're gone—  
 So here's to Mary Draper.

I'VE AYE BEEN FOU SIN' THE YEAR CAM' IN.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in,  
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in ;  
It's what wi' the brandy, an' what wi' the gin,  
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Our Yule friends they met, and a gay stoup we drank,  
The bicker gaed round, an' the pint-stoup did clank :  
But that was a naething, as shortly ye'll fin'—  
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Our auld timmer clock, wi' thori an' string,  
Had scarce shawn the hour whilk the new year did bring,  
When friends and acquaintance cam' tirl at the pin—  
An' I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

My auld auntie Tibbie cam ben for her cap,  
Wi' scone in her hand, and cheese in her lap,  
An' drank a gude New Year to kith an' to kin—  
Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

My strong brither Sandy cam' in frae the south—  
There's some ken his mettle, but nane ken his drouth ;  
I brought out the bottle, losh ! how he did grin !  
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Wi' feasting at night, an' wi' drinking at morn,  
Wi' here tak' a caulker, and there tak' a horn,  
I've gatten baith doited, and donner't, and blin'—  
For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

I sent for the doctor, an' bade him sit down,  
He felt at my hand, an' he straike my crown ;  
He order'd a bottle—but it turned out gin ;  
Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

The Sunday bell rang, an' I thought it as weel  
 To slip into the kirk, to steer clear o' the De'il ;  
 But the chiel at the plate fand a groat left behin'—  
 Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

'Tis Candlemas time, an' the wee birds o' spring  
 Are chirming an' chirping as if they wad sing ;  
 While here I sit bousing—'tis really a sin !—  
 I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

The last breath o' winter is sougling awa',  
 An' sune down the valley the primrose will blaw ;  
 A douce sober life I maun really begin,  
 For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Robt. Gillman

---

THE VOICE OF MERRIMENT.\*

I HEARD the voice of merriment—  
 Of man in his glad hour,—  
 And there the joyous bumper lent  
 To mirth its maddening power :  
 And when I asked the reason why,  
 They told me that the year  
 Was aged, and about to die—  
 Its end was drawing near.—

---

\* The amiable and accomplished author of these lines, and "The Sailor's Rest," inserted in the last published series of this work, died of aneurism of the heart, in July, 1839. Whilst he was seated with Mrs. Buchanan, witnessing the gambols of their children, death suddenly en-

How strange a thing ! the human heart,  
 To laugh at time's decay,  
 When every hour we see depart  
 Is hurrying us away !  
 Away—from all the scenes that we  
 Have loved so much, so well ;  
 To where ? ah ! whither do we flee—  
 Whose is the tongue to tell ?

*John Galt Bruce Lamar*

---

MY BEAUTIFUL SHIP.

My beautiful ship ! I love thee,  
 As if thou wert living thing ;  
 Not the ocean bird above thee,  
 That speeds on its snow-white wing,  
 To its hungry brood at even,  
 Hath a fonder, gladder breast,  
 Than mine, when I see thee driven  
 By the wind that knoweth no rest !

---

tered the joyous circle, and bereft his family and the world of an ornament of literature, and an accomplished gentleman ; a premature grave closing over him at the age of thirty-six.

In 1833, a volume of poetry, entitled "Edith," was issued anonymously from the Glasgow press, and although the author chose to conceal his name, the reading portion of the world was not long in tracing the authorship to the sequestered shades of Auchintoshan, in Dumbartonshire, Mr. Buchanan's family seat, where he had so successfully courted the tuneful Nine

When the silvery spray flies o'er thee,  
 Like a shower of crystal gems,  
 And the wave divides before thee  
 Wherever thy bold bow stems—  
 Oh! my heart reboundeth then,  
 With a beat, which hath been rare,  
 Since the gay glad moments—when  
 The blood of my youth gushed there.  
 These are joys the Landsman's soul  
 Can never wot of, I ween,  
 No more than the buried mole  
 Can tell of the earth that's green.  
 Oh! bear me, my ship, away,  
 Away on the joyous wave!  
 I cannot abide earth's clay—  
 For it minds me of the grave.  
 Thou art to mine eyes the fairest  
 Of all the fair things that be;  
 Every joy of my life thou sharest,  
 That bringest new life to me.  
 Shall my soul then cease to love thee,  
 My beautiful sea-home? Never!  
 As long as the sky's above me,  
 Thou shalt be my Idol ever.

*John West Bruce Savaris*

---

I'M LIVING YET.

'THIS flesh has been wasted, this spirit been vext,  
 Till I've wish'd that my deeing day were the next;  
 But trouble will flee, an' sorrow will flit,  
 Sac tent me, my lads—I'm living yet!

Ay, when days were dark, and the nights as grim,  
 When the heart was dowff, an' the e'e was dim,  
 At the tail o' the purse, at the end o' my wit,  
 It was time to quit—but I'm living yet!

Our pleasures are constantly gi'en to disease,  
 An' Hope, poor thing, aft gets dowie, and dies;  
 While dyester Care, wi' his darkest litt,  
 Keeps dipping awa'—but I'm living yet!

A wee drap drink, an' a canty chiel,  
 Can laugh at the warl', an' defy the deil;  
 Wi' a blink o' sense, an' a flaught o' wit,  
 O! that's the gear keeps me living yet!

*Hew Ainslie*\*

---

MY LAST SANG TO KATE REID.

I'LL sing a sang to thee, Kate Reid,  
 It may touch a lonesome string;  
 I'll sing a sang to thee, Kate Reid,  
 Be't the last that e'er I sing, Kate Reid,  
 Be't the last that e'er I sing.

---

\* Hew Ainslie, who still, we believe, survives beyond the western wave, in Louisville, United States of America, was born in the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire, in 1792. His father removed to Edinburgh in 1809, and his son, the subject of this note, was employed as a copying clerk in the Register Office for some time. He occasionally acted as amanuensis to the late Dugald Stewart, after that celebrated metaphysician and elegant writer had resigned the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University. Ainslie wrote with great rapidity

Or I hae sung to thee, fair Kate,  
 When the young spring, like thysel',  
 Kythed bonnilie on Roslin lea,  
 In Gourton's flowery dell, Kate Reid, &c.

And simmer eves hae seen us, Kate,  
 Thy genty hand in mine,  
 As, by our pleasant waterside,  
 I mix'd my heart wi' thine, Kate Reid, &c.

And harvest moons hae lighted us,  
 When in yon silent glen  
 Ye sat, my living idol, Kate—  
 Did I not worship then, Kate Reid? &c.

and elegance, but the fastidious taste of the critic frequently marred by nice corrections the flowing caligraphy of his recorder. Mr. Ainslie again returned to the Register Office, and soon after married his cousin, Janet Ainslie. The mechanical drudgery of copying legal records sickened the poet, and he resolved on emigrating to America. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to establish a business, he at last so far succeeded, and we hope will realize for himself and his large family, if not wealth, a sufficient competency. Mr. Ainslie is the author of several published pieces of great merit, a list of which may be seen in a publication lately issued in Edinburgh, entitled "The Contemporaries of Burns," a work wherein much local talent, hitherto unknown, has been brought to light. He was also the author of a series of papers contributed to the Newcastle Magazine, which were considered worthy of being republished in a volume, and entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," a name now used to designate the locality of Burns's nativity. Mr. Ainslie went out alone to America, to find a resting-place for his family ere he should remove them from Scotland, and it was during this period of separation from all that was dear to him, and under a fit of sickness, that the labouring and scathed heart sought relief in the gush of affection, entitled "The Absent Father."



Hymns frae my heart hae sung o' thee ;  
 And trees by my auld hame,  
 That echoed to thy praises aft,  
 Stand graven wi' thy name, Kate Reid, &c

Thrice seven lang years hae past us, Kate,  
 Since thae braw days gaed by ;  
 Anither land's around me, Kate,  
 I see anither sky, Kate Reid, &c.

My simmer hour is gane, Kate Reid,  
 The day begins to dow ;  
 The spark hath left this e'e, Kate Reid,  
 The gloss hath left this brow, Kate Reid, &c

Yet fresh as when I kiss'd thee last,  
 Still unto me ye seem ;  
 Bright'ner o' mony a dreary day,  
 Ye've sweeten'd mony a dream, Kate Reid, &c.

*New Ainslie*

---

THE ABSENT FATHER.

THE friendly greeting of our kinā,  
 Or gentler woman's-smiling,  
 May sooth a weary wand'rer's mind,  
 Some lonely hours beguiling ;—

May charm the restless spirit still,  
 The pang of grief allaying ;—  
 But, ah ! the soul it cannot fill,  
 Or keep the heart from straying.

O! how the fancy, when unbound,  
 On wings of rapture swelling,  
 Will hurry to the holy ground  
 Where loves and friends are dwelling.

My lonely and my widow'd wife,  
 How oft to thee I wander!  
 And live again those hours of life,  
 When mutual love was tender.

And now with sickness lowly laid,  
 All scenes to sadness turning,  
 Where will I find a breast like thine,  
 To lay the brow that's burning?

And how'st with you my little ones?  
 How have those cherubs thriven,  
 That made my hours of leisure light,  
 That made my home like heaven?

Does yet the rose array your cheeks,  
 As when in grief I bless'd you?  
 Or are your cherry lips as sweet,  
 As when with tears I kiss'd you?

Does yet your broken prattle tell—  
 Can your young memories gather  
 A thought of him who loves you well—  
 Your weary, wand'ring father.

O! I've had wants and wishes too,  
 This world has choked and chill'd;  
 Yet bless me but again with you,  
 And halt my prayer's fulfill'd.

*How Annie*

## WHY DO I SEEK THE GLOAMING HOUR?

WHY do I seek the gloaming hour,  
 When others seek the day?  
 Why wander 'neath the moon's pale light,  
 And not the sun's bright ray?  
 Why beats my heart as every blast  
 Gaes whistling through the trees?  
 Be still in pity, gentle wind,  
 My Willie's on the seas.

And should an angry mood come o'er  
 Thy balmy summer breath,  
 Remember her who courts thy smiles,  
 Nor seek my sailor's death:  
 Think on a mother's burning tears,  
 The wee things on her knee;  
 Be still in pity, gentle wind,  
 My Willie's on the sea.

For oh, I fear the azure caves,  
 Thine angry mood explores;  
 And sorely dread the hidden rocks,  
 And shelving iron shores.  
 Bespeak the love-sick moon's control,  
 And bless with fav'ring breeze—  
 Blow soft and steady, gentle wind,  
 My Willie's on the seas.

J. S.

---

 THE INDIAN COTTAGER'S SONG.

Founded upon St. Pierre's tale of the Indian Cottage, and adapted  
 to an Hindostan air. Arranged and harmonised by R. A. Smith.

THO' exiled afar from the gay scenes of Delhi,  
 Although my proud kindred no more shall I see,  
 I've found a sweet home in this thick-wooded valley,  
 Beneath the cool shade of the green banyan tree;

'Tis here my loved Paria\* and I dwell together,  
 Though shunned by the world, truly blest in each other,  
 And thou, lovely boy! lisping "father" and "mother,"  
 Art more than the world to my Paria and me.

How dark seemed my fate, when we first met each other,  
 My own fatal pile ready waiting for me;  
 While incense I burned on the grave of my mother,  
 And knew that myself the next victim† would be;  
 'Twas then that my Paria, as one sent from heaven,  
 To whom a commission of mercy is given,  
 Shed peace through this bosom, with deep anguish riven,  
 To new life, to love, and to joy waking me.

He wooed me with flowers,‡ to express the affection  
 Which sympathy woke in his bosom for me;  
 My poor bleeding heart clung to him for protection;  
 I wept—while I vowed with my Paria to flee.  
 My mind, too, from darkness and ignorance freeing,  
 He taught to repose on that merciful Being,  
 The Author of Nature, all-wise and all-seeing,  
 Whose arm still protecteth my Paria and me.

Now safely we dwell in this cot of our rearing,  
 Contented, industrious, cheerful, and free;  
 To each other still more endeared and endearing,  
 While Heaven sheds its smiles on my Paria and me.

\* "Paria," the most degraded among the Indian castes; a Paria is one whom none belonging to other castes will deign to recognise.

† "The next victim." The person here is supposed to have been the widow of a young Hindoo, condemned by the barbarous laws of the Brahmins to be burned alive on the funeral pile of her husband.

‡ "He wooed me with flowers." The mode of courtship in many eastern countries, especially among the Hindoos.

Our garden supplies us with fruits and with flowers,  
 The sun marks our time, and our birds sing the hours,  
 And thou, darling boy! shooting forth thy young powers,  
 Completest the bliss of my Paria and me.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

---

LAMENT FOR CAPTAIN PATON. \*

TOUCH once more a sober measure,  
 And let punch and tears be shed,  
 For a prince of good old fellows,  
 That, alack a-day! is dead ;  
 For a prince of worthy fellows,  
 And a pretty man also,  
 That has left the Saltmarket  
 In sorrow, grief, and wo.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

---

\* We have, with the kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood, taken this Lament, written by Mr. Lockhart, from their Magazine, published in September, 1819. We know of no piece of the serio-comic to compare with it; it has, in fact, no rival. As a specimen of the fine arts in verse, the portrait is complete—there is scarcely a touch wanting to present the living man—a limber built, whalebone-frame standing in erect column, five feet eight, or so—tailoring decorations, precise to a stitch, and adjusted on his person with the nicety of a gold balance—in his gait erect as if the spine were a solid, instead of a flexible column—and as little use made as possible of the foldings at the knee.

Captain Archibald *Patoun* was a son of Dr. David *Patoun*, a physician in Glasgow, who left to his son the tenement in which he lived for many years preceding his decease, called "Patoun's Land," opposite the Old Exchange at the Cross. The broad pavement, or "plainstones,"

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,  
 Were all cut off the same web,  
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour,  
 Or a modest genty drab ;  
 The blue stripe in his stocking  
 Round his neat slim leg did go,  
 And his ruffles of the cambric fine  
 They were whiter than the snow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

His hair was curled in order,  
 At the rising of the sun,  
 In comely rows and buckles smart  
 That about his ears did run ;  
 And before there was a toupée  
 That some inches up did go,  
 And behind there was a long queue  
 That did o'er his shoulders flow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

---

as it was called, in front of the house, formed the daily parade ground of the veteran. The Captain held a commission in a regiment that had been raised in Scotland for the Dutch service ; and after he had left the tented field, lived with two maiden sisters, and Nelly, the servant, who had, from long and faithful servitude, become an indispensable in the family. He was considered a very skilful fencer, and excelled in small sword exercise, an accomplishment he was rather proud of, and often handled his rattan as if it had been the lethal instrument which he used to wield against the foe. The wags of the day got up a caricature of the Captain parrying the horned thrusts of a belligerent bull in the Glasgow Green. The Captain fell in that warfare from which there is no discharge, on the 30th July, 1807, at the age of 68, and was interred in the sepulchre of his father in the Cathedral, or High Church burying grounds. The ballad has, by a slight mistake, deposited his remains in the Ram's-horn, now St. David's, churchyard.

And whenever we foregathered,  
 He took off his wee three-cockit,  
 And he proffered you his snuff-box,  
 Which he drew from his side pocket ;  
 And on Burdett or Bonaparte,  
 He would make a remark or so,  
 And then along the plainstones  
 Like a provost he would go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

In dirty days he picked well  
 His footsteps with his rattan ;  
 Oh ! you ne'er could see the least speck  
 On the shoes of Captain Paton ;  
 And on entering the coffee-room  
 About *two*, all men did know,  
 They would see him with his Courier  
 In the middle of the row.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Now and then upon a Sunday  
 He invited me to dine,  
 On a herring and a mutton chop  
 Which his maid dressed very fine ;  
 There was also a little Malmsey,  
 And a bottle of Bourdeaux,  
 Which between me and the Captain  
 Passed nimbly to and fro.

Oh ! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo !

Or if a bowl was mentioned,  
 The Captain he would ring,  
 And bid Nelly to the West-port,\*  
 And a stoup of water bring ;

---

\* A well, the water of which is excellently adapted for the compounding of cold punch, now at the foot of Glassford Street, but in the days of the Captain, a little east of the Black Bull, Argyll Street.

Then would he mix the genuine stuff,  
 As they made it long ago,  
 With limes that on his property  
 In Trinidad did grow.

Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's  
 punch no mo!

And then all the time he would discourse,  
 So sensible and courteous;  
 Perhaps talking of the last sermon  
 He had heard from Dr. Porteous,\*  
 Or some little bit of scandal  
 About Mrs. So-and-so,  
 Which he scarce could credit, having heard  
 The *con* but not the *pro*.

Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Or when the candles were brought forth,  
 And the night was fairly setting in,  
 He would tell some fine old stories  
 About Minden-field or Dettingen—  
 How he fought with a French major,  
 And despatched him at a blow,  
 While his blood ran out like water  
 On the soft grass below.

Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

But at last the Captain sickened,  
 And grew worse from day to day,  
 And all missed him in the coffee-room,  
 From which now he stayed away;  
 On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk †  
 Made a melancholy show,  
 All for wanting of the presence  
 Of our venerable beau.

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

---

\* A favourite preacher.

† Now the Tron Church.



And in spite of all that Cleghorn  
 And Corkindale could do,\*  
 It was plain, from twenty symptoms,  
 That death was in his view ;  
 So the Captain made his test'ment,  
 And submitted to his foe,  
 And we laid him by the Rams-horn-kirk†—  
 'Tis the way we all must go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,  
 And let punch and tears be shed,  
 For this prince of good old fellows,  
 That, alack a-day ! is dead ;  
 For this prince of worthy fellows,  
 And a pretty man also,  
 That has left the Saltmarket  
 In sorrow, grief, and wo !

For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

*J. L. L. L.*

---

### THE FA' O' THE YEAR.

AFORE the Lammas' tide  
 Had dun'd the birken-tree,  
 In a' our water-side  
 Nae wife was blest like me ;

---

\* Eminent Physicians.

† Now St. David's Church.

A kind gudeman, and twa  
 Sweet bairns were round me here;  
 But they're a' ta'en awa'  
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,  
 An' made me, when it cam',  
 A bird without a mate,  
 A ewe without a lamb.  
 Our hay was yet to maw,  
 And our corn was to shear,  
 When they a' dwined awa'  
 In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,  
 For aye I trow I see  
 The form that was a bield  
 To my wee bairns and me;  
 But wind, and weat, and snaw,  
 They never mair can fear,  
 Sin' they a' got the ca'  
 In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens  
 I see him 'mang the ferns,  
 The lover o' my teens,  
 The faither o' my bairns;  
 For there his plaid I saw  
 As gloamin' aye drew near—  
 But my a's now awa'  
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonny rigs theirsel'  
 Reca' my waes to mind,  
 Our puir dumb beasties tell  
 O' a' that I hae tyned;

For wha our wheat will saw,  
 And wha our sheep will shear,  
 Sin' my a' gaed awa'  
 In the fa' o' the year ?

My hearth is growing cauld,  
 And will be caulder still ;  
 And sair, sair in the fauld  
 Will be the winter's chill ;  
 For peats were yet to ca'—  
 Our sheep were yet to smear,  
 When my a' dwined awa'  
 In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,  
 But wee, wee patterin' feet  
 Come rinnin' out and in,  
 And then I just maun greet :  
 I ken it's fancy a',  
 And faster rows the tear,  
 That my a' dwined awa'  
 In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heav'n abune !  
 To ane sae wae and lane,  
 And tak' her hamewards sune,  
 In pity o' her mane ;  
 Lang ere the March winds blaw,  
 May she, far far frae here,  
 Meet them a' that's awa'  
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

*From a. M. M. M.*

## SHE COMES IN A DREAM OF THE NIGHT.

## ORIGINAL AIR.

SHE comes in a dream of the night,  
 When the cumberless spirit is free,  
 A vision of beauty and light,  
 And sweetly she smiles upon me.  
 And with the dear maid as of yore,  
 Through scenes long remembered I stray ;  
 But soon the illusion is o'er—  
 It flits with the dawning of day.

Though low be the bed of her rest,  
 And sound is her sleep in the tomb,  
 Her image enshrined in my breast,  
 Still lives in its brightness and bloom ;  
 And link'd with the memories of old,  
 That image to me is more dear  
 Than all that the eyes can behold—  
 Than all that is sweet to the ear.

And like the soft voice of a song,  
 That trembles and dies in the air,  
 While memory the strain will prolong,  
 And fix it unchangeable there ;  
 So deep in remembrance will lie,  
 That form, ever lovely and young ;  
 The lustre that lived in her eye,  
 The music that flow'd from her tongue.

*Alec Smart*

---

## JOHN FROST.

AIR—*The young May moon is beaming, love.*

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost,  
Wi' your crispin' an' poutherin' gear, John Frost ;

For hedge tower an' tree, as far as I see,  
Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You've been very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost,  
Altho' ye hae wrought in the dark, John Frost ;

For ilka fit-stap frae the door to the slap,  
Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,  
An' ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost ;

For the weans, wi' cauld taes, crying "shoon, stockings  
claes,"

Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

An' to tell you I winna be blate, John Frost,  
Our gudeman stops out whiles rather late, John Frost,

An' the blame's put on you, if he gets a thocht fou',  
He's sae fleyed for the slippery lang gate, John Frost.

Ye hae fine goin's-on in the north, John Frost,  
Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost ;

Tho' their kirn's on the fire, they may kirn till they tire,  
But their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost ?

Now your breath wad be greatly improven, John Frost,  
By a whilock in some baker's oven, John Frost ;

Wi' het scones for a lunch, and a horn o' rum punch,  
Or wi' gude whisky toddy a' stovin', John Frost.

*William Miller*

## I LO'ED YE WHEN LIFE'S EARLY DEW.

I LO'ED ye when life's early dew  
 A' fresh upon your bosom lay ;  
 I preed your wee bit fragrant mou',  
 An' vow'd to lo'e ye in decay.

Ye now sit in the auld aik chair ;  
 The rose hath faded frae your cheek ;  
 Wi' siller tints time dyes your hair—  
 Your voice now quivers whan ye speak.

Yet joy it is for me to hae  
 Your wintry beauty in my arms ;  
 The faithfu' heart kens nae decay—  
 It's simmer there in a' its charms.

An' kindly is your smile to me,  
 Altho' nae dimple round it plays ;  
 Your voice is aye a melody,  
 That breathes to me o' ither days.

Fill hie the cup, my gude auld May,  
 In ruddy wine I'll pledge ye yet ;  
 While mem'ry lingers o'er the day,  
 The happy day when first we met.

An' this the pledge 'tween you an' me,  
 Whan time comes hirplin wreath'd in snaw,  
 Like leaves frae aff an aged tree,  
 May we to earth thegither fa'.

## THE BURNSIDE.

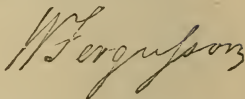
I WANDER'D by the burn side,  
 Lang, lang syne ;  
 When I was Willie's promis'd bride,  
 And Willie's heart was mine.  
 I wander'd by the burn side,  
 And little did I think,  
 That e'er I should gang mournin'  
 Sae sadly by its brink.

We wander'd by the burn side,  
 Late, late at e'en,  
 And mony were the vows breath'd  
 Its flowery banks atween :—  
 We wander'd late, we wander'd aft,  
 It ne'er seem'd late nor lang,  
 Sae mony were the kind things  
 That Willie said and sang.

But, waes me for the burn side,  
 It's flowers sae sweet, sae fair ;  
 And waes me for the lasting love,  
 That Willie promis'd there :  
 The flowers forsook the burn side,  
 But ah ! they didna part  
 Sae cauldly frae its bonny banks,  
 As truth frae Willie's heart.

Now I gang by the burn side,  
 My sad, my leefu' lane,  
 And Willie on its flowery banks  
 Maun never look again.  
 For ither scenes, and ither charms,  
 Hae glamour'd Willie's ecn,  
 He thinks nae on the burn side,  
 He thinks na on his Jean.

O! blessin's on the burn side!  
 Its a' the bless I hae  
 To wander loneiy by its brink,  
 The lee lang night and day—  
 But waes me for its bonny flowers  
 Their sweets I daurna see,  
 For Willie's love, and Willie's wrang,  
 Wi' tears blind aye my e'e!




---

HERE'S TO YOU AGAIN.

AIR—"Toddlin' hame."

LET votaries o' Bacchus o' wine make their boast,  
 And drink till it mak's them as dead's a bed-post,  
 A drap o' maut broe I wad far rather pree,  
 And a rosy-faced landlord's the Bacchus for me.  
 Then I'll toddle butt, and I'll toddle ben,  
 And let them drink at wine wha nae better do ken.

Your wine it may do for the bodies far south,  
 But a Scotsman likes something that bites i' the mouth,  
 And whisky's the thing that can do't to a Tee,  
 Then Scotsmen and whisky will ever agree;  
 For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,  
 Sae lang we've been nurst on't we hardly can spean.

It's now thretty years since I first took the drap,  
 To moisten my carcass, and keep it in sap,  
 An' tho' what I've drunk might hae slockened the sun,  
 I fin' I'm as dry as when first I begun;



For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,  
I'm nae sooner slockened than drouthy agaln.

Your douse folk aft ca' me a tipplin' auld sot,  
A worm to a still,—a sand bed,—and what not;  
They cry that my hand wad ne'er bide frae my mouth,  
But, oddsake! they never consider my drouth;  
Yet I'll toddle butt, an' I'll toddle ben,  
An' laugh at their nonsense—wha nae better ken.

Some hard grippin' mortals wha deem themsel's wise,  
A glass o' good whisky affect to despise,  
Poor scurvy-souled wretches—they're no very blate,  
Besides, let me tell them, they're foes to the State;  
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,  
Gin folk wadna drink, how could Government fen'?

Yet wae on the tax that mak's whisky sae dear,  
An' wae on the gauger sae strict and severe:  
Had I but my will o't, I'd soon let you see,  
That whisky, like water, to a' should be free;  
For I'd toddie butt, an' I'd toddle ben,  
An' I'd mak' it to rin like the burn after rain.

What signifies New'r'day?—a mock at the best,  
That tempts but poor bodies, and leaves them unblest,  
For a ance-a-year fuddle I'd scarce gie a strae,  
Unless that ilk year were as short as a day;  
Then I'd toddle butt, an' I'd toddle ben,  
Wi' the hearty het pint, an' the canty black hen.

I ne'er was inclined to lay by ony cash,  
Weel kennin' it only wad breed me mair fash;  
But aye when I had it, I let it gang free,  
An' wad toss for a gill wi' my lindmost bawbee;  
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,  
I ne'er kent the use o't, but only to spen'.

Had siller been made in the kist to lock by,  
 It ne'er wad been round, but as square as a die;  
 Whereas, by its shape, ilka body may see,  
 It aye was designed it should circulate free;  
 Then we'll toddle butt, an' we'll toddle ben,  
 An' aye whan we get it, we'll part wi't again.

I ance was persuaded to "put in the pin,"  
 But foul fa' the bit o't ava wad bide in,  
 For whisky's a thing so bewitchingly stout,  
 The first time I smelt it, the pin it lap out;  
 Then I toddled butt, an' I toddled ben,  
 And I vowed I wad ne'er be advised sae again.

O leeze me on whisky! it gies us new life,  
 It mak's us aye cadgy to cuddle the wife;  
 It kindles a spark in the breast o' the cauld,  
 And it mak's the rank coward courageously bauld;  
 Then we'll toddle butt, an' we'll toddle ben,  
 An' we'll coup aff our glasses,—“here's to you again.”

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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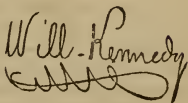
THE IRON DESPOT OF THE NORTH.

THE iron Despot of the North  
 May on his vassals call,  
 But not for him will I go forth  
 From my old castle hall.  
 Though sabres, swayed by Polish hands,  
 Have battled for the foe,  
 There's one, at least, Oppression's bands  
 Shall ne'er see brandished so!

I fought in Freedom's farewell field,  
 I saved a useless life ;  
 No weapon from that hour to wield,  
 In a less noble strife.  
 When hostile strangers passed my gate,  
 On Hope's red grave I swore,  
 That, like my ruined country's fate,  
 This arm should rise no more.

I flung into the bloody moat,  
 A flag no longer free,  
 Which centuries had seen afloat,  
 In feudal majesty.  
 The sword a warrior-race bequeathed  
 With honour to their son,  
 Hangs on the mouldering wall unsheathed,  
 And rust consumes my gun.

The steed that, rushing to the ranks,  
 Defied the stubborn rein,  
 Felt not on his impatient flanks,  
 The horseman's spur again.  
 And I, the last of all my line,  
 Left an affianced bride,  
 Lest slaves should spring from blood of mine,  
 To serve the Despot's pride.

Will-Kennedy  


## THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.\*

(NEW VERSION.)

AIR—*The Roast-beef of Old England.*

THE Genius of Scotland lang wept owre our woes,  
 But now that we've gotten baith peace and repose,  
 We've kits fu' o' butter—we've cogs fu' o' brose:

O! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,  
 And O! for the Scottish kail-brose.

Nae mair shall our cheeks, ance sae lean and sae wan,  
 Hing shilpit and lank, like a bladder half-blawn;  
 Our lang runkled painches will now, like a can,  
 Be stentit wi' brose o' auld Scotland,  
 The stiff, stughie, Scottish kail-brose.

Our Sawnies and Maggies, as hard as the horn,  
 At e'en blythe will dance, yet work fell the neist morn;  
 They'll haud baith the French and their puddocks in scorn,  
 While fed on the brose o' auld Scotland,  
 Large luggies o' Scottish kail-brose.

There's our brave Forty-second, in Egypt wha fought,  
 Wi' Invincibles styled, whom they soon set at nought;  
 But the Frenchmen ne'er dreamt that sic wark could be  
 wrought,  
 For they kent na the brose o' auld Scotland,  
 The poust that's in Scottish kail-brose.

---

\* This modern version of the potent effects of the National dish, Kail-brose, fairly, in our opinion, excels the original by Deacon Watson; but our friend Mr. Inglis must not be unduly elevated at our preference, because the Deacon of the Tailors lays claim, professionally, to fractional proportions in the *genus homo*, though really his song is worthy of Nine hands, the quantity of squatters who are required to fill the clothes of an able-bodied member in common society.

Again, at the battle o' red Waterloo,  
 How they pricket and proget the French thro' and thro';  
 Some ran, and some rade—and some look'd rather blue,  
     As they fled frae the sons o' auld Scotland,  
     Frae the chieks that were fed upon brose.

To tell ilka feat wherein Scotsmen hae shone,  
 Is vain to attempt—they're so numerous grown;  
 For where will you meet wi' mair muscle and bone,  
     Than is bred on the brose o' auld Scotland,  
     The rib-prapping Scottish kail-brose?

Then join me, all ye to whom Scotland is dear,  
 And loud let us sing o' the chief o' her cheer;  
 Let cutties and cogs show our hearts are sincere,  
     While we welcome the brose o' auld Scotland,  
     The braw halesome Scottish kail-brose!

*Robt. Lyle's*

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IT'S DOWIE IN THE HIN' O' HAIRST.

It's dowie in the hin' o' hairst,  
 At the wa'gang o' the swallow,  
 When the winds grow cauld, when the burns grow  
     bauld,  
 An' the wuds are hingin' yellow;  
 But, O! it's dowier far to see—  
 The wa'gang o' her the heart gangs wi'—  
 The deadset o' a shining e'e  
     That darkens the weary warld on thee.

There was muckle luvè atween us twa—  
 O! twa could ne'er be fonder;  
 An' the thing below was never made  
 That could hae gar'd us sunder.  
 But the way o' Heav'n's aboon a' ken—  
 An' we maun bear what it likes to sen—  
 It's comfort though, to weary men,  
 That the warst o' this warl's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come an' gae—  
 Just seen and just forgotten—  
 An' the flow'rs that busk a bonnie brae,  
 Gin anither year lie rotten;  
 But the last look o' that lovely e'e,  
 An' the dying grip she ga'e to me,  
 They're settled like eternity:—  
 O, Mary! that I were with thee!

*New Ainslie*

---

I'VE SOUGHT IN LANDS AYONT THE SEA.

AIR—"My Normandie."

I'VE sought in lands ayont the sea  
 A hame—a couthie hame for thee,  
 An' honeysuckle bursts around  
 The blythsome hame that I hae found;  
 Then dinna grudge your heather bell,  
 O fretna for your flowerless fell,  
 There's dale an' down mair fair to see,  
 Than ought in our bleak countrie!

Come o'er the waters, dinna fear,  
 The lav'rock lilt as lo'esome here,  
 An' mony a sweet, around, above,  
 Shall welcome o'er my Jessie, love,  
 My hame wi' halesome gear is fu',  
 My heart wi' lowing love for you ;  
 O haste, my Jessie, come an' see  
 The hame—the heart that wants but thee !

But mind ye, lass, the fleetfu' hours,  
 They wait na—spare na fouk nor flowers,  
 An' sair are fouk and flowers to blame,  
 Wha wishfu' wastefu' wait for them.  
 O bide na lang in swither, then,  
 Since flowers and fouk may wither, then,  
 But come as lang's I hae to gi'e  
 A hame, a heart to welcome thee !

*William Thomson*

I WOULDNA—O I COULDNA LOOK.

I WOULDNA—O I couldna look  
 On that sweet face again,  
 I daurna trust my simple heart,  
 Now it's ance mair my ain.

I wouldna thole what I ha'e thol'd,  
 Sic dule I wouldna drce,  
 For a' that love could now unfold  
 Frae woman's witchfu' e'e.

I ve mourn'd until the waesome moon  
 Has sunk ahint the hill,  
 An' seen ilk sparkling licht aboon  
 Creep o'er me, mournin' still.

I've thocht my very mither's hame  
 Was hameless-like to me ;  
 Nor could I think this warld the same,  
 That I was wont to see.

But years o' weary care ha'e past,  
 Wi' blinks o' joy between ;  
 An' yon heart-hoarded form at last  
 Forsakes my doited een.

Sae cauld and dark's my bosom now,  
 Sic hopes lie buried there ;  
 That sepulchre whare love's saft lowe  
 May never kindle mair.

I couldna trust this foolish heart  
 When it's ance mair my ain ;  
 I couldna—O ! I daurna look  
 On Mary's face again !

*William Thomson*—

I KEN A FAIR WEE FLOWER.

I KEN a fair wee flower that blooms  
 Far down in yon deep dell,  
 I ken its hame, its bonny hame,  
 But whare, I winna tell.  
 When rings the shepherd's e'ening horn,  
 Oft finds that soothing hour,  
 Stars on the sky, dew on the earth,  
 And me beside my flower.  
 It is not frae the tints o' day  
 My gentle flower receives  
 It's fairest hue, nor does the sun  
 Call forth its blushing leaves ;



In secrecy it blooms, where Love  
 Delights to strew his bower ;  
 Where many an unseen spirit smiles  
 Upon my happy flower.

Ah ! weel ye guess, that fancy gives  
 This living gem o' mine  
 A female form o' loveliness,  
 A soul in't a' divine !  
 A glorious e'e that rows beneath  
 A fringe o' midnight hue,  
 Twa yielding lips, wi' love's ain sweets  
 Ay meltin' kindly through.

'Tis a' the wealth that I am worth,  
 'Tis a' my praise and pride ;  
 And fast the hours flee over me  
 When wooin' by its side.  
 Or lookin' on its bonny breast,  
 So innocently fair,  
 To see the purity, and peace,  
 And love, that's glowing there.

Wi' saftest words I woo my flower,  
 But wi' a stronger arm  
 I shield each gentle opening bud,  
 Frae every ruthless harm.  
 The wretch that would, wi' serpent wile,  
 Betray my flower so fair,  
 Oh, may he live without a friend,  
 And die without a prayer !

*A MacLellan*

## PHŒBE GRAEME.

ARISE, my faithfu' Phœbe Graeme !  
 I grieve to see ye sit  
 Sae laigh upon your cutty stool  
 In sic a dorty fit !  
 A reamin' cog's a wilin' rogue ;  
 But, by our vows sincere,  
 Ilk smilin' cup, whilk mirth filled up,  
 Was drained wi' friends lang dear !

Ye needna turn your tearfu' e'e  
 Sae aften on the clock ;  
 I ken the short hand frae the lang  
 As weel as wiser folk.  
 Let hoary time, wi' blethrin' chimo  
 Taunt on—nae wit has he  
 Nae spell-spun hour—nae wilin' power  
 Can win my heart frae thee.

O, weel ye ken, dear Phœbe Graeme !  
 Sin' we, 'maist bairns, wed,  
 That, torn by poortith's iron teeth,  
 My heart has afttimes bled.  
 Fortune, the jaud, for a' she had,  
 Doled me but feckless blanks ;  
 Yet, bless'd wi' thee, and love, and glee,  
 I scorn her partial pranks.

As drumlie clouds o'er simmer skies  
 Let anger's shadows flit !  
 There's days o' peace, and nights o' joy  
 To pass between us yet !  
 For I do swear to thee, my fair,  
 Till life's last pulse be o'er,  
 Till light depart, one faithful heart  
 Shall love thee more and more.

Fair be thy fa! my Phœbe Graeme,—  
 Enraptured now I see  
 The smile upon thy bonny face,  
 That wont to welcome me.  
 Grant me the bliss o' ae fond kiss,  
 And kind forgiving blink  
 O' thy true love, and I will prove  
 Far wiser than ye think!

*A. MacLellan*

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WIFIE COME HAME.

Wifie come hame,  
 My couthie wee dame;  
 O but ye're far awa,  
 Wifie come hame.

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow,  
 Come wi' the lown star o' luvè in thine e'e;  
 Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou,  
 A'furred wi' balm like the dew on the lea.  
 Come wi' the gowd tassels fringing thy hair,  
 Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee;  
 Come wi' thy wee step an' wifie-like air,  
 O quickly come an' shed blessings on me.

Wifie come hame,  
 My couthie wee dame;  
 O my heart wearies sair,  
 Wifie, come hame.

Come wi' our luvè pledge, our dear little dawtie,  
 Clustering my neck round, and clambering my knee,  
 Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,  
 Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee.  
 O! but the house is a cauld hame without ye,  
 Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree ;  
 O come awa, and I'll dance round about ye,  
 Ye'se ne'er again win' frae my arms till I dee.  
 Wifie, come hame,  
 My couthie we dame ;  
 O! but ye're far awa,  
 Wifie, come hame.

*James Ballantine*

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#### THE HIGHLAND DRILL.\*

Come Corplar M'Donald, pe handy my lad,  
 Drive in a' ta stragglers to mornin' paraad!  
*Greas orst!*† or you'll maype get "through ta wood laddie,"  
 Ta Kornal will not leave a soul in your pody!  
 Faall into ta ranks tere! ye scoundlars fall in!  
 I'll mak' ta one half of you shump from your skin!  
 You're raw as ta mutton, an' creen as ta cabbage,  
 I'll treel you to teath with your weight heavy paggage!

---

\* The spoken passage in this song is taken from the "Laird of Logan," and contributed to that work by Mr. Carrick. We do not know whether to admire most the prose or verse portion. The description is so true to life, that we think the burly, consequential tones of the sergeant sound in our ears.

† Make haste; pronounced *kress-horst*.

Advance to ta left tere ! faall pack to ta right !  
 Tress straight into line, or I'll treel you till night !  
 You sodgers !—ye're shust a disgraish to your clan,  
 An' a ferry hard pargain to SHORGE, honest man !

You Tuncan M'Donald ! you fery great sot,  
 You're truuk as ta cap, or ta stoup, or ta pot !  
 You'll ket a night's quarters into ta plack hole :—  
 Now, silence ! an' answer to call of ta roll.

Sergeant (bawling at the top of his voice,) "Donald M'Donald, *Mhor ?*"—(no answer, the man being absent)—I see you're there, so you're right not to speak to nobody in the ranks. Donald M'Donald, *Rhua ?*"† "Here." "Ay, you're always here when nobody wants you. Donald M'Donald, *Fad ?*"‡—(no answer)—oh decent, modest lad, you're always here, though, like a good sodger, as you are, you seldom say nothing about it. Donald M'Donald, *Cluasan Mhor ?*§—(no answer)—I hear you ; but you might speak a little louder for all that. Donald M'Donald, *Ordag ?*"|| "Here." "If you're here this morning, it's no likely you'll be here to-morrow morning ; I'll shust mark you down absent ; so let that stand for that. Donald M'Donald, *Casan Mhor ?*"¶ "Here." "Oh damorst ! you said that yesterday, but wha saw't you ?—you're always here, if we tak your own word for it. Donald M'Donald, *Cam beul ?*"\*\* "Here"—(in a loud voice.) "If you was not known for a tam liar, I would believe you ; but you've a bad habit, my lad, of always crying here whether you're here or no ; and till you give up your bad habit, I'll shust always mark you down absent for your impudence : it's all for your own good, so you need not cast down your brows, but shust be thankful that I don't stop your loaf too, and then you wad maybe have to thank your own souple tongue for a sair back and a toom belly. Attention noo, lads, and let every man turn his eyes to the sergeant."

\* Big or great. † Red-haired. ‡ Long. § Big ears.

|| Applied to a man having an extra thumb. ¶ Big feet.

\*\* Crooked mouth.

You Ronald M'Donald ! your pelt is as plack  
 As ta pra' Sunday coat on ta minister's pack ;  
 So you needna stand cruntin' tere shust like ta pig,  
 For ta Captain *shall* send you on duty fatigue !

An' as for you, Evan M'Donald, you see  
 You'll go to ta guard-house tis moment wi' me ;  
 Your firelock and pagnet 'll no do at a',  
 An' ta ram-rod's sac roosty it winna pe traw !

An' Struan M'Donald, stand straight on your shanks,  
 Whenever ta sergeant treels you in ta ranks ;  
 An' houl't up your head, Sir, and shoulter your humph !  
 I *too*! you've been trinkin', you creat muckle sumph !

You, Lauchie M'Donald ! you skellum, ochon !  
 Your hair's neither pouthered nor letten alone  
 An' the tin o' your pig-tail has lost the shapan,  
 An' your frill is as brown as the heather o' Pran !

Oigh ! Dugald M'Donald ! your small clothes are aye  
 As yellow as mustard in April or May ;  
 I tare say you think it a creat cryin' sin  
 To puy ta pipe clay, an' to rub it hard in !

An' now you'll dismiss like goot bairns till to-morrow,  
 I'm sure you're my pride, an' my shoy, an' my sorrow ;  
 It's a' for your goods if I gie you a thraw,—  
 For the sergeant ye ken has the sharge of ye a'.

David Necker.

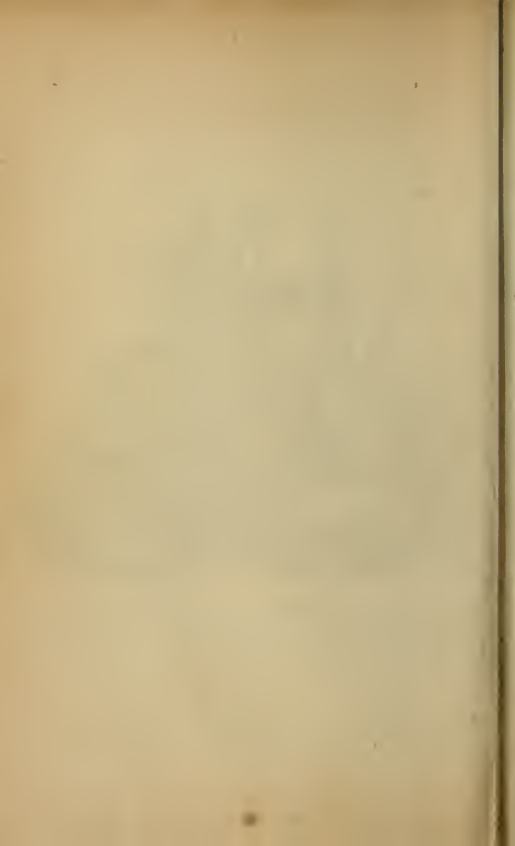
# WHISTLE-BINKIE.



“As the auld cock craws, the young cock learns.”

*Nursery Logic.*

DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.





# WHISTLE-BINKIE;

A

## COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

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## A WORD AT PARTING.

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It has been often objected to this work, that it was too squat and cubed-like in appearance—the publisher resolved, in consequence, to make two volumes of it. This has been done, and is largely supplemented by Biography and New Pieces. Each volume is complete in itself; the only connection is the running title.

The Memoirs of deceased contributors are supplied by parties who personally knew the individuals whose history they give, the Memoirs may therefore be implicitly trusted. The New Pieces introduced are those left over of the last issue, series fifth, of this work, and which had the editorial imprimatur of the lamented editor, from the last edition of Motherwell's Poems, which underwent the critical inspection of the poet's friend, William Kennedy.

A large number also are from the prolific pen of that Son of Song, James Ballantine, one of the original staff of Whistlebinkians, and who is now the only one remaining among us who wrote expressly for this work at its starting; he is by far the largest contributor of any of his gifted brethren. The Lion's share of the labour and honour is his, in giving material, and also critical advice in the selections and prunings to which the compositions were subjected.

In taking farewell, the publisher cannot refrain from wishing that this highly-gifted child of song may long be spared to the public. He and his publisher, greatly his senior in years, are only left to cherish the memory of those whose "Lyres lie silent now and sad."

He who gave publicity to this work, has followed the remains of many of these minstrels to "The dusty house of Death," and felt the wheel working at life's cistern, troubled when that hollow booming key-note of death was struck, as the soil fell on the casing which contained the unconscious remains of those whom he loved, reflecting that he soon, too, must return to mix with kindred dust.

GLASGOW, *June*, 1853.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

WILLIAM THOM.

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WILLIAM THOM was born in a house in Sinclair's Close, Justice Port, Aberdeen, about the end of 1788, or the beginning of 1789. His father was a merchant, but died soon, and left his mother so poor that the only education she could afford her son was a short attendance at a dame's school, which, however, he seems to have improved well enough to enable him to make what he learned there the foundation for some self-tuition afterwards. At an early age he was bound apprentice to the firm of Bryce & Young, Cotton Manufacturers, Lower Denburn, where he distinguished himself more by his smart repartees, his audacious abuse of bigger and stronger shopmates, and his success among the female weavers, than by his skill or industry, although undoubtedly he mastered sufficiently the mysteries of his craft. He was possessed from his boyhood of a wonderful 'gift of the gab,' which served him well both in putting down men, and gaining over women. Original lameness from a deformed foot had been increased by an accident, and when his sarcastic remarks were likely to get him 'a thrashing,' he pawkily contrived to escape by exclaiming, 'You coward, wad ye strike a cripple?' It is suspected that he did not always get so easily out of the scrapes which his smooth tongue brought him into with the gentler sex. Although short in stature, and deformed,

he could boast more conquests than the tallest man in the factory; and it is a fact, that to the end of his days he possessed the power—however sparingly he may have used it—of fascinating both men and women by his conversation. He used to remark jocularly that the true road to success was to indulge in a sort of mysterious verbiage which neither the speaker nor the listener could understand, for that women were like seals, which the sailors had first to astonish and then secure.

About 1817 the firm of Bryce & Young was dissolved, and Thom, along with a number of his fellow-workmen, went to the large weaving-factory of Gordon, Barron & Co., where he worked for ten years, enjoying all the time much celebrity as a boon companion. He played the flute admirably—he sang well—he produced an occasional original song—he was always ready with a speech, comic or serious—and his lively, agreeable, and shrewd talk, never failed to keep the company alive. It is needless to say that he was much sought after, and that the sort of life he was almost forced to lead contributed little either to immediate or permanent advantage. A matrimonial engagement which he had entered into turned out unfortunate, the fault being, perhaps, to some extent his own; there was a sort of break-up in the circles which he frequented; he grew lonely and dull, and, at length, left Aberdeen for the south. After trying Dundee, he went to live at Newtyle, where he seems to have passed some years of hard work and domestic happiness with his Jean. The touching autobiographical episode which he relates with so much pathos, occurred at this time. Many a reader must have wept over the tale of utter destitution—the pawning of the last article of value—the purchase of the small pack—the death of the child—the flute-playing for money—and all the other details connected with the wandering portion of

the poet's life. At last, he says, his soul grew sick of the beggar's work, and times getting a little better, he settled down to his loom. In January, 1840, he took up his abode in Inverury, for the sake of getting the better pay of what is called 'customer work;' and here his conversational powers secured for him again a good deal of countenance and some substantial benefit. Still there seemed no chance of escape from his lot of toil. But his better star, though he knew it not, was in the ascendant; and it shone brightly, but alas, briefly! One of the finest of his poetical pieces—No. I. of 'The Blind Boy's Pranks'—was forwarded to the *Aberdeen Herald*, with a note to the Editor, in which the author, with conscious pride, told the Editor that if he did not think the poetry good, he (Thom) pitied his taste. The Editor did think it good, and inserted it in his first publication, with the following note:—

'These beautiful stanzas are by a Correspondent who subscribes himself "a Serf," and declares that he has to "weave fourteen hours of the four-and-twenty." We trust his daily toil will soon be abridged, that he may have more leisure to devote to an art in which he shows so much natural genius and cultivated taste.'—The piece was copied widely into the newspapers, and in the columns of the *Aberdeen Journal* met the eye of Mr Gordon of Knockes-pock, who was so much struck with the beauty and fancy it displayed, that he resolved forthwith to do something for the author, and began his good work by sending a five pound note. This was a most welcome present to Thom in the middle of winter, and when his resources were at a very low ebb. He had found a real Mecænas; for soon afterwards, to use his own words, 'he and his daughter were dashing it in a gilded carriage in London, and under the protection and at the expense of Mr Gordon, spent four months in England, visiting and being visited by many

of the leading men of the day.' Other friends sprung up, and in 1844, a small volume, entitled 'Rhymes and Recollections,' dedicated to Mrs Gordon, was published, and had a good sale. Thom, in the meantime, had returned to his loom at Inverury, but in the end of the year just mentioned he went again to London, with the view of getting out an enlarged edition of his poems, and engaging permanently in some literary employment. He was most cordially welcomed by a number of enthusiastic countrymen; and in February, 1845, a grand dinner was got up to him in the 'Crown and Anchor,' W. J. Fox, Esq., (now M.P. for Oldham) presiding, and several men of eminence connected with literature and art, forming part of the company. Some delay occurred in the publication of his second volume, or there can be no doubt that the favourable impression he produced at that dinner, and in the private intercourse that ensued, would have secured a rapid sale. As it was, his fame had spread abroad in the world. He received from India the proceeds of a ball got up in his favour, and chiefly through the exertions of the late Margaret Fuller of the Tribune, a sum of nearly £150 from New York, in addition to £300 that had been sent to him before. The working-classes of London, too, contributed their mite in honour of the weaver-poet. They got up a meeting for his benefit in the National Hall, High Holborn, which was presided over by Dr Bowring, and proved highly successful. This was the culminating point of his career. Dickens, William and Mary Howitt, Forster (of the *Examiner*), John Robertson (formerly of the *Westminster*), Eliza Cook, his friend Fox, and a host of other literary celebrities, paid him every attention. Several of our leading statesmen took an interest in him, and he had an opportunity of seeing and enjoying all that the best society in London could produce. He visited Paris at a



later period, along with Mr Mowatt—a warm-hearted Scotchman who, for many years, has always had at Tower Hill a hearty welcome for those of his countrymen who can show any claim to the possession of talent or genius, no matter how humble their circumstances otherwise—and was highly delighted with all he saw. But in London he found parasites, even among the literary class, as well as friends: his pecuniary means melted rapidly away—the delay in the publication of his book prevented it from being so profitable as it might have been—he either did not find suitable literary employment, or did not get paid for it—the temptations of the great city, in some respects, proved too strong for him—he began to lose caste, and fairly lost heart. Starvation was almost staring him in the face, and he resolved to return to Scotland. At this juncture Mr Fox stood his friend, and partly by private subscriptions, and partly by a grant from the Literary Fund, procured him the means of travelling, with his family, to Dundee.

For the incidents connected with the poet's early life, we are indebted to William Anderson, a brother bard in Aberdeen, who has done much to illustrate the scenery and characters of his native town; to Mr John Robertson of Lower Thames Street, London, a warm and disinterested friend of Thom's, and a rhymer too, we owe the details of the London visit; and a kindred spirit in Dundee, Mr James Scrymgeour, has enabled us to complete our brief sketch by furnishing the following melancholy account of Thom's last days. He had expected, or hoped rather, that his health and spirits would recover if he removed to some spot familiar in former times, and he took up his abode at Hawkhill, a suburban district of Dundee, where he had once worked at the loom; but he soon discovered, though heartily welcomed, that his was a malady which no change

of scene could alleviate or cure—the vital spring was affected, he suffered from the

‘— desolating thought which comes  
 Into man's happiest hours and homes,  
 Whose melancholy boding flings  
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things.’

There were many in Dundee who did all they could to lift the weight from his heart, and dispel the gloom from his countenance, but all in vain. He walked about, as his brother poet Gow said, ‘with his death upon him.’ He was at the Watt Institution Anniversary Festival, (of 19th Jan., 1848,) and was introduced to a large assembly, by the president, Lord Kinnaird. His reception was hearty, but his words were few; he was not at home; the fountains of poetry and pleasure were dried up in him; the zest of life was quite gone. He could neither sit, nor walk, nor read, nor write with any comfort. On the 29th of February he died. On the 3d of March following, his remains had the honour of what may be called a public funeral. The town's officers and the guildry officers in their liveries headed the cortege. ‘Dark ee'd Willie,’ the poet's son, acted as chief mourner, and the hearse was followed by the provost and many of the principal inhabitants of Dundee. The coffin, when bared, exhibited the letters W. T., aged 59, and amid the sympathies of the crowd was lowered into the earth at a spot where, oftener than once, during his last days, its occupant said he would like to be buried. A warm admirer, Mr Geo. Lawson of Edinburgh, author of ‘The Water Lilies,’ as a farewell tribute of respect, planted the grave with wild flowers, and during the snow-storm of the present year (1853), the writer of this notice having sent to Dundee to make inquiries about the poet's death, received from his correspondent a snow-

drop, one of many which had reared their heads in the form of a T over the poet's last resting-place.

We must leave it to the reader to draw his own moral from the sad history of Thom. If he had faults, his merits were not few. The circumstances of his early life were not calculated to give much firmness to his character, and his sudden blaze into notoriety helped perhaps to carry him off his feet a little. But he never lost his fine sensibilities; he could appreciate what was good, and sensible, and just, if he did not always practise it, and he was as generous to others as he was reckless of his own interests.

It only remains to mention that Thom's children, two boys and a girl, are in a fair way of getting on in the world. The oldest son, through the assistance of Mr Gordon of Knockespoek, got a good education, and is now, we believe, a tutor at one of our Scottish Universities; the second had, through Dr Bowring, a situation on the Black-wall Railway, but left it to go to sea, where he is doing well; the daughter, a handsome young woman, has gone to Australia.

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## R. A. SMITH.

SMITH had passed into the spiritual world several years preceding the publication of the first series of this Work, but his name will ever be associated with our national music. The following notice is extracted from 'M'Conechy's Life of Motherwell':—

\* Smith was born at Reading, in Berkshire, in 1779. His father was a native of West Calder, in Lanarkshire, and his mother an Englishwoman of respectable connexions. In the year 1773, his father emigrated to England in

consequence of the dulness of the silk-weaving trade, but returned to Paisley after an absence of seventeen years, bringing with him his son, whom he intended to educate to the loom. This, however, was found to be impossible. Nature had furnished the lad with the most delicate musical sensibilities, and after an ineffectual struggle with the ruling passion, music became the business of his life. He attained to considerable provincial distinction, and composed original music for the following songs of the poet Tannahill, whose intimate friend he was:—*Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane*—*The Lass of Arran-teenie*—*The Harper of Mull*—*Langsyne beside the Woodland Burn*—*Our Bonnie Scots Lads*—*Despairing Mary*—*Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowin' ee*—*The Maniac's Song*—*Poor Tom's Farewell*—*The Soldier's Widow*—and *We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen*.

'In 1823 he removed to Edinburgh at the solicitation of the late Rev. Dr Andrew Thomson, where he led the choir of St George's Church, of which Dr Thomson was the incumbent, and where he died in January, 1829. Between him and Motherwell there existed a warm friendship, arising no doubt from a congeniality of tastes on many points; but, on the part of the latter, strengthened by a sincere respect for the virtues as well as the genius of the man. Smith had to contend through life not only with narrow means and domestic discomfort, but against the pressure of a constitutional melancholy which occasionally impaired the vigour of his fine faculties. His real griefs—of which he had a full share—were, therefore, increased by some that were imaginary; and he was obviously accustomed not only to lean upon the stronger mind of his friend in his moments of depression, but to seek for sympathy in his distress, which, it is needless to add, was never refused. In November, 1826, Smith thus writes to him:—

“I would have written you long ere this, but have been

prevented by an amount of domestic distress sufficient to drive all romance out of the mind; and you must be aware that without a considerable portion of that delightful commodity no good music can be engendered. To be serious, my dear friend, two of my family, my eldest daughter and youngest son, are at this moment lying dangerously ill of the typhus fever. I hope that I may escape the contagion, but I have sometimes rather melancholy forebodings; and in the midst of all this, I am obliged to sing professionally every day, and mask my face with smiles to cover the throbbings of a seared and lonely heart."

'To this sad effusion Motherwell returned the following characteristic reply:—

"Your domestic afflictions deeply grieve me. I trust by this time, however, that your children have mended, and that you are no sufferer by their malady. Kennedy and I have been shedding tears over your calamities, and praying to Heaven that you may have strength of spirit to bear up under such severe dispensations. We both, albeit we have no family afflictions to mourn over, have yet much to irritate and vex us—much, much indeed, to sour the temper and sadden the countenance—but these things must be borne with patiently. It is folly of the worst description to let thought kill us before our time. . . . I hope to hear from you soon, and to learn that you are in better spirits, and that the causes which have depressed them are happily removed. Kennedy joins me in warm and sincere prayers that this may speedily be the case."

The following very characteristic document was found among Motherwell's papers, and its publication may induce our dear friend, James Ballantine, to reconsider the opinion he gave in his otherwise admirable Lectures on Scottish Song, in which he asserted that to be successful as a writer of song, it is necessary that the poet should be able to sing himself:—

' At Edinburgh, the twentieth day of October, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight years, and within the New Slaughter's Coffee-house there—

' In presence of Mr R. A. Smith and other gentlemen, who subscribe as witnesses to this document—

' Appeared William Motherwell, who solemnly affirms and declares, that not having been blessed with a voice or ear, he is utterly incapable of singing any song, holy or profane, for the delectation of any computators. And this is truth.

' WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.'

' I, R. A. Smith, of Edinburgh, hereby certify, that having made trial of the above William Motherwell, his singing abilities, I declare that the statement put forth by him is strictly true. And I beg leave to express a hope, that this testimonial under my hand may be a mean of saving him from persecution in all companies of honest fellows partial to song, for the poor rascal cannot utter a note.

' Given under my hand, place and date first above-mentioned, before these witnesses—Mr P. Buchan of Peterhead, and Messrs John Stevenson and Sandy Ramsay, booksellers in Edinburgh—all being at this time quite comfortable, and able with me to form a due appreciation of the musical talent of Turk or Christian.

' R. A. SMITH.

' P. BUCHAN, Witness.

' JO. STEVENSON, Witness.

' A. RAMSAY, Witness.

' P.S.—With feelings of the deepest regret I have this evening signed the above document; but the strict regard I entertain for truth, and the utter abhorrence I have for FRICTION, oblige me to set my hand and seal to what is positively a notorious fact.

' R. A. SMITH.'

So get up to your parritch ! and on wi' your claes !  
 There's a fire on might warm the Norlan braes !  
 For a parritch cog, and a clean hearth-stane  
 Are saut and sucker in our town-en'.

William Miller

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DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

AIR.—“ *Lochaber no more.* ”

THE morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an' stream,  
 An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream ;  
 The goud light of morning is sweet to the ee ;  
 But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me :  
 The dull common world then sinks from my sight,  
 An' fairer creations arise to the night ;  
 When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my ee,  
 Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me !

O ! come Spirit-Mother—discourse of the hours,  
 My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours ;  
 When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel tell  
 On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell !  
 That deathless affection—nae trial could break,  
 When a' else forsook me ye wouldna forsake ;  
 Then come, O my mother ! come often to me,  
 An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee.

An' thou shrouded loveliness ! soul-winning Jean,  
 How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen !  
 'Twas kind—for the lowe that your ee kindled there,  
 Will burn—ay an' burn—'till that breast beats nae mair.

Our bairnies sleep round me, O bless ye their sleep !  
 Your ain dark-ee'd Willie will wauken an' weep ;  
 But blithe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you  
 His heaven-hamed mammie was " dawtin' his brou." \*  
 Tho' dark be our dwelling—our happing tho' bare,  
 And night creeps around us in cauldness and care,  
 Affection will warm us ; for bright are the beams  
 That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams :  
 Then weel may I welcome the night's deathy reign—  
 Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then !  
 The goud light of morning is lightless to me,  
 But O for the night wi' its ghost revelrie !

William Thomson—

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

AIR—" *Bonny house o' Airlie.*"

SWEETLY shines the sun on auld Edinbro' toun,  
 And mak's her look young and cheerie ;  
 Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon  
 At the lanesome wells o' Wearie.  
 And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,  
 There's nought in the world to fear ye ;  
 For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gien ye leave  
 To gang to the wells o' Wearie.  
 O the sun winna blink in thy bonny blue een,  
 Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie,  
 For I'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green,  
 By the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

\* Patting his forehead.



But Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower  
 At your form in the water sae clearly,  
 Or the fairy will change ye into a wee wee flower,  
 And you'll grow by the wells o' Wearie.

Yestreen, as I wandered there a' alane,  
 I felt unco dour and drearie,  
 For wanting my Mary a' around me was but pain  
 At the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,  
 Let fate look gruesome and eerie ;  
 True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,  
 When we meet by the wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonny Mary Grieve,  
 Nae danger will daur to come near ye,  
 For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gien ye leave  
 To gang to the wells o' Wearie.

*Alex. A. Ritchie*

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MY WIFIE AN' ME.

AIR—"Toddlin' but and toddlin' ben."

THE laddies now laugh at my wifie and me,  
 Tho' auld aboon countin', yet canty are we ;  
 They scarce can believe me, when aften I say  
 My Kate and her jo were ance blithesome as they.  
 My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,  
 What gars them a' laugh at my wifie an' me ?

Now wither'd an' cripple, an' maistly as frail  
 As the wa's o' our housie that rock i' the gale ;  
 Wha ance wi' the lasses could jig it wi' me ;  
 Or shaw'd sic a leg, an' wha loupit sae hie ?

My wifie an' me, &c.

Though my pow is now bel' as the howe o' my han',  
 An' the crap on my chin's like the down o' the swan,  
 The day's been my haffets fu' richly were clad,  
 When the een now sae dim could be match'd wi' the gleel.

My wifie an' me, &c.

An' Kate! my auld lassie, it seems like yestreen  
 Sin' ye were run after frae mornin' to een ;  
 Then happy the lad frae ye're ee could beguile  
 What his fancy might count as the gift o' a smile.

My wifie an' me, &c.

A' day what a steer did ye mak' in my breast ;  
 Night fauldit her wings, but she brought me nae rest ;  
 My blude gallop'd wild as a cowte owre the green,  
 An' my heart it gaed duntin' the lang simmer een.

My wifie an' me, &c.

But Katy, my dawtie! tho' auld we hae grown,  
 The love's but the firmer sae early was sown ;  
 As canty's we've speel'd it we'll slip down life's brae,  
 An' we'll creep aye the closer the langer we gae.

My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,

Just let them laugh on at my wifie an' me!

*Thomas C. Lett*

## JOHN BUCHAN.

AIR,—“*The deil amang the tailors.*”

HE'S a douce-leukin, fair-spoken carle, John Buchan—  
But nane i' the parish maun thraw wi' John Buchan ;  
He has power o' the laird, o' the parson, an' people,  
The keys o' the kirk, an' the tow o' the steeple !

Do ye want a new tack ? are ye ca'd to the session ?  
Hae ye quarrell'd wi' neebours, an' i' the transgression ?  
Hae ye meetin' to haud i' the kirk, or the clachan ?  
Do ye want the bell rung ? ye maun speak to John Buchan !  
There's weight in his word ! do ye wonder what's made it ?  
I'll tell ye that too, though its nane to our credit ;  
He keeps the braw shop at the cross o' the clachan,  
An' we're a' deep in debt to our merchant, John Buchan !  
An' the fear, an' the terror o' poindin' an' hornin',  
An' turnin' us out at the bauld *beagle's*\* warnin',  
Without bield or bannock, wi' scarce rag or rauchan,  
Maks the hail parish wag at the wind o' John Buchan !

*Alasdair*

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 MY AIN HAME AT E'EN.

AIR—“*And sae will we yet.*”

LET the drouthy, boozin', tipplin' loon, that doesna loe his  
hame,  
Wha throws awa' his wits an' gear wi' ilka gill-house dame—  
E'en let him a' his pleasures fin' in the nightly revel scene ;  
But mine lies a' in Maggie, an' my ain hame at e'en.  
My ain hame at e'en, O my ain hame at e'en ;  
Where sweetest smiles hing o'er me, at my ain hame  
at e'en.

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\* A sheriff's-officer.

How gladsome pass my hours wi' my bonnie Meg sae leal !  
 An', to see our tender pledges rompin' roun' our cozie biel';  
 Where, i' their gleesome faces, ilka mither-feature 's seen,  
 For we live an' love thegither at our ain hame at e'en.

My ain hame at e'en, &c.

Tho' o' this world's gear we can boast but little share,  
 We're contented aye, an' happy, sae we wish for naething  
 mair ;

I wadna change for kingly ha', or pearl-muntit Queen !  
 Sae dear to me is Maggie, an' my ain hame at e'en.

My ain hame at e'en, &c.

Should the chiel wi' the shearin' hook, an' chafts sae lank  
 an' thin,

Come an' steal awa' my Maggie fair, an' leave puir me  
 behin',

Nae mair would cheerie smiles ever welcome me, I ween,  
 But a' be douff and drearie at my ain hame at e'en.

My ain hame at e'en, &c.

I'd rather, when he comes, he'd lay a paw on ilka pow,  
 'Twould save the carle a tramp, an' haetwa for ane, I trow ;  
 Gin he'll gi'e's a bit respite, syne, guid day to ilka frien',  
 We'll tak the road thegither to our lang hame at e'en.

Our lang hame at e'en, to our lang hame at e'en,

“ Hand in hand ” we'll toddle on to our lang hame at  
 e'en.

*J. H. Frame*

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#### THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

FAIR Ellen, here again I stand,  
 All dangers now are o'er ;  
 No sigh, to reach my native land,  
 Shall rend my bosom more.

Ah! oft, beyond the heaving main,  
 I mourn'd at Fate's decree ;  
 I wished but to be back again  
 To Scotland and to thee.

O Ellen ! how I prized thy love,  
 In foreign lands afar !  
 Upon my helm I bore thy glove  
 Through thickest ranks of war.  
 And as the pledge, in battle-field,  
 Recall'd thy charms to me,  
 I breath'd a prayer behind my shield  
 For Scotland and for thee.

I scarce can tell how eagerly  
 My eyes were hither cast,  
 When, faintly rising o'er the sea,  
 These hills appeared at last.  
 My very heart, as on the shore  
 I bounded light and free,  
 Declared by throbs the love I bore  
 To Scotland and to thee.

Thro' all the days it has been mine  
 In other climes to roam,  
 I've seen no lovelier form than thine,  
 No sweeter spot than home.  
 The wealth is much, the honours rare,  
 That Fortune shower'd on me ;  
 And these, beloved ! I come to share,  
 'Midst Scotland's hills, with thee !

*Robt. White.*



## WILLIE'S AWAY!

*Music by Mr. M'Leod.*

THE last wreath o' winter has fled frae the hill—  
 The breeze whispers low to the murmuring rill—  
 The spring smiles around me, and ilka thing's gay,  
 But what shall delight me?—my Willie's away!

I smile as they bid me, when neebours are nigh—  
 I joke as I dow, when the jest circles by—  
 I tell them I'm cheery, but sighs tell them—nay—  
 I canna dissemble—my Willie's away!

I busk me wi' claes that it pleased him to see—  
 I wear the love token that Willie gae me—  
 The sangs he lo'ed maist I wad sing a' the day,  
 But saut tears prevent me—my Willie's away.

When the bright star o' gloaming climbs up in the sky,  
 I start, ere I wist, to our trysting to hie;  
 Alake! my puir heart's fa'n to sorrow a prey,  
 There's nane there to meet me—my Willie's away.

The same leaves that sighed where my father was laid—  
 The autumn wind strewed o'er my mother's cauld bed—  
 They left me in childhood, and ah! well a-day!—  
 My last joy's departed—my Willie's away.

*James Murray*

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O JEANIE, WHY THAT LOOK SAE CAULD?

“O JEANIE! why that look sae cauld  
 And withering to me now?

And wherefore scowls that cloud o' gloom  
 Upon thy bonnie brow?

What hae I said, what hae I done,  
 To draw sic looks frae thee?  
 Is this thy love—thy fond regard,  
 Sae lately pledged to me?"

"O Jamie! spier na that at me,  
 But guess the cause yoursel',  
 Ye thocht, yestreen, ye werena seen  
 Alang wi' bonnie Bell?  
 Your arm enclaspit round her waist,  
 Your cheek to her's was laid,  
 And mony a melting kiss she gat  
 While row'd within your plaid."

"O lassie dear! why vex yoursel'  
 Wi' jealous thochts and mean,  
 For I was twenty miles and mair  
 Awa' frae hame yestreen?  
 I gaed to see my sister dear—  
 A gift she sent to thee;  
 And see—thou maun this necklace wear  
 That day thou'rt wed to me."

"And are you then still true to me?  
 I'll ne'er forgi'e mysel';  
 O what could tempt me to believe  
 You'd quit your Jean for Bell?  
 But there's my hand—I'll never mair  
 Dream foolish thochts o' thee,  
 But love wi' a' a woman's love,  
 Till light forsake mine e'e."

*Alex Rodger*

## OUR AIN BURN SIDE.

AIR,—“*The Brier Bush.*”

OH! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn side,  
 When we clam the sunny braes, by our ain burn side;  
     When flowers were blooming fair,  
     And we wandered free o' care,  
 For happy hearts were there, by our ain burn side!

Oh! blythe was ilka sang, by our ain burn side,  
 Nor langest day seemed lang, by our ain burn side;  
     When we decked our woodland queen  
     In the rashy chaplet green,  
 And gay she look'd, I ween, by our ain burnside!

But the bloom hath left the flower, by our ain burn side,  
 And gathering tempests lower, by our ain burn side;  
     The woods—no longer green,  
     Brave the wintry blasts sae keen,  
 And their withered leaves are seen, by our ain burn side.

And the little band is gane, frae our ain burn side,  
 To meet, ah! ne'er again, by our ain burn side;  
     And the winter of the year  
     Suits the heart both lane and sere,  
 For the happy ne'er appear, by our ain burn side.

*R. G. Giffen*



## DUNCAN DHU'S TRIBULATIONS.

AIR—" *Killicrankie.*"

NAINSEL was porn a shentleman,  
 An' wadna work ava, man !  
 Sae ribbans till her ponnet preen'd ;  
 An' shoin'd the Forty-twa, man.  
 Ta sergeant was a lawlan' loon,  
 An' kick'd her like a pa', man ;  
 Her Heelan stamack no like tat,  
 An' sae she ran awa', man.  
 She shanged her name frae Duncan Dhu  
 To, *what*, she winna tell, man ;  
 But Donald Gun or Ranald Mhor  
 Shust sair'd her turn as well, man.  
 Syne teuk ta tramp wi' a' her speed  
 Beyond Glenocher fell, man,  
 An' wi' a pand o' pretty men  
 She wrought ta ouskie stell, man.  
 She gather'd gear frae year to year,  
 An' made ta pot play prawn, man ;  
 But SHORGE TA TIRD gat in a rage,  
 An' swore he'd put her down, man ;  
 Syne sent ta local volunteers,  
 Led by ta gauger loon, man,  
 An' crush'd her stell, and proke her worm,  
 An' crack'd her vera croon, man.  
 They pu'd her wee bit bothie down,  
 Her maat prunt on ta fluir, man ;  
 They dang her parrels a' to staves,  
 They were sae curst an' duir, man.  
 They teuk her ouskies, stoup an' roup,  
 An', och! she was a puir man ;  
 There wasna sic a fell stramash  
 Sin' days o' Shirra Muir, man !

At last the gauger's colley\* cam  
 An' spoked a lang oration,  
 How "SHORGE was no to haud nor bind,  
 An' greetin' wi' vexation ;  
 An' she'll maun pay ta fifty pound  
 To cover her transgression,  
 Or gang to Inverara shail  
 For leccit instillation."

Ochone! ochone! they lodged her deep  
 Into ta Massymore, man,  
 Ta rattonses an' mices danced  
 Shantreuse about the floor, man ;  
 But Donald Oig, ta shailor-laad,  
 Forgot to lock ta door, man—  
 An' noo she works ta pigger stell  
 Nor e'er she wrought pefore, man!

*David Veckler.*

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WAT O' THE HOWE.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

WHA e'er came owre Soutra kenned Wat o' the Howe,  
 Wi' the smooth sleekit tongue, and the beld shining powe,  
 A' the Tweed and the Gala, frae Kelso to Stowe,  
 Had a'some giff gaffin' wi' Wat o' the Howe.

---

\* The sheriff's officer.

His wee house stood lown in the neuk o' the hill,  
 Sae couthie, that nane e'er cam' out on ae gill ;  
 E'en the snell-nebbit priest ne'er could win bye the lowe,  
 But he'd step in to pree wi' auld Wat o' the Howe.

The drappy he said too, he brew'd it himsel',  
 He said sae, tho' whaur ne'er a bodie could tell ;  
 They whiles smell'd some peat-reek ayont the whin knowe,  
 Yet ne'er found the stell o' auld Wat o' the Howe.

He dealt in nick-nackets, tho' a' on the sly,  
 Gin he'd what they wanted nae wifie gaed bye ;  
 They gat tea an' backo for hamilt-made tow,  
 An' a wee drap to tak' it frae Wat o' the Howe.

The cadgers' an' colliers' carts aye at the door,  
 In a cauld winter day ye might countit a score,  
 An' the naigs they might nicher, the collies bow wow,  
 But they ne'er liftit early frae Wat o' the Howe.

'Twas strange that the gaugers could ne'er fin' him out ;  
 'Twas strange that nae smugglers were e'er gaun about ;  
 'Twas strange that e'en red-coats the loon couldna cove,  
 Nor find out the slee howff o' Wat o' the Howe.

Yet aiblins ye'll guess how a' this cam' to be,  
 Wat couldna be seized, for nae smuggler was he,  
 But smuggled gear's cheap, (sac a' puir bodies trow,)  
 Though they gatna great gaffins frae Wat o' the Howe.

Wat livit ere his time, like a' ither great men,  
 The tree that he plantit has flourish'd since then,  
 Yet I ne'er hear Cheap John, wi' his roupin bell jowe,  
 But I think on the slee tricks o' Wat o' the Howe.

*James Ballantyne*

## BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.\*

AIR.—“*Paddy O'Carroll.*”

BAD luck to this marching,  
 Pipe-claying and starching ;  
 How neat one must be to be killed by the French !  
 I'm sick of parading,  
 Through wet and cowld wading,  
 Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.  
 To the tune of a fife,  
 They dispose of your life,  
 You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,  
 Now I like Garryowen,  
 When I hear it at home,  
 But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

Then though up late and early,  
 Our pay comes so rarely,  
 The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;  
 They say some disaster,  
 Befel the paymaster ;  
 In my conscience I think that the money's not there.  
 And, just think, what a blunder ;  
 They won't let us plunder,  
 While the convents invite us to rob them, tis clear ;  
 Though there isn't a village,  
 But cries, “ Come and pillage,”  
 Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,  
 I long for that island

---

\* The publisher begs to acknowledge his deep obligation to Messrs. Curry & Co., publishers, Dublin, for their kind permission to take this and the following song from “ Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.”

Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;  
 Where it is no disgrace,  
 If you don't wash your face,  
 And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.  
 With no sergeant t'abuse us,  
 We fight to amuse us,  
 Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon ;  
 How I'd dance like a fairy,  
 To see ould Dunleary,  
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon !

---

#### THE BRETON HOME.

WHEN the battle is o'er, and the sounds of fight  
 Have closed with the closing day,  
 How happy, around the watch-fire's light,  
 To chat the long hours away ;  
 To chat the long hours away, my boy,  
 And talk of the days to come,  
 Or a better still, and a purer joy,  
 To think of our far-off home.  
 How many a cheek will then grow pale,  
 That never felt a tear !  
 And many a stalwart heart will quail,  
 That never quailed in fear !

And the breast that, like some mighty rock  
 Amid the foaming sea,  
 Bore high against the battle's shock,  
 Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,  
 Their hands together steal,  
 Each thinks of some long hallowed spot,  
 And all like brothers feel :  
 Such holy thoughts to all are given ;  
 The lowliest has his part ;  
 The love of home, like love of heaven,  
 Is woven in our heart.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

STAR of the lover's dream !  
 Star of the gloaming !  
 How sweetly blinks thy beam,  
 When fond ones are roaming !  
 Pure in the heavens blue  
 Like chrystal gem lightly ;  
 When comes the even's hue  
 Thou shinest forth brightly.

Know'st thou of toil and care,  
 Sorrow and anguish ;  
 Bosoms left cold and bare,  
 Lonely to languish ?  
 Has misery's bitter blast  
 Crush'd every flower,  
 O'er which thy young heart cast  
 Hope's sunny shower ?

Has blighted affection  
 E'er scar'd thy fond heart,  
 While sad recollection  
 Could never depart ?  
 Star of the even mild,  
 I invoke thee in vain !  
 Useless my wish and wild,  
 Thou speak'st not again !

Other eyes will gaze on thee  
 When I cease to be ;  
 True hearts walk beneath thee,  
 When I cannot see !  
 Thy beams shine as clearly  
 On ocean's cold breast,  
 When the heart that lov'd dearly  
 Is hush'd into rest !

Thos. Young

## O MEET ME, LOVE, BY MOONLIGHT.

AIR—" *This is no mine ain house.*"

O MEET me, love, by moonlight,  
By moonlight, by moonlight,  
And down the glen by moonlight,  
How fondly will I welcome thee!

And there, within our beechen bower,  
Far from ambition's giddy tower,  
O what a heart-enthalling hour,  
My Mary dear, I'll spend with thee!  
Then meet me, love, &c.

Reclining on our mossy seat,  
The rivulet rippling at our feet,  
Enrapt in mutual transport sweet,  
O who on earth so blest as we?  
Then meet me, love, &c.

Our hopes and loves each sigh will speak,  
With lip to lip or cheek to cheek,  
O who more heartfelt joys would seek,  
Than such, at eve, alone with thee?  
Then meet me, love, &c.

To clasp thy lovely yielding waist;  
To press thy lips so pure and chaste;  
An' be in turn by thee embraced,  
O that were bliss supreme to me!  
Then meet me, love, &c.

Not worldling's wealth, nor lordling's show,  
Such solid joys can e'er bestow,  
As those which faithful lovers know  
When heart to heart beats fervently.  
Then meet me, love, &c.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*



## JOCK.

THE laird's son said to Jock—" Jock !

When ye gang to the mill,  
Can ye no shouther your pock

Without gaun to the yill ?

Is't needfu' that the miller and you,

Twa drucken sots,

Drownin' your groats,

Should aye get roarin' fou ? "

" It's a stoury place the mill,

Master mine," quo' Jock ;

" I never pass the kil',

But aye I'm like to choke !

And sae to clear ane's craig, I think,

There's nought can match a waught o' drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—" Jock !

When ye gang to the town,

I'm tauld ye snoove, an' stare, an' rock

Along the causeway crown,

Until ye meet some weirdless wight,

Just like yoursel' ;

And syne pell mell

Ye fuddle awa' wi' a' your might."

" It's a queer place the town,

Master mine," quo' Jock ;

" For daunderin' up an' down,

Ane's sure to meet kent folk :—

And aye when auld friends forgither, I think,

It's unco cauld rife no to drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—" Jock ?

When ye gang to the fair,

What cause ha'e ye to treat and troke

Wi' ilk loon and limmer there ?

Is't needfu' ye should guzzle a  
     Your towmond's fee,  
     Now tell to me,  
 In a'e short day awa'?"

"The fair's a place for fun,  
     Master mine," quo' Jock ;

"And when we're ance begun  
     We aye spin aff the rock ;  
 For when folk's merry, somehow, I think,  
 To keep them sae there's nought like drink."

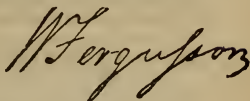
The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock !  
     When ye gang to the kirk,  
 Can ye no, like decent folk,  
     Come hame afore it's mirk ?  
 Is't needfu' ye should sit sae late  
     The change-house in,  
     Till dais'd and blin',  
 Ye tine your hameward gate?"

"The kirk's a cauldribe place,  
     Master mine," quo' Jock ;

"Aiblins I'm scant o' grace,  
     (Forbid ! that I should mock,)  
 But cauld at kirk or field, I think,  
 To warm ane weel there's nought like drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock !  
     I fear you'll never mend ;  
 I fear your drouth it winna slock  
     While you've a plack to spend :  
 At fair or kirk, at town or mill,  
     It makes na where,  
     Nor late, nor ear',  
 You'll drink your greedy fill !"

" It's but the truth ye tell,  
 Master mine," quo' Jock ;  
 " For sin' I broke the shell,  
 My faults I couldna cloke ;  
 Sae haud your whisht, whate'er ye think,  
 And let me tak' my wee drap drink."\*




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MY OWN MARION.

*Music by Mr. Peter M'Leod.*

My own, my true-loved Marion,  
 No wreath for thee I'll bring ;  
 No summer-gathered roses fair,  
 Nor snowdrops of the spring !  
 O ! these would quickly fade, for soon  
 The brightest flowers depart ;  
 A wreath more lasting I will give—  
 A garland of the heart !

---

\* Our temperance and tee-totalling friends have found fault with us for inserting an undue proportion of songs of a convivial nature, in the preceding portions of this work. We have not given these with the desire of encouraging the abuse of stimulating liquors; on the contrary, we have always advocated their moderate use. Let those who have never transgressed the rule of sobriety, and yet abstain for the sake of example, content themselves with pressing their views on those who have become the slaves of intemperance; for, if they cannot succeed with fair argument, they must just leave these unfortunate Jocks "to tak' their wee drap drink"—to attempt more, would, we humbly think, be to interfere with the liberty of the subject.—Ed.

My own, my true-loved Marion !  
 Thy morn of life was gay,  
 Like to a stream that gently flows  
 Along its lovely way !  
 And now, when in thy pride of noon  
 I mark thee, blooming fair,  
 Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,  
 And sunshine ever there !

My own, my gentle Marion !  
 Though this a world of woe,  
 There's many a golden tint that falls  
 To gild the road we go !  
 And in this chequered vale, to me  
 A light hath round me shone,  
 Since thou cam'st from thy Highland home  
 In days long past and gone !

My own, my true-loved Marion !  
 Cold, cold this heart shall be,  
 When I shall cease to love thee still—  
 To cheer and cherish thee !  
 Like ivy round the withered oak,  
 Though all things else decay,  
 My love for thee shall still be green,  
 And ne'er will fade away !

*R. B. Gifford*

## THE WIFIE OUTWITTED.

TUNE—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

A CUNNIN' wee carlie was auld Robbie Young,  
A sly pawky body that wadna be dung;

Though tied till a wifie,  
The plague o' his lifie,

His tricks were a match for the wifikie's tongue.

A grocer was he, in our auld borristoun,

An' he coupt up his caupie, night, mornin', an' noon;

Aye watchin' an' joukin'  
Whan she wasna lookin',

He winket an' leugh as the drappie ran down.

And aye whan the wee drap wad biz in his pow,

It set a' his couthie auld heart in a lowe;

Sae kind to the bairns,  
Wha ran bits o' erran's,

A snap or a parlie he aye wad bestow.

But the wife bethought her, sae crafty an' crouse,

An' removed the temptation to sell't ben the house;

Her pressie she locket,  
The key in her pocket,

While Robbie sat watchin' as mum as a mouse.

"Tak' warnin', ye auld drunken carlie," quo' she,

"Ye'll ken late or soon what the drinker maun dree;

Ae drap to your weazen,  
Although it should gizen,

For fechtin' or fleechin' ye'll getna frae me!"

How customers gathered she couldna weel tell,

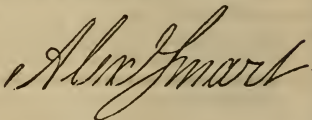
The bonny auld greybeard now ran like a well;

The change aye increasin',  
She thought it a blessin',

But kentna it cam' frae auld Robbie himsel'!

O Robin was mair than a match for her still—  
 The whisky she took, but she left him the *till* ;  
     He ga'e the weans siller,  
     An' sent them ben till her,  
 An' never ance wantit a glass or a gill !

An' syne how the bodie would laugh in his sleeve,  
 An' drink without speerin' the wifkie's leave ;  
     It sweetened the drappie,  
     An' made him sae happy,  
 To think he sae weel could the wifie deceive !\*




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### THE CANTY, COUTHIE CHIEL.

GANG hame, ye glunchin' grumblers, gae to your beds and  
 sleep,

Till ilk head is like a mummy, or as fozzy as a neep ;  
 Or sit glowrin' in the ingle, seeking forms wad fley the diel,  
 But you'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel ;  
 O' a canty, couthie chiel, a canty, couthie chiel,  
 You'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel.

We dinna like the wily loon wha slinks about sae sly,  
 Wi' a sneer for the laigh and a smile for the high ;

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\* Robbie may blame us for moralising, but we would advise him and all his drouthy successors to be moderate in their mirth, and bear in mind our national proverb, " Ne'er let the nose blush for the sins o' the mouth."—ED.

For on his neebour's neck to favours he would speel,  
He's spurned frae the friendship o' a canty, couthie chiel.

We'canna thole the foplin thing, vain fashion's tinsel toy,  
Our boon o' sociality he never can enjoy;

Hauding native grace as "vulgar," and freedom "ungenteel,  
He's look'd and he's lauch'd at by a canty, couthie chiel.

But wed me to the lassie kind, wha tries to humour a',  
She's thrifty in the kitchen, and she's honour'd in the ha':  
She can lauch at a bit joke, at a tale o' sorrow feel,  
She'll mak' a right gude wifie for a canty, couthie chiel.

When the toil and the trouble o' the weary day is past,  
We poker up the ingle, steek the shutters on the blast—  
Sit down to our bicker, and our scones o' barley meal,  
And spend the night sac merry, wi' a canty, couthie chiel.

*Alex. A. Ritchie*

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### SPIRIT OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

SPiRiT of Love and Beauty,  
That breathest o'er the earth,  
Where'er thou roamest, lovely flowers  
Are springing into birth;  
The daisy's crimson curtains,  
The violet's starry eyes,  
Are opening up in silent joy  
And gazing on the skies.  
Old Winter flies before thee,  
With surly downcast looks,  
As from his icy barriers  
Thou free'st the murmuring brooks.

The feather'd tribe, from hedge and grove,  
 Pour forth their grateful lays,  
 And lambkins on a thousand hills,  
 Are bleating in thy praise!

And still to hail thine advent,  
 Far from the noisy town,  
 The toil-worn artisan goes forth,  
 Ere health and strength are flown;  
 In the silence of the evening  
 A lonely hour to pass,  
 Where the gowan peeps wi' modest e'e,  
 Frae out the dewy grass.

Sweet as the precious treasure  
 Within the honeycomb;  
 And fresh and sparkling as the dews  
 From morning's fruitful womb;  
 O'er hill and plain thou fliest,  
 With gladness on thy wing—  
 O, tarry with us yet awhile,  
 Sweet spirit! gentle Spring.

*William Calder.*

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WIFE O' WILLOWDENHA'.

ORIGINAL AIR.

THE waefu' Gudewife o' the Willowdenha'  
 Was ance the beauty an' toast o' the parish;  
 Her daddie had deet and left her his a',  
 Her uncle had siller, an' she was his heiress—



Sic comin', an' gangin',  
 An' wooin', an' thrangin',  
 An' tynin', an' winnin',  
 Was ne'er i' your kennin'—

But the laddie that carry't the lassie awa',  
 Was Johnny Gilfillan o' Willowdenha'!

The lassie was bred in a braw borough-town,  
 Whar fouth o' gude manners she learn'd fu' ready;  
 Whar a' the new fashions frae Lon'on come down,  
 Whar a' the young misses are fine as my lady,  
     Wi' ribbons an' ruffles,  
     Wi' feathers an' muffles,  
     Wi' fringes an' laces,  
     An' pearlins an' braces—  
 Wi' ilka thing bonny, an' ilka thing braw,  
 She dazzl't the folks o' the Willowdenha'!

His daddie was vauntie, his minnie was vain,  
 They gied to their Johnny the house an' the haudin';  
 An' mickle was gotten, an' plenty was gaun,  
 For the back an' the belly, the day o' the waddin'—  
     Wi' dautin' an' kissin',  
     Wi' keekin' an' dressin',  
     Wi' jauntin' an' callin',  
     An' rantin' an' ballin',  
 The day slippet ower, an' the nicht flew awa',  
 An' a' was fu' happy at Willowdenha'!

But wae to the wane o' the blythe hinnymoon;  
 The luve o' the bonny young lady miscarry't;  
 When the daffin was done, she gaed a' out o' tune,  
 An' she thocht it an unco thing now to be marry't—  
     An' thinkin' an' ruein',  
     An' wishin' an' trewin',  
     An' frettin' an' sighin',  
     An' sabbin' an' cryin'—

The country was dull, an' the haudin' was sma',  
An' sair did she weary o' Willowdenha'!

Tno' Johnny was young and had siller fu' rife,  
A braw plenish'd house, an' a weel stocket mailin ;  
Yet a' wadna pleasure his gentle gudewife,  
An' happiness never wad enter his dwellin'—  
    Sae broken an' blearie,  
    An' daivert an' dreary,  
    An' gloomin' and grievin',  
    An' dauntet an' driven—  
He sought i' the houff—whar the drouthy loons ca'—  
For the peace that had fled far frae Willowdenha'!

At morning an' evening, at nicht an' at noon,  
They wasted, they wair'd, an' they wrangl't wi' ither;  
Till the siller, the gear, an' the credit gaed done,  
An' auld uncle's penny was gien till anither ;  
    Then waefu' an' wearie,  
    An' wilfu' an' eerie—  
    Wi' poverty pressin',  
    An' a' thing distressin'—  
His honour the laird he came in wi' the law,  
An' roupet the haudin' o' Willowdenha'!

*Alasdair*

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### THE FLOWER O' DONSIDE.

*AIR—The lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.*

OH! ken ye sweet Chirsty, the Flower o' Donside,  
She's fair as the morning, and modest beside ;  
Sae sweet and sae sylphlike—the delicate flower  
Is like her soft beauty, in summer's fair hour.

When the dim mists o' eve curtain Don's pleasant vale,  
 I'll pour in her chaste ear my love-burthen'd tale ;  
 As we stray by the river's soft silvery tide  
 I'll fondly caress the sweet Flower o' Donside!

Oh! ken ye sweet Chirsty, &c.

There are moments of bliss, when we feel the pure joy  
 And transport of loving, without grief's alloy,  
 Such moments as brighten sad life's weary way,  
 When o'er the brown heath-flower at gloaming I stray,  
 And the light arm that links in my own makes me feel  
 A thrill of delight, which I cannot reveal—  
 May Heaven grant me this, whate'er else may betide,  
 To twine with my fate the sweet Flower o' Donside.

Oh! ken ye sweet Chirsty, &c.

*Arch<sup>d</sup>. J. Watson.*

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OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

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

The palm-tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs,  
 And to the Indian maid  
 The bulbul\* sweetly sings;

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\* The Nightingale.

But I dinna see the broom,  
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang  
 O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here, no sabbath bell  
 Awakes the sabbath morn;  
 Nor song of reapers heard  
 Amang the yellow corn;  
 For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail of slavery;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain,  
 But the first joys of our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea,  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie.\*

*P. P. Giffillan*

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\* This exquisite effusion of Mr. Gilfillan, which reminds us of the "Babel Streams" of the captive Jews, we have taken, with permission, from "Original National Melodies of Scotland," by Peter M'Leod. Had our pages admitted music, the melody to which these

## THE SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blade's in our  
hand,

Our birthright is the ocean vast—we scorn the girdled  
land ;

And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can  
bolder be

Than the hoarse-tongued tempest, raving o'er a proud and  
swelling sea !

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering  
bend

Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a  
friend ;

And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled billow's  
foam,

While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean  
as our home !

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant  
wind,

And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean  
speck behind ;

We shoot into the untrack'd deep, as earth-freed spirits  
soar,

Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms  
without a shore !

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we bound  
free,

The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty ;

verses are married, would have been given ; it is one of the finest of  
modern compositions, and comes with heart-melting pathos on a Scot-  
tish ear.—ED.

No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man can  
mete

The sky which arches o'er our head—the waves which kiss  
our feet!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his  
pride;

But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast—the untam'd ocean  
tide;

And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the saucy  
wave,

While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of  
the brave.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and  
free,

And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless  
glee;

Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss  
the spray,

As proudly through the foaming surge the Sea-King bears  
away!

*William Motherwell*

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JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I SAW my true Love first on the banks of queenly Tay,  
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away;  
I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it more and more,  
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before!

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a  
strain,

But a voice so sweet, oh! never, shall my cold ear hear again.

In all our friendless wanderings—in homeless penury—  
Her gentle song and jetty eye, were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true Love fade—I heard her latest sigh—  
I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her lightless eye;  
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave  
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's  
grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's bed,  
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my footsteps tread;  
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,  
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.\*

William Thomson—

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\* "Three mountain streamlets brawl separately down their break-neck journey, and tumble in peace together at the woods of Newton, just by Old Rayne, Aberdeenshire. This quiet confluence is the Ury. Like worn-out racers, these boisterous burns take breath, gliding along in harmonious languor some two miles or so, when the peaceful Ury is, as it were, cut through by the Gadie, a desperately crabbed-looking rivulet, raging and rumbling from Ben-na-chie. From this last annoyance Ury moves onward in noiseless sweetness, winding and winding as if aware of its own brief course, and all unwilling to leave the braes that hap the heroes of Harlaw. By and by, it creeps mournfully past the sequestered grave-yard of Inverury, kisses the "Bass," and is swallowed up in the blue waters of the Don, its whole extent being only ten miles."

William Thomson—

## MAY MORNING SONG.

ARISE, fair maids, the east grows bright,  
 The ocean heaves in lines of light,  
 The earth is green, the lift is blue,  
 Arise, fair maids, and gather dew ;—  
 'Tis May morning, as you must know,  
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go,  
     A-Maying go, a-Maying go ;  
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go.

There's Marjory mild, and Marion meek,  
 And bonny Bell with her dimpling cheek ;  
 There's Grace the gay can love inspire,  
 And 'Liza, too, with the lily lyre,  
 And Fan and Nan, in gleesome row,  
 All merry merry maids a-Maying go,  
     A-Maying go, &c.

There's simple Ciss so soft and sweet,  
 And Mary mild with her milk-white feet,  
 There's Judith trig, and Janet trim,  
 And Madeline with her waist so slim ;  
 There's Sall, and Mall, and all, heigho !  
 All merry merry maids a-Maying go.  
     A-Maying go, &c.

There's Jill, and Jen, and jinking Jean,  
 And winsome Win, they skiff the green,  
 There's blythe young Bess with her locks so brown,  
 And kindly Kate from the borough town,  
 There's Suc, and Prue, and many moe,  
 All merry merry maids a-Maying go,  
     A-Maying go, &c.

Then away, fair maids, in the dawning's prime,  
 Away and gather the dews in time,



Ev'n so shall your roses bloom more bright,  
 Your eye reflect more heavenly light ;  
 'Tis May morning, as all do know,  
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go,  
     A-Maying go, a-Maying go ;  
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go.

*James Telfer*

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HAPPY THE HEARTS.

HAPPY the hearts that did not beat  
 In the gloomy old guard room,  
 Where many a weeping maid and wife  
 Bewailed a hopeless doom.  
 There fast, fast, fell my own hot tears,  
 When they told me I must stay,  
 With a breaking heart, in a homeless land,  
 And my true love far away.

The route came to our warlike camp ;  
 I sought our chieftain's hall,  
 I found the proud one, and before  
 His dark stern face did fall :—  
 “ O ! part not me and mine ! ” I cried ;  
 But coldly answered he—  
 “ Weeper, away ! we may not take  
 “ Such silly things as thee.”

The marching hour, it came at last,  
 How gaily their banners flew ;  
 Loud roll'd the mighty thundering drum,  
 And wild the bugles blew ;

Whilst thousands to their windows rush'd  
 The stirring sight to see,  
 Shouting "Success to Briton's arms,"  
 O! mournful sounds for me!

Loud shouted still the multitude,  
 As played the merry band,  
 Until they reached the strong war ship  
 Beside the stormy strand;  
 There, then, amidst their ranks I rush'd,  
 My last farewell to take,  
 To kiss his manly cheek, and breathe  
 A prayer for his dear sake.

How close unto his heart I clung!  
 How much I had to say!  
 When loud amidst the mustering ranks,  
 The bugles sung, "Away!"  
 And away they bore him—O! my soul!  
 That long, that farewell cheer,  
 Rung like the knell of a thousand deaths  
 Deep in my startled ear.

I saw no more—I felt no more  
 For one long day and night;  
 Till, waking from a dreadful dream  
 Of death and cruel fight,  
 I called on him I loved to hear;  
 But he I loved was gone,—  
 And I a wretched mourner was,  
 In tears, and all alone.

*A MacLellan*

## WHEN THE BEE HAS LEFT THE BLOSSOM.

ORIGINAL AIR.

WHEN the bee has left the blossom,  
 And the lark has closed his lay,  
 And the daisy folds its bosom  
 In the dews of gloaming grey ;  
 When the virgin rose is bending,  
 Wet with evening's pensive tear,  
 And the purple light is waning  
 With the soft moon rising clear ,

Meet me then, my own true maiden,  
 Where the wild flowers shed their bloom,  
 And the air, with fragrance laden,  
 Breathes around a rich perfume.  
 With my true love as I wander,  
 Captive led by beauty's power,  
 Thoughts and feelings sweet and tender  
 Hallow that delightful hour.

Give ambition dreams of glory,  
 Give the poet laurell'd fame,  
 Let renown in song and story  
 Consecrate the hero's name.  
 Give the great their pomp and pleasure,  
 Give the courtier place and power--  
 Give to me my bosom's treasure,  
 And the lonely gloaming hour.

*Alex Smart*

## DAFT DAYS.

“THE midnight hour is clinking, lads,  
 An’ the douce an’ the decent are winking, lads,  
     Sae I tell you again,  
     Be’t weel or ill ta en,  
 It’s time ye were quatting your drinking, lads.”

“Gae ben an’ mind your gantry, Kate  
 Gie’s mair o’ your beer — less bantry, Kate;  
     For — vow whar we sit,  
     That afore we shall flit,  
 We’ll be better acquaint wi’ your pantry, Kate.

“The daft days are but beginning, Kate,  
 An’ we’ve sworn (wad ye ha’e us be sinning, Kate?)  
     By our faith an’ our houp,  
     We shall stick by the stoup  
 As lang as a barrel keeps rinning, Kate.

“Through spring an’ through simmer we moil it, Kate,  
 Through hay an’ through harvest we toil it, Kate;  
     Sae ye ken, whan the wheel  
     Is beginning to squeal,  
 It’s time for to grease or to oil it, Kate.

“Then score us anither drappy, Kate,  
 An’ gi’e us a cake to our cappy, Kate;  
     For, by spigot an’ pin,  
     It were mair than a sin  
 To flit when we’re sitting sae happy, Kate.”

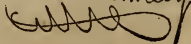
*New Ainslie*

## IT SPEAKS TO MY SPIRIT.

It speaks to my spirit the Voice of the Past,  
 As I listlessly move on my way ;  
 And pleasures, that were far too pleasant to last,  
 Shine again, as they did in their day.  
 In an isle of the West, there's a tangled retreat,  
 Which the sweet sun looks bashfully on,  
 And my soul has flown thither, in secret to meet  
 With the feelings of years that are gone.

Across the broad meadow, and down the green lane,  
 I have sped on the light foot of love,  
 And I stand, as I stood long ago, once again,  
 By the old mossy seat in the grove.  
 Ah ! yonder's the oak-tree, and under its shade  
 One with looks full of welcome I see ;  
 Yes—yes—'tis my Ellen, in beauty arrayed,  
 As she was, when she first met with me.

Remembrance is rapture—nay, smile if you please,  
 While you point to my thin locks of gray,  
 Yet think not a heart, with emotions like these,  
 Ever knows what it is to decay.  
 The furrow lies deep in my time-stricken cheek,  
 And the life-blood rolls languidly on,  
 But the Voice of the Past has not yet ceased to speak  
 With the feelings of years that are gone.

Will-Kennedy  


## I ANCE WAS IN LOVE.

I ANCE was in love—maybe no lang ago—

And I lo'ed ae sweet lassie most dearly ;

I sought her wee hand, but her daddy growl'd "no!"

Which stung my young heart most severely.

For he, wealthy wight, was an auld crabbit carl,

Wha held fast the grip he had got o' the warl' ;

So the poor plackless laddie got nought but a snarl,

For lo'eing the lassie sincerely,

But love wadna hide, and the lassie lo'ed me,

And oh! her black een tauld it clearly,

That she'd tak' and wed me without a bawbee,

Although she had twa hundred yearly.

So ae winter night, when her dad was asleep,

And the wind made the doors a' to rattle and cheep,

Frae out the back window she made a bit leap,

And my arms kepp'd the prize I lo'ed dearly.

Auld GRIPSICCAR wasna to haud nor to bin',

He tint a' his wee judgment nearly ;

He stormed, he rampaged, he ran out, he ran in,

And he vowed we should pay for it dearly ;

But time wrought a change when he saw his first ae,

Nae langer was heard then, the growl, and the "no!"

Our house now is Gripsiccar, Goodsir, & Co.,

While our labours are prospering yearly.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

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O LEEZE ME ON THEE, TIDY WIFIE.

O LEEZE me on thee, tidy wifie, canty wifie, couthie wifie,

Thou'rt the charm that binds me still

To life and a' the cares that's in't;

Never sighin', aye sae merry, aye sae winsome, aye sae lifie,  
 Thy laughin' heart is free frae ill,  
 And far thou leav'st a' cares ahint.

O lucky day when first I saw thee sittin' singin' at the cow,  
 The blude a' swater't through my heart,

And I forgat to gang, I wat ;

And when I cam' and spak' awhile, and wad hae preed your  
 bonny mou',

And swore ye war a bit divert,

Right weel I mind the skelp I gat.

O leeze me, &c.

They tell'd me how ye sune wad change, and sune wad turn  
 baith douf and douce,

(But oh, the fules! they little kenn'd

The leal, the kindly heartie o't,)

That ye wad sune forget your claes, and be a sackless slut  
 and sour ;

Instead o' that ye darn and mend,

And ne'er an inch unseemly o't.

O leeze me, &c.

We now hae tried it mony a day, and still thy heart is light  
 and free,

On ilka heart that's seen warld's waes

The balm o' kindness pourin' yet,

Care whiles keeks by our hallan cheek, and gi'es a canker'd  
 glower at me,

But when he sees thy happy face,

It sets him aff a stourin' yet.

O leeze me, &c.

## THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

AIR—" *Gin a bodie meet a bodie.*"

THEY speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,

An' ruin in her e'e—

I ken they bring a pang at whiles

That's unco sair to dree ;

But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,

The first fond fa'in' tear,

Is, heaven kens, fu' sweet amen's,

An' tints o' heaven here.

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,

Life's tempests howl in vain—

The very tears o' love are sweet

When paid with tears again.

Shall sapless prudence shake its pow,

Shall cauldribe caution fear,

An' drown that lowe, that livin' lowe,

That lights a heaven here ?

What tho' we're ca'd a wee before

The stale " three score an' ten :"

When " Joy " keeks kindly at your door,

Aye bid her welcome ben.

About yon blissfu' bowers above

Let doubtfu' mortals speir,

Sae weel ken we that " Heaven is love,"

Since love makes Heaven here.

*William Thomson—*

## THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERKIP.

O'ER Cowal hills the sinking sun

Was bidding Clutha's vale guid-day,

And, from his gorgeous golden throne,

Was shedding evening's mildest ray,



As round the Cloch I bent my way,  
 With buoyant heart and bounding skip,  
 To meet my lass, at gloaming grey,  
 Among the shaws of Inverkip.

We met—and what an eve of bliss!  
 A richer, sweeter, never flew,  
 With mutual vow, with melting kiss,  
 And ardent throb of bosoms true:—  
 The bees, 'mid flowers of freshest hue,  
 Would cease their honeyed sweets to sip,  
 If they her soft sweet lips but knew—  
 The lovely lass of Inverkip.

Her ebon locks, her hazel eye,  
 Her placid brow, so fair and meek,  
 Her artless smile, her balmy sigh,  
 Her bonnie, blushing, modest cheek—  
 All these a stainless mind bespeak,  
 As pure as is the lily's tip;  
 Then, O, may sorrow's breath so bleak  
 Ne'er blight my Bud of Inverkip.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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A HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Och! you hafe left us a',  
 You're teat's a stone now, Dannie;  
 Ta cauld toor's on your heat,  
 In ta krafe wi' your krannie.  
 Och! ish O! Och! ish O!  
 Sair's ta heart o' your mither,  
 She would not be so fex  
 Hat you left put a prither.

Och! prawlie she'll hae mint  
 Whan ye'll ran 'mang ta heather,  
 Ant ta kyes ant ta sheeps  
 Ye'll prought hame to your mither.  
 Och! ish O! &c.

Ant no more will you play  
 "Gillie Callie" at ta wattin,  
 Or Shuke Corton's strathspey,  
 From ta kreen to ta pettin.  
 Och! ish O! &c.

Yesh! you nefer sait a swear,  
 Or a cursh to your mither;  
 Ant you ne'er lift your han'  
 All your tays to your father.  
 Och! ish O! &c.

Your skin was white's a milk;  
 Your hair was fine's a moutie;\*  
 Your preath was sweeter far  
 Than smell of putter't croutie.  
 Och! ish O! &c.

Put och! noo you are teat—  
 Nefer more will she sawt you;  
 Ta cauld toor's on your heat—  
 Your mither's tarlin' dawtie.  
 Och! ish O! &c.

## I SAID I LOVED THE TOWN.

I SAID I loved the town—and I felt the tale was true—  
Beyond the spreading lawn, with its daisies dipt in dew ;  
For I never sought the breezy hill, the woodlands, or the  
plain,

But my heart with rapture bounded to the busy town again.

I said I loved the town—and I thought the tale was true,  
Till Jessie thence had gone, then my fancy flitted too ;  
The spell dissolved, like boyhood's bliss before the eye of  
age,

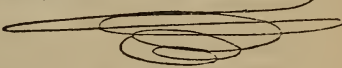
As fades before the glare of day the tinsel of the stage.

I said I loved the town—but I doubted if 'twas true,  
Yet felt ashamed to own the longing strange and new,  
That sighed for rural landscapes in all their varied dyes,  
Exulting in the golden gleam of sunny summer skies !

I said I hate the town—and, alas ! the tale was true,  
It's only charm had flown when Jessie's smile withdrew ;  
Oh ! I could love the bleakest spot on yonder mountain  
bare,

Beyond all else, if Jessie's eye were beaming on me there !

*E. Bonnell*



## THE MOON SHONE CALMLY BRIGHT.

THE moon shone calmly bright  
Upon the slumb'ring scene,  
Ten thousand stars shone out that night,  
Around their placid queen ;

A ship hath left the shore,—  
 Where shall that good ship be,  
 Ere fill the moon one bright horn more?—  
 Deep—deep in the booming sea.  
 “Hark!—heard ye not, but now,  
 A wild unearthly cry,”  
 They ask with troubled breast and brow,  
 And startled ear and eye—  
 “Was't the water-spirit's shriek?  
 What may that boding be?”  
 And a moment blanch'd the brownest cheek,  
 On the deep and booming sea.  
 “What fear?—the breeze to-night  
 Can scarce a ripple wake,  
 And slow moves our ship with her wings of white,  
 Like a swan o'er a moonlit lake!”  
 Ah! little dreamt they then  
 The change so soon to be,  
 And arose the songs of jovial men  
 On the deep and booming sea!  
 'Tis morn—but such a morn  
 May bark ne'er brave again,  
 Through vaulting billows—tempest-torn,  
 Toils the reeling ship in vain!  
 The waves are hushed and blue,  
 But where—oh! where is she,  
 The good ship with her gallant crew?  
 Deep—down in the booming sea!

John G. S. S. S.

## O COME AWA', JEANIE.

*Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.*

O COME awa', Jeanie, and hearken to me,  
 Wi' the sweet winning smile o' your daddie's blithe e'e;  
 I'll gi'e an advice o' the best I can gi'e,  
 Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

O Jean, bide awa' frae that son o' the laird's,  
 Things sacred and virtuous he naething regards;  
 It is no for aught your auld minnie can name,  
 That he sees ye, an' e'es ye, an' follows ye hame.

Now sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,  
 Wi' your daddie's brent brow and your daddie's dark e'e,  
 I'll gi'e ye an advice o' the best I can gi'e,  
 Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's douce Johnny Lowrie, the minister's man,  
 But his graces and face is a wee thing owre lang,  
 He woo'd and beguiled a young maiden before,  
 O gi'e Johnny Lowrie the back o' the door.

But sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,  
 Your minnie can see what her bairn canna see;  
 I'll gi'e my advice, and it's a' I can gi'e,  
 Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's young Hughy Graham o' the Windlestrae dell,  
 He's blooming, and guileless, and gude, like yersell;  
 The Laird and John Lowrie can court ye mair free,  
 Without the pure lowe o' his kind loving e'e.



## A' WEAR THE MASKS.

AIR—“ *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*”

WILL SHAKSPEARE, in his witty page,  
Declares that “ all the world's a stage,”  
And we as players a' engage,

To—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Priest humility will teach—  
To poverty contentment preach—  
Plu e rank and wealth within his reach,

He—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Doctor, wi' his drap and pill,  
May, as it happens, cure or kill ;  
If he contrive his pouch to fill,

He'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

The learned Lawyer pawkilie,  
In gown and wig, will press your plea ;  
But, win or lose, has fobb'd his fee,

Sae—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Actor, he “ plays mony a part,”  
Wi' comic shrug, or tragic start,  
To glee, or grief, he bends the heart,

And—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Fiddler, wi' his magic bow,  
O'er mortals, too, his spell can throw ;  
He screws his pegs to joy or woe,

Syne whistles owre the lave o't.

The Landlord, wi' his beer sae sma',  
Nae final reckoning fears ava ;  
Instead o' ane he'll score you twa,

Then—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Soldier, though he drills a' day,  
And right and left maun face away,  
At night makes merry wi' his pay,

And—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Gangrel, on his timmer pegs,  
 Wha, through the day, for awmous begs,  
 At night will dance on twa gude legs,  
 And—whistle owre the lave o't.  
 In human life, we thus may see,  
 A' wear the mask in some degree ;  
 This ane will cheat, that ither lee,  
 A' whistle owre the lave o't.

Charles Gray,

THE WEE WEE FLOWER.

*Air by Peter M'Leod, Esq.*

THE wee wee flower, the wee wee flower,  
 Shrinks frae the droukin midnight shower,  
 But opes its leaves in sunny hour—  
 Slee type o' life—the wee wee flower.

The wee wee flower begins to blaw  
 When early draps o' spring dew's fa',  
 But snell April aft gars it cour—  
 Ah! silly thing, the wee wee flower.

When opening buds a' lang for light,  
 The wee flower peeps wi' gowd-e'e'd sight ;  
 An', O ! it's Nature's richest dower  
 To deck ance mair the wee wee flower.

When elfin fairies trip the green,  
 Wi' dew-stars blobbin in their e'en,  
 They lay them down, a' happit owre,  
 A' nestling in the wee wee flower.

The wee flower decks nae garden gay,  
 But blooms in neuks that's far away ;  
 It canna stand ae wild e'e's glower—  
 Ah ! blate young thing, the wee wee flower.

'Mang trees the wee flower rears its stem,  
 Cheer'd by the juice that nurtures them ;  
 Yet a' it tak's, ne'er stints their power—  
 It lives on love, the wee wee flower.

But O ! the wee flower dwines an' dees,  
 When nither'd by the norland breeze ;  
 As Passion plucks frae Nature's bower,  
 An' leaves to dee, the wee wee flower.

*James Ballentine*

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#### THE ROUGH KISS.

O ! WOMAN's wit, O ! woman's wiles—  
 I would that I were free—  
 Far frae the magic o' your smiles,  
 Your winning witchery :—  
 Yet, did I vow the fair to flee,  
 Their favours sweet to scorn,  
 I meikle doubt that I should die  
 A sinner sair foresworn.

Yestreen the new hairst-moon rose bright,  
 And ilka star, that beamed  
 In beauty on the brow o' night,  
 An angel's spirit seemed.



My weary naigs were fed, and clean,  
 Safe hame were kye and sheep ;  
 Thick cam' my nightly thoughts o' Jean,  
 Till I fell sound asleep.

And syne I dreamed—as fools will dream—  
 O' wandering near a bower,  
 Beside a merry chaunting stream,  
 Wi' green banks a' in flower.  
 There, fairer far than bowers or brooks,  
 Or flowers in summer sheen,  
 In ane o' Nature's rosy nooks,  
 I met my true-love Jean.

A herdin' crook held ae white han',  
 A silken leash the ither,  
 Wi' whilk she led, frae upland lawn,  
 A wee lamb and its mither.  
 How could my heart be passion-proof  
 When love brought us thegither ?—  
 The sunny sky our chamber roof,  
 Our couch the balmy heather.

Then—as I breathed my love—my sighs,  
 My words grew warmer, dearer ;  
 And, somehow, 'tween her kind replies,  
 We nearer crept, and nearer.  
 But when I preed her mou', to prove  
 The raptures o' my faith,  
 I thought the loupin' throes o' love  
 And joy had been my death.

Alas ! soon fled the vision sweet,  
 The joys o' each embrace,  
 And I awoke, methought to meet  
 Auld Satan face to face :

My rosy bed, beside the brook,  
 Proved but a couch o' thorns;  
 And high, instead o' Jeanie's crook,  
 Towered twa lang crooked horns!

And close, instead o' Jeanie's waist,  
 For beauty's model meet,  
 I fand my twining arms embraced  
 Twa cloddy, cloven feet!  
 And what I deem'd the sweets that sprung  
 Frae Jeanie's honey mou',  
 Were lappings frae the lang rough tongue  
 O' auld Tam Tamson's cow!

*A MacLellan*

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THE BONNIE KEEL LADDIE.\*

THE bonnie keel laddie, the cannie keel laddie,  
 The bonnie keel laddie for me, O!  
 He plies at his wark, in his blue woollen sark,  
 An' he brings the white money tiv me, O!

Throughout the hail raw, he's the nicest iv a',  
 An' sey sharp is the glance iv his e'e, O!  
 Sey tight an' sey toppin', sey smart ay an' strappin'—  
 Ah! dearly he's welcome tiv me, O!

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\* On the Tyne, the large boats are called *keels*, in which coals are conveyed down the river to the coasting vessels. *Raw* is applied to the long range of low houses erected near a colliery, for the accommodation of its workmen.

Frev his hat tiv his showe—when he's dressed braw an'  
new—

He's gentility's sel' tiv a tee, O!

His hue is sey bonnie, there's nane like my Johnny,  
Owre a' the wide world, tiv me, O!

The cannie keel laddie, the bonnie keel laddie,

The cannie keel laddie for me, O!

My heart ay louns leet, when he comes hame at neet,  
Tiv his cozie hearthstane, an' tiv me, O!

R. WHITE'S MSS.

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SHEAN M'NAB.

AIR—“*Lord Balgonie's Favourite.*”

OF Shean M'Nab she'll want to sing,  
Ant all ta ponny flowers of Spring,  
To make compare wi' Shean, she'll pring;  
My tearest! sweetest Shean M'Nab!

Ta primrose, in ta tew of morn,  
Ta woods ant mossy pank's atorn;  
But not a primrose e'er was porn  
Is half so sweet as Shean M'Nab!

You'll surely hafe ta fiolet seen!  
Se motest hite from kazers' e'en!  
Ant blushing sweet, shust like my Shean,  
My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Gran' is ta smell come from ta rose,  
Ponny's ta pud she early shows,  
Her plooming colour sweetly blows  
Upon ta sheek of Shean M'Nab.

Ta lily is poth sweet ant fair,  
 Naething can wi' her compare;  
 Put shust ta posom of my tear,  
     My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Melting sweet's her tark plue e'e,  
 Like hare-pell on ta sunny lea,  
 Ant, och! ta plink is tear to me,  
     Ta klance of ponny Shean M'Nab.

Her preath's more sweet as meatow hay,  
 Or frakrant wilt thyme's flower in May,  
 Och! she could lif for efer aye  
     Upon ta lips of Shean M'Nab.

Shean's tall ant stately as ta pine,  
 Her form is kraceful, most tiffine;  
 All other maitens she'll outshine,  
     My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Happy to pe, she coult not fail,  
 If nainsel' coult on Shean prefail  
 To shange her name to Shean M'Phail,  
     Ant nefer more pe Shean N'Nab.

*Alex. Fisher*

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NO SEASON THIS FOR GLOOMING.

No season this for glooming,  
 No season this for sorrow,  
 The blithe old earth is blooming,  
 Sweet flowers the air perfuming,  
 And birds sing loud, "good morrow!"

Lo! where the clouds are breaking,  
 And, from their fleecy bosoms,  
 The jovial sun awaking,  
 His morning draught partaking—  
 The dew that ~~grows~~ *grows* the blossoms!

Then let old Care go slumber,  
 While here, with blue-eyed Pleasure,  
 Devoid of thought or cumber,  
 As time's hours slowly number,  
 We dance a jocund measure!

*W. Ferguson*

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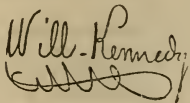
### O FOR THE MERRY MOONLIGHT HOUR!

O FOR the merry moonlight hour!  
 O for the hearts that warmest glow!  
 O for the breath of the summer flower,  
 Far floating in the vale below!  
 Hail to the clime where Beauty's power  
 Is stamped on every plant and tree;  
 Joy's rosy throne—Love's wedding bower—  
 Land of our choice, fair Italy!

O for the dance!—the dance at even!—  
 Woman's smile is loveliest then;—  
 O for the notes which came from Heaven,  
 Which came—but ne'er returned again.  
 Blessed be these notes! they long have striven  
 To keep the young heart warm and free;  
 And never was boon to mortals given,  
 Like the song of fervid Italy.

O for the morn! the glorious morn!  
 When souls were proud, and hopes were high,  
 Ere the Eagle's fiery plume was torn,  
 Or his course grew dark in the western sky.  
 That wild bird's wing is drunk and shorn,  
 Yet our empire winds from sea to sea.  
 Fame's wandering torch o'er earth is borne,  
 Love's, shines alone for Italy!

Then hail to the merry moonlight hour!  
 And joy to the hearts that warmest glow!  
 Ever bright be the bloom of the summer flower,  
 And sweet its breath in the vale below!  
 And long may our maidens' evening bowe  
 Echo the song of the gay and free;  
 And long may Beauty's dazzling power  
 Reign over blooming Italy!

Will-Kennedy  


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THEN MOUNT THE TACKLE AND THE REEL.

Our sport is with the salmon rod,  
 Fine gut, tough ravel string,  
 A hook of the true "Kirkby bend,"  
 Dark-bodied with white wing;  
 Dark-bodied with white wing, my boys!  
 A yellow bob behind,  
 And deep red hackle, fastened round  
 With tinsel well entwined.

Then mount the tackle and the reel,  
 Is now the fisher's song,  
 For Bringham Dub and Carham Wheel\*  
 Hold many a salmon strong.

A south-west wind that steady blows,  
 A dark grey cloudy sky,  
 A ripple o'er the water clear,  
 To lead away the fly ;  
 To lead away the fly, my boys !  
 There strike ! the reel goes free !  
 With a new run fish, as fresh and strong  
 As ever left the sea.

Then mount, &c.

The yielding rod bends like a bow,  
 And lifts him from his hold,  
 With quivering pull, and bounding leap,  
 Or steady run so bold ;  
 The steady run so bold, my boys !  
 As through the stream he flies,  
 Tells with what energy he fights  
 Before a salmon dies.

Then mount, &c.

Reel up, reel up ! one sullen plunge,  
 He takes out line no more,  
 Head down the stream ! then haul him in !  
 He gasps upon the shore ;  
 He gasps upon the shore, my boys !  
 His weight an English stone,  
 As beautiful a thing in death  
 As eye e'er gazed upon.

Then mount, &c.

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\* Celebrated pools or *holds* for salmon on the Tweed.

The sport is o'er! and home we go,  
 A bumper round we bear,  
 And drink "The face we never saw,  
 But may it prove as fair!"\*  
 But may it prove as fair! my boys,  
 Each fisher drinks with glee,  
 And benisons to-morrow's sport,  
 That it may better be.  
 Then mount, &c.

*M. A. Foster*

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#### THE FLOWER O' THE AYR.

I WALK'D out yestreen, when the e'enin' was fa'in',  
 A lingering glory yet played on the sea,  
 The woods were sae still, no a zephyr was blawin',  
 The sang o' the lav'rock was hushed on the lea.  
 Awa' frae the town, wi' its din and its folly,  
 I kent na, and cared na, how far I had gane,  
 The night was sae peacefu', the hour was sae holy,  
 The spirit o' nature and I were alane.

I thought on the days when I stray'd wi' my Jessie,  
 While birds lilted sweet on the banks of the Ayr,  
 When Hope's fairy visions were shared wi' my lassie,  
 And life was as happy as simmer was fair.  
 Sad was my heart, for again I was roamin'  
 Through scenes that were dear in the days o' langsyne,  
 And Mem'ry flew back to the still simmer gloamin',  
 When, prest to my bosom, she vowed to be mine.

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There was the burnie yet, fring'd with the breckan ;  
 There was the bank where she sat on my knee ;  
 There was the birken bower, sad and forsaken,  
 Where aft she had lookit sae fondly on me ;  
 But where is my lassie, O where is my Jessie ?  
 Ah! cruel echoes, ye mock my despair ;  
 Nor sunshine may cheer me, nor tempests can fear me —  
 Oh, soon may I lie wi' the Flower o' the Ayr.

*Thomas C. Latta*

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#### GLENORCHY.

O WILD singing spirit of Glenorchy's lone vale,  
 Why ceased is thy music, why gone is thy tale ?  
 Has thy bard sunk to slumber with those who are gone,  
 That I hear not his harp, with its heart-stirring tone ?  
 Round the towers of Kilchurn thy murmur sweeps low,  
 But 'tis lost in the lake of Glenorchy's loud flow ;  
 Thy name and existence they flit fast away,  
 And thy bard and his numbers have gone to decay !

Has no minstrel e'er given thy praises to fame ?  
 Are thy scenes doom'd to die, like thy perishing name ?  
 Are those haunts doom'd to fade, like the quick-passing  
 flower  
 That blooms into beauty and dies in an hour ?  
 From thy cloud on the mountain I hear thee reply :—  
 " Many bards have I had in the ages gone by ;  
 But the Sassenach loved not our wild Highland strain,  
 And the Gael's native music was wasted in vain !"

But yet on thy lonely braes, thrilling afar  
 The soft notes of love, and the loud tones of war,  
 By thy shepherds awaken'd, may still there be heard,  
 Re-echoing sweetly the tones of thy bard.

And often, when o'er Ben Cruachan in light  
 The moon sheds her silvery rays on the night,  
 She sees her attendant stars shine in the deep  
 Of thy long inland waters, as softly they sleep.

And she hears through the silence of ages gone past,  
 The echoes of harps chiming lone on the blast ;  
 They speak of the glory that's faded away,  
 And mournful's the sound of their lingering lay !  
 When the thick falling dews seem'd to swell the bright  
 stream,

And the waterfall tinkled beneath the moonbeam,  
 When the long summer nights seemed still longer to stay,  
 And the glory of evening was brighter than day.

Then the fairies in splendid array would advance,  
 As they glided along in their wild mystic dance,  
 And the music of spirits by mortals unseen  
 Sounded sweet with their mirth as they danced on the  
 green.

But the music has ceased, and the fairies are gone,  
 And the scene only mourns in its beauty alone ;  
 Neglect with her shadow now closes it o'er,  
 And the haunts once so loved will be cherish'd no more !

*Thos. Young*

## SANDYFORD HA'.

AIR—“*Laird o' Cockpen.*”

YE'LL a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha',  
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha';  
 When Summer returns wi' her blossoms sae braw,  
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

This dwelling though humble is airy and clean,  
 Wi' a hale hearty wifie baith honest and bien,  
 An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—  
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

A wooden stair leads to the attics aboon,  
 Whar ane can look out to his friends in the moon,  
 Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa',—  
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we ha'e closed,  
 An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dozed,  
 We'll puff our Havana, on Hope we will ca',  
 An' our chief guest be Pleasure at Sandyford Ha'.  
 Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,  
 For the wee thochtless birdies lilt a' the day lang;  
 The lintie, the laverock, the blackbird an' a',  
 Ilk' day ha'e a concert at Sandyford Ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may stare,  
 Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—  
 At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge is sma',  
 There's far mair contentment at Sandyford Ha'.  
 There's something romantic about an auld house,  
 Where the cock ilka morning keeps crawling fu' crouse,  
 An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,  
 An' such is the case at blythe Sandyford Ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen tree,  
 As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the sea,  
 Till night her grey mantle around us shall draw,  
 Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford Ha'.

At morning when music is loud in the sky,  
 An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,  
 We'll saunter in joy where the lang shadows fa',  
 'Mang the-sweet-scented groves around Sandyford Ha'.

*Andrew Park*

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RANTIN' ROBIN, RHYMIN' ROBIN.

AIR—"Dainty Davie."

WHEN Januar winds were ravin' wil'  
 O'er a' the districts o' our isle,  
 There was a callant born in Kyle,  
 And he was christen'd Robin.  
 Oh Robin was a dainty lad,  
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;  
 It made the gossips unco glad  
 To hear the cheep o' Robin.

That ne'er-to-be-forgotten morn,  
 When Coila's darling son was born,  
 Auld Scotland on her stock-an'-horn  
 Play'd "welcome hame" to Robin.  
 And Robin was the blythest loon,  
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,  
 That ever sang beneath the moon,—  
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Fame stappin in ayont the hearth,—  
 Cried, "I foresee your matchless worth,  
 And to the utmost ends o' earth  
 I'll be your herald, Robin!"  
 And well she did emblaze his name,  
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,  
 In characters o' livin' flame,—  
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

The Muses round his cradle hung,  
 The Graces wat his infant tongue,  
 And Independence wi' a rung,

Cried—"Redd the gate for Robin!"  
 For Robin's soul-arousing tones,  
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,  
 Gar'd tyrants tremble on their thrones,—  
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin!

Then let's devote this night to mirth,  
 And celebrate our Poet's birth;  
 While Freedom preaches i' the earth,

She'll tak' her text frae Robin!  
 Oh! Robin's magic notes shall ring,  
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,  
 While rivers run and flowerets spring;  
 Huzza! huzza for Robin!!

DAVID NEEDLER.

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PEGGY PENN.

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

AIR—"The Barley Bree."

THE muin shone breet, the tudder neet;  
 The kye wer milkt; aw wark was duin;  
 I shavet mysel', an' cwomt my hair,  
 Flang aff the clogs, pat on greas'd shoon;  
 The clock strack eight, as out I stule,  
 The rwoad I tuik reet weel I ken,  
 An' crosst the watter, clam the hill,  
 In whopes to meet wi' Peggy Penn.

When i' the wood, I heard two talk,  
 They cutter't on, but rather low;  
 I hid mysel' ahint a yek,  
 An' Peggy wid a chap suin saw:  
 He smackt her lips; she cried, "Give owre!  
 We lasses aw are pleag't wi' men!"  
 I tremlin' stuid, but dursen't speak,  
 Tho' fain I'd coddelt Peggy Penn!

He cawt her Marget, sometimes Miss,  
 He spak' queyte feyne,\* an' kisst her han';  
 He braggt ov aw his fadder hed—  
 I seeght; for we've nae house or lan'!  
 Said he, "My dear, I've seen you oft,  
 An' watch'd you link thro' wood an' glen,  
 With one George Moor, a rustic boor,  
 Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Penn!"

She drew her han', an' turnt her roun',  
 "Let's hae nae mair sic talk!" says she,  
 "Tho' Gwordie Muir be nobbet puir,  
 He's dearer nor a prince to me!  
 Mey fadder scauls, mworn, nuin, an' neet,  
 Mey mudder fratches sair; what then?—  
 Aw this warl's gear cud niver buy  
 Frae Gworge the luve ov Peggy Penn!"

"O, Miss!" says he, "forget such fools,  
 Nor heed the awkward, stupid clown;  
 If such a creature spoke to me,  
 I'd quickly knock the booby down!"  
 "Come on!" says I, "thy strenth e'en try,  
 Suin heed owre heels sic tuils I'd sen';  
 Lug off thy cwoat, I'll fecht aw neeght  
 Wi' three leyke thee for Peggy Penn!"

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\* A would-be dandy.

Now off he flew ; mey airms I threw  
 About her waist ; away we went ;  
 I axt her if she durst be meyne ;  
 She squeezt my han' an' gev consent :  
 We talkt, an' jwokt, as lovers sud,  
 We partet at their awn byre en',  
 An' ere anudder month be owre,  
 She'll change to Muir frae Peggy Penn !\*

*Robert Anderson.*

\* We are indebted to our friend, James Steel, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Carlisle Journal*, for the following biographical notice of the Cumberland bard. Many of Mr. Anderson's pieces appeared first in that journal.—Ed.

“The author of this ballad, which we believe has never before appeared in type, was born at Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, on the 1st of February, 1770, in a suburb of the city called Dam-side. His parents were very poor, and burthened with a large family; and Robert, being the youngest of nine children, received his early education at a charity school of the humblest pretensions. While yet a child, he used to spend his winter evenings by the fireside of an old Highland woman, who lived near the house of his parents, listening with wonder and delight to the ‘wild Scottish ballads’ she sung to him; and from this circumstance he says he ‘imbibed the love of song,’ which clung to him through life. Before he was ten years of age, he was sent to labour, as an assistant to an elder brother, a calico printer; and, when thirteen years old, was bound apprentice as a pattern-drawer in the same business. At the end of his apprenticeship, he went to London, and was first induced to become a song writer by hearing some wretched songs, ‘in a mock-pastoral, Scottish style,’ sung at Vauxhall Gardens. His first effusions were set to music by Mr. Hook, and, to his great gratification, sung at Vauxhall by

## JEAN MUNRO.

AIR—" *Jock o' Hazledean.*"

O HAE ye seen the lily fair, wak'd by the morning beam,  
 Bending its head sae modestly aboon the bickering stream ;  
 Or hae ye seen the e'ening star at gloaming brightly glow—  
 Then hae ye seen the fairy form o' bonnie Jean Munro.

Her cheek is like the mellow fruit, just drapping frae the  
 tree,

And there's a silent witch'ry in the twinkle o' her e'e ;  
 And frae her brent and polished brow, her glossy ringlets  
 flow,

That clust'ring shade the snaw-white breast o' bonny Jean  
 Munro.

The miser who exultingly looks on his glittering store,  
 And feels, throughout his frozen veins, a thrill of transpor'  
 pour,

Master Phelps. He returned to Carlisle in 1796, and ten years afterwards he published his first volume of ballads in the Cumberland dialect. He soon afterwards went to Belfast to follow his profession, and continued to write ballads and other poetical pieces, which were published in the Belfast and Carlisle newspapers. He again returned to his native place in 1820, to which he was welcomed by a public dinner. A subscription was set on foot to publish his works, from which it was expected that a sum might be raised to secure him an annuity for life. The works were printed, in two volumes, but the profits upon them were very small; and poor Anderson had at last to be preserved from the workhouse by a trifling annual subscription raised amongst a few of his admirers. He died on the 26th September, 1833, and a marble bust of him has been placed in the aisle of St. Mary's Cathedral, Carlisle. His poetical powers were not of a very high order; but he had a keen perception of character, and has depicted the manners and customs of 'canny Cumberland,' in his ballads, with extraordinary vigour and truth."



The rushing tide of happiness he would at once forego,  
For ae kiss o' the balmy lips o' bonnie Jean Munro.

Care hath his furrows deeply set upon my altered cheek,  
And wintry Time blawn o'er my head his blasts baith cauld  
and bleak ;

But could I to my cheek restore Youth's gladsome ruddy  
glow,

Blythe would I be life's path to tread wi' bonnie Jean  
Munro.

*Wm. Linsley*

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### POLLY CUSHANE.

O! PROTESTANT BILLY was handsome and tall,  
His shoulders were broad, and his ankles were small ;  
There was not in our country so frisky a blade,  
And by nature he was a true jintleman made.  
And a waltin' the Gallachers many times got,  
When they offered to tramp on the tails of his coat ;  
But yet this bould rover got bound in love's chain,  
And kilt by the blue eyes of Polly Cushane.

At her father's fireside, for a long winter's night,  
To talk wid his Polly was all his delight—  
And there they kept titterin' and botherin' still,  
Till the grey eye of morning peep'd over the hill.  
Billy's bosom with love was burning and dry,  
For all that it drank from each glance of her eye,  
Which glisten'd and laugh'd like the flower after rain.  
"Och! your'e fresher and fairer, my Polly Cushane."

Wid a slap on his cheek, she smiling would say,  
" 'Tis late now, you rogue, so be off and away ;"  
Then Billy replies, " Faith, my darlint, that's thue—  
But how can I sleep, for a dhraming of you."

“ Go—spalpeen !” her ould father bawls in a rage;  
 Then Polly would pant like a bird in a cage,  
 While Protestant Bill kiss’d her red lips again,—  
 “ Good night and good luck, my sweet Polly Cushane.”

*Chas. A. Ritchie*

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AULD EPPIE.

AULD Eppie, puir bodie, she wons on the brae,  
 In yon little cot-house, aneath the auld tree;  
 Far off frae a’ ithers, an’ fu’, fu’ o’ flaws,  
 Wi’ rough divot sunks haudin’ up the mud wa’s;  
 The storm-tatter’d riggin’, a’ row’d here an’ there,  
 An’ the reekit lum-framin’, a’ broken an’ bare,  
 The lang raggit eaves hangin’ down the laigh door,  
 An’ a’e wee bit winnock, amaist happit ower;  
 The green boor-tree bushes a’ wavin’ aroun’,  
 An’ grey siller willow-wands kissin’ the grun’!

“ Auld Eppie’s a weird-wife,” sae runs the rude tale,  
 For a’e nicht some chieks comin’ hame frae their ale  
 Cam’ in by her biggin’, an’, watchin’ apart,  
 They saw Eppie turnin’ the beuk o’ black art;  
 An’ O!—the douff soun’s and the *uncos* that fell,  
 Nae livin’ cou’d think o’, nae language cou’d tell.  
 Nae body leuk’s near her, unless it may be  
 Whan cloudie nicht closes the day’s darin’ e’e,  
 That some, wi’ rewards an’ assurance, slip ben,  
 The weels an’ the waes o’ the future to ken!

Auld Eppie’s nae spaewife, tho’ she gets the name;  
 She’s wae for hersel’, but she’s wae’er for them;

For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door,  
 She is blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.  
 Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME o' LIGHT,  
 An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' nicht—  
 In a' crooks an' crosses she calmly obeys,  
 E'en seasons o' sorrow are seasons o' praise ;  
 She opens an' closes the day on her knee—  
 That's a' the strange sicht onie bodie can see.

*Alfred King*

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ON A SWEET LOVELY ISLE.

ON a sweet lovely isle, in some calm peaceful sea,  
 'Mid the billows at rest, thy fair dwelling should be ;  
 Far from cities and towns, with their tumult and strife,  
 With the birds and the flowers thou should'st pass thy  
 young life ;

Where the flower on the sward, and the bird on the tree,  
 Alone gave its song and its beauty to thee,—  
 Fit abode is such gem, on the bright Ocean's brow,  
 For a creature so sweet and so lovely as thou.

Where the bounties of nature are scattered around,  
 And each bush and each tree with rich fruitage is crown'd ;  
 Where the insects and birds—as they sport on the wing—  
 Rejoice in a constant duration of spring ;  
 Where the streamlet—that murmurs in beauty along—  
 Glads thy brow with its coolness, thine ear with its song,  
 And all nature around wears her gaudiest vest,  
 To welcome so good and so gentle a guest.

Where the sea that encircles that fair peaceful land,  
 Never breaks with rude surge on the bright golden sand,

But the happy young wavelets, that sparkle so sweet,  
 Dance wild in their glee ere they break at thy feet :  
 A region of bliss—where no restless commotion  
 Within, on the land, or without, on the ocean ;—  
 Fit emblem that land, and fit emblem that sea,  
 Of a creature so pure and so peaceful as thee.

Where nature reposes—below and on high—  
 In the green of the sea and the blue of the sky ;  
 Where the sun loves to pour on the fairest of isles  
 The first of his rays and the last of his smiles,  
 And ere the bright glory has sunk in the west,  
 Throws a mantle of gold round the isle he loves best—  
 There to spend all my days—oh! the rapture—the bliss !  
 With a creature so pure, on an island like this.

*Robt Yumbell*

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O, WE'LL KEEP OUR HEARTS ABOON.

AIR—“ *O why should old age so much wound us, O.*”

O WE'LL keep our hearts aboon i' the bearing o't,  
 O we'll keep our hearts aboon i' the bearing o't ;  
 Though our pows are turning grey, and life's fleeting fast  
 away,

Yet we'll never cut it short wi' the fearing o't.

O our friendship it began when our years were but few,  
 O our friendship it began when our years were but few ;  
 Now many a year we've scen, wi' the world white and green,  
 Yet every time we've met, still our happiness is scen.

Though we're neither lairds nor lords, yet the world it is  
wide,

Though we're neither lairds nor lords, yet the world it is  
wide;

And the merle's i' the wud, and the lav'rock's i' the clud,  
And our cantie wee bit housikie by yon burnie side.

Let the warld just rin round i' the auld way o't,

Let the warld justrin round i' the auld way o't;

And the puir conceited fool, and the cauld and envious snool,  
We've still a laugh to spare them in our blythe way o't.

*James Telfer*

---

JEANIE KELLY.

“HEY Jeanie Kelly, where hae ye been, I'd wate ?

Howe Jeanie Kelly, where hae ye been sae late ?”

“It's I've been in the greenwood, meetin' Johnie Gray,

O I can meet my Johnie either night or day.

Hey the bonnie greenwood, ho the bonnie greenwood,

It's there I'll meet my Johnie either night or day.”

“Does he speak ye kindly, telling tales o' love,

Or is he ane o' thae wad woman's weakness prove ?”

“O yes, he speaks me kindly, kissing when we part,

Of a' the lads my Johnie's dearest to my heart.

I' the bonny greenwood, &c.

Of a' the lads, &c.

“His speech is aye sae modest, and his very e'e

Tell's aye what he's meanin', at least it does to me ;

And when we gang thegither, my arm link'd into his,

I mind na what the sorrow or care o' this warld is,

I' the bonny greenwood, &c.

" O he has vow'd to lo'e me, and lo'e nane but me,  
 This gowden ring he's gi'en me a pledge of faith to be ;  
 He said, will ye be mine ? I couldna say him nay,  
 Twas in the bonny greenwood I wan my Johnie Gray.  
 Hey the bonny greenwood, &c.  
 'Twas in, &c.

---

### WINTER

Now the tops of the Ochils are chilly with snow,  
 But houses are warm in the valleys below ;  
 The roofs are all white in their winter's attire,  
 But firesides are cosy with long flaming fire.

Old Boreas, the storesman of snow and of hail,  
 Sifts down from his bolter dire drift on our vale,  
 With rain-drops at his nose and ice gauds at his ears,  
 He but heightens our joys when his grimness appears.

He may howl till he gasp ; he may fret till he freeze  
 All the burns in their beds, in their channels the seas ;  
 But the warmth of our hearts, as in friendship they glow,  
 He never can cool with his frost and his snow.

In summer we garnish our goblets with flowers,  
 And we sit all the even amid our rose bowers ;  
 In winter our hearts the more merrily mingle,  
 And cuddle more close round the bowl and the ingle.

Then here's to the man that doth temper a wee  
 His wisdcm with folly, his douceness with glee;  
 Whose heart, tried the more, but the better doth prove,  
 Aye happy with lore, and aye kindly with love.

W. T.

---

O LIST THE MAVIS' MELLOW NOTE.

Oh! list the mavis' mellow note  
 Frae 'mang the aspen leaves,  
 While, big wi' sang, his swelling throat  
 An' mottled breastie heaves.  
 Oh! sweetly pours the bonny bird  
 His music wild and free,  
 But, Mary, sang was never heard  
 Could wile my heart frae thee.

The last bright tints o' sunset fair  
 Gleam on the distant hill;  
 Like threads o' polish'd silver there  
 Glow many a streaming rill.  
 The flowers smell sweet when gloaming grey  
 Sends dews across the lea—  
 Nae odours sweet or colours gay  
 Can wile my heart frae thee.

The blythsome lambs will sport at e'en  
 On mony a broomy knowe,  
 And through the gowan'd glen sae green  
 The mountain stream will row.  
 The trouts that sport aneath its wave  
 Unguiled may live for me;  
 Nae hackle bright, or harle grave,  
 Can wile my heart frae thee.

Beneath the gloaming's mellow light  
 The landscape fair may lie;  
 The laverock in his yirthward flight  
 May cleave the gowden sky;  
 And Nature, baith wi' sicht and sound,  
 May pleasure ear and e'e,  
 But, Mary, lass, the world's bound  
 Hauds nought sae dear to me.

*M. A. Foster*

SANDY ALLAN.

AIR—"Saw ye Johnny coming?"

Wha is he I hear sae crouse,  
 There ahint the hallan?  
 Whase skirlin' rings thro' a' the house,  
 Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.  
 O! it is ane, a weel kent chiel,  
 As mirth e'er set a bawlin',  
 Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—  
 It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind guidwife,  
 This blythsome Sandy Allan,  
 Wha lo'es him meikle mair than life,  
 And glories in her callan.

As sense an' sound are ane in sang,  
 Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan;  
 Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,  
 Hae Luckie an' her callan.

To gie to a', it's aye his rule,  
 Their proper name an' callin':  
 A knave's a knave—a fule's a fule,  
 Wi' honest Sandy Allan.



For ilka vice he has a dart,  
 An' ' heavy is it's fallin';  
 But ay for worth a kindred heart  
 Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings a knee he wiinna bring,  
 Sae proud is Sandy Allan ;  
 The man wha rightly feels is king  
 O'er rank wi' Sandy Allan.  
 Auld nature, just to show the warl'  
 Ae truly honest callan ;  
 She strippit til't, and made a carle,  
 And ca't him Sandy Allan.

*Alex. Home*

---

#### WOMAN'S WARK WILL NE'ER BE DUNE.

WOMAN's wark will ne'er be dune,  
 Although the day were e'er sae lang ;  
 Sae meikle but, sae meikle ben,—  
 But for her care a' wad gae wrang :  
 And aiblins a poor thriftless wight  
 To spend the gear sae ill to won,  
 Aft gars an eydent thrifty wife  
 Say " woman's wark will ne'er be dune."

We little think, in youthfu' prime,  
 When wooing, what our weird may be ;  
 But aye we dream, and aye we hope,  
 That blythe and merry days we'll see :

And blythe and merry might we be—  
 But when is heard the weary tune,  
 “The morn it comes, the morn it gaes,  
 But woman’s wark will ne’er be dune.”

I’ve been at bridals and at feasts,  
 When care was in the nappy drowned;  
 The world might sink, or it might swim,  
 Man, wife and weans were a’ aboon’t:  
 But—wae’s my heart to think upon’t!—  
 The neist day brought the waefu’ croon,—  
 “Come bridals, or come merry feasts,  
 A woman’s wark will ne’er be dune.”

Twa bairnies toddlin’ at the fit,  
 An’ aiblins ane upon the knee,  
 Gar life appear an unco faught,  
 An’ mony hae the like to dree;  
 But cherub lips an’ kisses sweet  
 Keep aye a mither’s heart aboon,  
 Although the owrecome o’ the sang  
 Is “woman’s wark will ne’er be dune.”\*

*R Allan*

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\* The foregoing lines are from the pen of the late Robert Allan, of the parish of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, some of whose lyrical productions have long been deservedly popular all over Scotland—such as, “The Bonnie built Wherry,” “The Covenanter’s Lament,” “Haud awa’ frae me, Donald,” &c. Mr. Allan followed through life the humble occupation of a handloom weaver; and during his leisure hours he occasionally amused himself in poetical composition, the fruits of which appeared in a volume, which was published by subscription, in 1836, but which scarcely remunerated the author. The principal poem in the volume is entitled, “An Address to the Robin.” It is written

## THE TRYSTING TREE.

THE trysting tree, the trysting tree,  
 O dear that gnarly trunk to me !  
 My saul hath been in heaven hie  
 When wooing 'neath the trysting tree.

in the Scottish dialect, and is, from beginning to end, a burst of homely and tender recollections, blended with the associations of boyhood, and "coming events," which seem to have cast their shadow over the mind of the amiable writer. He was the father of a numerous family. His youngest son—the only one of the family remaining unmarried—a young man of great promise as a portrait painter, left this country for America. The father could not remain behind the child of his old age. He bade farewell to his native land, and accompanied the young adventurer—only, alas! to die with his foot upon the shores of the New World. He arrived at New York on the 1st of June, 1841, and died there six days afterwards, from the effects of a cold caught on the banks of Newfoundland. Allan was one of the most single-hearted beings that ever lived, and much of this character is reflected in his poems. We have had placed at our disposal a carefully written sketch of the history and career of the poet, from the pen of his son-in-law, Mr. John M'Gregor, of Lochwinnoch, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, and we regret that its extreme length hinders us from laying it before the reader. From it we learn that the various members of the Allan family have long been distinguished in their neighbourhood for their superior intelligence, general ability, and upright, honourable conduct. Old Robin moved among them not as a father, but as a brother. Indeed, he lived only in the affections and good opinion of his friends: without these, existence would have been to him a bitter burden. The following anecdote evinces the unaffected simplicity of the man:—Mr. Robertson, our publisher, took him, a short time before he left this country, to see the Glasgow City Hospital. On their way, the former introduced

The birds lay silent in their nests,  
 The flowers lay faulded on the lea,  
 An' a' was still, save our twa breasts,  
 Warm throbbing 'neath the trysting tree.

We sigh'd, we blush'd, but a' was hush'd.  
 For no ae word to spare had we ;  
 But ae chaste kiss spak a' our bliss,  
 Aneath the dear auld trysting tree.

We made nae tryst, we changed nae vows,  
 But, aye when daylight closed his e'e,  
 We somehow met aneath the boughs  
 O' that auld kindly trysting tree.

But grief an' time ha'e wrought sad wark  
 Upon that dear auld tree an' me ;  
 The light that lit my soul is dark,  
 The leaves ha'e left the trysting tree.

The trysting tree, the trysting tree,  
 Though dear its twisted trunk to me,  
 It wrings my heart, and droons my e'e,  
 To gaze upon that trysting tree.

*James Ballentine*

---

him to the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a talented and much esteemed Roman Catholic clergyman in Glasgow. "I am glad to be introduced to you, Mr. Allan," said Mr. Gordon. "And so am I to be made acquainted with you, sir. Really, it's hard to say, when we rise in the morning, what sort o' company we may meet wi' before night." Mr. Allan was aged sixty-seven; he was born at Kilbarchan, 4th November, 1774.

## BAULDY BUCHANAN.

O WHA hasna heard o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan ?  
 A hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stan'in';  
 Gae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,  
 Ye'll scarce find the match o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 For Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—  
 A frame o' threescore, wi' a spirit o' twenty—  
 Wi' his auld farrant tales, an' his jokin', an' funnin',  
 A rich an' rare treat is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

Blythe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker  
 O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker—  
 There's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan,  
 But has been run dry by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—  
 The secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—  
 Can tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on ;—  
 Sae deep read in beuks is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, and the fiddle,  
 Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle ;  
 At deep calculation, at drawin', an' plannin',  
 There's naebody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.  
 He kens how the negroes are black and thick-lippit—  
 How leopards are spotted—how zebras are strippit—  
 How maidens in Turkey sae muckle are run on ;—  
 Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their whisky—  
 How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, and frisky—  
 How the Turks are sae grave, an' the Grecks are sae cunnin',  
 Can a' be explained by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause  
 O' rain an' fair weather—o' frosts an' o' thaws—  
 An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin' ;—  
 Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

When round his fireside neebours meet in the gloamin's,  
 An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—  
 How they battled an' fought without musket or cannon—  
 The folks glow'r wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.  
 Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,  
 An' tells some queer story, or sings some droll ditty,  
 Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin', an' punnin',  
 Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

But o' a' the attractions that Bauldy possesses,  
 His greatest attractions are twa bonnie lasses ;  
 'Mang a' the fine leddies frae Craill to Clackmannan,  
 There's nane can match Bella an' Betty Buchanan.  
 For O they're sae clever, sae frank, an' sae furthy,  
 Sic bonnie, sae bloomin', sae wise, an' sae worthy,  
 They keep the hale lads in the parish a-runnin'  
 An' strivin' for Bella an' Betty Buchanan.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

AIR—"The Lothian lassie."

O THE days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)  
 The heir to a cozy bit mailen,  
 When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!  
 For she thought my auld daddy was failin', was failin',  
 She thought my auld daddy was failin'.  
 I promised to tak' her for better for worse,  
 Though sma' was my chance to be happy,  
 For I found she had courtit na me, but my purse ;  
 What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy ;  
 What's waur—that she liket a drappy.

Then a'e nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,

To see her was straight to adore her ;

The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,

An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,

An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case—I was sheepishly raw,

And she was a terrible Tartar !

She spak about " measures," and " takin' the law,"

And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,

I set mysel' down for a martyr.

I buckled wi' Mag, an' the blythe honeymoon

Scarce was owre, when the widow I met her ;

She girningly whisper'd, " Hech ! weel ye ha'e dune,

But, tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,

But, tent me, lad, I can do better.

" 'Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools !" "

Her proverb I countit a blether ;

But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules—

Neist week she was cry'd wi' my feyther, my feyther,

Neist week she was cry'd wi' my feyther.

*Thomas C. Letto*

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#### A DECEMBER DITTY.

THE merry bird o' simmer's floun,

Wi' his brave companions a' ;

Grim Winter has the green leaf stoun,

An' gifted us the snaw.

The big bough sings a dowie sang

As it swings in the deepening drift :

An' the glint o' day just creeps along

The ledge o' the leaden lift.

But awa' wi' words in wintry weed,  
 An' thoughts that bode o' ill!  
 What! are we o' the forest breed,  
 To dow wi' the daffodil?

Let's roose up, merry days we've seen,  
 When carping Care was dumb;  
 Let's think on flowers and simmers green—  
 There's Julys yet to come!

Though my lair is in a foreign land,  
 My friends ayont the sea,  
 There's fushion in affection's band  
 To draw them yet to me!

*Heu Anshie*

---

CAN'T YOU BE ASY.\*

AIR—“*Arrah, Catty, now, can't you be asy?*”

Oh what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,  
 And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded;  
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,  
 When safely in Ireland landed.  
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,  
 I'll drive the young girls half crazy;  
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,  
 Mister Free, now—“*why can't you be asy?*”

---

\* Taken, with permission, from “Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.”



I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,  
 And destroyed them all at "Talavera,"  
 And then I'll just add, how we finished the night,  
 In learning to dance the "bolera;"  
 How by the moonshine, we drank rael wine,  
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy;  
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,  
 "Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy?*"

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,  
 Around a big fire in the air too,  
 Or may be enjoying ourselves in a tent,  
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair too;  
 How he'd call out to me—"Pass the wine, Mr Free,  
 For you're a man never is lazy!"  
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,  
 "Arrah, Mickey dear—*can't you be asy?*"

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,  
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;  
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,  
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.  
 "But, acushla," says I, "the truth is I'm shy!  
 There's a lady in Ballynacrazy!"  
 "And I swore on the book—" he gave me a look,  
 And cried, Mickey—" *now can't you be asy?*"

## NOW SANDY MAUN AWA'.\*

AIR—“ *There's nae luck about the house.*”

THE drum has beat the *General*,  
 Now Sandy maun awa',  
 But first he gaes the lasses roun',  
 To bid God bless them a'!  
 Down smirking Sally's dimpled cheek  
 The tears begin to fa':—  
 “O Sandy, I am wae to think  
 That ye maun leave us a'.”

Poor Maggy sighs, and sings the sang  
 He lik'd the best of a',  
 And hopes by that to ease her heart  
 When Sandy's far awa'.  
 Alake! poor silly maiden,  
 Your skill in love's but sma';  
 We shouldna think o' auld langsyne  
 When sweethearts are awa'.

In blythesome Nancy's open heart  
 His looks hae made a flaw,  
 An' yet she vows the men a' loons,  
 An' Sandy warst of a'!

Now Jenny she affects to scorn,  
 An' sneers at their ill fa';  
 She reckons a' the warld thinks  
 She likes him best of a'!

At gentle Kitty's weel-kenn'd door  
 He ca'd the last awa',  
 Because his heart bade him say mair  
 To her, than to them a'.

---

\* This piece is from Miss Blamire's poetical works, collected by Henry Lonsdale, M.D., with prefatory memoir and notes by Patrick Maxwell, Esq.

Now Sandy's ta'en his bonnet off,  
 An' waves fareweel to a',  
 An' cries, just wait till I come back,  
 An' I will kiss ye a'!

*S. Blamie*

---

### THE GATHERING.

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!  
 Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;  
 Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,  
 Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie;  
 Down from the mountain steep—  
 Up from the valley deep—  
 Out from the clachan, the bothy, and shieling—  
 Bugle and battle-drum,  
 Bid chief and vassal come,  
 Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing!  
 Rise! rise! &c.

Men of the mountains!—descendants of heroes!  
 Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;  
 Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us,  
 When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?  
 Too long on the trophied walls  
 Of your ancestral halls,  
 Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;  
 Seize then, ye mountain Macs,  
 Buckler and battle-axe,  
 Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Braedalbane!  
 Rise! rise! &c.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward ?

When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal ?

Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart ;

Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal !

Chief of Clanronald,

Donald M'Donald !

Lovat ! Lochiel ! with the Grant and the Gordon !

Rouse every kilted clan,

Rouse every loyal man,

Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on !

Rise ! rise ! &c.

BONNIE MARY JAMIESON.

AIR—“ *Carle, now the king's come.* ”

BONNY Mary Jamieson,

Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun !

Joy attend thee, lovely one—

Bonnie Mary Jamieson !

Weave a garland diadem—

Roses, from their flowery stem,

Wi' dew-drops glittering, mony a gem,

For bonnie Mary Jamieson !

Bonnie Mary Jamieson, &c.

Bring the lily frae the lea,

The scented flower from hawthorn tree,

And they shall be a wreath for thee,

My bonnie Mary Jamieson !

Bonnie Mary Jamieson, &c.

WHEN the sun glides down the west,  
 And feather'd songsters seek their nest,  
 I'll meet wi' her whom I lo'e best—

My bonnie Mary Jamieson !  
 Bonnie Mary Jamieson, &c.

And when the wintry tempests blaw,  
 Drifting round the whitening snaw,  
 I'll laugh the angry storm awa',

Wi' bonnie Mary Jamieson.  
 Bonnie Mary Jamieson,  
 Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun,  
 Joy attend thee ! lovely one,  
 My bonnie Mary Jamieson !

*R. G. Gifford*

---

MY HEATHER LAND.

AIR—“*Black Watch.*”

My heather land, my heather land,  
 My dearest prayer be thine,  
 Although, upon thy hapless knowes  
 There breathes nae friend o' mine.  
 The lanely few that Heaven had spared  
 Now tread a foreign strand,  
 An' I maun wait to weep wi' thee,  
 My dear loved heather land !

My heather land, my heather land,  
 " Though fairer lands there be,"  
 Your gow'nie braes in early days  
 Were gouden scenes to me !  
 Maun life's poor boon gae dark'ning down,  
 Nor set whar it first dawn'd—  
 But find a grave ayont the waye ?  
 Alas ! my heather land !

My heather land, my heather land,  
 Thy chillin' winter pours  
 Its freezin' breath round fireless hearth,  
 Whar breadless misery cow'rs.  
 Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight  
 The reiver's ruthless hand,  
 An' rampant tyranny shall cease  
 To blight our heather land.

*William Thomson—*

---

SWEET SERAPH OF THE PEACEFUL BROW.

SWEET seraph of the peaceful brow,  
 And of the starry eye,  
 'Tis long since aught so fair as thou  
 Hath left yon azure sky.  
 And long ere one so good and bright  
 These eyes again may meet,  
 Or know the thrill of wild delight,  
 To gaze on aught so sweet.  
 How I have loved 'twere vain to tell,  
 Yet deep that love must be,  
 When nought on earth may break the spell  
 That binds this heart to thee.

Should years of absence o'er us lash  
 Their surges as they roll,  
 Not all the waves of time shall wash  
 Thy mem'ry from my soul.

No star e'er shone to pilgrim's eyes  
 So bright, so fair to see,  
 As when I watched thy beauty rise  
 A star of hope to me.

Away from whose soft peaceful rays  
 The eye may ne'er remove,  
 But rests, with still admiring gaze,  
 On thee, sweet star of love.

And ever, through life's troubled night,  
 The bliss will still be mine  
 To turn my gaze from others' light,  
 And fix mine eyes on thine.

For even at last, if hope and love  
 Could in this bosom die,  
 Thy peaceful beauty still would prove  
 A star of memory.

*Robt Turnbull*

---

#### THE MARLED MITTENS.

AIR—"Johnny Dow."

My aunty Kate raucht down her wheel,  
 That on the bauks had lien fu' lang;  
 Sought out her whorles an' her reel,  
 An' fell to wark wi' merry bang.

She took her cairds, an' cairdin' skin,  
 Her walgie\* fu' o' creeshie woo,  
 An' rave awa' wi' scrivin' din,  
 An' mixed it wi' a hair o' blue.

Bedcen the spokes she eident tirl'd,  
 Wi' virr the rim an' spinnle span;  
 And sune the rows to threads were whirled,  
 As back an' fore the floor she ran.  
 Wi' baith my een I stood and glow'r'd,  
 An' ferlied what she niest wad do,  
 As lichtsome ower the floor she scour'd,  
 An' blithely lilted "Tarry woo."

Syne frae the wheel, and eke the reel,  
 The aefauld yarn was ta'en awa',  
 To the yarnits † niest, to lay an' twist—  
 Ilk clew was bigger than a ba'!  
 Then in twa e'enin's after dark  
 Her knittin' wires she ply'd wi' glee;  
 An' what was a' my aunty's wark?  
 Just marled mittens wrought for me.

*John Watson*

---

“THE MAID THAT I ADORE!”

THE rustling of the western gale  
 Is music sweet to me;  
 It joyful comes, o'er moor and dale,  
 From off the distant sea,

---

\* *Walgie*, a wool sack made of leather.

† *Yarnits*, an instrument for winding yarns.



Whose waves, in lines of snowy foam,  
 Salute the circling shore,  
 Which bounds my Mary's peaceful home—  
 "The maid that I adore!"

The slowly-sinking radiant sun  
 Is welcome to my sight,  
 When lofty ridge and summit dun  
 Are basking in his light;  
 I deem the while, ere he depart,  
 He sheds his glory o'er  
 The dark-eyed damsel of my heart—  
 "The maid that I adore!"

I love to breathe, at early day,  
 The balmy air of spring,  
 When dew-drops hang on every spray,  
 And birds unnumber'd sing.  
 The blossoms white, the foliage green,  
 Expanding more and more,  
 Recall to me my bosom-queen—  
 "The maid that I adore!"

O! sweet is Summer's glorious smile,  
 And Autumn's promise rare!  
 But what, o'er land, o'er sea, or isle,  
 May with my love compare?  
 So high in worth, surpassing far  
 All nature's precious store,  
 Is she—my bright—my leading-star,  
 "The maid that I adore!"

*Robt. White.*



## TELL ME, DEAR, &amp;c.

AIR—"*Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes.*"

TELL me, dear! in mercy speak,  
 Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?  
 Faint the rose is in thy cheek,  
 But still the rose is there, lassie!  
 Away, away, each dark foreboding,  
 Heavy days with anguish clouding;  
 Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,  
 Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie;  
 Day and night I've tended thee,  
 Watching, love! thy changing e'e;  
 Dearest gift that Heaven could gi'o  
 Say thou'rt happy now, lassie.

Jamie! lay thy cheek to mine,  
 Kiss me, oh, my ain laddie!  
 Never mair may lip o' thine  
 Press where it hath lien, laddie!  
 Hark! I hear the angels calling,  
 Heavenly strains are round me falling,  
 But the stroke—thy soul appalling—  
 'Tis my only pain, laddie!  
 Yet the love I bear to thee  
 Shall follow where I soon maun be;  
 I'll tell how gude thou wert to me:  
 We part to meet again, laddie!  
 Lay thine arm beneath my head,  
 Grieve na sae for me, laddie!  
 I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,  
 But no a tear frae thee, laddie!  
 Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,  
 When the sun's last beam is shedding,  
 Where no earthly foot is treading,  
 By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!

Though my sleep be wi' the dead,  
 Frae on high my soul shall speed  
 And hover nightly round thy head,  
 Altho' thou wilt na see, laddie !

*Thomas C. Letto*

AULD JOHNNY TO YOUNG MAGGY.

AIR—“ *I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut.*”

LASS, I'm Johnny Ripples o' Whappleton Ha',

An' you bonnie Maggy wha won at the Broom ;

Now, better late marry than never ava,

Sae to woo and to win ye, my dawtie, I've come.

I'm no unco auld yet—I'm only threescore—

Ay, threescore precisely, just coming neist Yule,  
 i'm hearty an' hale, an' fu' sound at the core,

An' gin ye refuse me, there's ane o' us fule.

I want na a tocher,—I ken ye ha'e nane,

But, hinny, I've plenty at ham: for us baith ;

Just draw in your stool to my cozie hearthstane,

I trow we'll ha'e nae scant o' meat an' o' claith.

I'm a bodie fu' bien, tho' I say it mysel',

I've a dizzen o' milk-kye, whilk rowt i' their sta',

An' ten score o' bob-tails a' gaun on the hill,

An' cleeding the knowes aroun' Whappleton Ha'.

And whan that we gang to the fairs or the kirk,

Fu' braw-buss'd ahint me ye'll ride on the meer,

An' hear, as we pass, the folk say wi' a smirk,

“ There's douce Johnny Ripples an' his dainty dear !”

It's cannie, an' wyse-like, to be a gudewife,

Whan there's plenty to look to in pantry an' ha' ;

But hunger and hership soon soon lead to strife

When there's nought i' the house but a cauld coal to blaw.

An', Maggy, my doo, some blythe comin' year,  
 Wha kens whar a family blessin' may fa';  
 A bonny doo's cleckin' may aiblins appear  
 A' toddlin' their lane around Whappleton Ha'.  
 Now, Maggie, my dearie, I've said ye my say,  
 An' I will come back on neist Friday at e'en,  
 To hear frae your ain mouth your yea or your nay;  
 Sae, gudenight to ye, Maggie, my winsome young queen.

YOUNG MAGGY TO AULD JOHNNY.

AIR—“*I hae laid a herrin' in saut.*”

I'VE a bonny bit face o' my ain,  
 Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 I'm gentle an' jimp, an' weel may be vain,  
 Sae, bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?  
 I've twa e'en as black as a slae,  
 Carle, come here nae mair to woo;  
 Twa cheeks like blossoms in flowery May;  
 Grey haffits, d'ye think I'll marry you?  
 I've a wee mouthie ye ne'er sall kiss,  
 Grun bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 On ilka side dimples, as deep as you'd wis;  
 Auld runkles! d'ye think I'll marry you?

I've a bonnie black mole on my chin,  
 Doilt bodie, come here nae mair to woo;  
 Like ink is the drap, an' like paper my skin,  
 Grey-beard! d'ye think I'll marry wi' you?

I've a wee foot, there is music in't,  
 Hirples, come here nae mair to woo;  
 In trippin' the green it is never ahint,  
 Nae lamiter jo for me I trow.

I can sing—auld bodie gae back;  
 John Ripples, come here nae mair to woo;  
 An' tho' I ha'e yet my mercat to mak,  
 I'll never be bought, auld Grippie, by you.

*C. Mercer*

THIS NIGHT YE'LL CROSS, &c.

THIS night ye'll cross the bosky glen,  
 Anee mair, O would ye meet me then?  
 I'll seem as bygone bliss an' pain  
 Were a' forgot;

I winna weep to weary thee,  
 Nor seek the love ye canna gi'e;—  
 Whar first we met, O let that be  
 The parting spot!

The hour just when the faithless light  
 O' yon pale star forsakes the night ;  
 I wouldna pain ye wi' the blight

Ye've brought to me.

I would not that its proud cauld ray  
 Should mock me wi' its scornfu' play ;—  
 The sunken een and tresses gray

Ye maunna see.

Wi' sindered hearts few words will sair,  
 An' brain-dried grief nae tears can spare ;  
 These bluidless lips shall never mair

Name thine or thee.

At murky night O meet me then !  
 Restore my plighted troth again ;  
 Your bonnie bride shall never ken

Your wrangs to me.

*J. McLean to Thom—*

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#### CREEP AFORE YE GANG.\*

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,  
 Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Grannie's sang :  
 Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,  
 Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn  
 To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn ;  
 Better creepin' cannie, than fa'in' wi' a bang,  
 Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

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\* Permission has kindly been given to extract this piece from "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet."

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch, an' ye'll nod to your mither,  
 Watchin' ilka step o' your wee dousy brither ;

Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,  
 An' ye'll be a braw chiel yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,

Folks are sure to tumble, when they climb ower hie ;

They wha canna walk right, are sure to come to wrang  
 Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

*James Ballantine*

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### LORD SPYNIE.

FROM A TRADITION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

LORD SPYNIE ye may pu' the rose,  
 An' spare the lily flower,  
 When ye gae through the garden green  
 To woo in ladye bower ;  
 An' ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,  
 An' leave the lonesome rue ;  
 For lang and sair will the ladye mourn  
 That ye gae there to woo !

For ye will look and talk of luve,  
 An' kindly, kindly smile,  
 An' vow by grace, an' a that's gude,  
 An' lay the luring wile.  
 'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird  
 That makes you melodie ;  
 'Tis cruel to win a woman's luve,  
 An' no ha'e love to gif

I wadna ha'e your wilfu' hand  
 Tho' a' the earth were thine ;  
 Ye've broken many a maiden's peace,  
 Ye've mair than broken mine.  
 I wadna ha'e your faithless heart,  
 'Tis no your ain to gi'e ;  
 But gin ye ever think of heaven,  
 Oh ! ye maun think of me !

*Alfred King*

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DRUCKEN TAM, THE BAKER.

A MYSTERY.

AIR—"The Quaker's Wife."

MISS MYSIE MILL was aged—hem !  
 And ne'er a man would take her,  
 Yet how she blush'd to hear the name  
 Of drucken Tam, the baker.  
 For oftentimes to tea and toast,  
 And other recreation,  
 'Twas known she'd sent him thro' the post  
 A card of invitation.

Now you must know this queer-like beau,  
 Tho' dusty as a miller,  
 In Mysie's eye was quite the go,  
 And quite a lady-killer.  
 His boots and hat (oh ! such a hat,)  
 Might well have claim'd a pension ;  
 And how the coat stuck to his back  
 Was past all comprehension.



His head was like a cauliflower ;  
 His legs were short and bandy ;  
 His teeth were brown—he had but four—  
 As bits of sugar-candy.  
 His mouth was stretch'd from ear to ear,  
 A most expressive feature ;  
 But Mysie swore he was “ a dear,”  
 The fascinating creature !

His nose was like a partan's back,  
 Or like a copper-kettle;  
 Tho' Mysie elegantly said,  
 'Twas like a rose's petal.  
 And as we differ in our tastes,  
 For white and crimson roses,  
 What wonder tho' Miss Mysie did  
 Prefer a red proboscis ?

O would my verse but flow like his  
 Who sung the Doon and Lugar,  
 I'd paint his smile, so very sweet,  
 It sav'd Miss Mysie's sugar:  
 But Mysie's beau was cold to love,  
 The fact there's no disguisin',  
 He roll'd his eye, then ey'd his roll,  
 And quietly sipp'd her Hyson.

And honest Tam, when o'er his dram,  
 Did womankind despise aye ;  
 He toasted baps, he toasted cheese,  
 But never toasted Mysie.  
 At last one summer's afternoon,  
 Oh ! how she did confuse him,  
 She press'd him to a cup of tea,  
 Then press'd him to—her bosom.

Could brute or baker gaze unmov'd  
 On Mysie's glowing charms?  
 And now the *flour* of all the town  
 Was clasp'd within her arms.  
 Poor Thomas grinn'd a horrid grin,  
 What anguish he did cause her;  
 She dropt a tear, while from his hand  
 There dropt a cup and saucer.  
 With face as long as baker's brod,  
 And staring goggle eyes, he  
 Was gasping like a dying cod  
 Within the hug of Mysie.  
 One word she whisper'd in his ear,  
 But none may ever know it,  
 The secret rests with Tam himself,  
 And Mysie, and—the poet.  
 When, lo! his optics strait he rais'd,  
 I'm wrong, alas! he squinted;  
 But sure as fate, a loving kiss  
 He on her lips imprinted.  
 My tale is told; as to the rest  
 I'm mum as any Quaker;  
 Miss Mysie's garret's now "To let,"  
 And sober is the baker.

*Thomas C. Letto*

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THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

*Music by R. Stewart.*

KEN ye the land o' the haugh and the brae,  
 O' the meadow, the mountain, and rill?  
 Ken ye the land whar the blu'art and slae  
 Grow fresh on the broo o' the hill?—

The doo to the docket, the whaup to the fen,  
 The young to their joy and their mirth,  
 I'm thirled to it like the hare to its den,  
 For that land was the place o' my birth.

Ken ye the land o' the plantin' and bower,  
 O' the heather, the broom, and the whin?  
 Ken ye the land o' the castle and tower,  
 O' the river, the rock, and the linn?—  
 The hawk to his eirie, the owl to his dream,  
 The gull to his rock in the firth—  
 I'm thirled to it like the trout to the stream,  
 For that land was the place o' my birth.

Ken ye the land whar the thistle is found,  
 The land o' the free and the bauld?  
 I'm thirled to it like that plant to the ground,  
 Wi' a luvè that will never grow cauld.  
 I'll cherish that flame still burning unbleached,  
 Wi' a luvè for my hame, and its hearth;  
 And, oh! may those household fires never be quenched,  
 That bleeze bright in the land o' my birth.

*M. A. Foster*

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SONG OF THE LITTLE FOAM-BELL.

LIKE a wandering beam,  
 On the breast of the stream,  
 I have come from my home on the hills afar  
 I have leapt o'er the steeps  
 Where the hurricane sweeps,  
 And rings the wild song of the stormy war.

I have passed through the gorge,  
 Where the boiling surge  
 Was leaping the bounds of its ancient sway—  
 Where the lone owl wails,  
 And the Naiad sails,  
 In her flowing robes 'neath the pale moon's ray.

Where the Naiads lave  
 Their necks in the wave,  
 And their breasts like floating snowballs seem,  
 I have whirled me round,  
 Like a fitful sound,  
 That rings in the ear in a pleasant dream.

A wandering sigh,  
 That was fluttering by,  
 Pursuing hope from a maiden's breast,  
 Alit on my bark,  
 Like the dove on the ark.  
 For it found on earth no place of rest.

A sunbeam, torn  
 From the brow of morn,  
 Like a living star on my pathway driven,  
 Beacon'd my flight,  
 When no other light  
 Beam'd from the starless arch of heaven.

I bore on my bosom  
 The leaf of a blossom,  
 That bloom'd in a bower where lovers sighed,  
 But a roaming sprite  
 In its wayward flight,  
 Stole it, and sank in the silvery tide.

In the balmy spring,  
 The Fairy-King  
 Oft sent his Queen with me afloat;

When the glow-worm's beam,  
 And the lover's dream,  
 He wove for sails to his fairy boat.  
 On the waters I dwell,  
 A little foam bell :  
 O ! who will with me to the silvery sea—  
 I will sing a sweet song,  
 As I wander along  
 To the limitless realm of eternity.

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THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

AIR—"Johnny Cope."

THE blairin' trumpet sounded far,  
 And horsemen rode, weel grithed for war,  
 While Sir John Cope marched frae Dunbar,  
 Upon a misty morning.

Prince Charlie, wi' his Highland host,  
 Lay westward on the Lothian coast ;  
 But Johnny bragg'd, wi' mony a boast,  
 He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaimed it day,  
 The Prince's men stood in array ;  
 And, though impatient for the fray,  
 Bent iow the knee that morning.  
 When row-dow rolled the English drum,  
 The Highland bagpipe gied a bum,  
 And tauld the mountain clans had come,  
 Grim death and danger scorning.

Ilk nerve was strung, ilk heart was true ;  
 A shot ! and down their guns they threw ;  
 Then forth their deadly claymores drew,  
     Upon that fearfu' morning.  
 The English raised a loud huzza,  
 But durstna bide the brunt ava ;  
 They wavered—turned—syne ran awa',  
     Like sheep at shepher'd's warning.

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew ;  
 And caps were mixed wi' bonnets blue,  
 And dirks were wet—but no wi' dew—  
     Upon that dreadfu' morning.  
 Few stayed—save ae devoted band—  
 To thole the sweep o' Highland brand,  
 That flashed around—and head and hand  
     Cropped, on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befel !  
 When faint had grown the battle's yell,  
 Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell,  
     Upon that awesome morning :  
 Nae braggart—but a sodger he,  
 Wha scorned wi' coward lions to flee ;  
 Sac fell aneath the auld thorn tree,  
     Upon that fatal morning !

Charles Gray

## THE DAWTIE.

AIR—" *The haughs of Crumdale.*"

JENNY.

THOUGH weel I like ye, Jwohunny lad,  
 I cannot, munnet marry yet!  
 My peer auld mudder's unco bad,  
 Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet;  
 For ease or comfort she has neane—  
 Leyfe's just a lang, lang neet o' pain;  
 I munnet leave her aw her lane,  
 And wunnet, wunnet marry yet.

JWOHUNNY.

O Jenny, dunnet brek this heart,  
 And say we munnet marry yet;  
 Thou cannot act a jillet's part—  
 Why sud we tarry, tarry yet?  
 Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel;  
 I've leyk'd thee lang, nin kens how weel!  
 For thee, I'd feace the verra deil—  
 O say not we maun tarry yet.

JENNY.

A weddet leyfe's oft dearly bowt;  
 I cannot, munnet marry yet:  
 Ye ha'e but little—I ha'e nought—  
 Sae we a wheyle maun tarry yet.  
 My heart's yer awn, ye needna fear,  
 But let us wait anudder year,  
 And luive, and toil, and screape up gear—  
 We munnet, munnet marry yet.

'Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,  
 O, dawtie, dunnet marry yet;  
 I'll soon lig i' my last cauld bed;  
 Tow's aw my comfort—tarry yet.

Whene'er I steal out o' her seat,  
 She seighs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—  
 Whisht!—that's her feeble voice;—guid neet!  
 We munnet, munnet marry yet.

*Robert Anderson.*

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### CRABBED CARE.

HENCE! frae my biggin', crabbed Care,  
 Hence, grousome carle, and never dare  
 Show face o' thine  
 In hame o' mine.

Go! haunt the ha's o' spite and spleen,  
 Where Envy, withering witch, is seen;  
 But come nae here,  
 To spoil our cheer,

Wi' thy sour looks and prospects drear,  
 Or faith, ye's get a fright, auld frien'.

Thou knowest I bore me like a saunt,  
 When your keen biting brother, Want,  
 Cam', e'er I wist,  
 And toom'd my kist—

He cut my doublet's tender steeks,  
 Rave saul and body o' my breeks;  
 Syne stole the dew,  
 And roses too,

That bloom'd wi' sic a healthy hue,  
 Frae my wee dearie's lips and cheeks.

I fought the foul fiend late and ear',  
 Wi' swinging flail I thrash'd him sair;



Wi' pick and spade  
 His grauff I made ;  
 While fast before my blythe-gaun plough  
 A wa' his sooty spirit flew—  
     Haith ! frien', when he  
     Was made to flee  
 Far frae my humble hame and me,  
 I wad be laith to yield to you.

But ere ye flit the road ye cam',  
 Come, clatterin' bare banes, tak a dram ;  
     'Twill fire a glee  
     In your dead e'e—  
 'Twill ease ye o' your lade o' woes,  
 And a buirdly buik ye bear, guid knows ;  
     'Twill smooth awa'  
     Your brow's rough raw,  
 And melt wi' couthy, kindly thaw,  
 The ice-draps frae your raw red nose.

Care took the cup wi' greedy grup ;  
 Care toom'd his coggie at a whup ;  
     Sine flung his pack  
     Aff's bauey back,  
 Whilst glowed his face wi' ruddy flame—  
 I own, quo' he, I'm e'en to blame ;  
     But there's my paw,  
     When neist I ca',  
 Or show my face in your blythe ha',  
 I'll turn my coat and change my name.

*A MacLellan*

## WE TWINED OUR HEART'S IN ANE.

We twined our lovin' hearts in ane,  
 I' the spring-time o' the year,  
 When the rejoicing earth seemed vain  
 O her braw bridal gear.  
 When larks aboon the brairdin' rig  
 Their warm leal loves were tellin',  
 Our hearts, like theirs, wi' pleasure big,  
 Were proudly, fondly swellin'.

We twined our lovin' hearts in ane—  
 Alas! for Fate's decree—  
 Ere the green spring came back again,  
 Wide sindered hearts had we.  
 When next the lark aboon the braird  
 His sang was sweetly pourin',  
 Between our hearts, sae lately pair'd,  
 The billows big were roarin'.

And ere the braird had grown to grain,  
 The lark had flown the lea,  
 Beneath the cauld and cruel main  
 Lay a' was dear to me.  
 And, oh! I wish the briny wave  
 That rows aboon my lover,  
 Would take me to his deep, deep grave,  
 My lanely heart to cover.

*W. Ferguson*

## O FOLLOW HER NOT!

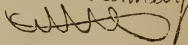
O FOLLOW her not! O follow her not!

Though she lure thee with smile and song;  
 Fair is her cheek, but her heart is black,  
 And the poison of death's on her tongue,  
 She'll leave on thy innocence many a blot—  
 Then follow her not! O follow her not!

Some call her Pleasure, and some call her Sin,

Some call her a Lady gay,  
 For her step is light, and her eye is bright,  
 And she carols a blithesome lay.  
 "Away to the bower where care is forgot!"  
 But follow her not! O follow her not!

Though her step invite, though her eye burn bright,  
 Though green be the leaves in her bower,  
 Yet that step is false as a meteor-light,  
 And that eye hath the rattle-snake's power.  
 Her bower! O wild and unblessed is the spot—  
 Then follow her not! O follow her not!

Will-Kennedy  


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 AULD NANNIE CRUMMIE.

AIR—*Any cannie lill that will best answer.*

WHEN auld Nannie Crummie and I erap thegither,  
 Amid the lang dearth, in the cauld winter weather,  
 Folk jeering me, swore her as auld as my mither,  
 An' ca'd me an ass to be tied till her tether.

I heard a' their sneering, as mim as a dumbie,  
 An' could tholed muckle mair for my auld Nannie  
 Crummie.

The winter was cauld, an' my cleedin' was thin,  
 I couldna weel work, an' I couldna weel win',  
 I had little without, I had little within,  
 I had wearied the frammit, an' herriet my kin,—  
 An', oh ! the blue reek wimplin' frae the wud-lummie  
 Led me by the nose to my auld Nannie Crummie.

I pree'd her fat bree, an' I felt me sae couthie,  
 That, fain to pree mair, I e'en pree'd her wee mouthie ;  
 Young jilts whilsgae daft, but auld maids are aye tootime,  
 An' like food to the hungry, or drink to the drouthie,  
 Were love an' a hame, to a loun like a hummie,  
 An' I met wi' them baith frae my auld Nannie Crummie

But an auld cripple sailor cam hame frae the main,  
 Wha had left hame a callant, an' Nanny a wean,  
 An' he swore he wad lay my back laigh on the plain,  
 But I haikit him weel, an' wad do it again.  
 The auld wither'd bodie was dry as a mummy,  
 He ne'er could ha'e fattened wi' auld Nannie Crummie.

Though we ha'ena a weanie to scart our meal luggie,  
 Yet Nansie has a cattie, an' I hae a doggie ;  
 And tho' they whiles yaumer an' youff owre their coggie,  
 Ye'll no fin' twa totums that cuddle mair vogie.  
 Ye may rin, gin ye like, lest I crack your lug drummie,  
 Wi' bawling the charms o' my auld Nannie Crummie.

*James Ballentine*

## THE WARRIOR'S HOME.

SHALL the warrior rest  
 When his battles are o'er?—  
 When his country's oppress'd  
 By the tyrant no more?

Yes, yes to the arms of affection he'll come;  
 Nor voice of the cannon, nor bugle, nor drum,  
 Shall again rouse the warrior—  
 The noble old warrior,  
 He'll proudly enjoy the calm blessings of home!

On each gay festive night  
 When his gallants sit round,  
 And the soft eye of light  
 In fair woman is found!  
 Then, then shall he tell of his feats on the plain,  
 And in fancy lead on his bright armies again!  
 This will cheer the old warrior,  
 The noble old warrior,—  
 Yet he'll weep for the brave who in battle were slain!

He shall throw down his shield,  
 And ungird his bright blade,  
 That flash'd in the field  
 When the onset was made;—  
 He shall hang up his helmet, and lay himself down,  
 Where love, and affection ne'er veil'd in a frown!  
 Then rest thee, old warrior!—  
 Thou noble old warrior  
 The praise of an empire take, take—'tis thine own!

*Andrew Park*

## AH NO!—I CANNOT SAY.

AH no!—I cannot say “farewell,”  
 'Twould pierce my bosom through,  
 And to this heart 'twere death's dread knell  
 To hear thee sigh—“adieu.”  
 Though soul and body both must part,  
 Yet ne'er from thee I'll sever,  
 For more to me than soul thou art,  
 And O! I'll quit thee—never.

Whate'er through life may be thy fate,  
 That fate with thee I'll share,  
 If prosperous—be moderate,  
 If adverse—meekly bear:  
 This bosom shall thy pillow be  
 In every change whatever,  
 And tear for tear I'll shed with thee,  
 But O! forsake thee—never.

One home—one hearth shall ours be still,  
 And one our daily fare;  
 One altar, too, where we may kneel,  
 And breathe our humble prayer;  
 And one our praise that shall ascend  
 To one all-bounteous Giver,  
 And one our will, our aim, our end,  
 For O! we'll sunder—never.

And when that solemn hour shall come  
 That sees thee breathe thy last,  
 That hour shall also fix my doom,  
 And seal my eyelids fast;

One grave shall hold us, side by side,  
 One shroud our clay shall cover—  
 And one then may we mount and glide  
 Through realms of love—for ever.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

---

THE OCEAN CHIEF.

O'ER the ocean-hero's bed  
 The loud shout of triumph raise;  
 To his spirit that hath fled,  
 Pour the hallow'd song of praise!  
 For he listens from the skies to its tones,  
 And he perish'd like a man,  
 In that best—his country's cause,  
 And the noble race he ran  
 Asks the meed of your applause,  
 Since no sculptured marble lies o'er his bone  
 He was fearless in the fight,  
 But a gentle dove at home:  
 'Twas his country's menaced right  
 Which had sent him forth to roam—  
 As a leader of her strife on the main—  
 And if he fell at last,  
 It was crown'd with victory;  
 When the mover of the blast  
 Had been vanquish'd by the freer,  
 And all his mighty conquests render'd vain.  
 Britannia long shall wail  
 For the loss of such a son;  
 And her fallen foes grow pale,  
 When they think how much he won;  
 But his name will be cherish'd by the bravo

Of every creed and race,  
 When their prows shall chance to sweep  
 O'er the precincts of the place,  
 Where the spirits of the deep  
 Roll the wild foaming billows o'er his grave.\*

*J. C. Denovan*

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\* J. C. Denovan was born in Edinburgh in 1798. He had the misfortune of being born out of wedlock. His father was the late Mr. Denovan, printer in that city. After obtaining a limited education, he showed an inclination for the sea, and made a trial voyage before being fixed in the profession. Subsequently, through his father's interest, he obtained a situation on board of a sloop of war, ranking, but not rated, as a midshipman. The young volunteer was sent on a cruise up the Mediterranean, with the expectation of his father obtaining for him a warrant on his return. Alas! a sad disappointment waited him upon that return; his father was dead, and his mother insane and deserted by her relations. Poor Denovan was thus, in his sixteenth year, thrown friendless on the world. Mr. Sinclair, tea-dealer, having become acquainted with his destitute condition, took him into his warehouse as an apprentice, where he conducted himself to the satisfaction of his employer during a term of four years; and during that period several of his pieces were written. The Address to the Ocean was composed when he was only nineteen years of age. After leaving Mr. Sinclair, he obtained a situation in Leith of the same description. He displayed a warm temperament, kindly feelings, and a great sense of kindness for favours received. Ultimately, he commenced business on his own account as a coffee-roaster, in a small yard in Leith Wynd, Edinburgh.

He ventured to obtain from Sir Walter Scott the estimate which that great man might form of his productions. He made copies of



## O THOU OCEAN!

Oh thou Ocean! as a sea boy, I have lain upon thy breast,  
 Ere a dream of evil after-days could steal upon my sleep;  
 I have gazed upon thy beauty when thy spirit was at rest,  
 Till my heart's full founts o'erflowing made me turn away  
 and weep.

I have plough'd thee in the tempest, I have plough'd thee  
 in the calm,

I have plough'd thee when the cannon roar and battle din  
 was loud,

At midnight, and at morn, when an Ether fraught with  
 balm,

Was hanging o'er thy bosom in a rosy-colour'd cloud.

them, and, along with a letter giving an outline of his history, he, in a dark winter night, and with an anxious mind, handed in the parcel at Castle Street, the town residence of the great Novelist, and pac'd, with palpitating heart, the pavement in front, in case Sir Walter should send after him. One circumstance made Sir Walter, in his case, depart from a rule he usually adopted, not to give opinions of MS. poetry; this, we believe, was the passage in the letter that stated that "over the smoke and heat of a charcoal fire, these pieces were compos'd, to relieve his mind from the sad reflection, that he had a frenzied mother to support." Sir Walter's answer, which we have frequently seen, was worthy of his fame: it pointed out the risks and dangers of authorship, but stated that, to cheer the weary hours of labour, and to relieve the still more weary mind, no one could be better employed; delicately adding, "that as he himself liked something better than empty praise, he ventured to enclose a pound note for the pleasure the pieces had given him." This was not the only favour conferred upon this unfortunate worshipper of the Muses by the Author of *Waverley*; for often, on his way to the printing office, which was in the neighbourhood, did the latter call at the coffee-work and chat with Denovan in a most friendly way, and taking the most delicate method of making him a partaker of his bounty.

I have heard them talk of freedom ere I knew what freedom  
 meant,  
 I have heard them boast their lordship and dominion over  
 thee ;  
 I have seen their mighty bulwarks, like a bulrush cradle,  
 rent,  
 And in sorrow turning round, have cried, " Thou alone art  
 free !"  
 I have loved thee in my childhood, I have loved thee in my  
 youth,  
 I have loved thee when thy savageness was tearing mast and  
 side ;  
 Still looking on thy bosom as a mirror cast by truth,  
 Where man might see his littleness and grow ashamed of  
 pride.  
 I have thought upon thy nature, but have found all efforts  
 vain,  
 To make myself acquainted with the changes thou hast seen ;

---

Little more of Denovan's short life can be interesting to the public. He struggled on at his unhealthy occupation for the support of himself and mother, towards whom, as her malady increased, he showed a greater devotion. At length, frequent exposures to heat and cold, without the comforts of home, made it apparent that disease was undermining a constitution by no means strong. Towards the close of 1826, he was confined to bed, with none to attend him but the crazed mother, for whose sake he had submitted to every privation, and in January, 1827, his spirit was relieved from its earthly prison, which it had only tenanted for twenty-nine years. He was borne to the narrow house by Mr Robert Gilfillan, our much esteemed contributor, to whom we are indebted for this notice, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others of his literary friends. His remains repose in the Canongate church-yard, not far from the unfortunate Ferguson, whom, in his intellectual and social qualities, as well as in his unhappy and premature end, he greatly resembled.

I have heard of mighty cities, but could find no stone remain

To point me with a certainty where such a one has been.  
But I loved thee in my boyhood, and will love thee in my age,  
Thou vast unconquer'd element, which man would vainly  
brave!

And when my weary spirit has obtain'd her skyward gage,  
Oh, in some of thy recesses, let my body find a grave.

*J. L. Donovan*

---

#### THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,  
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?  
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,  
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;  
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,  
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,  
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!  
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,  
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,  
Now rests in the mools where their manmie is laid;  
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,  
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,  
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,  
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,  
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:—  
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,  
Tha' God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

*W. M. Thomson*

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### THE AULD MAN'S LAMENT.

My Beltane o' life and my gay days are gane,  
And now I am feckless and dowie alane;  
And my Lammas o' life, wi' its wearifu' years,  
Like Lammas, has brought me its floods and its tears.

Full three score and ten times the gowan has spread,  
Since first o'er the greensward wi' light foot I sped;  
And three score and ten times the blue bells ha'e blawn,  
Since to pu' them I first spankit blythe o'er the lawn.

The burn-banks I lo'ed when a callan' to range,  
And the ferny clad braes, a' seem eerie and strange;  
The burn seems less clear, and the lift nae sae blue,  
But it's aiblins my auld een th' it dinna tell true.

The mates o' my young days are a' wede awa',  
They are missed in the meadow and missed in the shaw;  
Like the swallows, they've fled when youth's warm days are  
gane,

And I'm left like a wing'd ane a' winter alane.

It seems short to look back since my Peggy was young,  
Then bonnie she leukit, and blythely she sung;  
But my Peggy has left me, and gane wi' the lave,  
And the night-wind moans dreary o'er Peggy's lone grave.

See yon aged hawthorn that bends o'er the burn!  
 Its wind-scattered blossoms can never return:  
 They are swept to the sea, o'er the wild roarin' linn,  
 Like my friends wha ha'e flourished and died ane by ane.

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THE SOUTHLAN' BREEZE.

Blaw saft. blaw saft, thou southlan' breeze,  
 Blaw saft, and bring to me  
 A love-breath frae her balmy lips  
 That wons in yon countrie;  
 A warm love-breath, a' redolent  
 O' beauty and o' bloom,  
 A fragrance far surpassing flowers—  
 The laden heart's perfume.

You'll meet her at the break o' morn  
 Upon the bloomy knowes,  
 And when the dewy gloamin' fa's,  
 Amang the bleitin' ewes.

You'll ken her by her winsom' gait,  
 As she gaes o'er the lea;  
 You'll ken her by her lang brown locks—  
 Her voice a' melody.

O! southlan' breeze, I marvel not  
 That you are saft and sweet,  
 For, as you cross'd the heather braes,  
 My lassie you would meet:  
 You'd touzle a' her bosom charms,  
 You'd kiss her cheek, her mou':—  
 O balmy, blissfu', southlan' breeze,  
 I would that I were you

*W Ferguson*

## SPRING.

## A NURSERY SONG.

THE Spring comes linkin' and jinkin' thro' the wuds,  
 Softenin' and openin' bonny green and yellow buds;  
 There's flowers, an' showers, an' sweet sang o' little bird,  
 An' the gowan, wi' his red croon, peepin' thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattlin' and brattlin' snell an' keen,  
 Daudin' an' blaudin', tho' red set the sun at e'en;  
 In bonnet an' wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair—  
 Dancin' thro'ther wi' the white pearls shinin' in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythsome cheerie weans,  
 Daffin' an' laughin' far a-down the leafy lanes,  
 Wi' gowans and butter-cups buskin' the thorny wards—  
 Sweetly singin', wi' the flower-branch wavin' in their  
 hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring—  
 Bricht cluds an' green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing—  
 Flow'r-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en—  
 Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shinin' a' in green—

Bairnies—bring treasure an' pleasure mair to me—  
 Stealin' an' speclin'—up to fondle on my knee;  
 In Spring-time the young things are bloomin' sae fresh an'  
 fair,

That I canna Spring but love, and bless thee evermair.

*William Miller*

# WHISTLE-BINKIE.



PUTTING UP THE PIPES.

---

FIFTH SERIES.

---

DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.





# WHISTLE-BINKIE.

## FIFTH SERIES.

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### TEXAN CAMP SONG.\*

AIR—“*Kelly-burn Braes.*”

OUR rifles are ready,  
And ready are we,  
Neither fear, care, nor sorrow,  
In this companie!  
Our rifles are ready  
To welcome the foe:  
So away o'er the blue wave  
For Texas we go,—  
For Texas, the land  
Where the bright rising star  
Leads to beauty in peace,  
And to glory in war.

With aim never erring,  
We bring down the deer—  
We chill the false heart of  
The red man with fear.

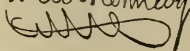
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\* Mr. Kennedy, the author of this song, is now (1843) British Consul at Galveston in Texas.

† The flag of the Republic of Texas is a silver star on an azure field.

The blood of the Saxon  
 Flows full in the veins  
 Of the lads that must lord  
 Over Mexico's plains ;  
 O'er the plains where the breeze  
 Of the south woos the flowers,  
 As we press those we love  
 In their sweet summer bowers.

One pledge to our loves !  
 When the combat is done,  
 They shall share the broad lands  
 Which the rifle has won ;  
 No tear on their cheeks,  
 Should we sleep with the dead—  
 There are rovers to follow  
 Who will still go a-head !—  
 Who will still go a-head  
 Where the bright rising star  
 Leads to beauty in peace,  
 And to glory in war.

Will-Kennedy  


---

THE SALMON RUN.

AIR—" *The Brave old Oak.*"

OH ! away to the Tweed,  
 To the beautiful Tweed,  
 My much loved native stream,  
 Where the fish from his hold,  
 'Neath some cataract bold,  
 Starts up like a quivering gleam.

To the Tweed, then, so pure,  
 Where the wavelets can lure  
 The King of the waters to roam,  
 As he shoots far and free,  
 Through the boundless sea,  
 To the halls of his silvery home.

From his iron-bound keep,  
 Far down in the deep,  
 He holds on his sovereign sway—  
 Or darts like a lance,  
 Or the meteor's glance,  
 Afar on his bright-wing'd prey.

As he roves through the tide,  
 Then his clear glitt'ring side  
 Is burnish'd with silver and gold;  
 And the sweep of his flight  
 Seems a rainbow of light,  
 As again he sinks down in his hold.

Oh! then hasten with speed  
 To the clear running Tweed,  
 The river of beauty and song,  
 Where the rod swinging high  
 Throws a Coldstream dress'd fly  
 O'er the hold of the salmon so strong.

With a soft western breeze  
 That just thrills through the trees,  
 And ripples the beautiful bay,  
 Throw the fly for a lure—  
 That's a rise! strike him sure—  
 A clean fish—with a burst he's away.

Hark ! the ravel line sweet,  
 From the fast whirring reel,  
 With a music that gladdens the ear ;  
 And the thrill of delight,  
 In that glorious fight,  
 To the heart of the angler is dear.

Hold him tight !—for the leap ;  
 Where the waters are deep  
 Give out line in the far steady run ;  
 Reel up quick, if he tire,  
 Though the wheel be on fire,  
 For in earnest to work he's begun.

Aroused up at length,  
 How he rolls in his strength,  
 And springs with a quivering bound :  
 Then away with a dash,  
 Like the lightning's flash,  
 Far o'er the smooth pebbly ground.

Though he strain on the thread,  
 Down the stream with his head—  
 That burst from the run makes him cool—  
 Then spring out for the land,  
 On the rod change the hand,  
 And draw down for the deepening pool.

Mark the gleam of his side  
 As he shoots through the tide—  
 Are the dyes of the dolphin more fair ?  
 Fatigue now begins,  
 For his quivering fins  
 On the shallows are spread in despair.

His length now we'll stretch  
 On the smooth sandy beach,  
 With the flap from his gills waxing slow ;  
 The sport of an hour  
 Spent the strength of his power,  
 And the fresh-water monarch lies low,

*A. A. Foster*

---

WE'LL A' BE BRAWLY YET.

AIR—“*Highland Watch,*” or *March in the 42d Regiment.*

AULD Rabbie sat wi' tearfu' een—  
 Wi' runkled brow, and pale—  
 Lamentin' owre what ance he'd been,  
 Wi' mony a sich and wail ;  
 An' Mirren yerk't her spinning wheel,  
 An' tauld him no to fret,  
 Quo' she, “ Tho' poortith sair we feel,  
 We'll a' be brawly yet.”

“ O Mirren ! Mirren ! forty years  
 Wi' mony a stormy blast—  
 Tho' lyart noo wi' toil and tears—  
 Thegither we ha'e past,  
 Since first the simmer sun o' life  
 On our young hopes has set ;—  
 Then dinna tell me noo, gudewife,  
 That we'll be brawly yet.”

“ Gudeman ! gudeman ! frae e'en to morn  
 'Bout warldly gear ye pine,  
 An' sae wad ye had ye been born  
 To heir a gowden mine ;

Ha'e we no had o' health our share?—

An' aften ha'e ye set

A wilfu' snare for grief and care—

But we'll be brawly yet!"

"O tell na me o' what I've been,

Owre what I'm left to mourn;

O tell na me that sunken een

Can e'er to joy return.

Nor can this heart renew its life,

These lyart locks their jet;

Then dinna tell me noo, gudewife,

That we'll be brawly yet."

"O feckless eild, can e'er ye look

Wi' pleasure owre the past?

Or smile on memory's sakeless book

When cluds your joys o'ercastr?

The bairns that cheer'd our lightsome hearth

How can I e'er forget?—

They're gane! an' lown's the voice o' mirth,

Or we'd be brawly yet."

"Gudeman, gae lift your thochts aboon

This cauld rife warld o' care,

An' seek through Gude, baith late an' soon,

A balm for your despair;

An' let ilk qualm o' youthfu' shame

Wi' penitence be met;

Nae mair your luckless fortune blame,

An' we'll be brawly yet."

"My ain gudewife! my dear gudewife!

Nae mair my failin's name;

I'll bless, through a' my after life,

The day I brought ye hame

To be a leadin' star to me ;  
 Then ne'er again I'll fret,  
 To a' your wishes I'll agree—  
 —An' we'll be brawly yet."

John Crawford

---

FLOWN AWA ARE FROSTS AN' SNAWS.

AIR—" *Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.*"

FLOWN awa are frosts and snaws ;  
 Thrifty Winter, auld an' duddie,  
 Has op'd her drawers to air her braws,  
 Whilk Spring has stown to clead her bodie :  
 Wi' glaikit air, Spring here and there  
 In spite o' Winter's snaw-white napery,  
 Strew'd early flowers round cottage bow'rs,  
 And meadows dress'd in spangled drapery.

The sharp-nos'd ghaist—gleed Winter snell,  
 Couldna sit down and see sic waistry ;  
 Sae out she spak wi' gousty yell,  
 And storm'd and grat sleet cauld and blaistry.  
 Spring, thoughtless gilpy, leugh and sang,  
 The very birds join'd in the chorus,  
 Till canker'd Winter found ere lang  
 She be't tie up her bull-dog Bor'as.

Thus, the twa fought, till in danced May,  
 Spring's laughing, coaxing, rose-lip'd sister,  
 Wha fleech'd dame Winter, turned the day—  
 I'm tauld, but scarce believe't, she kiss'd her !

Be that as't will ; thae sisters fair

Deck'd a' the loan in braw new bravery,  
An' ne'er wad stint. It grieves me sair,  
To speak o' Farmer Autumn's knavery ;

Tho' neighbour he to Spring and May,

He pu'd their flow'rs, stole a' their fruit,  
Thrasht out their corn—indeed, they say,  
He sang while doin't—menseless lout.

A claver gangs, this wealthy carle

Has thoughts o' weddin' carlin Winter ;  
Waes me ! far frae this heartless warl'  
May's gane, nor left sweet Spring behint her.

James Manson

---

MY GUID COAT O' BLUE.

AIR—" *The Lass o' Glenshee.*"

THE blue-bell was gane, and the bloom aff the heather ;

My cleedin' was thin, and my purse wasna fu' ;

I felt, like the glass, ev'ry change o' the weather,

And wish'd in my heart for a guid coat o' blue.

But fair fa' our wife, aye sae thrifty and kin'ly,

As soon as she kent o' the wind piercin' through,

She ran to the wabster and fitted me finely,

And laid round my shouthers a guid coat o' blue.

And fair fa' the tailor, our ain honest Sandy,

He's gi'en me braw room in't, he ever cuts true ;

I'm no clippit aff like a daft idle dandie,

But gaucie and tosh in my guid coat o' blue.



I like weel to look on the fine glossy face o't ;  
 I like weel to straik it, sae sleekit the woo ;  
 I wish I may aye get as guid in the place o't ;  
 I'm ilka way pleas'd wi' my braw coat o' blue.

Now dark gloomy Winter may rant, rage, and rustle,  
 And frae his hail-granaries wild tempests brew,  
 I carena for him nor his snaw blasts a whistle,  
 For weel lined wi' plaidin 's my guid coat o' blue.  
 Nae mair will I dread the white tap o' Benledi,  
 Or sigh when the snaw-cover'd Ochils I view ;  
 I've often been lag, but for ance I am ready,  
 Weel happit and snug in a guid coat o' blue.

I wish a' the world were just aye as weel theekit,  
 Wi' health, milk, and meal, and potatoes enow,  
 Then if they'd complain they should a' be well licket—  
 For me, I am proud o' my guid coat o' blue.  
 But weary-fu' pride, for it's never contented,  
 Ilk ane maun be drest now in fine Spanish woo ;  
 The world was far better at first when I kent it,  
 Wi' warm plaidin'-hose and a guid coat o' blue.

Leeze me on auld Scotland, may nae ill assail her ;  
 Leeze me on auld fashions—I laugh at the new ;  
 A fig for the fallow that 's made by the tailor ;  
 Gi'e me sense and worth in a guid coat o' blue.  
 We fret at the taxes, and taxes are mony,  
 The meal whiles is dear, and we've ill winning through ;  
 But daft silly pride is the warst tax o' ony,  
 We'll no be content wi' a gude coat o' blue.

*John Paterson*

## SPUNK PETER.

AIR—“*The Lowland Lads think they are fine.*”

NAÆ kindred had Peter to sigh o'er his bier,  
 Nae mockery o' woe, and nae emblems o' weeping;  
 The breeze was the sigh, and the rain-drap the tear,  
 That fell on the grave where auld Peter was sleeping.  
 Yet he had been blessed in his lanely abode  
 Wi' comforts that aye made his cup taste the sweeter,  
 Contentment and peace lightened life's weary load,  
 And buskit wi' flowers the rough road to auld Peter.

Nae beggar was he! he had matches to sell,  
 As up stairs an' down stairs he tirded at our latches,  
 And ilka kind neibour their virtues would tell,  
 Wha lighted her ingle wi' auld Peter's matches.  
 He stood at the door wi' his hat in his hand,  
 When cam' the guidwife wi' his best bow he'd greet her,  
 And speer for their welfares sae courteous and bland—  
 The pink o' politeness was honest Spunk Peter!

His lang matted locks were as white as the snaw,  
 A staff in his hand, and a cloak owre his shouther;  
 Wi' basket an' matches he hirpled awa,  
 And aye gaed his rounds through the roughest o' weather.  
 Though lanely auld poortith be saddest of woes,  
 Yet to show how a friendless auld mortal could meet her,  
 Contentment and patience till life's latest close  
 Proclaimed to the world an example in Peter!

The dogs wagg'd their tails as the auld man drew nigh;  
 E'en ill-manner'd curs that would bark at a beggar,  
 Would ne'er gi'e a grumble as Peter gaed bye,  
 Sae familiar they grew wi' his face and his figure.  
 The bairns gathered round him and keek't in his face,  
 His kind-hearted looks made the rudest discreeter;  
 He gae each a spunk—but he gae't wi' a grace  
 That won their affections for kindly auld Peter.

He liked a wee drap—but he never gat fou—

His blood it was thin and his banes they were weary,  
And his spirit revived, like a flower in the dew,

When owre his lane ingle it made him mair cheery.  
Wi' glorious old Nelson he sailed on the main,

When his spirits were young, and his limbs they were  
fleeter,

An' dreams o' his youth then would flit o'er the brain,  
And light up the eye of the gallant Spunk Peter!

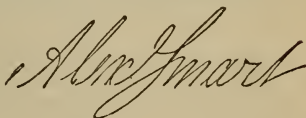
But lucifer-matches destroyed his auld trade;

The march o' improvement brings sad innovation!  
The brimstone was bankrupt—the tinder-box fled—

The flint and the frizzle gaed clean out o' fashion.  
The new-fangled ferlies fuft up in a low!

And then—just to make sic a change the completer—  
Grim Death laid his hand on the weary auld pow,

And blew out the spunk o' the leal-hearted Peter!




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NAEBODY KENS YE.

AIR—"Hooly and Fairly."

ARE ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?

Be thankfu' to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;  
Ye'll ha'e plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;

A' body kens ye,

A' body kens ye,

When ye needna their countenance—a' body ken's ye.

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn !

An' awa' wi' the ebb drifts the favours she len's ye,  
Cauld frien'ship will then leave ye lanely to mourn ;

When ye need a' their frien'ship, then naebody kens ye ;  
Naebody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,

An' vow'd wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befrien' ye ;  
A five-guinea note, man ! will part ye as wide

As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye !  
Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't, man ! the siller ! the siller !

It's the siller that breaks ye ! an' mak's ye, an' men's ye ;  
When your pockets are toom an' nae wab i' the loom,  
Then tak' ye my word for't there's naebody kens ye ;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae—

It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear, aye—  
There are those worth the name, Gude sen' there were mae !

Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye ;  
Naebody kens ye, &c.

The friend wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,

But aye frae our foes in our absence defen's us,  
Leeze me on sic hearts ! o' life's pack he's the ace

Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.

CHORUS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,

Poortith's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—

She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,

Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

Robt. L. Malone

## WHEN HER MINNIE DISNA KEN.

AIR—"When the kye come hame."

O BONNIE is the gowanie that blooms upo' the lea,  
 Wi' the dew-drap in its bosom, when the sun fa's i' the sea;  
 An' canty sings the burnie as it wimples down the glen,  
 Where I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken;  
 When her minnie disna ken, when her minnie disna ken,  
 Where I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna  
 ken.

The bat he lo'es the gloamin', an' the lav'rock lo'es the  
 morn,  
 The howlet lo'es the mirky night, the lintwhite lo'es the  
 thorn;  
 But I lo'e the bonnie lassie mair wha wons in yonder glen,  
 For she meets me by the burnie when her minnie disna ken;  
 When her minnie disna ken, when her minnie disna ken,  
 For she meets me by the burnie when her minnie disna  
 ken.

She comes whene'er the peesweep sings his lane sang in the  
 air,  
 An' ae blink o' her bonnie face frees me o' world's care;  
 The buffs frae cauld misfortune's blasts can hardly gar me  
 ben',  
 As I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken;  
 When her minnie disna ken, when her minnie disna ken,  
 As I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken.


 A. Blair

## THE HIGHLANDER'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN.

AIR—"Donald M'Donald."

COME Tuncan, what for you be snorin' ?  
 Get up man, an' on wi' your praw,  
 Your kilt, an' your hose, an' your sporran,  
 Your plaid an' your ponnet and a';  
 Our Queen—pless her leddyship's clory,  
 Is coming to see us ev'n noo.  
*Cresorst!* \* tere pe Lauchie an' Rory,  
 An' a' ta lads waitin' 'pon you.

T'en hoogh for her ponnie young Queen !  
 An' heigh for her ponnie young Queen !  
 Go, sought all ta Heelan' an' Lawlan',  
 A prettier never was seen.

Our Queen, she pe Queen o' ta Heelan',  
 An' Queen o' ta Lawlan' peside,  
 T'en quha wad refuse her a sheelin'  
 To shield her as lang as she'll pide.  
 Our faithers wad shelter Prince Sharlie,  
 Poor lad, quhan she had not a hame :  
 Nainsell love her Queen so sincerely,  
 T'at for her she'll shust tid tat same.

T'en hoogh for her ponnie braw Queen !  
 An' heigh for her ponnie praw Queen !  
 Ta Heelanmans ne'er pe tisloyal,  
 Though change o' ta race she has seen.

Our chiefs, how their clans they be gather,  
 A' trest in their tartans sae praw,  
 To welcome our Queen to ta heather,  
 An' ponnie Prince Alpert an' a'.

My sang ! he's a fine tecent laddie,  
 As praw as Prince Charlie himsel',  
 An' sets, too, him's ponnet and plaidie,  
 As weel as ta laird o' Dunkel'.  
 T'en hoogh for our ponnie young Queen  
 An' heigh for our ponnie young Queen !  
 Let 's gie her ta grand Heelan welcome,  
 Ta kindest t'at ever has peen.

Cot pless you, our pönnie young leddy,  
 If you'll 'mang ta Heelan' remain,  
 Our hearts an' claymores will be ready,  
 Your honours an' rights to maintain.  
 Ta Gael has a hand for him's friend aye,  
 An' likewise a hand for him's foe ;  
 Ta Gael, your dear sel' she'll defend aye,  
 An' guard you wherever you go.

T'en welcome our ponnie young Queen !  
 Thrice welcome our ponnie young Queen !  
 Ta Gael may be rude in him's manner,  
 But quhar is ta warmer heart seen ?

*Alex. Roger*

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A VOICE FROM HOLYROOD.\*

AIR—“ *My ain Fireside.* ”

I CANNA weel greet, for my heart is owre sair ;  
 The days they are gane that shall come never mair.

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\* A fatal case of fever occurred in Holyrood a few days before her Majesty arrived in Scotland, September, 1842, which prevented the Queen from visiting this ancient Royal residence.

I canna weel sab, for my breast is owre fou,  
 When I feel what I ha'e been an' what I am noo.  
 An' O! 'mang the gallant, the fair, an' the good,  
 There's surely ae tear for puir auld Holyrood.

I deck't my auld pow in a rich wreath o' brows;  
 I set my auld throne up, an' burnish'd my wa's;  
 I keek't in my glass, and I thought me sae fine,  
 My auld heart grew young, an' I dream't o' langsyne.  
 An' O! I was vogie, and O! I was proud,  
 While speering mysel'—"Are ye auld Holyrood?"

When we think oursel's meikle we are whiles unco wee,  
 Death stalked through my court, when my yett stood ajee;  
 He cover'd my towers wi' his black sable wings,  
 An' whisper'd—"I bide nae for Queens or for Kings.  
 Your bonny young Queen maunna brave my dark mood,  
 Keep *her* frae the deadshade that wraps Holyrood."

Auld Scotia's lang tongue shouts wi' loud trumpet din,  
 "Gae open your Palace yetts, let your Queen in."  
 She comes at the summons—but heaves a sad sigh,  
 The hame of her faithers she's forced to pass by.  
 Her e'e fills to look at the black ribbon'd snood,  
 That haps up the high head o' auld Holyrood.

I ferlie, gin e'er she will come back again,  
 To stay in the courts and the ha's o' her ain;  
 Though strangers be kindly, ye canna for shame  
 Spier them for the comforts ye ha'e when at hame.  
 She's feasted by nobles, and cheered by the crowd—  
 But she finds nae a hame like her ain Holyrood.

James Ballantine



THE QUEEN O' BONNY SCOTLAND'S A MITHER  
LIKE MYSEL'.

*Music by W. M'Leod.*

THERE'S walth o' themes in Scotland,  
That ham'art tongue might sing  
Wi' glee sae canty, that wad mak'  
Its laneliest valleys ring;  
But there is ane I dearly lo'e  
In wimplin' sang to swell—  
The Queen o' bonny Scotland's  
A mither like mysel'.

Her wee bit rum'lin' roguie,  
When rowin' on her knee,  
Or cuddlin' in her bosie,  
Will gladden heart an' e'e,  
Wi' kissin' owre an' owre again,  
His rosy cheeks will tell—  
The Queen o' bonny Scotland's  
A mither like mysel'.

She kens fu' weel how tenderly  
A mither dauts her wean,  
And a' the hinnied words that fa'  
Atween them when alane;  
Oh! if I were but near her,  
O' breadless bairns to tell,  
She'd listen, for our bonny Queen's  
A mither like mysel'

Then come to bonny Scotland,  
There's no a neuk in't a',  
Frae hill to haugh, that disna bear  
Baith buirdly men and braw;

They'll welcome you to Scotland—  
 The thistle and blue-bell—  
 And ye'se be bless'd by women-fock,  
 And mithers like yoursel'.

William Miller

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THE WINTER HAS SET IN, LADS.

AIR—"Calder Fair."

THE winter has set in, lads, but what care we for frost,  
 Its snaw'y doublet, icy trews, its croighle or its hoast,  
 For I opine we can contrive to brew wi' little din  
 A cup, tho' ne'er so cauld without, will mak us warm within.

Then, kimmer, tak' the pint stoup, and bring it reaming ben,  
 This moment is our ain, for the neist—we dinna ken.  
 And rax me owre your haun, man, my auld, my trusty frien',  
 May the warst o' a' our days be bye—the days that we ha'e  
 seen.

What though our way in life through the brambles may  
 have been,  
 Yet here and there a rose 'mang the prickles we have seen.  
 We a' ha'e had our troubles, sirs, but wherefore should we  
 fret?—  
 In spite o' a' that's come and gane, we're here to tell them  
 yet.

And sae we'll aye keep up our hearts, though fortune whiles  
 may jar—

There never was an ill but there micht ha'e been a waur.  
 As lang's we ha'e our health and our cantie wifie's smile,  
 We've something left to sweeten life, and lichten a' our toil.

May the Hand that led us hitherto, support and lead us  
still,  
And grant us a'e sweet sunny blink to licht us down the hil'.  
And when we're ca'd awa' at last, unsullied be our fame,  
And by them we leave ahint us lang cherish'd be our  
name.

*Wm. Linsley*

---

SONG OF THE SPIRIT-LYRE.

AIR—“*Hark! the hollow woods resounding.*”

CHORUS.

FAIRY hands my wires are sounding,  
In the greenwood merrily ;  
Light feet to my notes are bounding,  
Which no mortal eye can see.

Wandering thoughts and lovers' dreamings  
Are the guardians of my shrine ;  
Maidens' smiles and fancy's beamings  
Lend my frame their light divine.  
Love's first whispers, ere they're spoken,  
Blossom in my airy hall ;  
But when early vows are broken,  
Sighs of sorrow round me fall.

Fairy hands my wires are sounding, &c.

Hopes that once in youth were blighted,  
Seeking where sweet Peace may dwell,  
By Despair and Time benighted,  
Find a shelter 'neath my spell.  
O'er their tear-dewed lonely pillow  
Oft I pour my midnight lay,  
Soft as when the weeping willow  
Breathes its hymn at close of day.

Fairy hands my wires are sounding, &c.

Voices whose loved tones have faded  
 On the lonely mourner's ear ;  
 Life-gleams, which the grave hath shaded,  
 In their wanderings linger near ;  
 Whilst the Spirit of Affection  
 Plumes awhile its golden wings,  
 And the strains of pale Dejection  
 Pour in riplings from my strings.  
 Fairy hands my wires are sounding, &c.

By the nameless tomb my numbers  
 Murmur like the sighs of spring,  
 And, 'midst mem'ry's deepest slumbers,  
 Oft my magic power I fling.  
 Virtue's throbbings, when forsaken,  
 Mingle with my votive swell ;  
 When the chords of life are shaken,  
 'Tis my voice alone can tell.  
 Fairy hands my wires are sounding, &c.

In the woodland's deep recesses,  
 O'er the broken heart I mourn,  
 When the hand of Sorrow presses  
 Life from out its fragile urn ;  
 When Devotion's soul is kneeling  
 By the altar's vestal fire,  
 In each prayerful burst of feeling,  
 Speaks the mystic Spirit lyre.  
 Fairy hands my wires are sounding, &c.

## THE LYART AN' LEAL.

AIR—“*The Banks of the Devon.*”

“GUIDMAN,” quo’ the wifie, “the cauld sough blaws eerie,  
 Gae steek ye the winnock, for danger I dree;  
 The bluidhounds o’ Clavers, forebodin’ an’ dreary,  
 I’ve heard on the blast owre the snaw-covert lea—  
 A stranger I’ve seen through the dusk o’ the gloamin’,  
 Uncovert I saw the auld wanderer kneel;  
 My heart fill’d, as waefu’ I heard him bemoanin’  
 The cauld thrawart fate o’ the lyart an’ leal.

The bleeze frae the ingle rose sparklin’ an’ cantie,  
 The clean aiken buffet was set on the floor;  
 She thoughtna her ark o’ the needfu’ was scanty,  
 But sigh’d for the wanderer she saw on the moor.  
 “Ah! wae for the land whar the cauld cliff’s maun shelter  
 The warm heart that wishes our puir kintra weel:  
 In thy bluid, bonny Scotland, the tyrant maun welter,  
 The faggot maun bleeze roun’ the lyart and leal.”

The tear owre her cheek row’d—the aumry stood open—  
 She laid out her sma’ store wi’ sorrowfu’ heart—  
 The guidman a grace owre the mercies had spoken,  
 Whan a tirl at the door made the kin’ wifie start.  
 “I’m weary,” a voice cried, “I’m hameless and harmless,  
 The cauld wintry blast, oh! how keenly I feel—  
 I’m guiltless, I’m guileless, I’m friendless, an’ bairnless,  
 Nae bluid ’s on my hands,” quo’ the lyart an’ leal.

“Ye’re welcome, auld carle, come ben to the ingle,  
 For snell has the blast been, an’ cauld ye maun be;  
 In the snaw-drift sae helpless ye gar’d my heart dinnel—  
 Ye’ll share our puir comforts, tho’ scanty they be.  
 A warm sowp I’ve made ye, expectin’ your comin’,  
 Like you for the waes o’ puir Scotland we feel,  
 But death soon will end a’ our wailin’ an’ moanin’.  
 An’ youth come again to the lyart an’ leal.”

She dighted a seat for the way-wearit stranger,  
 An' smilin' he sat himsel' down by the hearth—  
 "The Man wha our sins bore was laid in a manger,  
 Nae Prelate proclaim'd the mild innocent's birth."  
 Thus spak' the auld wanderer, his een glist'n't wildly,  
 A sigh then escap'd for the cause he lo'ed weel,  
 The wifie drew closer, and spak' to him mildly,  
 But breathless an' cauld was the lyart an' leal.

*John Crawford*

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AN AULD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

AIR—"Thà mi-tinn-leis a Ghaol."\*

BONNIE, modest, glimmerin' star,  
 Glintin' through the cluds o' life,  
 Thy waukrife care, baith near an' far,  
 Aye guides me safe through warldly strife.  
 Thy kindly beam, thro' winters cauld,  
 An' bitin' breath frae bleak nor'-east,  
 Keeps me fu' cozie, mak's me bauld  
 To face what fate may send me neist.

The girin' miser owre his wealth  
 Sits cowrin', shilpit, hungry, fear't—  
 Gowd-sickness gnaws him; I hae health  
 And wealth, nor dreid the reiver near't.  
 O Jessie dear! my star art thou!  
 Aye cheery in our canty bield;  
 The smile that jinks about thy mou'  
 Wiled me in youth, charms me in eild.

---

\* Vide Captain Fraser's Highland Airs.

And O thy worth! my wine dear,  
 I'll never bow at Mammon's shrine,  
 For aye it grows frae year to year,  
 Thy truth is wealth—that wealth is mine.  
 For faithfu' love shines in thine e'e,  
 And honour's sel' lives in thy breast,  
 An' ilk sweet bairnie on thy knee  
 Makes thee mair true, and me mair blest.

James Manson

---

THE FALCON'S FLIGHT.

AIR—“*There's nae luck about the House.*”

I SING of gentle woodcroft gay, for well I love to rove  
 With the spaniel at my side and the falcon on my glove;  
 For the noble bird which grac'd my hand I feel my spirit  
 swell,  
 Arrayed in all her hunting gear, hood, jessy, leish, and bell.  
 I have watch'd her through the moult, till her castings all  
 were pure,  
 And have steep'd and clean'd each gorge ere 'twas fix'd up-  
 on the lure;  
 While now to field or forest glade I can my falcon bring,  
 Without a pile of feather wrong, on body, breast, or wing.  
 When drawn the leish and slipt the hood, her eye beams  
 black and bright,  
 And from my hand the gallant bird is cast upon her flight,  
 Away she darts on pinions free, above the mountains far,  
 Until in less'ning size she seems no bigger than a star.

Away, away, in farthest flight, I feel no fear or dread,  
 When a whistle or a whoop brings her towering o'er my head;  
 While poised on moveless wing, from her voice a murmur  
     swells,  
 To speak her presence near, above the chiming from her  
     bells.

'Tis Rover's bark—halloo! see the broad-wing'd heron rise,  
 And soaring round my falcon queen, above her quarry flies.  
 With outstretch'd neck the wary game shoots for the covert  
     nigh,  
 But o'er him for a settled stoop my hawk is towering high.

My falcon's towering o'er him with an eye of fire and pride,  
 Her pinions strong, with one short pull, are gather'd to  
     her side,  
 When like a stone from off the sling, or bolt from out the  
     bow,  
 In meteor flight, with sudden dart, she stoops upon her foe.

The vanquish'd and the vanquisher sink rolling round and  
     round,  
 With wounded wing the quarried game falls heavy on the  
     ground.

Away, away, my falcon fair, has spread her buoyant wings,  
 While on the ear her silver voice as clear as metal rings.

Tho' high her soar, and far her flight, my whoop has struck  
     her ear,  
 And reclaiming for the lure, o'er my head she sallies near.  
 No other sport like falconry can make the bosom glow,  
 When flying at the stately game, or raking at the crow.

Who mews a hawk, must nurse her as a mother would her  
     child,  
 And soothe the wayward spirit of a thing so fierce and wild—



Must woo her like a bride, while with love his bosom swells  
 For the noble bird that bears the hood, the jessy, leish, and  
 bells.

*M. A. Foster*

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

AIR—“*Low down in the broom.*”

DEUCE tek the clock, click-clackin sae,  
 Ay in a body's ear;  
 It tells and tells the tyme is past  
 When Jwohnnny sud been here.  
 Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun'—  
 Nae mair to-neet I'll spin;  
 But count each minute wid a seegh,  
 Till Jwohnnny he steals in.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns,  
 For twee to sit besyde!  
 And their's the seat where Jwohnnny sits,  
 And I forget to cheyde!  
 My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores!  
 My mudder's fast asleep—  
 He promised oft, but oh! I fear,  
 His word he wunnet keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me?  
 The ways are nit sae lang!  
 An' sleet an' snow are nought at aw,  
 If yen wer fain to gang.

Some udder lass, wi' bonnier feace,  
 Has catch'd his wicked e'e,  
 An' I'll be pointed at at kurk—  
 Nay! suiner let me dee.  
 O durst we lasses nobbet gang  
 An' sweetheart them we leyke,  
 I'd run to thee, my Jwohnnny, lad,  
 Nor stop at bog or deyke :  
 But custom 's sec a silly thing—  
 Thur men mun ha'e their way,  
 An' monie a bonnie lassie sit,  
 An' wish frae day to day.

I yence hed sweethearts, monie a yen,  
 They'd weade through muck and mire ;  
 And when our fwok wer deed asleep,  
 Come tremlin' up to t' fire :  
 At lush Carel market lads wad stare,  
 An' talk, an' follow me ;  
 Wi' feyne shwort keakes, aye frae the fair,  
 Baith pockets cramm'd wad be.

O dear! what changes women pruive,  
 In less than seeben year ;  
 I walk the lonnins, owre the muir,  
 But deil a chap comes near !  
 An' Jwohnnny I nee mair can trust—  
 He's just like aw the lave ;  
 I fin' this sairy heart 'll burst !  
 I'll suin lig i' my grave.

But whisht! I hear my Jwohnnny's fit—  
 Ay! that's his varra clog !  
 He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—  
 Oh! hang that cwoley dog!

Now, hey for seeghs an' suggar words,  
 Wi' kisses nit a few—  
 This warl's a perfect paradise  
 When lovers they pruive true.

*Robert Anderson.*

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ONE OF THE HEART'S STRUGGLES.

AIR—" *Johnnie's Grey Brecks.*"

O! LET me gang, ye dinna ken  
 How sair my mither flate yestreen—  
 An', mournin' o'er and o'er again,  
 Speir'd whaur I gaed sae late at e'en.  
 An' aye I saw her dicht her een—  
 My very heart maist brak' to see't—  
 I'll byde a flyte tho' e'er sae keen,  
 But canna, canna thole her greet.

O! blessin's guard my lassie's brow,  
 And fend her couthie heart frae care;  
 Her lowin' breast o' love sae fou—  
 How can I grudge a mither's share.  
 The hinnysuckle 's no sae fair,  
 In gloamin's dewy pearl weet,  
 As my love's e'e when tremblin' there  
 The tear that owns a mither's greet.

A heart a' warmed to mither's love—  
 O! that's the heart whaur I wad be;  
 An' when a mither's lips reprove,  
 O! gi'e me then the glist'nin' e'e.

For feckless fa's that look on me,  
 Howe'er sae feigned in cunnin's sweet—  
 And loveless—luckless—is the e'e  
 That, tearless, kens a mither's greet.

*William Thomson—*

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HAME IS AYE HAMELY.

AIR—“*Love's Young Dream.*”

OH! hame is aye hamely still, tho' poor at times it be,  
 An' ye winna find a place like hame in lands beyond the  
 sea;  
 Tho' ye may wander east an' west, in quest o' wealth or  
 fame—  
 There's aye a pulse within the heart, beats hame, hame,  
 hame,  
 Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart, beats hame,  
 hame, hame.

“There's gowd in gowpins got, they say, on India's sunny  
 strand—  
 Then wha would bear to linger here, in this bleak barren  
 land?  
 I'll hie me owre the heaving wave, an' win myself a name,  
 And in a palace, or a grave, forget my Hieland hame.”

'Twas thus resolved the peasant boy, and left his native  
 stream,  
 And fortune crown'd his every wish, beyond his fondest  
 dream;  
 His good sword won him wealth and power, and long and  
 loud acclaim,  
 But could not banish from his thoughts his dear loved  
 mountain hame.

No! the Peasant's heart within the Peer beat true to nature still,

For on his visions oft would rise the cottage on the hill;  
And young companions, long forgot, would join him in the game,

As erst in life's young morning, around his Hieland hame.

Oh! in the Brahmin, mild and grey, his father's face he saw,—

He thought upon his mother's tear the day he gaed awa',  
And her he lov'd, his Hieland girl,—there's magic in the name—

They a' combine to wile him back to his far Hieland hame.

He sigh'd for kindred hearts again, and left the sunny lands,  
And where his father's cottage stood, a stately palace stands;  
And with his grandchild on his knee, the old man's heart on flame,

'Tis thus he trains his darling boy to cherish thoughts o' hame.

Oh! hame is aye hamely still, tho' poor at times it be,  
Ye winna find a spot like hame in lands beyond the sea;  
Oh! ye may wander east or west, in quest o' wealth or fame,

But there's aye a pulse within the heart, beats hame,  
hame, hame,

Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame,  
hame.

*Robt. L. Malone.*

## THE LADS AND THE LAND FAR AWA'.

AIR—" *My Ain Fireside.*"

WHEN I think on the lads an' the land I ha'e left,  
 An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft,  
 How the hinnie o' hope has been jumilt in ga',  
 Then I sigh for the lads and the land far awa'.

When I think on the days o' delight we ha'e seen,  
 When the flame o' the spirit would spark in the een,  
 Then I say, as in sorrow I think on ye a',  
 Where will I find hearts like the hearts far awa'?

When I think on the nights we ha'e spent hand in hand,  
 Wi' mirth for our sowther, and friendship our band,  
 This warld gets dark, but ilk night has a daw,  
 An' I yet may rejoice in the land far awa'.

*New Ainslie*

## TO SPEAK TO ME.

AIR—" *The boatie rows.*"

To speak to me o' sic a thing, indeed ye are na blate!  
 I often wonder what ye mean—ye plague me ear' an' late;  
 And though I aye deny ye, still ye winna let me be;  
 Weel, mind, it's just to humour ye, I let ye sit wi' me.

The little table we maun set atween us a' the nicht,  
 And I sall ha'e a can'le there to gi'e us pleasant licht;  
 But ye're to keep your distance, now, an' dinna mak' sae  
 free,  
 Sin' it's only just to humour ye, I let ye visit me.

Or should there neither boord nor licht' come you an' me  
between,

Ye'll keep your arms frae 'bout my neck, nor on my shou-  
ther lean ;

We sall, at least, ha'e seats a piece—I'll no sit on your knee,  
An', mind, it's just to humour ye, if ye get a kiss o' me.

Now, Sandy, a' your tales o' love owre me 'ill ha'e nae sway ;

I were a fule, would I believe a single word ye say ;

But if there's nae denyin' ye, an' I should yield a wee—

It's no to please mysel', but you, gin e'er we wedded be.

*Robt. White.*



THE LARK HATH SOUGHT HIS GRASSY HOME.

AIR—“*Charlie is my darling.*”

O REST a while with me, love,

With me, love, with me, love,

O rest a while with me, love,

Home ne'er had charms like this.

The breeze that steals so softly by

Hath caught the rose's kiss ;

The tear that wets the lily's eye

Is but a drop of bliss.

O rest, &c.

The lark hath sought his grassy home,

The bee her eglantine ;

The silver lamps, in yon blue dome,

Have just begun to shine.

O rest a while with me, love,  
 With me, love, with me, love,  
 O rest a while with me, love,  
     This breast will pillow thine.

*J. L. Donovan*

---

NOW ROSY SUMMER LAUGHS IN JOY.

AIR—"Bonnie Jeanie Grey."

Now rosy summer laughs in joy,  
     O'er mountain, glen, and tree;  
 And drinks the glittering siller dew,  
     Frae gowans on the lea.

Blythe frae the clover springs the lark,  
     To hymn the op'nin' day;  
 The wee waves dance beneath the sun,  
     Like bairnies at their play.

Now frisks the maukin 'mang the grass,  
     Nor fears the rustlin' trees;  
 Now linties chant frae ilka spray,  
     To charm the lingering breeze.  
 Ye gay green birks, your breath is balm,—  
     Ye stately flowers o' June—  
 Thou little stream, that wimples by,  
     Thou sings a soothing tune.

O sweet Balgove! aboon thy shades  
     How aft the Star o' Day  
 Has op'd his wauk'nin' e'e to gaze,  
     On whom I daurna say.



Now chill rememb'rance, journeying back  
 O'er weary wastes o' gloom,  
 Rests fondly on the hours we spent  
 Among the yellow broom.

And ha'e they bonnie walks aboon,  
 Where my love dwells afar?—  
 Then we may wander yet beneath  
 A bonnier morning star.  
 Ah! why could Heav'n take my flower,—  
 Nae fairer flower could blaw?  
 Oh! she was heav'n owre lang to me,  
 Sae she was ta'en awa'.

*Thomas C. Latta*

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#### A HIGHLAND PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

AIR—*Kind reader, when you'll merry be,  
 You'll lilt him to the tone  
 O' "Kilderoy," or "Cramachree,"  
 Or "Shon o' Padenyon."*

TWAS whan I left my faither's cot,  
 Some forty years ago,  
 He said that gear was to be got—  
 But where I did not know.  
 The world was wide, an' I was young,  
 A hardy loon an' hale;  
 Besides I had a sleekit tongue  
 That ne'er was kent to fail.

Baith east an' west I glowr'd like daft,  
 To see what might befa';  
 For, och ! I hated handicraft,  
 An' manual labours a'.  
 Compell'd at last to catch the plack,  
 Whatever might betide ;  
 I took the elwand an' the pack,  
 An' tramp'd the kintra side.

My mither, as a partin' boon,  
 Wi' tears intil her e'e,  
 A Bible an' a horn spoon  
 That day presented me.  
 She squeezed my hand, an' conjured me  
 To use them baith wi' care ;  
 An' *ane* o' them, as ye may see,  
 I'm maister o' an' mair.

For twenty years, an' somewhat mair,  
 I wander'd mony a mile,  
 An' faithfully I gather'd gear  
 By mony a quirk an' wile.  
 At length a sonsy damsel's glance  
 Gar'd a' my ramblings stop ;  
 I woo'd her, for I stood a chance  
 To heir her faither's shop.

Day after day I urged my claim—  
 O' naething stood in awe—  
 An' in a fortnight I became  
 A Bailie's son-in-law.  
 By mither-wit, an' norlan' skill,  
 I scal'd the Council stair,  
 Nor ever look'd behint, until  
 I fill'd the Provost's chair !

An' I'd ha'e ruled the roast an' race  
 Until my dyin' day,  
 But, och! the Whigs rush'd into place,  
 An' made o' us their prey!  
 Come, shentlemens, stan' to your feet—  
 We'll drink a toss right fittin',—  
 "To a' the laads i' TOWNIN' STREET  
 An unco speedy flittin'."

*David Necker.*

---

LAMENT FOR THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.\*

THE last hues of summer are sickly and fading,  
 And autumn winds hymn the decay of the year;  
 The sere yellow tints all the landscape pervading,  
 In silence proclaim that the winter draws near.

On the far heathy mountain the dark cloud sits brooding,  
 And slow the mist column rolls up the lone glen;  
 The big rain falls heavy, the streamlets o'erflooding,  
 And Ettrick rolls on her brown currents again.

The summer hath pass'd o'er Yarrow's green mountains,  
 The birch trembled wild by Loch Mary's lone shore;  
 The winter approaches to bind up the fountains,  
 But the Bard of the Forest shall cheer us no more.

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\* This dirge, taken with the kind permission of Peter M'Leod, Esq., from his beautiful volume of "Original National Melodies of Scotland," is set to one of the most touching melodies we have ever heard.

No more shall he stray in the still of the gloaming  
 To dream of the spirits in lands far away ;  
 No more shall he list to the tempest loud moaning,  
 For the Bard of the Forest lies cold in the clay.  
 He rests with his fathers, no more to awaken  
 Sweet strains by the streamlets that speed to the main ;  
 The wild echo sleeps in the glen of green bracken,  
 But the Shepherd shall never awake it again.  
 Bloom sweetly around him, ye pale drooping roses,  
 Breathe softly, ye winds, o'er his cold narrow bed ;  
 Fall gently, ye dews, where the minstrel reposes,  
 And hallow the wild-flowers that wave o'er his head.

*James Murray*

---

OWRE A' THE SWEET MAIDENS.

AIR—“ *Kellyburn Braes.*”


OWRE a' the sweet maidens in England I've seen,  
 I rank you the fairest, I place you the queen ;  
 My love-swelling bosom yields homage to thee—  
 Will ye gang, bonnie lassie, to Scotland wi' me?  
 Dark, dark are your tresses—your wee mouth is meek ;  
 On your chin there's a dimple, an' clear is your cheek ;  
 Your form is sae gracefu', your step light and free—  
 Come away, lovely lassie, to Scotland wi' me !  
 We'll stray where the wild-wood an' pure waters meet  
 I'll pu' ye the red rose, an' ilka thing sweet ;  
 Our talk of affection an' true love will be—  
 Will ye gang, bonnie lassie, to Scotland wi' me ?

On banks where the lav'rock sits down on her nest,  
 An' daisies grow thickly, together we'll rest :  
 Ah! mine will be rapture when seated by thee—  
 Come away, dearest lassie, to Scotland wi' me!

In dark days o' winter, when angry win's blaw,  
 Our wee house will shield us frae tempest an' snaw ;  
 Wi' tale, sang, an' music, the time we'll gar flee :  
 O! haste ye, sweet lassie, to Scotiand wi' me!

The clasp o' thy soft hand—this sweet melting kiss—  
 The glance o' thy dark e'e, foretel me ô' bliss ;  
 Than monarchs or princes mair joyfu' I'll be,  
 When at hame, bonnie lassie, in Scotland wi' thee!

*Robt. White.*



A BONNIE WEE LASSIE.

AIR—“ *John Todd,*

A BONNIE wee lassie I ken, I ken,  
 A bonnie wee lassie I ken,  
 The blink o' her e'e is heaven to me,  
 An' wow! but she's ane amang ten, amang ten,  
 An' wow! but she 's ane amang ten.

A handsome wee lassie I lo'e, I lo'e,  
 A handsome wee lassie I lo'e,  
 The pawkie wee quean has doiter'd me clean,  
 An' mair mischief she'll work, I trow, I trow.  
 An' mair mischief she'll work, I trow

A winsome wee lassie I'll woo, I'll woo,  
 A winsome wee lassie I'll woo,  
 I'll keek in her e'e, an' aiblins may pree  
 The wee hinny blobs o' her mou', her mou',  
 The wee hinny blobs o' her mou'.

A mensefu' wee lassie I'll wale, I'll wale,  
 A mensefu' wee lassie I'll wale,  
 An' sud the wee dear ha'e gowpens o' gear,  
 She'll no be the waur for't, I'se bail, I'se bail,  
 She'll no be the waur for't, I'se bail.

A canty wee lassie I'll wed, I'll wed,  
 A canty wee lassie I'll wed ;  
 An' when she is mine, I'll busk her fu' fine,  
 An' a couthie bit life we'll lead, we'll lead,  
 An' a couthie bit life we'll lead.

Edward H. Stoane

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LUFF HER UP.

AIR—"The Opera Hat."

LUFF her up, luff her up, keep her sweating in the breeze,  
 Luff her up, luff her up, keep her dipping to the knees!  
 The foemen are out, boys, and we are tearing through,  
 To meet with them, and match them, as Britons should do.

Here we go, here we go, like an arrow through the wave!  
 Here we go, here we go, to woo glory or a grave!  
 Here we go, with the wind o'er a full flowing sea,  
 Our faces to the foe, as a Briton's should be.

We can die, we can die, without thinking of the pain!  
 We may die, we may die, like true hearts upon the main!  
 We will die ere a foe sets a foot upon our shore,  
 And show him that his path must be through British gore.

*J. L. Devoran*

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DREAMS OF ABSENCE.\*

I DREAM'D O' a diamond mine, my love,  
 In the howe o' the broomy hill,  
 Where we used to stray in bairnhood's day,  
 An' gambol an' laugh our fill;

---

\* The writer of this piece, and a few others which we intend shall follow, was born in the parish of Upper Banchory, Kincardineshire, in 1805. His father was a farmer, and the earlier years of the poet were spent in assisting his father. His education was scanty indeed, and obtained in the parish school during the season of winter, when the out door operations of the farmer are nearly suspended. A few winters served to educate Joseph in the elements of our national language, writing, and knowledge of figures; but the youth more than made up the want by reading and reflection, and keen observation of men in their social relations. When asked how he had obtained so much information, he replied—"I was taught to read; does any one need to know more than the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in order to enable him to learn everything else?" Mr Grant's first publication was in 1828, entitled, "Juvenile Lays and Kincardine Traditions;" a collection of poems and songs followed, in 1830; another volume of poems, dedicated to Allan Cunningham, was given to the public by him in 1834; and his last work, "Tales of the Glens," he sent to press the same year, but did not live to see it through the press. He died, in consequence of a severe cold, in April, 1835. These tales, which were written in prose, were published in 1836.

An' I pluck'd the bonnie stanes frae their beds,  
 An' ill was I to ser',  
 For they a' had a licht like thy een sae bricht,  
 An' I coveted mair an' mair ;  
 An' I loaded mysel' wi' the riches o' earth,  
 An', in tremblin' joy o' mind,  
 To thee wad ha'e sped, but the vision fled,  
 An' left me a plackless hind.

I dream'd o' a glorious hame, my love,  
 Where the midnight shone like day,  
 An' music's soun' that thrill'd aroun'  
 Was saft as the voice o' May ;  
 An' I was the chief o' that noble ha',  
 Wi' the wide warld's blessin's stored,  
 An' thou wert there, wi' thy smile sae rare,  
 An' I was thy honoured lord.  
 An' on sofa o' silk we twa reclined—  
 But I waked on my couch o' straw,  
 An' the cauld winds did swoof through the rifted roof,  
 An' thou wert far awa'.

I ance hoped to be rich, my love,  
 But that was a daft dream, too—  
 I pray'd for a while that fortune might smile ;  
 (Oh, 'twas a' for the sake o' you !)  
 But she's thrown out our lot wi' a frownin' brow,  
 An' sindered us far an' lang,  
 An' the last words ye said were a' that I had  
 To saften my heart's warst pang.  
 But, oh, mair dear than the glint' o' gowd  
 Is thy look o' love to me !  
 I'll dream nae mair o' wealth or o' care,  
 Now that I'm near to thee.

*Joseph Grant*



## OH! GIN I WERE TO WED AGAIN.

AIR—“*The bonnie Lass o' Livingstone.*”

OH! gin I were to wed again,  
 I'll tell you what, I'll tell you what,  
 I'd wale a lass wad lo'e mysel',  
 Mair than John Maut, mair than John Mant'  
 For every kiss my wife gi'es me,  
 He gets a score, he gets a score,  
 And I've nae doubt ere lang they'll kiss  
 Me to the door, me to the door!

Morn, night, an' noon—noon, night, an' morn,  
 She trokes wi' him, she trokes wi' him,  
 And scours his bowls, when ither folk  
 Their house wad trim, their house wad trim.  
 The weans, in tatterwallops a',  
 Rin wild ther'out, rin wild ther'out,  
 Till aft I'm fain, though sma' my skill,  
 Their claes to clout, their claes to clout.

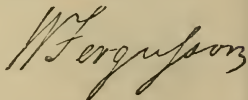
At ilka ploy, the country round,  
 She roars an' rants, she roars an' rants,  
 And late and ear' her paramour  
 Wi' her gallants, wi' her gallants:—  
 She's danc'd the shoon frae aff her feet;  
 And on her back, and on her back,  
 The remnant o' her waddin' gown,  
 Hings by a tack, hings by a tack.

She turns my pouches inside out,  
 When I'm asleep, when I'm asleep;  
 And rifles ilka hole an' bore,  
 Where gear I keep, where gear I keep:

And every plack that she can clutch,  
 On him she'll ware, on him she'll ware;  
 And never fash her thumb though I  
 Gang toom an' bare, gang toom an' bare.

The mice frae out the aumry keek,  
 Wi' tearfu' e'e, wi' tearfu' e'e;  
 Its breadless boards, ye needna doubt,  
 They mourn wi' me, they mourn wi' me.  
 Auld baudrons stares me i' the face,  
 Wi' waefu' mew, wi' waefu' mew;  
 As if she said—"Haith maister, lad,  
 You're done for now, you're done for now."

And gin I hint my spouse does wrang,  
 The gude be here, the gude be here!  
 Ye never heard how loud and fierce  
 She'll storm an' swear, she'll storm an' swear.  
 O! gin I were to wed again,  
 Believe ye me, believe ye me,  
 Before I buckled wi' the sex,  
 I'd think a wee, I'd think a wee!




---

MY AULD AUNTY LIZZIE WAS FAMED FOR A  
 SPINNER.

AIR—"I hae laid a herring in saut."

My auld aunty Lizzie was famed for a spinner,  
 An' monie a thread she had drawn in her day,  
 Baith even an' knotty—for know her bread winner  
 Had a queer fascheous temper—like owre monie mae.

At times she wad flist an' wad casten the band,  
 Then Lizzie wad coax her, as I've heard her tell,  
 Wi' a lick o' sweet oil an' a feeze o' her hand,  
 She soon brought the dorty jaud back to hersel'.

Ilk thing has a reason—this Lizzie saw through,  
 For the temper was made when the timmer was green ;  
 The drouth it had krin'd up and slacken'd the screw,  
 Till it lost a' the power o' her toutie machine.  
 Noo, tho' we, like Lizzie, view cause an' effect,  
 How aft out o' tune gaes our feckless machine,  
 An' for feezin' an' oilin' we've little respect,  
 Sae canker'd an' crooked 's our temper wi' spleen.

Baith twitter'd and knotty 's the thread o' our life,  
 An' brittle an' short as we wind up its clew—  
 Sae marled an' mixt 'tis wi' malice an' strife,  
 That there's scarcely a hank but is ting'd wi' dark blue.  
 There's temper in matter, and temper in mind,  
 An' baith frae the forest are ta'en when they're green ;  
 An' wi' sma' observation you'll find a' mankind  
 Are fractious an' toutie as Lizzie's machine.

*Thomas Mathew*

---

WOMAN'S WITCHFU' E'E.

AIR—" *Comin' through the Rye.*"

I LIKE the sun that shines sae bricht,  
 I like the midnight moon ;  
 The stars that gem the Milky Way,  
 An' a' the orbs aboon.

I like to see the mornin' star  
 Blink bonnie owre the sea ;  
 But there's an orb outshines them a'—  
 'Tis woman's witchfu' e'e.

Ae beam o' love frae that blest orb  
 Gi'es youth a livelier hue,  
 An' drives awa' the clouds o' fate  
 Frae sorrow's sickly brow ;  
 Dispels the darkest shades o' woe  
 The heart is doom'd to dree ;  
 There's no an orb in yonder sky  
 Like woman's witchfu' e'e.

'Tis there the heart pours forth the woes,  
 Owre sad for tongue to share ;  
 The tears o' love, and pity's tears,  
 Speak nameless secrets there :  
 'Tis there the trembling lover reads  
 The soul's sincerity ;  
 O, whar's the orb in yonder sky  
 Like woman's witchfu' e'e !

Ye powers that watch my countless steps,  
 'An a' my wand'rings ken,  
 In this my weary pilgrimage,  
 In pleasure or in pain ;  
 Where'er my hameless feet may roam,  
 Whate'er I'm doom'd to dree,  
 O, let me live beneath the licht  
 O' woman's witchfu' e'e !

*F. Hill*

## THOCHTFU' LOVE.

AIR—“*Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.*”

How aft, when the saft winds o' simmer were blawin',  
 I wander'd wi' Jeanie by bonnie Woodside,  
 When pearly dew-blabs in the gloamin' were fa'in',  
 An' Kelvin creep'd croonin' awa' to the Clyde:  
 The wee birds, then wearied, were nestled and sleepin',  
 The sough o' the waterfa' blent wi' the breeze  
 That fann'd us sae gently, as light it gaed sweepin'  
 O'er the harp-strings o' nature, the boughs o' the trees.

We wended awa' to our leaf-theekit shielin',  
 A cozie wee bield whar the cauldest nicht woo,  
 Frae whose mossy couch we could see the moon speelin'  
 Her way far on high, through the starnie deep blue:  
 At our feet, on the grassy bank, like a wee rosie,  
 The red-tappit gowan lay droukit in dew,  
 Like bairnie asleep in a mither's saft bozie,  
 Or me in the arms o' the lassie I lo'e.

How fain was our woin', when silence was reignin',  
 A' blent wi' the glint o' the bonnie white moon;  
 An', lull'd wi' its stillness, our spirits were twinin'  
 Deep love 'tween oursels an' the warl aroun'.  
 But winter has come noo, grim, darksome, and scowrie,  
 In blatt'rin' cauld rain an' hail, pourin' its spleen;  
 Its stoor frosty winds ha'e untheekit our bowrie,  
 An' refted the sward o' its bonny bricht green.

But yet, tho' its blast rides the ridge o' the mountain,  
 An' scampers in mirth owre the breast o' the lea,  
 An' leaves a cauld cloak on the burn an' the fountain—  
 It cools nae the love atween Jeanie an' me.

At the close o' the day, in her father's low dwellin',  
 We meet as we met aye, as happy an' calm ;  
 We lo'e and we lang for the spring, again swellin'  
 The buds till they burst wi' the wealth o' their balm.

*A Buchanan*

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WHISTLIN' TAM.

AIR—"Come under my plaidy."

KEND ye little Tammy wha lived on the knowe,  
 Mang the woods o' Drumcuthlie, whare blaeberries grow ?  
 His bonnet was aye cockit heigh on his brow,  
 A queer lookin' carlie was Tammy, I trow.  
 He was ca'd Whistlin' Tam 'cause he had sic a gait o't,  
 An' nae muckle ferlie his mou' had the set o't,  
 And gang whar he likit he ne'er miss'd a bit o't,  
 Aye whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

An' Meg, his gudewife, wi' her twa-handit wheel,  
 Span mony braw wabs o' baith plainen and tweel ;  
 Baith bodies toil'd sair to mak' gowd in a lump,  
 But Maggie was counted the stang o' the trump.  
 A sma' shop they keepit, twa kye an' a mare,  
 For the peats were to lead, and the land was to ear,  
 An' hame frae the bruch, wi' the gudes and the gear,  
 Hipp, Mally! whoo, whoo ye, cam' Whistlin' Tam.

Their ae dautit laddie, their hope an' their care,  
 I' the bruch at the schulin' was drill'd lang an' sair ;  
 While three sonsie cummers at hame had, I ween,  
 Mony trysts wi' the lads, i' the plantin' at e'en.

Young Meg an' the miller were buckled wi' ither ;  
 Soon after the cobbler and Kate gaed thegither ;  
 But Nell miss'd that luck, to the grief o' her mither,  
 While whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Some neibours wad threep—but 'twas maybe no true—  
 That Tam i' the kirk gied a whoo ye, whoo whoo !  
 When the lettergae,\* tryin' new tunes, wad gae wrang,  
 Or the parson was prosy and keepit them lang.  
 Young Jamie took on wi' the red-coated train,  
 And fell i' the front o' the tulzie in Spain,  
 His poor dowie mither made nae little mane,  
 But whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Ae blawin' spring morning Tam's biggin' took fire,  
 An' the lowe spread aroun' to the barn an' the byre ;  
 The neibours cam' rinnin' to help wi' gudewill,  
 But the blaze gaed aboon a' their maughts an' their skill.  
 Alack ! for the sufferers there was nae remeid,  
 Night cam', an' they hadna a roof owre their head,  
 Nor blanket to hap them, nor bannock o' bread—  
 Yet whoo ye ! whoo, whoo ye ! sowth'd Whistlin' Tam !

*John Watson*

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MY HAME.†

AIR—"Annie Laurie."

O ! I ha'e loved the heather hills,  
 Whar simmer breezes blaw,  
 An' I ha'e loved the glades that gang  
 Through yonder greenwood shaw ;

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\* Precentor.

† Robert Nicoll was born January 7, 1814, at Tullybeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire. His parents were poor but vir-

But noo the spot maist dear to me  
 Is whar the moon doth beam  
 Doon through the sleepin' leaves, to watch  
 My ain wee cantie hame.

---

tuous cottagers, and unable to give their son even an ordinary education. At an early age he was sent to a neighbouring farmer to tend cattle, and amidst the romantic scenery of his native county he laid the foundation of much that is excellent in his writings. When he was seventeen years old, he was apprenticed to a grocer in Perth, and on the expiry of his apprenticeship he went to Dundee, and opened a small circulating library, by which he contrived to support himself. In 1835 he published a small volume, entitled "Poems and Lyrics," which received much praise from the periodicals of the day. An elaborate notice of it appeared in Tait's Magazine, from the pen of Mrs. Johnstone, authoress of Elizabeth De Bruce, and other popular works. In 1836, Nicoll became editor of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly newspaper, of radical politics. When he took charge of this journal its circulation was only a thousand, but before he left the paper it had increased to nearly four times that number—a fact which shows the force and vigour of his mind, and the untiring perseverance with which he followed out every undertaking in which his heart was engaged. Such close application was too much for a constitution never robust, and hastened the termination of his brief career. At the urgent request of his friends in Edinburgh, he resigned his situation, and returned to Scotland, in the hope that his native air would aid in restoring him to health. With a kindness highly honourable to him, Mr. Johnstone received him and his young wife—for he had recently been married—into his house, and every means which the best medical skill could suggest was tried for his recovery—but in vain. He gradually declined, and breathed his last on the 9th Dec., 1837. His talents were of a very high order, and his writings full of promise. His disposition was frank, social, and kindly; his feelings warm and generous, and his friendships lasting. A volume of his poems has been published by Mr. Tait, for the benefit



My cantie hame! its roof o' strae,  
 Aneath yon thorn I see—  
 Yon cozie bush that couthie keeps  
 My wife an' bairnies three.  
 There's green garse roun' my cottage sma',  
 An' by it rins a stream  
 Whilk ever sings a bonnie sang,  
 To glad my cantie hame.

When delvin' i' the sheugh at e'en,  
 Its curlin' reek I see,  
 I ken the precious things at hame  
 Are thinkin' upon me.  
 I ken my restin' chair is set  
 Whar comes the warmest gleam—  
 I ken there's langin' hearts in thee,  
 My ain wee cantie hame.

O! can I do but love it weel  
 When a' thing 's luvesome there?  
 My cheerfu' wife, my laughin' weaus,  
 The morn and e'enin' prayer;  
 The sabbath's walk amang the woods,  
 Or by the saut-sea faem—  
 The warst o' hearts may learn to lo'e  
 My ain wee cantie hame.

The blessin's o' a hame—bless'd heart  
 Be warm upon it a',—  
 On wife an' bairns may love an' peace,  
 Like sunbeams, joyous fa'!

---

of his bereaved mother, with a memoir by his friend Mrs. Johnstone.  
 Mr. Tait has kindly granted us permission to transfer a few of the  
 young poet's productions to our pages.

Blythe thochts are rinnin' through my heart,  
 O ! thochts I canna name—  
 Sae glad are they—while thinkin' o'  
 My ain wee cantie hame.

*Robert Scott*

---

I NEVER WILL GET FU' AGAIN.

AIR—“ *My wife's aye teasing me.*”

I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm unco sick,

My head's maist rent in twa ;

I never found as now I find—

I'm no mysel' ava.

My mouth 's as het 's a lowin' peat,

My tongue 's as dry 's a stick—

I never will get fu' again,

For, O ! I'm unco sick.

I ha'e a drouth, an awfu' drouth,

An' water does nae gud ;

Tho' I wad drink Lochlomond dry,

It wadna cool my blude.

I wish I had a clag o' snaw,

Or dad o' ice, to lick—

I never will get fu' again,

For, O ! I'm unco sick.

I will put in the pin—I will—

I'll ne'er mair tak' a drap,

Except, indeed, some orra time,

Then I'll but smell the caup.

O! that I were near Greenland's seas,  
 I'd plunge in heels o'er neck—  
 I never will get fu' again,  
 For, O! I'm unco sick.

I dinna ken right what to do—  
 I maist wish I were dead;  
 My hand is shaking like a strae,  
 Or like a corn-stauk head.  
 I stoiter doited out an' in,  
 My shanks are slack an' weak—  
 I never will get fu' again,  
 For, O! I'm unco sick.

I sicken at the sight o' meat,  
 The smell o't gars me grue;  
 I daurna think o' tastin' maut—  
 'Twas maut that fill'd me fu'.  
 I will put in the pin, I will,  
 To that I'll firmly stick—  
 I never will get fu' again,  
 For, O! I'm unco sick.

I winna join the Rechabites,  
 For they're a stingy crew,  
 They wadna let me tak' a drap,  
 Though frozen were my mou'.  
 Cauld water may be very good,  
 Yet ne'er to it I'll stick—  
 But, O! I'll ne'er get fu' again,  
 It mak's me aye sae sick.

Alex Fisher

## BONNIE BESSY BALLANTINE.

AIR—" *Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks.*"

My bonnie Bessy Ballantine,  
 I'm fu' o' lowin' love for thee ;  
 I canna say I've been mysel',  
 Sin' yon cauld look ye gae to me.  
 I'd bide the thraws o' a' my kin,  
 An' world's wrangs light on me fa' ;  
 But frowns frae Bessy Ballantine  
 My senses they drive clean awa'.  
 My dwellin's hamely, cauld, an' bare,  
 A leal heart's a' that I ca' mine ;  
 So come an' cheer my lanely cot,  
 My canty Bessy Ballantine.  
 Man's road through life is fu' o' crooks,  
 But at them I shall ne'er repine ;  
 I'd climb the crag, I'd swim the sea  
 Wi' bonnie Bessy Ballantine.



## MY MARY AND ME.

AIR—" *My ain fireside.*"

WHEN first I met Mary my heart was right fain,  
 Sae modest and bonny I wish'd her my ain ;  
 I wish'd her my ain, and my ain soon was she,  
 And wha was sae blest as my Mary wi' me ?  
 When we baith crap thegither our stock was but sma'—  
 Our faithers were dead, and our mithers and a',  
 Nae kind hand to help us nor counsel to gi'e,  
 Yet that never daunted my Mary and me.

We toil'd late and early—were carefu' and canny,  
 On daft silly falderals war'd ne'er a penny,  
 And tho' whiles at night unco wearied were we,  
 We slept a' the sounder, my Mary and me.

And when round the ingle, like steps o' a stair,  
 Wee bairnies sprung up, we just doubled our care,  
 Lean'd weel to the meal, and but light on the tea,  
 And bravely fought through, my sweet Mary and me.

We learn'd them to work, and we learn'd them to read,  
 Made honour and honesty ever our creed ;  
 Now braw lads and lasses are under our e'e,  
 And that gi'es delight to my Mary and me.

Nae langer we dread that kind fortune may waver,  
 The battle's our ain, and we're richer than ever :  
 A spot o' gude grund, and a cow on the lea,  
 Is mair than enugh for my Mary and me.

And what though the rose on her fair cheek is fading,  
 And fast o'er my thin locks the grey hairs are spreading ?  
 A life rightly spent keeps the heart fu' o' glee,  
 And such has been aim'd at by Mary and me.

*John Paterson*

---

THE BONNY TWEED FOR ME.

AIR—" *Yon burnside.*"

THE hunter's e'e grows bright as the fox frae covert steals,  
 The fowler lo'es the gun, wi' the pointer at his heels,  
 But of a' the sports I ken, that can stir the heart wi' glee,  
 The troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed for  
 me.

Wi' the gowan at the waterside, the primrose on the brae,  
When sheets o' snawy blossom cleed the cherry and the  
slae,

When sun and wind are woin' baith, the leaflet on the  
tree ;

Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed  
for me.

When the fresh green sward is yieldin' wi' a spring aneath  
the fit,

And swallows thrang on eager wing out owre the waters  
flit ;

While the joyous laverocks, toorin' high, shoor out their  
concert free—

Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed  
for me.

Cheer'd wi' the honest ploughman's sang, that mak's his  
wark nae toil—

The flocks o' sea-gulls round him as his coulter tears the  
soil,

When the craw-schule meets in council grave upon the fur-  
rowed lea—

Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed  
for me.

The modest wagtail joukin' past, wi' saft and buoyant flight,  
And gurglin' streams are glancin' by, pure as the crystal  
bright,

When fish rise thick and threefauld, at the drake or wood-  
cock flee—

Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed  
for me.

I like the merry spring, wi' the bluid in nature's veins,  
The dancin' streamlet's music, as it trinkles through the  
stanes,

The silver white upon the hook, my light gad bending free—  
 Wha wadna visit bonny Tweed and share sic sport wi' me?  
 While there! time wings wi' speed o' thought, the day flees  
 past sae sune,  
 That wha wad dream o' weariness till a' the sport is dune?  
 We hanker till the latest blink is shed frae gloamin's e'e,  
 Laith, laith to quit the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, and  
 flee!

*M. A. Foster*

ALLA MIA SPOSA.\*

AIR—"Home, sweet home."

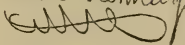
ALTHOUGH for me no English home  
 Prepares the feast to-day;  
 Although where giant billows foam  
 I've sped a weary way;  
 Though—mock'd by baffling winds—the shore  
 Is to my sight denied,  
 My spirit chafes not as of yore,  
 For THOU art by my side.

Although I may not hope to find,  
 'Mid changing scenes and new,  
 Friends dear as those I've left behind—  
 The trusted and the true;  
 Yet, while those absent friends I bless,  
 My heart shall not repine,  
 Since in my wand'rings I may press  
 Thy faithful hand in mine.

---

\* These lines, addressed by Mr. Kennedy to his wife, who accompanied him, were written off the entrance of the Mississippi, on board the Yazoo, New York packet, December 25, (Christmas Day,) 1841.

Safe in the shadow of thy love,  
 The southern sun I'd brave,  
 Warm'd by thy smile, I'd cheerly rove  
 Where Polar tempests rave.  
 The fairest land, where THOU art not,  
 Seems desolate to be—  
 And where thou art, the dreariest spot  
 Is home, sweet home to me!

Will-Kennedy  


---

#### OLD FATHER TIME !

OLD Father Time is a healthy old sage,  
 Though his brow it is bare, and his locks they are grey ;  
 For though he has lived to a wonderful age,  
 No further he tastes of the power of decay.  
     He comes uninvited  
     To see blossoms blighted,  
 And sits like a monarch of might in his prime ;  
     And while all is pleasing,  
     He surely is teasing.  
 Was e'er such a fellow as old Father Time?  
 Onward he steals where sweet infancy lies ;  
 Where gay youth is in dreams, and where manhood is  
 seen ;  
 The maid he pursues, as before him she flies,  
 Nor stops to inquire, be she peasant or queen.  
     He waves his green willow  
     O'er those on the billow ;



He wanders in haste to each far distant clime ;  
 But why should we sorrow ?  
 More hope let us borrow.  
 Was e'er such a fellow as old Father Time !

*Andrew Park*

---

THE CITY GUARD.\*

AIR—“ *The Battle of Sheriffmuir.*”

SING glory to the gallant corps  
 Wha keep Auld Reekie's keys, man ;  
 An' ope and steek the Black-hole door,  
 Just as their honours please, man :  
 Wha mak' their faes their might to feel,  
 Wi' balls o' lead, or points o' steel,  
 Syne toom their maut aboon their meal ;  
 An' strunt an' stuff their beaks wi' snuff,  
 Then snort an' puff, sae grim an' gruff,  
 That every scoundrel flees, man.  
 O see them on their grand field days,  
 An' marchin' “ raw by raw, man ;”  
 To show how they had backed the Greys,  
 When in the Forty-twa, man ;  
 How Gallia's lords, an' Gallia's bands,  
 Were just like mice in Scotland's hands ;  
 And how they conquered kings and lands ;  
 Syne a' came here, to win a cheer  
 For their career, in ancient wear,  
 Afore they dozed awa', man.

---

\* We heartily acknowledge our obligations to Mr. James Ballantine, author of the “Gaberlunzie,” and “Miller of Deanhaugh,” for permission to extract this exceedingly graphic piece from the latter work.

Lang live the brave an' doughty band  
 To guard our ancient town, man ;  
 An' lang may norland pith command  
 An' keep tho causeway crown, man ;  
 Though mither wives, and laddie weans,  
 Attack them whiles wi' clods an' stanes,  
 An' strive to break their Highland banes ;  
 They tak the rout, when wi' a shout  
 The Guard rush out, an' wi' a bout  
 Ding bauld rebellion down, man.

*James Ballentine*

---

SONG OF THE SEA-BOUND MARINER.

AIR—"Chevy Chace."

UNFURL the sail  
 To the pleasant gale ;  
 Our bark shall wend her way  
 O'er ocean wide,  
 Through the rippling tide,  
 Like a maiden, light and gay.

Farewell to the isle  
 Whose beautiful smile  
 Awakens each fond emotion,  
 As we gaze on her hills  
 And her sparkling rills,  
 From the heaving breast of the ocean.  
 Unfurl the sail, &c.

To each beating breast  
 Our loves we have prest,  
 And bade them a long adieu,  
 But their mem'ry shall dwell  
 In our hearts, mid the swell  
 Of the billows' foaming blue.  
 Unfurl the sail, &c.

'Neath the cloudless dye  
 Of a far-off sky,  
 We'll sing the songs of our land,  
 And the wine-cup, too,  
 We shall quaff to you,  
 Her daughters fair and bland.  
 Unfurl the sail, &c.

In the midnight storm,  
 Each beautiful form  
 That gladdened our hearts of yore,  
 Like a beacon bright  
 Our dream shall light,  
 And lure our spirits to shore.  
 Unfurl the sail, &c.

O life is a sea—  
 Let us weather with glee  
 Its perils and manifold woes,  
 Till our anchors we drop  
 In the haven of hope,  
 Where the tide of forgetfulness flows.  
 Unfurl the sail, &c.

*John Cameron*

## MY GRANNY'S FIRESIDE.

AIR—“*Come under my plaidie.*”

My granny's fireside in the days that are gane !  
 I mind it sin' first I could toddle my lane ;  
 The auld oily cruisie hung down frae the tow,  
 And the clear rashy wick lent a cheery bit lowe ;  
 And there, while my granny indulged in a reek  
 O' her wee cutty pipe at her ain ingle cheek,  
 My grand-daddy sat i' the neuk in his chair,  
 And pored through his specks on the volume of lear'.

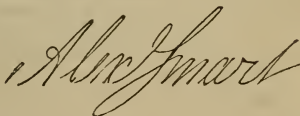
He kent ilka planet that glints in the lift,  
 How they swim in their orbits, baith siccar an' swift,  
 And how the auld earth stands on naething ava,  
 But rows round the sun in the air like a ba'.  
 He ilka thing kent, for he read a' the news ;  
 Could speak o' the auld-warld Romans an' Jews ;  
 An' a' a' thing that happen'd langsyne he could tell,  
 An' aye point a moral frae a' that befel.

My granny was skilled in a' ailments and pains,  
 And brawly could doctor the wives an' the weans ;  
 To bin' a cut finger, or row up a tae,  
 'Twas aye to my granny we roarin' wad gae ;  
 My granny had pouthers an' pills o' her ain,  
 And cures o' rare virtue nae doctor nicht ken,  
 And ill-tasted herbs made our faces to thraw,  
 But wi' something she aye put the swither awa'.

My grand-daddy's oes were his pleasure an' pride,  
 The crown and the glory o' granny's fireside—  
 Save bairns in abundance nae treasure had he,  
 But they were more precious than gowd in his e'e.  
 Though wild an' mislear'd, I was dear to his heart,  
 When ithers misca'd me he aye took my part ;  
 His lessons I heard, an' his errands I ran,  
 And he prophesied aye I wad yet be a man.

Come pain or come pleasure, whate'er might betide,  
 There was nae place on earth like my granny's fireside;  
 Her weel-butter'd bannocks she never wad hain,  
 An' a bawbee frae granny wad ease ilka pain.  
 My granny ne'er gloom'd on the bairns at their play,  
 Her heart aye was young, though her hairs they were grey;  
 The sports an' the joys o' her youth she wad tell,  
 An' min'd aye when she was a lassie hersel'.

O weel do I mind, in the days o' langsyne,  
 When a pair o' new breeks or a jacket was mine,  
 To granny I flew in my newfangled pride,  
 An' my pouch was aye hansell'd at granny's fireside.  
 At Pace, or at Yule, or at blythe Hallowe'en,  
 At granny's fireside how delighted I've been!  
 Unscath'd by the canker of sorrow or pain—  
 O wha wadna be a wee laddie again!




---

KATE MACVEAN.

AIR—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

'MANG hielan' folk an' lawlan' folk ye may gang far an' near,  
 Ye even may tak' through the Shaws,\* that 's famed for  
 bodies queer,  
 An' yet ne'er fin' the equal o' this couthie crone, I ween,  
 Wha's kent to a' folk roun' about by blythe auld Kate  
 Macvean—

---

\* Pollockshaws.

Cracky Kate Macvean, knacky Kate Macvean,  
O wha can cheer the sinkin' saul like blythe auld Kate  
Macvean?

She needs nae brod aboon her door to tell she sells a gill,  
A bleezin' ingle's a' her sign, wi' rowth o' reamin' yill,  
Whare queer auld-fashion'd carles meet to crack their jokes  
at een,

An' tell their tales o' auld langsyne wi' blythe auld Kate  
Macvean—

Stumpy Kate Macvean, dumpy Kate Macvean,  
Ayebut an' ben, wi' tappit hen, gangs stoitin' Kate Macvean.  
There's ne'er a chiel that blaws the pipes or draws a fiddle-  
bòw,

Gangs near her door, but 's bade gae in, an' sit as lang 's he  
dow;

Her ingle-neuk gi'es shelter e'en to ballad-singer louns,  
An' a' siclike clanjamphry, when gaun to borough-touns—

Trusty Kate Macvean, lusty Kate Macvean,  
The very brute beast shaws gudewill to blythe auld Kate  
Macvean.

O wha wad count their time mis-spent though they should  
chance to sit

At least twa hours 'hint sober folk, wi' sic a flash o' wit!  
She gars auld kimmers haud their sides while tears drap  
frae their e'en,

An' youngsters giggle an' guffaw—auld pawky Kate Mac-  
vean—

Gashy Kate Macvean, pashy Kate Macvean,  
A' Scotland through, nane dings, I trow, auld rantin' Kate  
Macvean.

*Robert Clark*

## YE MAY TALK O' YOUR LEARNING.\*

AIR—"Up in the morning early."

YE may talk o' your learning, and talk o' your schools,  
 An' how they mak' boobies sae clever ;  
 Gude sooth ! ye will never mak' wise men o' fools,  
 Altho' ye should study for ever.

\* We are indebted to our much esteemed correspondent, David Vedder, Esq., for the following biographical notice of the unfortunate Andrew Mercer. To the same pen are we also indebted for the preceding one of Robert Nicol.—EDITOR.

Andrew Mercer was the son of a respectable tradesman in Selkirk, and was born there in 1775. He was destined to the profession of a clergyman in the Secession Church, and entered the university of Edinburgh in 1790. He was a fellow-student with Dr. John Leyden and Dr. Alexander Murray, and was not undistinguished among the young men of his standing. Like his celebrated compeers, he became addicted to the pursuit of general literature, and contributed numerous essays, in prose and verse, to the periodicals of the day. Mr. Mercer formed one of the circle that often met in the house of Dr. Robert Anderson,—a circle in which the genius of Campbell was kindled and fanned, until the "Pleasures of Hope" burst forth, and commanded the admiration of his countrymen—of the world. Dr. Thomas Brown and Mungo Park were also among his associates ; and he was likewise accustomed to receive the courtesies of literary intercourse from Walter Scott. Mr. Mercer gradually weaned his mind from his original professional object, which is much to be regretted.

In addition to his literary tastes, he took a fancy to painting ; and, abandoning his theological studies, he devoted his attention to drawing, and ultimately to miniature painting, combined with literary contributions to the magazines, as the precarious means of his subsistence. This was an unfortunate decision ; for, instead of having any well-defined professional object in view, as the most likely way of attaining independence and comfort, his talents, which were of no mean

If poor be the soil, ye may labour an' toil  
 On a common where naething will grow, man,  
 But, 'gainst sic barren sods, I will lay you some odds  
 On the head of an Ayrshire ploughman.

Book-lear' an' the like o't, an' a' the fine things  
 That ye hear an' ye get at the college,  
 If there's no something *here* that school-craft quite dings,  
 At best ye're a hotch-potch o' knowledge.  
 But ye've heard o' a heckler wha wonn'd i' the west,  
 To whom Nature had gi'en sic a pow, man,  
 The brairds o' his brain excell'd ithar folks' best,  
 An' mony ran after his tow, man.

---

order, and his attention, were dissipated on a variety of pursuits, which were, alas! irreconcilable with steadiness of purpose; and ultimately habits of indolence were superinduced in a spirit which, had it been energetically devoted to some professional pursuit, might have enabled him to have attained a respectable and useful position in society. His fate, however, was of a different character. He never arrived either at eminence or reputation as an artist; and in 1804, "The North British Magazine," which was begun and encouraged by some of his friends for his behoof, was discontinued at the end of thirteen months. He subsequently went to Dunfermline, where for several years he earned a maintenance by drawing patterns for the manufacturers, and teaching; but here, too, his evil genius attended him, and he gradually sunk under his besetting infirmity of indolence, into obscurity and penury. He died in June, 1842. Yet, with all his frailties and infirmities, he was beloved by all who knew him, and his remains were followed to the grave by many of the most respectable inhabitants of Dunfermline, who sympathised with his misfortunes, and regarded his imperfections with a generous sorrow. His only separate publications were a history of Dunfermline, which appeared in 1828, and a small volume of poems a few years ago. Peace to his ashes.



What signifies polish without there be pith ?

Mind that, a' ye gets o' Apollo ;  
 A farmer ance dwelt by the banks o' the Nith,  
 By my sang, he wad beat you a' hollow ;  
 For he sang an' he sowed, an' he penned an' he ploughed,  
 An' though his barnyard was but sorry,  
 Frae his giral o' brain he sowed siccan grain,  
 As produced him a harvest o' glory.

Ance mair, a poor fallow there dwelt in the south,  
 An' he to his trade was a guager—  
 He excelled a' the songsters, the auld an' the youth,  
 I'll haud you a pint for a wager.

I farther might tell, he'd a mind like a stell,  
 An' such was his wonderfu' merits,  
 That the haill country rang, an' the haill country sang,  
 When they tasted the strength o' his spirits.

Now, wha was this ploughman and heckler sae braw,  
 An' wha was this farmer-exciseman ?  
 It was just Robin Burns—for he was them a'—  
 An' ye ken that I dinna tell lies, man.  
 So here's to his memory again an' again,  
 Tho' learning is gude, we ne'er doubt it,  
 But a bumper to him who had got sic a brain,  
 That could do just as weel maist without it !

*C. Mercer*

## MANIAC SONG.\*

THERE is a radiance beaming round her yet,  
 As fraught with loveliness, as when she smiled  
 Before her sun of reason thus had set,  
 And left her foot and fancy wand'ring wild.  
 The youth she loved her soul can ne'er forget—  
 The youth whom dark unfeeling hearts exiled ;  
 And still in this green vale, where oft they met,  
 And life's bright hours in tender love beguiled,  
 She strays, and thus, while pain her bosom wrings,  
 Hark, hark ! how sweet, how wildly sweet, she sings !

I had a hame, and I had hope, and ane who lo'ed me too,  
 But him they banish'd far awa', and others came to woo ;  
 And now, like ane that's in a dream, I roam by glen and  
 lea,  
 And have a fancy thus to sing—The grave, the grave, for  
 me !

And hark ! the echoes still reply,  
 The grave ! the grave for me !

They tell me that the clay is cauld, tho' a' be warm else-  
 where,  
 And that nae ray o' light can meet the bonny black e'e there ;  
 But they ha'e hearts mair cauld, I trow, than aught that  
 there can be,  
 Who taught me thus to stray, and sing—The grave ! the  
 grave for me !

And hark ! the echoes still reply,  
 The grave ! the grave for me !

It was na weel to chase the hue o' this pale cheek away,  
 And waken in my heart the pain that sleeps not night or  
 day ;

---

\* We have Mr. M'Leod's permission to extract this touching piece  
 from his "Original National Melodies of Scotland."

It was na weel to part me thus frae him I ne'er shall see,  
 And leave me here to stray, and sing—The grave! the  
 grave for me!

And hark! the echoes still reply,  
 The grave! the grave for me!

Our meeting still was in the bower when dowie midnight  
 came,

For love is like a flower that blooms aye sweetest far frae  
 hame;

My h me will soon be far away, and I at rest shall be,  
 And thus I have delight to sing—The grave! the grave for  
 me!

And hark! the echoes still reply,  
 The grave! the grave for me!

*Henry Scott Kiddle*

---

#### REQUISITES FOR A LOVE LYRIC.

TAKE two bright eyes of black or blue,

Two cheeks of roseate dye,

One brow of very snowy hue,

Some ringlets and a sigh,

One grove or glen, one mountain rill,

Some very clear blue sky,

One lowly cot, one lofty hill,

And then another sigh—

One happy hour, one ne'er forget,

One ever constant prove,

Two hearts till death together knit,

And one, my only love.

These, season'd with some fresh wild flowers,  
 And spread on gilt-edged vellum,  
 Will make a song, and, by the Powers,  
 To any bard I'll sell 'em.

*George Roy*

---

THE BROKEN HEART.\*

AIR—" *What ails this heart o' mine?*"

FAREWELL! my dream is o'er:  
 Could I have called thee mine,  
 O! love, fond love! a boundless store  
 Had all, had all been thine.  
 But now, need'st thou be told,  
 Since thou thyself hast prov'd  
 So cold—alas! so very cold,  
 How well I could have lov'd?

Farewell!—yet though we part,  
 May'st thou no sorrow prove;  
 Whilst life remains, my constant heart  
 Will love thee—hopeless love!

---

\* The above song is founded on the unhappy story of the Count Oginsky. The lady of his affections gave the preference to another. On the day of her marriage, the Count besought her, as a last favour, to dance with him a beautiful Polonoise waltz which he had composed, and it is presumed in her honour. At its close, in the tumult of his feelings, he rushed from the house and shot himself.

Ah me! the trial's past ;  
 Recorded is thy vow ;  
 My life away is fleeting fast :  
 Thou art another's now.

Thy blandishments, dear maid !  
 Can not avert my doom ;  
 My heart is dead ere it be laid  
 Within the quiet tomb.  
 What! if I could still live ?  
 O ! is there aught on earth  
 Can now beguile me to believe  
 It is for living worth !

*Mairiwell*

---

BONNIE COQUET-SIDE.

AIR—“*Aye teasing me.*”

O MARY, look how sweetly Spring  
 Revives ilk opening flower :  
 Here in this brake, where lintwhites sing,  
 I'll form a simmer bower,  
 Beneath whase shade, in sultry days,  
 We'll see the burnies glide,  
 And sportive lambkins deck the braes,  
 By bonnie Coquet-side.

At morn I'll mark how melting shine  
 Thy een sae deeply blue ;  
 Or, tempted thereby, press to mine  
 Thy lips o' rosy hue.

To breathe the halesome air, we'll rove  
 Among the hazels wide ;  
 And rest betimes to speak o' love,  
 By bonnie Coquet-side.

The wild rose pure, that scents the gale,  
 Shall grace thy bosom fair :  
 The violet dark, and cowslip pale,  
 I'll pu' to wreath thy hair.  
 O'er shelving banks, or wimpling streams,  
 Thy gracefu' steps I'll guide,  
 To spots where Nature loveliest seems,  
 By bonnie Coquet-side.

And when we view ilk furzy dale,  
 Where hang the dews o' morn,—  
 Ilk winding, deep, romantic vale,—  
 Ilk snaw-white blossom'd thorn ;  
 Frae every charm, I'll turn to thee,  
 And think my winsome bride  
 Mair sweet than aught that meets my e'e,  
 By bonnie Coquet-side.

*Robt. White.*



THE GOWDEN RING.

AIR—" *Low down in the broom.*"

O JAMIE, whare's the gowden ring!  
 An' whare's the necklace rare ?  
 An' whare's the pretty velvet string,  
 To tie my raven hair ?

An' whare the gloves, the gaudy gloves—  
 The silken gown sae fine ?  
 An' whare the pretty flowers o' love,  
 Ye said wad a' be mine ?

When last we met, O Jamie, think  
 On vows ye made to me ;  
 Reca' the burnie's flowery brink,  
 Reca' the birken tree.  
 Ye ken ye vow'd—I heard ye plead,  
 An' couldna say ye na—  
 O Jamie, haud my heavy head,  
 It's like to rend in twa.

To name the ring, or necklace braw,  
 Nae mair in time I'll daur ;  
 But whare's the heart ye wiled awa' ?—  
 O Jamie, tell me whare.  
 I'll hie me to the burnie side,  
 An' aye I'll seek it there ;  
 I'll be the burnie's dowie bride,  
 An' never fash ye mair.

I'll tell the burnie a' my waes,  
 I'll tell the birken tree,  
 I'll kneel me on the gow'ny braes,  
 An' aye I'll pray for thee :  
 An' to the bonnie moon I'll sing,  
 Beneath the birken tree,  
 An' I'll forget the gowden ring  
 Ye fausely promised me.

*J. Pitt*

## YE DINNA KEN YON BOW'R.

AIR—" *Jenny Nettles.*"

YE dinna ken yon bow'r,  
 Frae the glow'rin warl' hidden,  
 Ye maunna ken yon bow'r,  
     Bonnie in the gloamin'.  
 Nae woodbine sheds its fragrance there,  
 Nae rose, nae daffodillie fair ;  
 But, O ! the flow'r 's beyond compare,  
     That blossoms in the gloamin'.

There's little licht in yon bow'r,  
 Day and darkness elbow ither,  
 That's the licht in yon bow'r,  
     Bonnie in the gloamin'.  
 Awa', thou sun, wi' lavish licht,  
 And bid brown Benachie guid nicht ;  
 To me a star mair dearly bricht  
     Aye glimmers in the gloamin'.

There's no a sound in yon bow'r,  
 Merl's sough nor mavis singin' ;  
 Whispers saft in yon bow'r,  
     Mingle in the gloamin'.  
 What tho' drowsie lav'rocks rest,  
 Cow'rin' in their sangless nest ?  
 When, O ! the voice that I like best,  
     Cheers me in the gloamin'.

There's artless truth in yon bow'r,  
 Sweeter than the scented blossom ;  
 Bindin' hearts in yon bow'r,  
     Glowin' in the gloamin'.  
 The freshness o' the upland lea,  
 The fragrance o' the blossom'd pea,  
 A' mingle in her breath to me,  
     Sichin' in the gloamin'.



Then haud awa' frae yon bow'r,  
 Cauldrife breast or loveless bosom ;  
 True love dwells in yon bow'r,  
 Gladdest in the gloamin'.

*J. William Thomson—*

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SONG OF THE BEE.

AIR—" *Wha'll be king but Charlie ?* "

CHORUS.

I SING a song, a merry song,  
 O who can sing like me !  
 There's none can chime the whole day long  
 So joyful as the Bee.

The bursting bud, the full-blown flower,  
 Reward me with a kiss ;  
 And hail me to their fragrant bower,  
 To drink their streams of bliss.  
 I wither not their lovely smiles,  
 Yet bear their sweets away,  
 And soon they lure me back with wiles,  
 Some other sunny day.

I sing a song, &c.

Before the dew is off the spray,  
 My matin hymn I sing,  
 Ere fair Aurora's virgin ray  
 Has glanced upon my wing.  
 Within the cottage eaves my note  
 Awakes the cottar's child ;  
 I love to charm the hallowed spot  
 With warblings sweet and wild.

I sing a song, &c.

I love the primrose on the waste—  
 The heathbell on the lea—  
 Each bears a treasure in its breast,  
 To cheer the roaming Bee ;  
 Each has a beauty all its own,  
 Which wisdom may define ;  
 A simple charm around it thrown  
 By Nature's hand divine.  
 I sing a song, &c.

I love the woodlands when their nooks  
 Are shadowed o'er with bloom ;  
 Where lovers, by the noisy brooks,  
 Delight amid perfume.  
 Where oft the maiden's rosy lip  
 Allures me with its dye,  
 And when I fain its sweets would sip,  
 I'm startled by her sigh.  
 I sing a song, &c.

I love the Spring because it brings  
 Hope's pleasures back again—  
 I love the Summer, for it flings  
 Sweet blossoms o'er the plain—  
 I love the Autumn, for its store  
 Seals pallid Famine's doem ;  
 But, ah! the Winter's surly roar  
 To me is fraught with gloom.  
 I sing a song, &c.

*John L. Lumsden*

## FIE! FAIR MAIDEN.

AIR—" *Tibby Fowler.*"

FIE! fair maiden, young and pretty—  
 Is it not a shocking pity  
 Lips so rosy, tongue so witty,  
 Should tell aught but truth?  
 Spread it must through all the city  
 That thou speak'st not sooth!

Beauty feigning false excuses  
 More than half its lustre loses;  
 Shun, oh! shun thy lips' abuses—  
 Lips with pout so sweet  
 Sure were made for other uses,  
 Than to breathe deceit!

When a witless song-bird viewing,  
 To the net some crumb pursuing,  
 Tranced by wily fowler's wooing,  
 Then of thee I think,  
 Bent upon thine own undoing—  
 Close on ruin's brink!

Maiden! wherefore all this bother!  
 Wherefore all this noise and pother?  
 Why attempt the truth to smother—  
 Truth that will be out?  
 One false word begets another—  
 Think what thou'rt about!

Beauteous are the leaves of roses,  
 Sweet the bells the fount discloses;  
 But when flowers that deck our posies  
 Bear the worms we loathe,  
 Or the spring its freshness loses—  
 How we shun them both!

Then, fair maiden, young and pretty,  
 Is it not a shocking pity  
 Lips so rosy, tongue so witty,  
 Should tell aught but truth?—  
 Would that for thy sake this ditty  
 Might be found unsooth!

*Jas Wedderwick*

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AWA' WI' YOUR WISDOM.

AIR—“*Last May a brow wooer.*”

AWA' wi' your wisdom, Sir Waefu', the wise,  
 Your tiresome advice I'm no spierin'—  
 Your face, man, it looks as ye fed upon sighs,  
 An' to laugh, as a sin ye were fearin'—were fearin',  
 To laugh, as a sin ye were fearin'.

Man, think ye 't nae sin that this beautifu' warl'  
 Ye wad niekname the birth-place o' sorrow—  
 At the cheerfu' to-day, ye do naething but snarl,  
 An' conjure up clouds for to-morrow—to-morrow,  
 An' conjure up clouds for to-morrow.

Ye flee frae the face o' a bonnie sweet lass,  
 The loveliest gem in creation,  
 Ye ban at a bottle, an' growl at a glass,  
 An' ye libel the wale o' our nation—our nation,  
 Ye libel the wale o' our nation.

We honour the man, wha is sound at the heart,  
 Ev'n rough chields, like me, man revere him;  
 But the lang chaftit loon wha is playing a part,  
 He's sae ugsome we canna come near him—come  
 near him,  
 He's sae ugsome we canna come near him.

Then awa' wi' your wisdom, Sir Waefu', the wise!  
 Keep your counsel for them that are spierin';  
 An', ere ye throw stour in ither folk's eyes,  
 Gi'e your ain, for they need it, a clearin'—a clearin',  
 Gi'e your ain, for they need it, a clearin'.

Robt. L. Malone

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SCOTCH SERENADE.

AIR—“*The New Highland Laddie.*”

O COME to me, lassie,  
 And dinna be saucy,  
 The moon owre the hill-top is glintin fu' clearly,  
 What makes ye now tarry,  
 My winsome wee fairy?  
 O come to the laddie that lo'es ye sae dearly!

The stars o' the heaven  
 Their bright hames are leavin',  
 To hap their wee breasts in the lake sleeping clearly;  
 While owre them are leaning  
 The fond cluds of e'ening,  
 To steal a saft kiss frae the lips they lo'e dearly.

The elves o' the fountain,  
 On dew-blobs are mountin',  
 To sport in the moonlight that flashes sae cheerly;  
 The glen is a' ringing  
 Wi' daffin and singing,  
 And a' speaks o' love but the lass I lo'e dearly.

O lassie, believe me,  
 I winna deceive thee,  
 My heart it has lo'ed thee baith lang and sincerely;  
 In dool and in gladness,  
 In joy and in sadness,  
 It aye has been faithfu' to her I lo'e dearly.

The lamp o' the morning  
 Will sune be adorning  
 Ilk place where we've dander'd baith latesome and early;  
 Then what makes ye tarry,  
 My winsome wee fairy?  
 O come to the laddie that lo'es ye sae dearly.

Edward H. Stoane

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I HA'E LOST MY HEART.

*Set to Music by J. C. Keisser, Edinburgh.*

I HA'E lost my heart, I ha'e lost my heart,  
 Whaur has the wand'rer flown?  
 I'm sad and wae for the silly wee thing,  
 I wish it be na stown.  
 It's awa' to the lassie blythe an' sweet,  
 Wi' sunlight in her e'e,  
 And, oh! gin the wilfu' wee thing ye meet,  
 Gae bring it back to me.

Oh! it's unco sair a lassie to lo'e,  
 Wha's fickle as the wind;  
 An' it's unco sair when ye lose your heart,  
 Anither no to find;

But, oh ! it 's heaven the lassie to lo'e,  
 Wha gi'es ye love again—  
 Then strive ye to borrow a maiden's heart,  
 An' niffer't wi' your ain.

*James Ballentine*

MY MOTHER, CAN I E'ER RETURN ?

AIR—" *Coming through the Rye.*"

My mother, can I e'er return  
 The love I owe to you ?  
 Can I forget the smile that burst  
 Frae 'neath thy cloudit brow ?  
 Whan toddlin' round thy widow'd hearth,  
 Ilk thoughtless tottie's tongue  
 Had music in't to charm the dool  
 That ower thine ingle hung.  
 Then let me kiss the pearlie draps  
 Frae aff that sunken e'e,  
 An' press to mine thae wither'd lips  
 That aft ha'e prayed for me.

A wearie weird ye've had to dree,  
 An eirie lot was thine ;  
 A cauldribe world was laith to gi'e,  
 It left thee lane to pine.  
 Sair scrimp't aye o' fortune's gifts,  
 Ye've toil'd baith late and air' ;  
 And strove to lift our youthfu' hearts,  
 Aboon this world o' care,  
 Then let me kiss the pearlie draps, &c.

The fleichin' tongue was never thine,  
 That laithsome falsehood wears;  
 The warldlin' kentna what I ken,  
 For secret were the tears  
 That waukrife mem'ry bade to flow  
 Owre love's untimely urn,  
 That scaith'd the lentryne o' thy life,  
 An' left thee lane to mourn.

Then let me kiss the pearlie draps  
 Frae aff that sunken e'e,  
 An' press to mine thae wither'd lips  
 That aft ha'e prayed for me.

*John Crawford*

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### LADY COCKPEN.

*AIR—The Laird o' that Ilk.*

THE Laird o' Cockpen, fu' o' ailments and years,  
 Was laid at the last wi' his ancient forebears,  
 Some aucht years or sae, 'yont the threescore and ten,  
 And a lone woman now was the Lady Cockpen.

The Lady Cockpen was a widow, 'tis true,  
 But the Lady Cockpen was as gude as when new;  
 The sum o' her years about twenty and ten,  
 Nor waur o' the wear was the Lady Cockpen.

For man 'twas decreed he should livena his lanc,  
 But mak' flesh o' his flesh, and mak' bane o' his bane,  
 And women are no an exception to men—  
 Sae thocht and sae etfled the Lady Cockpen.



And Captain M'Turk, hangin' lang on half-pay,  
 Wi' little to do, but wi' muckle to say,  
 Wi' leisure to spare, tho' wi' little to spen',  
 He sigh'd for the lady and lands o' Cockpen !  
 Brawnie legs and braid shouthers, red whiskers and hair,  
 Twa yards and twa inches his stature, and mair,  
 Wi' a strut like a turkey—the crouse tappit hen  
 Was the game for the Captain—the Lady Cockpen:  
 The Captain was bauld, yet the Captain was slee,  
 The widow he wooed wi' the tear in her e'e,  
 In the saft meltin' moments that come now and then  
 In a lone woman's life—as wi' Lady Cockpen.  
 Now sorrow will soothe in the fulness o' time,  
 And widows turn wives without reason or rhyme ;  
 Sae booket and buckled, the blythest o' men,  
 Is Captain M'Turk wi' the Lady Cockpen.  
 He married the lady for sake o' the lan',  
 She married the Captain for sake o' the man ;  
 And the gossips ha'e got it down by our gate-en',  
 That the howdy has hopes in late Lady Cockpen !

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DINNA GREET FOR ME.

AIR—"John Anderson, my joe."

O GENTLY, gently raise me up on this sad bed, my spouse,  
 To look ance mair upon the wood where first we changed  
 VOWS ;  
 The Spring is comin', Jeanie, for the trees begin to blaw,

But ere the leaf is fully blawn, a widow's tears will fa'!  
 My heart is beatin' loud and fast, and ilka beat a pang,  
 The dead-bell soundin' in my lug has tauld me I maun  
 gang,

And death has come to our bedside, but oh! it's hard to  
 dee,

And part wi' a' I've loved sae weel—yet dinna greet for me  
 I had a waefu' dream yestreen—what gars me tell it now?—  
 Methought I saw a stranger lad, and he was courtin' you;  
 But the willow-tree hung o'er you, for I watch'd its  
 branches wave,

And the wither'd bink ye sat on was a newly cover'd grave!  
 The heavy moon was risin' on the simmer day's decline,  
 And dead men's banes a' glimmer'd white beneath the pale  
 moonshine.

It was a sad, ungratefu' dream—for, oh! your kindly e'e  
 Has mair than warld's wealth in its look—ye maunna greet  
 for me!

We'll meet within a happier land that opens to my view;  
 And yet, Heav'n kens, my earthly heart wad rather stay  
 wi' you,

Wi' you and that wee bairn, that ance we thocht sae muckle  
 bliss,

Owre weak a flower to leave alane in sic a warld as this!  
 For mony a tear her little e'e may ha'e to gather yet,  
 And haply mony a wearie gait awaits her hameless fit;  
 But "The Father of the fatherless" maun fend for her and  
 thee—

To doubt wad be a sin, my Jean—sae dinna greet for me!

*John Murray*

## MY AULD GUIDMAN.

BAR the ha' door, my dearie--  
 Hech, sirs! sic a din  
 This wild winter makes wi'  
 His weet an' his win',  
 Wi' hail hard as whunstones,  
 Wi' thick chokin' sna'—  
 Bar the ha' door, my dearie,  
 Fu' crouse let him crawl.  
 When the big arm-chair near  
 The ingle is drawn,  
 And my wheel birrs wi' joy  
 'Side my auld guidman,  
 O the blink o' his e'e  
 Makes a summer to me,  
 Sae sunny 's the glee  
 O' my auld guidman.

In vain, gloomy winter,  
 Ye try ilka art  
 To bend his straught back, or  
 To freeze his kind heart;  
 When loud roar thy tempests,  
 When fierce flow thy floods,  
 When the wind bites the bark  
 Frae snaw-covered woods,  
 As he wears his sheep hame,  
 Frae hill or laigh lan',  
 He laughs in your face, trowth!  
 My buirdly auld man.  
 For the wild winds o' night  
 That the feckless affright,  
 Send songs o' delight  
 To my auld guidman.

And, losh ! how he louns frae  
 The ingle's blythe blink  
 When he hears the loud roar  
 O' the curler's rink.  
 His han' still is steady,  
 Though aften, waes me !  
 Eild murk clouds will fa' owre  
 The aim o' his e'e ;  
 Yet through the hale parish  
 The rumour has ran,  
 That there 's nane takes the tee  
 Like my auld guidman.  
     At ilk beef an' green feast,  
     A new medal, at least,  
     Hangs bright at the breast  
     O' my auld guidman:

I ha'e laugh'd, aye, an' laugh'd,  
 Till my auld sides were sair,  
 To see him 'mang younkers  
 At bridal or fair—  
 When he cracks his brown thums  
 I' the foursome reel,  
 As he thinks himsel' still  
 A supple young chiel ;  
 When the lasses ne'er swither  
 To gi'e him their han',  
 'An' swing through the reel wi'  
 My auld guidman.  
     O ! he aye looks sae cheerie,  
     Ca's ilk ane " his dearie,"  
     Haith ! the night ne'er gets eerie  
     Wi' my auld guidman.

My heart 's grit wi' gladness,  
 Yet tears fill my e'e,

When I think that the mate  
O' my bosom maun dee ;

Yet bending wi' meekness

I'd bow to my fate, .

If we baith the same hour

Could gang the same gate ;

Or get but a lease o'

This life's mortal span,

I could wear out a score wi'

My auld guidman.

I'd climb the steep brae,

And strew, as I stray,

Glad flowers on the way

O' my auld guidman.

Njne wee anes we've christen'd—

We'll maybe name ten !

Some young sprouts ha'e sprung up

To women and men.

The lasses are modest,

As lasses should be—

The young rogues are wild-like,

And thoughtless awee ;

But to scauld or to skelp them

Was never my plan,

An' a word 's quite enough

Frae my auld guidman.

Hard knocks aye gi'e place

To sound lessons o' grace,

Frae the saul and the face

O' my auld guidman.

Our faith has been constant,

Our love has been strang,

They ha'e worn sae weel, they

Ha'e lasted sae lang.

Lang, lang may they last !  
 But O ! well-a-day !  
 If sad fate before me should  
 Wede him away,  
 I'll take the stroke kindly,  
 Frae Death's baney han',  
 Whilk lays me beside him,  
 My auld guidman.  
 But sighing and sadness  
 Is even doon madness,  
 When livin' in gladness  
 Wi' thee, my auld man.

*A. W. Leggan*

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JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

AIR—“ *Bonnie Wood o' Craigie lea.*”

LET wrapt musicians strike the lyre,  
 While plaudits shake the vaulted fane ;  
 Let warriors rush through flood and fire,  
 A never-dying name to gain—  
 Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,  
 Pursue some high or holy theme,—  
 Be 't mine in simple strains to sing  
 My darling Jeanie's welcome hame.

Sweet is the morn of flow'ry May,  
 When incense breathes frae heath and wold,  
 When lav'rocks hymn the matin lay,  
 And mountain peaks are bathed in gold,

And swallows frae some foreign strand  
 Are wheeling o'er the winding stream,—  
 But sweeter to extend my hand,  
 And bid my Jeanie welcome hame.

Poor Colley, our auld-farrant dog,  
 Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes,  
 And baudrons, on the ingle rug,  
 Will blithely churm at "auld gray thrums;"  
 The mavis, frae our apple tree,  
 Shall warble forth a joyous strain,  
 The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy,  
 Shall welcome Jeanie hame again.

Like dewdrops on a fading rose,  
 Maternal tears shall start for thee,  
 And low-breathed blessings rise, like those  
 Which soothed thy slumb'ring infancy.  
 Come to my arms, my timid dove!  
 I'll kiss thy beauteous brow once *more*—  
 The fountain of thy father's love  
 Is welling all its banks out o'er.

*David Neider.*

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LAMENT FOR ABERCAIRNIE.

A MOURNFU' gloom is owre the earth,  
 A' nature seems in pain,  
 An' joins the dolefu' wailin' sang,  
 "Gude Abercairn's gane."

Nae children's play was in the glen  
 That heard his bugle's swell,  
 And night closed on a bloody day  
 When Abercairnic fell.

We brought him hame upon his shield,  
 His tartans died in gore;  
 And tears were seen in stern auld e'en,  
 Whaur ne'er were tears before.  
 His mither and his bride cam' down—  
 Ae shudd'ring look they cast—  
 Ae waefu' look—it mair than tauld  
 Their day o' joy had pass'd.

O! for ae saft an' dewy tear  
 Of pity, not of ire,  
 For mine are bursting frae my e'en,  
 Like draps o' scorching fire;  
 Or for a blade, whose sweep were death,  
 And let me face them a',  
 The traitors wha ha'e slain my chief—  
 But I'll avenge his fa'.

O! I could lay me down an' dee,  
 Sin' Abercairnie's gane;  
 But lang for him the tears shall fa',  
 And deep shall be our main.  
 Awa' thou pipe that pleased him sae,  
 Nae mair thy strains he'll hear—  
 Dead now the stormy pibroch falls  
 On Abercairnie's ear.

*Thomas C. Lett*



## CUDDIE WILLIE.

AIR—" *The Gaberlunzie Man.*"

AULD Cuddie Willie gaed to the sea side,  
 To howk for cockles at ebb o' the tide ;  
 He stappit the shore wi' a manly stride,  
     An' steevelly he shool'd up the sand, O ;  
 He wrought an' he sung as merry an' free  
 As wee curly waves that wimple the sea—  
 But little guessed he o' the winsome fee  
     That Beauty had biding his hand, O.

A genty young leddy, bloomin' an' fair,  
 Cam' down to the shore for the fresh sea air,  
 An' aye she gazed an' she winkit the mair,  
     Fu' kind on the strappin' auld man, O.  
 Auld Cuddie Willie, he looted him low,  
 He doffed his bonnet an' made her a bow ;  
 Quo' he, " Fair leddy, what's come o' your joe,  
     That ye're daunderin' here alane, O ?"

" Troth, carle," quo' she, " I ha'e woovers no few,  
 But nane o' them kens, nor has wit to woo—  
 Gin I had ane wi' the smeddum o' you,  
     Fu' blythely I'd gi'e him my hand, O."  
 Bauld Willie, he passed his arm round her neck,  
 An' ga'e her wee mou sic a stoundin' smack,  
 Her auld faither heard the sound o' the crack  
     For a mile out owre the land, O.

The faither, he keek't owre his castle wa',  
 An' grim gloom'd the carle whan his auld een saw  
 His bonnie young lassie riding awa'  
     On the cuddy ahint the auld man, O.

“ The cockle gatherer 's aff wi' my daughter—  
 Gird every man for the chase an' the slaughter,  
 Ride ye an' rin until back ye ha'e brought her—  
 An' I'll gi'e ye a gude strong can, O.”

Sic muntin' o' steeds, sic girdin' o' swords—  
 'Mang hedgers and ditchers, 'mang flunkies and lords,  
 Her woers are roarin' their new-fangled words,  
 An' loudly an' fiercely they ban, O.  
 The ploughman has munted his auld grey naig,  
 The herd owre the foal has striddled his leg,  
 Blin' uncle Jock carries lame aunty Meg,  
 An' they're aff like the whirlwin', O.

Sic scuddin' and thuddin', sic swearin' an' sinnin',  
 Sic gallopin', wallopin', rinnin', and pinnin',  
 Ilk ane to be foremost wad gi'e a' his winnin',  
 An' pap his bit breckums in pawn, O.  
 Bauld Willie, he look'd out owre his shouter,  
 Syne cramm'd his pistols wi' pease an' pouter,  
 “ My dear,” quo' he, “ I'll gi'e them a scouter—  
 I'll strew them thick on the lan', O.”

The first shot he fired, the foremost fell,  
 Riders and racers a' courin' pell-mell,  
 Syne up an' ran hame their mischance to tell,  
 While the bride kissed her brave auld man, O.  
 Wi' laughin' a' day, an' lovin' a' night,  
 The comely pair are as canty an' light  
 As gin she were leddy and he were knight—  
 They are linkit in true love's ban', O.

*James Ballentine*

## THE MINISTER'S DOCHTER.

AIR—"Johnny M'Gill."

O! THE minister's dochter for daffin 's a deil,  
 There 's fire in her e'e, an' there 's spunk in her heel—  
 I kenna what ails me—I'm no very weel,

Since the minister's dochter blinked slyly on me.  
 It 's no for her beauty, it 's no that she 's braw,  
 Tho' sunny her smile, an' her skin like the snaw,  
 But I dinna ken what has come owre me ava,  
 Since the minister's dochter blinked slyly on me.

My cronies a' jeer, for their presence I shun,  
 They say I am douff, and ha'e tint a' my fun,  
 An' just like a foggy day wantin' the suu,  
 For ance I was canty as canty could be.  
 I look like a man that 's been haul'd into law,  
 Or puir dyvor loon, wi' his back at the wa'—  
 I whiles try to sing, but the sound dees awa',  
 Since the minister's dochter blinked slyly on me.

But how should I bother the company sae,  
 'Tis folly outright to be dowie and wae—  
 I've nought to complain o'—what mair wad I ha'e?  
 For did na the lassie blink kindly on me?  
 How lang I've been proggen my courage in vain—  
 But birds now or eggs I'm resolved to obtain,  
 I'm no gaun to sleep this cauld winter my lane—  
 Na! the minister's dochter maun cuddle wi' me.

*Thomas C. Letto*

## MY AIN WIFE.

AIR—"John Anderson, my jo."

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see,  
 For, O my daintie ain wife, she's aye sae dear to me;  
 A bonnier yet I've never seen, a better canna be—  
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

Though beauty is a fading flower, as fading as it's fair,  
 It looks fu' weel in ony wife, an' mine has a' her share;  
 She ance was ca'd a bonnie lass—she's bonnie aye to me;  
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

An' couthie is my ingle cheek, an' cheerie is my Jean,  
 I never see her angry look, nor hear her word on ane—  
 She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun', and aye gude wi' me;  
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

An' O her looks sae kindly, they melt my heart outright,  
 When owre the baby at her breast she hangs wi' fond delight;  
 She looks intill its bonnie face, an' syne looks to me;  
 I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

*Alas! my*

## OH THE DREIGH DAYS O' WINTER.

AIR—"Come under my Plaidie."

OH! the dreigh days o' winter are irksome to bear,  
 When feedin' and cleedin' are baith unco dear,  
 When the wee birdie haps frae the shelterless tree,  
 To seek the when moolins our table can gi'e;  
 When the storm-gowlin' cluds row back i' the lift,  
 And the doors an' the winnocks are chokit wi' drift;  
 When the snaw's fa'in' fast, and the wind's blawin' keen,  
 I can nae langer daunder wi' Jessie at e'en.

But the bleak winds o' winter, when ance they blaw by,  
 Nae mair passin' poortith will cause me to sigh;  
 For a weel-plenish'd biggin' I ettle to gain,  
 And syne, my sweet Jessie, I'll ca' ye my ain;  
 But, tho' fortune should frown, still contented I'll be,  
 Gin I'm blest wi' the light o' your laughin' black e'e.  
 Come, simmer, in kirtle o' gowden and green,  
 That again I may daunder wi' Jessie at e'en.

*Alex. A. Ritchie*

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WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

AIR—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

THE laddies plague me for a sang,  
 I e'en maun play the fule,  
 I'll sing them ane about the days  
 When we were at the schule.  
 Though now the frosty pow is seen  
 Whaur ance wav'd gowden hair;  
 An' mony a blythsome heart is cauld  
 Sin' first we sported there.  
 When we were at the schule, my frien'  
 When we were at the schule;  
 An' O sae merry pranks we play'd  
 When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,  
 That used our lugs to pu',  
 An' Rob, the pest, an' Sugar Pouch,  
 An' canny Davie Dow.

O do ye mind the maister's hat,  
 Sae auld, sae bare, an' brown,  
 We carried to the burnie's side,  
 An' sent it soomin' down?  
 When we, &c.

We thocht how clever a' was plann'd,  
 When, whatna voice was that?  
 A head is raised aboon the hedge,—  
 "I'll thank ye for my hat!"  
 O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,—  
 Our het an' tinglin' paws,—  
 O weel I mind his awfu' look,  
 An' weel I mind his taws!  
 When we, &c.

O do ye mind the countin' time,  
 How watchfu' he has lain,  
 To catch us steal frae ither's slates,  
 An' jot it on our ain?  
 An' how we fear'd at writin' hour  
 His glunches an' his glooms,  
 How mony times a day he said,  
 Our fingers a' were thooms?  
 When we, &c.

I'll ne'er forget the day ye stood,  
 'Twas manfu' like, yoursel',  
 An' took the pawmies an' the shame  
 To save wee Johnnie Bell;  
 The maister found it out belyve,  
 He took ye on his knee,  
 An' as he gaz'd into your face,  
 The tear was in his e'e.  
 When we, &c.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon  
 How fleet ye skipp'd awa',  
 For ye had crack'd auld Jenny's pane  
 When playin' at the ba'.  
 Nae pennies had we: Jenny grat;—  
 It cut us to the core;  
 Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,  
 An' left it at her door.  
 When we, &c.

An' sic a steer as granny made,  
 When tale-py't Jamie Rae  
 We dookit roarin' at the pump,  
 Syne row'd him down the brae.  
 But how the very maister leuch  
 When leein' saddler Wat  
 Cam' in an' threep't that cripple Tam  
 Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat.  
 When we, &c.

Ah, laddies, ye may wink awa'!  
 Truth maunna aye be tauld,  
 I fear the schules o' modern days  
 Are just siclike's the auld.  
 An' are na we but laddies yet,  
 An' get the name o' men?  
 How sweet at ane's fireside to live  
 The happy days again!  
 When we were at the schule, my frien',  
 When we were at the schule,  
 An' fling the snawba's owre again  
 We flang when at the schule.

*Thomas C. Letto*

## I'SE REDE YE TAK TENT.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

I'se rede ye tak' tent o' your heart, young man,  
 I'se rede ye tak' tent o' your heart, young man,  
     There's a hizzy I ken,  
     Wha wons down in the glen,  
 To wheedle't awa' has the airt, young man.  
 An' O! she is pawky an' slee, young man,  
 An' O! she is pawky an' slee, young man,  
     For sae sweet is her smile  
     That a saunt she'd beguile,  
 Sae witchin's the blink o' her e'e, young man.  
 She's packed wi' mischief an' fun, young man,  
 She's packed wi' mischief an' fun, young man—  
     Gin ye dinna beware,  
     An' tak' unco guid care,  
 She'll wile you as sure as a gun, young man.  
 But then she's baith bonny an' gude, young man,  
 But then she's baith bonny an' gude, young man,  
     Tho' a wee bit thought wild,  
     Yet her temper is mild,  
 An' her kin are o' gentle blude, young man.  
 Her faither's fu' bien, I can tell, young man,  
 Her faither's fu' bien, I can tell, young man—  
     He's a keen canty carl,  
     Weel to do in the warl'—  
 Losh, lad! I'm her faither mysel', young man.  
 Gin ye wish a gude wife to earn, young man,  
 Gin ye wish a guid wife to earn, young man,  
     Fast! gae get her consent,  
     An' ye'll never repent—  
 Ye'll get a gude wife in my bairn, young man.

*Alfred Fisher*



## GIE MY LOVE GEAR.

Gi'e my love gear, gear,  
 Gi'e my love gear an' siller ;  
 She'll aye be blythe, and fondly kythe,  
 As lang as ye bring till her.

Gin I were row'd in bings o' gowd,  
 Had garners stow'd wi' wealth at will,  
 I mak' nae doubt she'd drain them out,  
 And speedily my coffers spill.  
 Where comes the gear, or cheap, or dear,  
 She'll never speer siclike, I trow,—  
 E'en beg or steal—gang to the deil !  
 Saebe't ye keep her happer fu'.  
 Gi'e my love gear, gear, &c.

At kirk an' fair the lads they stare,  
 And grudge me sair her courtesy ;  
 They little reck that sic respeck  
 Has cost maist feck my towmond's fee !  
 For ilka smile, a plack she'll wile,  
 For ilka kiss, a crown at least ;  
 And troth I'll swear, the auld ye'll clear  
 Afore she'll trust you wi' the neist.  
 Gi'e my love gear, gear, &c.

The tither morn, wi' meikle scorn,  
 She bann'd me for a niggard loon,  
 And tauld how Pate had coft to Kate  
 At Lammas fair a brow new gown ;  
 I'll tak' a wad, I've gi'en the jaud  
 O' better far a score, d'ye see ;  
 But fient may care! she'll yet ha'e mair—  
 Ye'll never sair her greedy e'e.  
 Gi'e my love gear, gear, &c.

I've maidens seen, that roose their een,  
 Their lips, their cheeks o' rosy hue,  
 Say they were fair, beyond compare,  
 Ye had but little mair ado :  
 To siclike phrase, sic wooster ways,  
 My love she pays but sma' regard—  
 Tak' ye my word, like simple bird,  
 Wi' caff for corn she'll ne'er be snared.  
 Gi'e my love gear, gear, &c.

*W Ferguson*

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JOHNNY'S GREY PLAID.

AIR—"Johnny's grey breeks."

I've coft a stane o' haslock woo,  
 To mak' a plaid to Johnny o't ;  
 For Johnny is my only joe,  
 I lo'e him best o' ony yet.  
 Gin kindness shou'd wi' kindness meet,  
 I'm mair in debt than mony, O ;  
 Gin freely gi'en, should freely get,  
 I owe the plaid to Johnny, O.  
 I'll wile awa', wi' canny skill,  
 The cardin' an' the spinnin' o't ;  
 I'll gi'e a tenty honest chiel'  
 The weavin' an' the wynnin' o't ;  
 An' syne I'll tak' a sunny day,  
 An' scour it clean an' bonny, O ;  
 An' o' the soncy wab o' grey  
 I'll mak' a plaid to Johnny, O

O, lang an' weary is the way,  
 An' Johnny lo'es sae dearly, that  
 In comin' aye a-courtin' me,  
 The laddie's late an' early out ;  
 An' aye the early mornin's raw,  
 An' aft the e'enin's rainy, O,  
 But in a bizzy week or twa  
 I'll ha'e a plaid to Johnny, O.

My Johnny is the wale o' men,  
 There's nane sae leal an' canty, yet—  
 That sic a laddie is my ain,  
 Indeed I'm unco vaunty o't.  
 I'll do my best—I'll be a wife  
 As gude an' kind as ony, O,  
 An' i' the stormy days o' life  
 I'll share the plaid wi' Johnny, O.

*Alasdair*

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MY HEART'S 'MONG THE HEATHER.

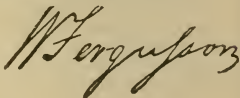
AIR—" *Failte na Miosg.*"

MY heart's 'mong the heather, where fearless and far  
 Bounds the fleet-footed deer over mountain and scaur ;  
 Where hangs the wild goat like a shrub on the steep,  
 Where down the deep ravines the cataracts leap ;  
 Where the strong-pinioned tempests in slumber repose,  
 Or revel in wrath which no strength may oppose ;  
 Where far overhead the proud eagle floats free,  
 Oh! my heart's 'mong the heather, wherever I be.

They may dungeon me deep, where the day's blessed light  
 Cometh never to gladden my soul or my sight ;

Where grim-bearded silence and solitude reign,  
 But, scaithless, the spirit will burst from this chain,  
 Away from the gloom, like a bird on the wing,  
 O'er the heather-clad mountains I'll soar and I'll sing,  
 Inhaling the beauty, the breeze, and the bloom ;  
 Oh! my heart's 'mong the heather, whatever my doom.

My heart's 'mong the heather—O, never, O, never!  
 Can aught from this bosom my father-land sever ;  
 Long years have gone by since I left it, a child,  
 And years from its bosom may keep me exiled ;  
 But if ages on ages might over me roll,  
 It's features would ne'er be erased from my soul,  
 And the love which I bear it can never decay—  
 Oh! my heart's 'mong the heather for ever and aye!




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### OUR AULD UNCLE JOHN.

AIR—“ *When Autumn has laid her sickle by.*”

OUR auld uncle John is an odd sort o' chiel,  
 As prim as the priest, an' as deep as the deil,  
 He's proud o' his person, his parts, and his pelf,  
 But sae closely encased in the mail-coat o' self,  
 That if sàving frae skaith wad but cost a bawbee,  
 Even that for his mither he scarcely wad gi'e.  
 Though now near the fifty-third milestane o' life,  
 He ne'er could be tempted to think on a wife.

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\* See M'Leod's "Original Scottish Melodies."

“ They’re fashious,” quo’ John, “ and they’re costly beside,  
Wi’ their muffs, ruffs, and ruffles, their pinks and their  
pride ;

Na, na,” quo’ our uncle, “ nae woman for me,  
The clack o’ her clapper I never could dree.”

Our auld uncle John keeps a house by himsel’,  
But few, very few, ever tinkle his bell,  
Except some poor victim to borrow or pay,  
And wae on the debtor wha keeps na his day.

“ Ye’ll mind, Sir,” quo’ John, “ that the rule is wi’ me,  
When due, ye maun pay me down plack and bawbee.”

Yet auld uncle’s biggin’ is cosie and bein,  
Where a’ things are polish’d like ony new preen,  
In ilk scouring dish ye may view your ain face,  
Ilk stool and ilk chair keeps its ain proper place,  
Gin the carpet be crumpled, or hearth-rug ajee,  
The moment it’s noticed it righted maun be.

Gin the least puff o’ reek down the vent chance to come,  
He’s up wi’ the besom an bannin’ the lum ;  
Should a flee just but light on his winnock or wa’,  
He’s up wi’ the dishclout to daud it awa’,—  
“ Get out o’ my house, ye vile vermin,” cries he,  
“ Though I’ve meat for mysel’, I ha’e nane for the flee.”

Nae poor beggar bodies e’er darken his door,  
The print o’ their bauchels would sully his floor ;  
The toon collies daurna snoke in as they pass,  
E’en baudrons maun dight her saft feet on the bass.

“ Ay, pussy ! ye’ll no quat your raking,” quo’ he,  
“ But just clean your feet ere you venture to me.”

Our youngsters wad visit him last new-year’s day,—  
He ne’er bade them welcome, nor wish’d them to stay,  
But dealt them a crust frae a hard penny brick,  
Saying, “ Now, weans, our chcese, ye see, winna cut thick ;

Rin hame to your mither, and tell her frae me,  
I wantna your visits,—I've naething to gi'e."

Our auld uncle John, when he sleeps his last sleep,  
What friend will lament him—what kinsman will weep?  
Poor pussy may miss him, but that will be a',  
And her he just keeps to fricht mousie awa';  
Weel—e'en let him gang, never mair here to be,  
A tear for his loss ne'er shall moisten an e'e.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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THE WANDER'D BAIRN.

THE cluds gaed hurlin' owre the lift,  
The snaw in divots fell,  
An', like the wullcat's dreesome din,  
The lum gi'ed mony a yell;  
An' waukrife scream'd the bieldless bird,  
An' flaff't its flaket bouk,  
An' whirrin' thro' the leafless trecs,  
The frozen brake forsook;  
"Guid guide us aye!" quo' auld Dunrod,  
"An' shield us a' frae harm,  
I hear a yirmin' i' the blast!—  
'Let in a wander'd bairn!'"  
"O tak' the puir wee wand'rer in!"  
Was heard frae ilka tongue,  
While frae the bairnie's tautit hair  
The frozen crystals hung,  
An' cauld an' blae her gentie han's,  
'Her feet a' tash'd an' torn,  
An' duddie bare her brats o' claes,  
Unlike a nicht o' storm,

An' 'wilder'd row'd her watery een,  
 That nane the tale could learn  
 That tauld o' schillin, scaith, an' wac,  
 To that wee wander'd bairn.

The auld guidwife, wi' kin'ly words,  
 The hameless wand'rer cheer'd,  
 An' frae the cozie ingle neuk  
 The grumlin' collie steer'd.  
 Ilk sough that shook the lanely bield,  
 The smorin' cluds sent down,  
 That gar'd the kin'ly wifie's heart  
 Wi' kin'lier feelin's stoun ;  
 For artless was the sonsie face,  
 'Twad thow'd a heart o' airn,  
 To see the trinklin' teardraps fa'  
 O' that wee wander'd bairn.

But nane ere kent the wand'rer's tale,  
 Tho' months an' years gaed past,  
 Sin' first the lanely muirlan' bield  
 Had screen'd her frae the blast ;  
 An' woers cam' to seek the han',  
 The lily han' that strove  
 To mak' her foster-father's hame  
 The hame o' peace an' love ;  
 But aye the tear-drap dimm'd her 'e'e,  
 Tho' ne'er a ane could learn  
 The saikless sorrows that oppress'd  
 Dunrod's wee wander'd bairn.

Now simmer clad ilk bower an' brake ;  
 An' thirlin' ower the lea,  
 The lintie sang a lightsome lilt  
 O' love an' liberty.

To roam among the snawy flachts  
 That spaired the speckled lift,  
 The lav'rock left its leesome lair,  
 An' bathed its head in licht ;  
 An' sweetly smiled the loved o' a',  
 Nae mair wi' thocht forfairn,  
 For Lady o' Ardgowan ha'  
 Was now the wander'd bairn.

Saft pity aft a balm has brocht  
 To lanely widow'd grief,  
 An' kindred waes ha'e aften socht  
 In kindred tears relief.  
 Wi' fortune's favours aft comes pride  
 Wi' fortune's frowns despair,  
 An' often has the pauchty breast  
 Been torn wi' grief an' care ;  
 But ne'er the kindly feelin' hearts  
 That could owre sorrow yearn,  
 Had cause to rue the love they shew'd  
 To that wee wander'd bairn.

*John Crawford*

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PITY ME! WHAT I DREE.

*Written for a St. Kilda air, or "Haud awa' frae me, Donald."*

PITY me! what I dree!  
 This poor aching heart is breaking,  
 Here I lie, moan and sigh,  
 Lanely and forsaken.



Lately I was blythe and cheery,  
 As the merry maukin;  
 Now I'm dowie, dull, and dreary,  
 Baith asleep and waukin'.

Pity me! &c.

On the primrose bank nae mair  
 I'll flowery chaplets weave me,  
 Nor deck wi' silken snood my hair,  
 For ane wha'd sae deceive me.

Pity me! &c.

A' my thochts are thochts o' sorrow,  
 A' my dreams are sadness;  
 Not a hope to light the morrow  
 Wi' a gleam o' gladness.

Pity me! &c.

O! that I had never met him—  
 Never loved sae fondly,  
 O! that I could now forget him  
 Whom I lived for only.

Pity me! &c.

A' my joys are fled for ever,  
 A' my peace is broken;  
 Bear, O bear to my fause lover  
 This unhonoured token.

Pity me! &c.

Tell him o' a tender blossom,  
 Trampled down and faded,  
 Tell him o' a stainless bosom,  
 Now, alas! degraded.

Pity me! &c.

Yet amid this wreck and ruin—  
 Not a starlet gleamin',  
 She he wrong'd for peace is suing  
 To her faithless leman.

Pity me! what I dree!  
 This poor aching heart is breaking,  
 Here I lie, moan and sigh,  
 Lanely and forsaken.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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THE AULD EMIGRANTS FAREWEEL.

AIR—"Of a' the airts."

LAND of my fathers! night's dark gloom  
 Now shrouds thee from my view;  
 Land of my birth—my hearth—my home—  
 A long and last adieu.  
 Thy sparkling streams—thy plantin's green,  
 That ring with melodie,  
 Thy flowery vales—thy hills and dales  
 Again I'll never see.  
 How aft ha'e I thy heathy hills  
 Climb'd in life's early day,  
 Or pierced the dark depths of thy woods,  
 To pu' the nit or slae;  
 Or lain beneath the "milk-white thorn,"  
 Hid frae the sun's bright beams,  
 While on my raptured ear was borne  
 The music of thy streams.  
 And aft, when frae the schule set free,  
 I've join'd a merry ban',  
 Wha's hearts were loupin' licht wi' glee,  
 Fresh as the morning dawn;  
 And waunder'd, Crookston, by thy tower,  
 Or through thy leafy shaw,  
 The live lang day, nor thoct o' hame,  
 Till nicht began to fa'.

But now the lightsomeness o' youth,  
 And a' its joys are gane,  
 My children scatter'd far an' wide,  
 And I am left alane;  
 For she wha was my hope and stay,  
 And sooth'd me when distress'd,  
 Within the "dark and narrow house"  
 Has lang been laid at rest.

And puirtith's clouds do me enshroud,  
 Sae, after a' my toil,  
 I'm gaun to lay my puir auld clay  
 Within a foreign soil.  
 Fareweel, fareweel, auld Scotland dear,  
 A lang fareweel to thee,  
 Thy tinkling rills, thy heathy hills,  
 Nae mair, nae mair I'll see.

*Wm. Furlay*

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HEATON MILL.\*

AIR—"Awa' to bonnie Tweed side."

Wi' boundin' step and gladsome e'c,  
 I'll aff for Heaton Mill,  
 To steep the line and throw the fleec  
 Among the streams o' Till.  
 My end-hook wears a woodcock wing,  
 Its body dubb'd wi' green,  
 The freckled drake will upmost swing,  
 A spider bob between.

---

\* Heaton Mill is situated near Twizel bridge, in the vicinity of the field where the fatal battle of Flodden was fought.

My taper gad sae light and fair,  
 A clear gleg rinnin' wheel,  
 Wi' sparklin' gut like ony hair,  
 The tackle-book and creel ;  
 The lang sma' taper gad is swuug  
 Around wi' easy slight,  
 Across the stream the flies are flung,  
 Like gossamer they light.

The water-gowan's silken stem  
 Floats wavin' on the tide,  
 And 'neath the flow'rets bonnie gem,  
 The trooties like to hide.  
 I'll try my hand—a lucky hit  
 May bide the ither throw,—  
 My hook's just struck the very bit,  
 Light as three flaiks o' snow.

Frae 'neath the weed a gowden gleam  
 Flash'd frae his burnish'd side,  
 And at the hook a boil is seen  
 That scarcely stirs the tide ;  
 The bendin' gad wi' stricken'd line,  
 Shug-shuggin' like a wand,  
 A' workin' on a thread sae fine,  
 Yet brings him safe to land.

There ne'er was aught in nature seen  
 Whose colour could outvie  
 The glitter o' its side sae green,  
 Bathed in the rainbow's dye.  
 The olive back, the gowden fin,  
 The belly's silver hue,  
 A' spread upon a pinkie skin,  
 That scarcely blushes through.

The mottled drops that mantle far  
 Out owre his spangled scale,  
 A' glist'nin' like the gorgeous star  
 That gems the peacock's tail.

A fishing day, by dam or weir  
 Could aye my feelings bind,  
 And muckle in 't there is to cheer  
 A nature-loving mind.

Aneath yon auld saugh tree I'll lean  
 Upon a mossy seat,

Wi' Tiptoe braes afore my een,  
 Till streamin' at my feet ;  
 And list the sandy lav'rock's ca',  
 Lood wheeplin' out his strain,  
 Or sweet sang o' yon water crow,  
 Doup doupin' on the stane.

Gude e'en—the day is wearin' ben,  
 Far wast the sun has row'd,  
 The trees adown steep Twizel Glen  
 Are steep'd in burnish'd gowd.  
 May peace and plenty mingle there,  
 And saftly row the Till,  
 For welcome kind to hamely fare  
 Is aye at Heaton Mill.

*M. A. Foster*

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#### SONG OF THE WANDERING SEA-BREEZE.

OH! I am the child of an eastern land,  
 I have roam'd o'er the waters wild,  
 And I danced a while with a bridal band,  
 When the spirit of gladness smiled ;

'Neath the spreading Banyan's ample shade,  
 Where they held their revelry,  
 I stole a kiss from each beautiful maid,  
 And wing'd me out to sea.

I shook the sails of a lonely bark,  
 Becalm'd on the glassy deep,  
 That lay at night 'mid the shoreless dark,  
 Like a drooping maid asleep ;  
 And the mariner sprang from his dreamy rest,  
 As he heard the rippling seas,  
 He look'd to heaven, his sins confess'd,  
 Then bless'd the wandering breeze.

I curl'd the wave o'er a hero's grave.  
 Who sank 'mid the battle's storm,  
 And I heard the shriek that his true-love gave,  
 As I fann'd her phantom form ;  
 When she lightly wing'd o'er the billow's crest,  
 With the speed of a spirit's flight,  
 And she sank in the deep, deep ocean's breast,  
 Like a living beam of light.

I have gather'd the sweets of the sunny isles,  
 Where the spirit of beauty dwells,  
 'Midst the evergreen bloom of fair nature's smiles,  
 That are woven with hidden spells ;  
 I have tuned my soft voice with the mellow notes  
 Of a sea-born syren's lyre,  
 And the magic song of the mermaid floats  
 Round my harp's unfinger'd wire.

I caught the last prayer of a drowning man,  
 Ere the chord of life was riven,  
 And I soar'd to a place that the eye cannot scan,  
 Till I met the herald of heaven ;

And the guerdon I sought was the smile that beam'd  
 In the angeſ's lovelit eye,  
 And the chorus of praise that around him stream'd,  
 As he bore his charge on high.

Where the man-hunter lay, like a serpent coil'd,  
 'Mid Afric's palmy shades—  
 I rustled the leaves, and his purpose foil'd,  
 For I startled the sable maids ;  
 And I bore back his curse to his blacken'd heart,  
 - And murmur'd revenge in his ear,  
 When a hidden hand launch'd a poison'd dart,  
 And his life-stream dyed the spear.

I hasten'd the flight of two lovers that fled  
 In a light and tiny bark,  
 For I fill'd their white sail when its folds were spread,  
 Like the wing of the swan in the dark ;  
 And the blossoms of bliss were around them shed,  
 From hope's unfading bowers,  
 Where the spirit of love, with soundless tread,  
 Displays its mystic powers.

Oh! I am the pilgrim of ocean deep,  
 And I speed to the golden west,  
 With whisperings of hope to the hearts that weep,  
 And joy to the weary breast ;  
 The tints of the east are on my wing,  
 And they smile as I sigh along—  
 My breath is the kiss of the rosy spring,  
 And my voice is the fount of song.

## 'TIS NAE TO HARP.

AIR—" *My heart and lute.*"

'Tis nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,  
 I ettle noo to sing—  
 To thee alane, my lo'esome flute,  
 This simple strain I bring.  
 'Then let me flee, on memory's wiug—  
 O'er twice ten winters flee ;  
 An' try, ance mair, that ae sweet spring  
 That young love breath'd in thee.

Companion of my happy then !  
 Wi' smilin' friends around—  
 In ilka " but "—in ilka " ben "  
 A couthie welcome found ;  
 Ere yet thy master proved the wound  
 That ne'er gaed skaithless bye ;  
 That gi'es to flutes their saftest sound,  
 To hearts—their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns ha'e danced to thee,  
 To thee my Jean has sung ;  
 An' mony a night, wi' guileless glee,  
 Our hearty hallan rung.  
 But noo wi' hardships worn and wrung,  
 I'll roam the world about ;  
 For her, and for our friendless young,  
 Come forth, my faithfu' flute !

Thy artless notes may win the car  
 That wadna hear me speak,  
 An', for thy sake, that pity spare  
 My full heart couldna seek.



An' when the winter's cranreuch bleak  
 Drives houseless bodies in—  
 I'll aiblins get the ingle cheek,  
 A' for thy lightsome din.

*J. William Thomson—*

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O! HOPE'S LIKE A MINSTREL.

AIR—“ *Dumbarton's bonny dell.* ”

O! HOPE'S like a little minstrel bird,  
 That sings by the path o' a child,  
 Aye flittin' frae bloomy bough to bough  
 Wi' an air sae merry an' wild ;  
 An' maist within grasp o' his gowden wings  
 He lets the bairnie creep,  
     Syne, aff bangs he  
     To a high high tree,  
 An' the wee thing 's left to weep.

O Hope's like a maiden o' fair fifteen,  
 Wi' an e'e as dazlingly bright  
 As the dew that blinks i' the violet's cup,  
 When the sun has reached his height ;  
 An' she bows her bright head to your sweet waled words,  
 Till love turns burning pain,  
     Syne, wi' sudden scorn,  
     She leaves ye forlorn,  
 To smile on anither swain.

O Hope's like a sun-burst on distant hills,  
 When stern and cloudy's the day,  
 An' the wanderer thinks it a heaven-blest spot,  
 An' his spirit grows licht by the way ;

The bloomy moors seem lakes o' gowd,  
 An' the rocks glance like castles braw—  
     But he wins na near  
     The spot sae dear—  
 It glides aye awa' an' awa'.

An' whiles Hope comes like a prophet auld,  
 Wi' a beard richt lang an' gray,  
 An' he brags o' visions glitterin' an' gran',  
 An' speaks o' a blither day.  
 Ne'er heed him ;—he's but a hair-brained bard,  
 A-biggin' towers i' the air—  
     A lyin' seer,  
     Wha will scoff an' jeer,  
 Though your heart's baith cauld an' sair.

*Joseph Grant*

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HE THAT THOLES OWRECOMES.

AIR—“ *Auld Langsyne.*”

A CANTIE sang, my auld guidman,  
 I'll lilt wi' lightsome glee,  
 We winna, shanna yaumerin yirm,  
 Though fortune's freaks we dree.  
 Sae, stamp your foot—mak' sorrow flee,  
 And blythely crack your thum's!  
 We've fouchten sair, baith late an' ear'—  
 But he that tholes owrecomes.  
 We've been thegither, man an' wife,  
 For forty years an' mair,  
 An' leal we've warslet through the warld,  
 An' gi'en our bairnies lair.

An' aye ye've muckle thocht o' me,  
 Tho' mony hicks an' hums,  
 Ye've war'd owre puirtith's antrin dauds—  
 But he that tholes owrecomes.

Sax buirdly chiel's, baith stark an' stieve,  
 An' bonny dochters three,  
 As e'er drew huik owre harvest rig,  
 Or blest a mither's e'e,  
 We've rear'd an' lair'd; an' weel may we  
 Think muckle o' our sons,  
 For aft their kindness to us proves  
 That he who tholes owrecomes.

Our dochters, women-muckle grown,  
 Wi' a' their winnin' airts,  
 Can thow the icy tags that hing  
 About our wallow't hearts.  
 They bind wi' flowers our wrinkled brows—  
 Eke out life's brittle thrums,  
 An' tell us, by their smiles o' love,  
 That he that tholes owrecomes.

Sae round about, and round about,  
 We'll jump an' dance an' sing;  
 Noo, up an' till't, my auld guidman,  
 We'll gar the kebars ring.  
 Sae, stamp your foot—mak' sorrow flee,  
 And gaily snap your thum's,  
 A guid life mak's a happy death,  
 An' he that tholes owrecomes.

*John Crawford*

## LAST WEEK AS I SAT.

AIR—“*Last May a braw wooer.*”

LAST week, as I sat wi' my wheel by the fire,  
 I heard our wee winnock play dirl,  
 And said to my mother 'twas time for the byre,  
 For weel I kent Johnie's love-tirl, love-tirl,  
 For weel I kent Johnie's love-tirl.

I lifted the leglin and bied out in haste,  
 Bein' laith that my lover should wearie,  
 And, swith! ere I kent he'd his arms round my waist,  
 And kiss'd me, and ca'd me his dearie, his dearie,  
 And kiss'd me, and ca'd me his dearie.

But ere we had weel gotten time for a smack,  
 My mother cam' out in a hurry,  
 And wi' the grape-shank o'er his head cam' a thwack—  
 Losh guide 's! but she was in a flurry, a flurry,  
 Losh guides! but she was in a flurry.

She ca'd me a limmer, she ca'd me a slut,  
 And vowed she would cure me o' clockin';  
 Said how that I neither had havens nor wit,  
 In my life I ne'er gat sic a yokin, a yokin',  
 In my life I ne'er gat sic a yokin'.

Neist she flew at my lover, wi' tongue like a sword,  
 Himsel' and his kindred misca'in';  
 While he, silly doofart, said never a word,  
 But aye his clower'd cantle kept clawin', kept clawin',  
 But aye his clower'd cantle kept clawin'.

She said, if again to our town-end he cam',  
 Or look'd but the gate o' her daughter,  
 Wi' an auld hazle rung or a wheel-barrow tram,  
 His muckle thick skull she would flaughter, would  
 flaughter!  
 His muckle thick skull she would flaughter!

Dumfounder'd at length, he snooved out o' the byre,  
 As I've aft seen a weel thrashen collie,  
 And trudged his wa's hameward through dub and through  
 mire,

I've nae doubt, lamentin' his folly, his folly,  
 I've nae doubt, lamentin' his folly.

And ever sin' syne, when we meet, he looks blate,  
 As if we had ne'er been acquainted—

He ettles, it 's plain, to leave me to my fate,

But, believe me! I'll no gang demented, demented,  
 Believe me, I'll no gang demented.

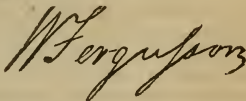
For the lover that 's scared by an auld woman's tongue,

Though e'en like a dart it rin through him,

Or yet by the weight o' her wrath in a rung,

Ill deserves that a lassie should lo'e him, should lo'e him,

Ill deserves that a lassie should lo'e him.




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#### MADIE'S SCHULE.

AIR—“*The Campbell's are comin'.*”

WHEN weary wi' toil, or when canker'd wi' care,  
 Remembrance takes wing like a bird of the air,  
 And free as a thought that ye canna confine,  
 It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.  
 In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,  
 And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,  
 Or sit sae dcmure on a wee creepy stool,  
 And con ower my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

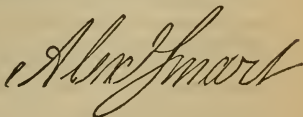
Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,  
 In awful authority Madie was seen ;  
 Her close-luggit mutch tower'd aloft in its pride,  
 Her lang winsey apron flow'd down by her side.  
 The taws on her lap like some dreaded snake lay.  
 Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey ;  
 The wheel at her foot, an' the cat on her knee,—  
 Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she !

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons wad sing,  
 On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring  
 Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glower'd aff his book  
 Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.  
 She ne'er spak' a word, but the taws she wad fling !  
 The sad leather whang up the culprit maun bring,  
 While his sair bluther'd face, as the palmies wad fa',  
 Proclaim'd through the schule an example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel could reward,  
 The gude and the eydant aye won her regard—  
 A Saturday penny she freely wad gi'e,  
 And the second best scholar got aye a bawbee.  
 It sweeten'd the joys o' that dear afternoon,  
 When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,  
 And blythe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,  
 Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the play,  
 And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin' day,  
 When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee,  
 And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e,  
 The tidings were hail'd wi' a thrill o' delight—  
 E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,  
 While Madie, dread Madie ! wad laugh in her chair,  
 As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule now is skailt, and will ne'er again meet—  
 Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet ;  
 The taws an' the penny are vanish'd for aye,  
 And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.  
 Her subjects are scatter'd—some lang dead and gane—  
 But dear to remembrance, wi' them wha remain,  
 Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy stool,  
 An' con'd ower their lesson in auld Madie's schule.




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COME, BILLIES, LET'S STEER FOR OUR  
 HAMMOCKS.

AIR—" *Rattlin' roarin' Willie.*"

COME, billies, let's steer for our hammocks,  
 Consider the night's growing late,  
 Fy rax us our plaids and our crummocks,  
 It's time we were takin' the gate ;  
 Our dawties at hame will be weary,  
 Wi' waiting upon us sae lang,  
 Then why keep them lanely and eerie  
 While we are enjoying our sang ?  
 It's guid to be social and canty,  
 It's cheering to coup aff our horn—  
 But makin' owre free wi' our  *aunty*\*  
 Is sure to bring trouble the morn ;

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\* "Aunty,"—the bottle—a debauch. It is a common saying, when a person is seen in liquor—"He's been seeing his aunty."

For *aunty* 's a dangerous kimmer,  
 And no to be dallied wi' aye,  
 She'll turn to bleak winter our simmer,  
 And sprinkle our haffets wi' grey.

Come now, we ha'e a' gotten ready,  
 Na, laird, no anither drap mair,  
 Weel, Johnny, ye're foremost—be steady,  
 And mind there's a turn in the stair—  
 Shoot out your best fit now before ye,  
 And cannily catch ilka step,  
 Ae stagger, my blade, and we're owre ye,  
 Syne wha your fat carcase will kep?

Now, since we're a' landed on Terra,  
 Let ilk tak' his several road,  
 Enough we may manage to carry,  
 Owre meikle 's a troublesome load.  
 Guid e'en—ilka man to his dearie,  
 As fast as he's able to gang—  
 To meet a wife smiling and cheery,  
 Is ten times mair sweet than a sang.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

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#### THE LINTIES' WOOING.

AE day twa wee gray linties sat on a twig,  
 An' the cock bird sang this canty strain,  
 "I'll mak' thee my hen, in a nest o' our ain"—  
 Then he lilted the e'ercome wi' might an' main—  
 "I will," quoth the merry wee grig.



Awa' then they flew by bush and by brier,  
 Till they cam' to a bonnie shady bow'r,  
 An' they sat there fu' cozielie mair than an hour,  
 Till the drizzlin' drap cam' down in a show'r,  
 When the canty cock, cunnin' an' queer,

He lifted his wing an' he happit the hen,  
 An' he chirpit sae cagielie, what do ye think,  
 That he fairly bamboozl't the hen in a blink,  
 In the conjugal mire she was willing to sink,  
 Nor car'd she for clerkly amen.

Fu' blithely they wrought baith stark an' stour,  
 An' fu' neat was the biggin'—but here ends the joke.  
 O' their flytin', an' billin', an' cooin', the book  
 Telleth not; but I'se warrant thae wee feather'd folk  
 'Mang their sweets found a sprinklin' o' sour.

*James Manson*

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THE LAST LOOK O' HAME.

*Music by John Purdie, Esq.*

BARE was our burn brae,  
 December's blast had blawn,  
 The last flower was dead,  
 An' the brown leaf had fa'n:  
 It was dark in the deep glen,  
 Hoary was our hill,  
 An' the win' frae the cauld north  
 Cam' heavy an' chill,

Where I said, "Fare-ye-weel,"  
 To my kith an' my kin ;  
 My barque, it lay a-head,  
 An' my cot-house ahin :  
 I had nocht left to tine,  
 I'd a wide warl' to try,  
 But my heart, it wadna lift,  
 An' my e'e, it wadna dry.

I look'd lang at the ha'  
 Thro' the mist o' my tears,  
 Where the kind lassie lived  
 I had ran wi' for years :  
 E'en the glens where we sat,  
 Wi' their broom-cover'd knowes,  
 Took a hank on this heart  
 That I ne'er can unlouse.

I ha'e wander'd sin' syne  
 By gay temples and towers,  
 Where the ungather'd spice  
 Scents the breeze in their bowers :—  
 O ! sic scenes I could leave,  
 Without pain or regret,  
 But the last look o' hame  
 I never can forget.

*How Ainslie*

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP  
O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,  
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind.  
Tho' press'd and hemm'd on ev'ry side, ha'e faith and ye'll  
win through,  
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt  
ye've been,  
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your  
een ;  
Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,  
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' Simmer, when the clear an' cludless sky  
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd an' dry,  
The genial night wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring  
anew,  
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud  
an' hie,  
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee ;  
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence  
or how,  
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

*James Ballentine*

## MORTAL HAPPINESS.

To sing of human happiness, when all is peace and piping,  
 Or laugh at love and handkerchiefs, when eyelids need no  
 wiping,  
 Is but to mock the cruel pangs that now my heart is tear-  
 ing,  
 And smuder up the hearty groans that's rowling for a  
 hearing:  
 Och! if I had my palce of mind, that cruel piece of plunder,  
 I'd let the jades die wrinkled maids, and then they'd see  
 their blunder.

'Sure, now, an' are they not desarvin to live an' die, wid never a  
 month to spake to but thir own? Och! if I had my own way on't, I'd  
 see them rot an' die like praties in a frost, wid never a morsel of mother  
 earth over them to purtect the blessin. My heart is batein agin the  
 sides of my body, an' roarin like the livin thunder. I'm thinkin every  
 joinin an' corner an' turnin in my body will be in pieces, lyin lookin  
 at aich other, and sayin, "Will ye shake hands and be friends agin?"  
 They're all roarin and croakin—and cryin and singin, ever like the  
 win' does through the ropes and riggin and canvas of the ould Molly  
 of Ballynahinch, when she's standin up for't agin them cross-grained  
 win's that's wantin to bate the carpenter.'

The lovely cratur's every one are jewels of perfection,  
 And mighty need they have indeed of comfort and pur-  
 tection;  
 But I, who'd be their guardian through each future gene-  
 ration,  
 Am trated like the blackguard scamps that roam about the  
 nation.

Oh! paice, throughout the wholesome day, and I have long  
 been strangers,  
 And all the night in woeful plight I dream of fearful  
 dangers.

Where'er I turn my aching eyes for paice or consolation,  
 Some cheek, or eye, or lip, or brow, works funder tribula-  
 tion—

Och murther! but it seems my fate, that some one will  
 tormint me,

Whene'er I turn me round from one, another is fornint me;  
 The saucy flirts, if but a word I'd speak of adoration,  
 With 'Sur?' as sharp's a sword they'd cut the thread of  
 conversation.

'Now, Tennis, will ye lave off talking? your tongue will be worn as  
 thin as a shilling, rowlin' an' roarin' agin your teeth. At once't an' for  
 ever, tie up the four corners of your mouth wid the tail of your tongue,  
 Tennis, and hould your breath to cool your broth wid when they are too  
 hot for the spoon!' 'Och! Europe and the Black Sea to the bargain!  
 —will ye make my heart go all to pieces batein' agin the bone, going  
 agin it that one knock cannot get out'n the way ov the other?—ould  
 Father Time could'nt, for the life on him, wish it faster—at the rate  
 of twenty hunner knocks in a minute—at least two days in the  
 hour. I'm thinkin' it will lape out an' spake to you for itself. Och!  
 you'll not repate thim cruel words agin. Look now! an' have they not  
 broken the skin of them lips, like rose laves, my darlint? Och, now!  
 let them just close sweetly and softly and quietly, like them laves I am  
 spakin' of! when thir going to thir bed for the night, and spake a kind  
 word wid the corner of your eye!

No wonder that the married wives are happy and contented,  
 Sure of her vows no daccent spouse has ever yet repented;

Whate'er they want their husbands grant, that's fitting for  
their station,

While nought they do, 'tween me and you, but raising  
botheration.

Then let the female sex now learn to know what most  
they're needing,

Nor screw their pretty mouths to No!—when Yes! would  
show their breeding.

*John Green*

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### THE TROUTIN' DAY.

I'LL mount the creel upon my back, and aff wi' merry glee,  
And hae a gallant troutin' day wi' minnie or wi' flee :

I ken ilk stream and wimplin' pool—ilk plaintain, brae,  
and mead,

By Beaumont fair, the sleepy Till, or the majestic Tweed.

Your swivel mount, the minnie spin, the water's porter  
brown,

And try the cast aboon the Cauld, below sweet Coldstream  
town.

The wind is saft, the sky is grey, the colour o' the tide  
Proclaims the spate frae Slittrick brae, or Yarrow's moun-  
tain side.

The laverock's chirlin' in the sky, far, far aboon our ken ;  
 The blackbird's notes are ringin' high, frae out the quarry  
 glen ;

The brairdin' bear sae sweet to smell, a' wat wi' dewy spray,  
 Mak' high our bounding spirits swell, on sic a troutin' day.

The saft winds pirlin' through the trees, the gowans at my  
 fit,

The big trouts boilin' at the flees, as owre the stream they  
 flit ;

The salmon ware upon the ford, just new run frae the sea ;  
 The swallows swarming owre the tide,—a' please the  
 fisher's ee.

Fling owre to whaur the eddies boil, aboon their rocky bed :  
 I hae him fast, the greedy gowl,—he struck it like a ged ;  
 The tackle's stout—the haud is fast—for landing, famous  
 ground ;

I've work'd him down—he's out at last—his weight aboon  
 a pound.

Anither and anither still—they're rising by the score ;  
 Like draps that tail a summer shower, far spreads ilk wimp-  
 ling bore.

But night is closing in at last—my pouches heavy feel—  
 I scarce can get the lid made fast, wi' sic a stockit creel.

I'll hame, on Sandy Foster ca'—o' fishers he's the sire—  
 And wi' the lave we's hae a blaw, around his kitchen fire ;  
 The warm cheerer, circling bright—the weary turning gay,  
 A' listening to the hard-won fight that crowns a troutin' day.

The fish upon the table spread in ashets bright and clean,  
 The larger spread aboon the fry to glamour anxious een ;

The cantle laugh o' harmless glee, the royal lots o' fun  
 Wi' auld Taim Smith, blythe Uncle John, or cannie Willie  
 Dun.

O Coldstream fair! there's ane, at least, that bears a love  
 for thee--

A fervent, deep, and stirring love, that time will ne'er let  
 dee!

I'd sooner swing at Coldstream Cross, or to a stake be  
 boun',

Than die an honest fair strae death in ony ither toon!

*M. A. Foster*

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### WATTY, THE POACHER.

Wi' a lang rusty gun that looks nae worth a groat,  
 A horn fu' o' pouter, a pouch fu' o' shot,  
 An' a black cutty pipe in his cheek reeking hot,  
 You'll meet auld cunnin' Watty, the poacher.

E'er the grey o' the moon he lea's his theek'd house,  
 Creeps up the lee side o' the hedge like a mouse;  
 Though cunnin' an' pawky's the wiles o' puir puss,  
 She's nae match for slee Watty, the poacher.

Ilk slap that he thinks maukin shoudna gae throu',  
 He puffs his tobacco reek a' roun' the mou  
 Whan they push for the ane whaur his girr's, I trow,  
 Hangs them dead for auld Watty, the poacher.



When the snell, snawy blast, or the wild drivin' sleet  
 Gars the pairicks a' croodle thegither for heat,  
 A shot frae his gun maks them turn up their feet,  
 The hale covey for Watty, the poacher.

Or whan winter's white coat lies fu' deep on the grun  
 And smoor'd maukin's breath maks a hole like a lum,  
 Tho' snug 'neath the snaw, yet without dog or gun,  
 He's the spoil o' slec Watty, the poacher.

The squire and his keeper, a ne'er-do-weel chiel  
 Try a' kin' o' traps to lay Wat by the heel ;  
 The farmers they bribe, but they a' like owre weel  
 Their frien', cunnin' Watty, the poacher.

Wat wishes the gentry a' roun' at the deil ;  
 He thinks a' the birds an' beasts o' the fiel'  
 Belang by fair nature to ilk honest chiel  
 That can kill them like Watty, the poacher.

The cadgers aye ca' as they pass to the town ;  
 He fills their box fu' for a white siller crown,  
 Or barthers for beef, wi' a drap to wash down  
 A' their bargains wi' Watty, the poacher.

Wat's aye guid to the puir—aft a farl o' cake,  
 Wi' the leg o' a pheasant or cutty they get ;  
 An' aftimes this benison's left at his gate—  
 O' lang life to bauld Watty, the poacher.

*R. P. Marshall*

## THE DRYGATE BRIG.

LAST Monday night, at sax o'clock,  
 To Mirran Gibb's I went, man,  
 To snuff, an' crack, an' toom the cap,  
 It was my hale intent, man :  
 So down I sat an' pried the yill,  
 Syne luggit out my sneeshin' mill,  
 An' took a pinch wi' right good will,  
 O' beggar's brown, (the best in town,)  
 Then sent it roun' about the room,  
 To gie ilk ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill, the cap gaed round,  
 The joke, the crack an' a', man,  
 'Bout markets, trade, and daily news,  
 To wear the time awa' man ;  
 Ye never saw a blither set,  
 O' queer auld-fashion'd bodies met,  
 For fient a grain o' pride nor pet,  
 Nor eating care got footing there,  
 But friendship rare, aye found sincere,  
 An' hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers, kings may blaw,  
 How rich they are an' great, man,  
 But kings could match na us at a',  
 Wi' a' their regal state, man ;  
 For Mirran's swats, sae brisk and fell,  
 An' Turner's snuff, sae sharp an' snell,  
 Made ilk ane quite forget himsel',  
 Made young the auld, inflamed the cauld,  
 And fired the saul wi' projects bauld,  
 That daur'd the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,  
 When ance the spell is broke, man ?  
 A set o' maut-inspired whims,  
 That end in perfect smoke, man.  
 An' what like some disaster keen,  
 Can chase the glamour frae our een,  
 An' bring us to oursel's again ?  
 As was the fate o' my auld pate,  
 When that night late, I took the gate,  
 As crouse as ony cock, man.

For, sad misluck ! without my hat,  
 I doiting cam' awa', man,  
 An' when I down the Drygate cam',  
 The win' began to blaw, man.  
 When I cam' to the Drygate Brig,  
 The win' blew aff my guid brown wig,  
 That whirled like ony whirligig,  
 As up it flew, out o' my view,  
 While I stood glow'ring, waefu' blue,  
 Wi' wide extended jaw, man.

When I began to grape for't syne,  
 Thrang poutrin' wi' my staff, man,  
 I coupet owre a meikle stane,  
 An' skailed my pickle snuff, man ;  
 My staff out o' my hand did jump,  
 An' hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,  
 Whilk raised a most confounded lump,  
 But whar it flew, I never knew,  
 Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,  
 It looks sae fleesome waff, man.

O had you seen my waefu' plight,  
 Your mirth had been but sma', man,

An' yet, a queerer antic sight,  
 I trow ye never saw, man.  
 I've lived thir fifty years an' mair,  
 But solemnly I here declare,  
 I ne'er before met loss sae sair ;  
 My wig flew aff, I tint my staff,  
 I skail'd my snuff, I peel'd my loof,  
 An' brak my snout an' a', man.

Now wad you profit by my loss ?  
 Then tak' advice frae me, man,  
 An' ne'er let common sense tak' wing,  
 On fumes o' barley bree, man ;  
 For drink can heeze a man sae high  
 As mak' his head 'maist touch the sky,  
 But down he tumbles by-an'-by,  
 Wi' sic a thud, 'mang stanes an' mud,  
 That aft it's guid, if dirt and bluid,  
 Be a' he has to dree, man.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD RED EARTH AM  
 SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,  
 Life's fever o'er,  
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping  
 That I'm no more ?  
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping  
 Of heretofore ?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,  
 Like full hearts break,  
 When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,  
 Sad music make ;  
 Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing  
 Mourn for my sake ?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining  
 With purest ray,  
 And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,  
 Burst through that clay ;  
 Will there be one still on that spot repining  
 Lost hopes all day ?

When the Night shadows, with the ample sweeping  
 Of her dark pall,  
 The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,  
 The great and small—  
 Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping  
 For me—for all ?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,  
 On that low mound ;  
 And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary  
 Its liveness crowned ;  
 Will there be then one versed in misery's story  
 Pacing it round ?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow  
 To ask such meed,—  
 A weakness and a wickedness to borrow  
 From hearts that bleed,  
 The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow  
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,  
 Thou gentle heart ;  
 And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,  
 Let no tear start ;  
 It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling—  
 Sad one, depart !

*William Motherwell*

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CAULD WINTER IS COME.

CAULD Winter is come, wi' his mantle o' snaw,  
 To spread over moorland and lea ;  
 The daisy-deck'd web o' green velvet's awa,  
 An' the last leaf is fa'n frae the tree.  
 Oh ! sad is the sou' o' the cauld norlan blast,  
 As it sweeps round the hamestead at e'en :  
 It speaks to the heart, like the voice o' the past,  
 That comes with its shadows the soul to o'ercast,  
 As it wails for the things that ha'e been.

Sage grey-beard may tell us 'tis vain to repine !  
 And reason forbids us to mourn—  
 But the heart maun hae vent when it dreams o' langsyne,  
 And the joys that will never return.  
 And there's something that touches its innermost springs  
 When Summer's last looks disappear ;  
 O'er the spirit a mantle o' sadness it flings—  
 A' the past, wi' its joys and its sorrows, it brings  
 At this cauld dowie fa' o' the year.

By the warm ingle side, when the night closes in,  
 Such musings will come, when alane,  
 (But sadness is selfish, and selfishness sin,)  
 Let us feel for the poor that ha'e naue,—  
 That ha'e nae ingle side ! nor a house ! nor a hame !  
 In a' the wide warl,—nor a frien' !  
 But maun bear the cauld blast on a hunger-bit frame,  
 Life's manifold waes that ha'e never a name,  
 An' the buffets o' misery keen.

The fox has a home in the deep hollow dell,  
 And the hare has a form on the lea ;  
 There's a beild for the creatures in forest and fell,  
 But there's none, human outcast ! for thee,  
 And now that the desolate vesture is thrown  
 Wide, wide over valley and hill,  
 Let humanity's balm-pouring spirit be shown,  
 Let us feel for the woes of the nature we own,  
 And our being's best purpose fulfil.

*Robt. L. Malone*

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THE WEE, WEE MAN.

A WEE, wee man, wi' an unco din,  
 Cam' to our beild yestreen,  
 An' siccan a rippet the bodie raised  
 As seldom was heard or seen ;—  
 He wantit claes, he wantit shoon,  
 And something to weet his mou' ;

While aye he spurr'd wi' his tiny feet,  
And blink'd wi' his een o' blue.

His face, which nane had seen before,  
Thrill'd strangely through ilk min',  
Wi' gowden dreams frae mem'ry's store  
Of loved anes lost langsyne.  
A faither's brow, a mither's een,  
A brither's dimpled chin,  
Were mingled a' on that sweet face,  
Fresh sent frae a Hand abune.

Oh, soon ilk heart grew grit wi' love,  
And draps o' joy were seen  
To trinkle fast ower channel'd cheeks,  
Where streams o' wae had been.  
A welcome blythe we gied the chiel  
To share our lowly ha' ;  
And we row'd him warm in fleecy duds,  
Wi' linen like Januar snaw.

Our gudeman has a way o' his ain,  
His word maun aye be law—  
Frae Candlemas to blythe Yule e'en  
He rules baith grit an' sma ;  
But the howdie reign'd last nicht, I trow,  
And swagger'd baith but and ben—  
Even the big arm-chair was push'd ajee  
Frae the cosie chimley en'.

The gudeman snooved about the house  
Aye rinnin' in some ane's way,  
Yet aft he glanced at the wee thing's face  
On the auld wife's lap that lay ;



His breist grew grit wi' love and pride  
 While the bairn was hush'd asleep,  
 And a gush of blessings frae his heart  
 Came welling warm and deep.

I canna boast o' gowd, quoth he—  
 My wealth a willing arm ;  
 Yet health and strength and wark be mine,  
 And wha shall bode thee harm ?  
 To fill thy wee bit caup and cog,  
 And gie thee claes and lair,  
 Wi' joy I'll strive, and sweet content  
 Through poortith, toil, and care.

There's joy within the simmer woods  
 When wee birds chip the shell,  
 When firstling roses tint wi' bloom  
 The lip of sunlit dell ;  
 But sweeter than the nestling bird,  
 Or rosebud on the lea,  
 Is yon wee smiling gift of love  
 Unto a parent's ee.

*Hugh Macdonald*

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THE MILLER OF DEANHAUGH.

O KEN ye the auld mill o' bonnie Deanhaugh,  
 Whaur the wheel tears in tatters the wud waterfa' ;  
 Ye mauna rin by it, but pap in and ca',  
 For blythe is the miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

He maun hae his mouter, he maun hae his maut,  
 He taks muckle gowpins, but wha can find faut?  
 What he skims aff the fou dish, the toom get awa',  
 The poor bless the miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

His hand is aye open to help poortith's woes,  
 Poor folk may want brogues, but they never want brose  
 And gin stern Oppression owre them shakes his paw,  
 He's felled by the miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

It's gude to be muckle, it's gude to be kind,  
 It's gude when a weak chield can boast a stout mind;  
 Gin strength succoured weakness, how blest were we a',  
 Heaven bless the stout miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh

*James Ballantyne*

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BONNIE NELLY RICHARDSON.

BONNIE Nelly Richardson,  
 Bonnie Nelly Richardson,  
 Fairest lass in a' the toun!  
 Bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Frae the gowden yetts on hie,  
 Spring peeps out wi' laughing ee,  
 To wile thee to the flow'ry lea,  
 My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Winter now has fled awa',  
 Sweetly blooms the birken shaw,  
 Saft the dews o' e'ening fa',  
 My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Streams are dancing thro' the wuds,  
 Birds are singing in the cluds,  
 Bees are sipping hinny buds,  
 My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Roses sweet for thee I'll pu'—  
 Wat wi' blobs o' siller dew—  
 To wreath aroun' thy pearly brow,  
 My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

In some flow'ry scented glen—  
 Far awa' frae din o' men—  
 Hours o' transport there we'll spen',  
 My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Bonnie Nelly Richardson,  
 Bonnie Nelly Richardson,  
 Fairest lass in a' the toun !  
 Bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Edward H. Stoane

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THE FLOWER OF BANCHORY.

*To a Melody by* ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

YOUNG Spring, with opening flowers,  
 Was bright'ning vale and lea ;  
 While Love, 'mid budding bowers,  
 Woke sweet melody :

When by Dee's noble river  
 I strayed in happy glee,  
 And left my heart for ever  
 In fair Banchory.

O Banchory! fair Banchory!  
 How dear that happy day to me,  
 I wandered by the banks o' Dee,  
 And won the flower o' Banchory!

How was't that I, a rover  
 So reckless and so free,  
 Became a constant lover  
 By flowing Dee?  
 Because, like Spring, my charmer,  
 When fondly, kindly press'd,  
 Became like Summer warmer,  
 And Love's power confess'd.  
 O Banchory! &c.

The streamlet onward flowing,  
 Still gathers as it flows;  
 The breast with true love glowing,  
 Still warmer glows.  
 And my fond heart grows fonder,  
 More firm my constancy,  
 For dearer still and kinder  
 Is my Love to me.

O Banchory! fair Banchory!  
 How dear that happy day to me,  
 I wandered by the banks o' Dee,  
 And won the flower o' Banchory!

*James Ballantyne*

OULD MURPHY THE PIPER.

AIR—*'The Boys of Kilkenny.'*

OULD Murphy the Piper lay on his death-bed,  
 To his only son, Tim, the last words he said :  
 ' My eyes they grow dim, and my bosom grows could,  
 But ye'll get all I have, Tim, when I slip my hould,  
     Ye'll get all I have, boy, when I slip my hould.

' There's three cows and three pigs and three acres of land,  
 And this house shall be yours, Tim, as long as 'twill stand;  
 All my fortune is threescore bright guineas of gould,  
 And ye'll get all I have, Tim, when I slip my hould,  
     Ye'll get all I have, Tim, when I slip my hould.

' Go fetch me my pipes, Tim, till I play my last tune,  
 For Death is a-coming, he'll be here very soon ;  
 Those pipes that I've played on, ne'er let them be sould,  
 If you sell all I have, Tim, when I slip my hould,  
     If you sell all I have, Tim, when I slip my hould.'

Then ould Murphy the Piper, wid the last breath he drew,  
 He played on his pipes like an Irishman true ;  
 He played up the anthem of green Erin so bould—  
 Then calmly he lay down, and so slipt his hould !  
     Then gently he lay down, and slipt his last hould !

*Alexr A Ritchie*

A SCOTTISH WELCOME  
TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AS SUNG AT THE BANQUET GIVEN HER IN EDINBURGH, ON  
WEDNESDAY, 20TH APRIL, 1853.

AIR,—*'Carle, an' the King come.'*

COME, Scotland, tune your stock and horn,\*  
And hail with song this joyous morn,  
When on Love's eagle pinions borne,  
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.  
Freedom's angel now's come,  
Mercy's sister now's come:  
Grim Oppression drees his doom:  
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

Through hostile ranks our sires of yore,  
Fair Freedom's flag unsullied bore,  
And still she fills our bosom's core:  
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

*Chorus.*

A woman's arm Truth's falchion bears,  
A sweet low voice stern Conscience fears,  
And stony hearts dissolve in tears:  
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

*Chorus.*

And far as rolls the ocean wave,  
Is heard that voice now raised to save,  
Alike the slaver and the slave:  
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

*Chorus.*

\* The *stock* and *horn*, the ancient pastoral pipe of Scotland.

And tyrants scared the writing scan,  
 O'er-arching heaven with rainbow span,  
**MAN HATH NO PROPERTY IN MAN :**

Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

*Chorus.*

Then welcome be that honoured name,  
 So dear to freedom and to fame ;  
 Come, rend the welkin with acclaim :

Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

*Chorus.*

*James Ballentine*

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#### MARY'S FLITTIN'.

THE term o' Martimas cam' roun',  
 When Mary had to flit ;  
 She sich'd an' sabb'd wi' dowie soun',  
 Her heart was sair and grit.  
 She faulded up her workin' claes,  
 Her kist-lid stood ajee—  
 Look'd roun' wi' sair bewilder'd gaze,  
 Syne cried out, 'O waes me !'

' When fell disease spread owre the muir,  
 Heaven took my parents twain—  
 I was left pennyless an' bare,  
 An' lost my couthie hame !  
 You acted then a faither's part,  
 An' dried my tearfu' ee—  
 Syne brought me here in your ain cart,  
 But noo, alas, waes me !'

' You hired me then to tent your weans,  
 At ae set penny-fee—  
 Your kin'ness fley'd awa' my pains,  
 You've a' been guid to me.  
 You treat me as I'd been your bairn,  
 My heart lap licht wi' glee ;  
 But noo a heavy weight, like airn,  
 Lies on my breast, waes me !

' O dool's the day an' dool's the hour,  
 When frae the tryst ye came !  
 Ye look'd as ye ne'er look'd afore,  
 And surly cried, " Gae hame !  
 Nae idlers here ! Na, na, forsooth !"  
 You said, while flash'd your ee ;  
 My puir young heart lap to my mouth,  
 I was sair fley'd, waes me !

' I ken't na then 'twas losses there,  
 That changed to me your face—  
 I thocht ye wish'd I was elsewhere,  
 An' sae gae up my place !  
 Neist day when ye was like yersel',  
 An' kin'ly spak to me,  
 I rued far mair than tongue can tell  
 What I had done, waes me !

' For five lang years I've faithfu' sair'd,  
 Sae happy in this house,  
 While a' the bairnies sweet hae shar'd  
 My joy wi' daffin' crouse.  
 An' maun I lea' them a' e'en now,  
 An' them sae fond o' me ?  
 'Twill surely be my death, I trow,'  
 And aye she sabb'd, ' waes me !'



The colly kin'ly lick'd her han',  
 Grey baudrons rubb'd her feet,  
 Al' e'en the weanies cudna' stan',  
 They a' began to greet.  
 She hugg'd them to her beatin' breast,  
 She kiss'd ilk wat'ry ee—  
 While sichin' deep, an' sair distress'd,  
 She cried out, 'O waes me !'

The auld gudeman sweet Mary bless'd  
 Wi' a tear-blinded ee—  
 The gudewife op'd her muckle kist,  
 Whar lay her naperie.  
 Aff claith, sax Flemish ells she tare,  
 An' laid on Mary's knee ;  
 Puir thing, she only grat the mair,  
 An' sabb'd out, 'O waes me !'

'I'll sair you freely a' my days,  
 Without ae penny-fee—  
 I'll no seek mony duds o' claes,  
 If you will just keep me.'  
 Wi' tears ilk cheek was weet a' roun',  
 'Twas unco sair to see—  
 An' hearts gae aye the tither stoun'  
 As she cried, 'O waes me !'

But manly up, wi' mickle grace,  
 Spak Rab, their auldest son—  
 'Let orphan Mary keep her place,  
 What ill has she e'er done ?  
 Leal love our hearts has bound in ane,  
 To us your blessings gie—  
 'Twad melt the hardest heart o' stane  
 To hear her cry, waes me !'

Her little kist's taen aff the cart,  
 Ilk tear is wip'd awa',  
 Joy fills ilk bairn an' parent's heart,  
 An' smiles gae roun' the ha':  
 An' in sax short weeks after this,  
 Rab's bride she is to be;  
 Wi' frien's surrounded wi' sic bliss,  
 She'll nae mair cry, waes me!

R. P. M.

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AS THE AULD COCK CRAWLS.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns,  
 Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns;  
 Their heads are muckle, though their limbs are wee,  
 An' O! the wee totts are gleg in the ee:  
 Then dinna fricht your laddie wi' the 'black boo' man,  
 But let him douk his lugs in his wee parritch pan;  
 Lay ye his rosy cheek upon your mou' a wee,  
 How the rogue will laugh when his minny's in his ee.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns,  
 Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns;  
 Though vice may be muckle, and virtue may be wee,  
 Yet a sma' speck o' light will woo the dullest ee:  
 Then dinna fricht us a' wi' the muckle black deil,  
 Show us mercy's bonnie face, an' teach us to feel;  
 Though we think like men, we should feel like bairns,—  
 As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns.

*James Ballantine*

## LAY OF THE BROKEN HEART.

THE rude and the reckless wind,  
ruthlessly strips  
The leaf that last lingered on  
old forest tree ;  
The widowed branch wails for  
the love it has lost ;  
The parted leaf pines for  
its glories foregone.  
Now sereing, in sadness, and  
quite broken-hearted,  
It mutters mild music, and  
swan-like on-fleeteth  
A burden of melody,  
musing of death,  
To some desert spot where,  
unknown and unnoted,  
Its woes and its wanderings may  
both find a tomb,  
Far far from the land where  
it grew in its gladness,  
And hung from its brave branch,  
freshly and green,  
Bathed in blythe dews and  
soft shimmering in sunshine,  
From morn until even-tide,  
a beautiful joy !

W. Motherwell

## THE OTTER-HOUND.

WHEN the grey morning mist in the glen lies at rest,  
 And the bright summer sun in full splendour is dress'd;  
 While each far mountain top in his ray seems to be  
 An island of gold on a silvery sea.

Hark! the hunters already are down from the hill,  
 With their otter-dogs tracking each streamlet and rill;  
 And the voice of each echo replies to the sound  
 Of the musical bay of the bold Otter-hound.

'Tis the sport of the brave, it has spirit to cheer  
 When the hound's in the stream and the hand on the spear;  
 To the light-balanced shaft well the hunter must look,  
 For a stroke at the game or a bound o'er the brook.  
 As swift down the stream sweeps the quarry they chase,  
 Yet sure are the hounds, tho' far slower in pace;  
 While freshens the scent at each hillock or mound,  
 And loud rings the bay of the Water-train'd hound.

The vents\* grow more frequent, the music more deep,  
 And scarce from the surface the otter can keep;  
 While gallant and staunch the whole pack make a rush,  
 As his form from the pool stirs the wild willow-bush.  
 The battle now rages, the game brought to bay,  
 The wounded dogs yelling and limping away;  
 But the point of a spear pins him fast to the ground,  
 And his blood is the spoil of the Water-bred hound!

\* When the otter comes to breathe at the surface, he does so by only putting up his nose at first, but after a few runs his sweeps are shorter, till at last he is forced to take his stand upon the surface.

The hound of the Border which hunted the Tweed,  
 Were a cross from the Yetholm and Rothbury \* breed ;  
 Strongly cast in their limbs, muzzles drooping and full,  
 With a haunch like a race-horse, a breast like a bull—  
 Broad pendulous ears hanging over each jaw,  
 Feet webb'd like a duck to the root of each claw—  
 Deep, mellow, and strong, like a bugle in sound,  
 Is the call from the voice of the true Otter-hound.

Still like spells of romance o'er my spirit is cast,  
 The sports that I loved and the scenes that are past—  
 When with hound at my heel, or my angle in hand,  
 I wandered the wilds of my own border land:  
 And shared my repast at the streamlet or spring,  
 With stalwart Will Faa, † the brave old Gipsy King ;  
 And heard him recite to the sportsmen around,  
 The feats of his youth with the brave Water-hound.

I loved the old man for his love of the chace,  
 Like a ruin he stands now the last of his race ;  
 For the tide of improvement, the strength of the law,  
 Have ruined the subjects and sway of Will Faa :  
 Still the fire from his eye as those stories he told,  
 Took the chill from a heart once so free and so bold ;  
 Tho' lonely he lived, still companion he found  
 In Beaumont, his faithful old Water-trained hound.

*W. A. Foster*

\* My own dogs were from Rothbury, on the Coquet, bred by Mr George Humble. Yetholm was famous for the breed of otter-hounds, and Will Faa's dogs were considered very pure.

† Since the above ballad was written, the Gipsy King has fallen—before THE KING OF TERRORES, in warfare with whom, there is neither discharge nor escape.

## ARNISTON.

## A HEART SONG.

O ARNISTON! sweet Arniston!  
 Dear, dear art thou to me;  
 For wandering 'mang thy leafy woods,  
 My wife and bairnies three  
 Hae gathered rose-bloom on their cheeks,  
 Now dimpled high wi' glee,  
 That lately sad and dowie dwined,  
 In death's dark kame wi' me.

O Arniston! fair Arniston!  
 By burn and flowery brae,  
 By upland lawn and craggy glens,  
 How sweet at eve to stray!  
 While round us a' our blooming pets  
 Their joyous pranks resume,  
 An' romp like fays amang thy braes,  
 Thick strewn wi' gowden broom.

O Arniston! dear Arniston!  
 My first, my greatest grief,  
 Mid thy lone woods, in tears of joy,  
 Felt genial kind relief.  
 The cushet loes thy forest glades,  
 The lark thy verdant lea;  
 But by dim memory's grateful ties  
 Thou'rt knit to mine and me.

*James Bullentine*

## THE HAPPY MOTHER.

AIR,—*'The Hills o' Glenorchy.'*

AN' O! may I never live single again—  
 I wish I may never live single again;  
 I hae a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,  
 An' O! may I never live single again.  
 I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest of a',  
 They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';  
 I've ane at my foot, an' I've ane on my knee,  
 An' fondly they look, an' say, 'Mammy' to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,  
 The blink in his ee, an' the smile on his brow,  
 Says, 'How are ye lassie, O! how are ye a',  
 An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gade awa'?'  
 He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheerie an' gay—  
 He tells o' the toil an' the news o' the day;  
 The twa bonnie lammies he taks on his knee,  
 An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O! happy's the father that's happy at hame,  
 An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name;  
 The frown o' the warld they hae na to dree—  
 The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.  
 Tho' crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,  
 Awa', bonnie lasses—awa' wi' your fears;  
 Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,  
 Ye'll wish ye may never live single again!

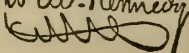
*Alasdair*

## NO—COME NOT, MY LIFE.

No—come not, my life ! till the gay sun is waking  
 The slumbering flowers of a distant land ;  
 Till the pensive moon on the still heaven breaking,  
 Greets, like a mother, her starry band.  
 As the planet of love leaves, silent and lonely,  
 The coral caves of a waveless sea ;  
 So come to the bower, where thou art the only  
 One that will ever be met by me.

Thy voice is the music of Memory, swelling,  
 Through clefts, a grief-stricken heart hath known,  
 Like the autumn winds through some tenantless dwelling,  
 Making, by fits, a desolate moan.  
 And pleasant it is, in the moments of sorrow,  
 To have thy spirit to meet with mine,  
 That its dream may be blessed, and its dark mood borrow  
 A beam from the holier light of thine.

Then come all alone, when the happy lie sleeping,  
 When night-dews sparkle on flower and tree ;  
 One tear from thine eye, while our sad watch we're keeping,  
 More than dew to the flower will be to me.  
 Let the icy of soul, or the hopeful-hearted,  
 Sport in the blaze of the regal sun ;  
 'Tis meet, love, that we, from whom joy hath departed,  
 Should wait and weep when his course is run.

Will. Kennedy  




## HE COURTED ME IN PARLOUR.

He courted me in parlour, and he courted me in ha',  
 He courted me by Bothwell banks, amang the flowers sae  
 sma',

He courted me wi' pearlins, wi' ribbons, and wi' rings,  
 He courted me wi' laces, and wi' mony mair braw things;  
 But O! he courted best o' a' wi' his black blythesome ee,  
 Whilk wi' a gleam o' witcherie cuist glaumour over me.

We hied thegither to the Fair—I rade ahint my joe,  
 I fand his heart leap up and down, while mine beat faint  
 and low;

He turn'd his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,  
 The widdifu' o' wickedness took arles o' my mou!  
 Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkily as he  
 Bann'd the auld mare for missing fit, and thrawin him ajee.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we drew near the  
 town,

When I could hear the kimmers say—'There rides a  
 comelie loun!'

I turned wi' pride and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,  
 And thought how dowie I wad feel, gin he made love to  
 Jean!

But soon the manly chiel, aff-hand, thus frankly said to me,  
 'Meg! either tak me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!'

To Glasgow Green I link'd wi' him, to see the ferlies  
 there,

He birl'd his penny wi' the best—what noble could do  
 mair?

But ere ae fit he'd tak me hame, he cries—' Meg, tell me  
noo :

Gin ye will hae me, there's my loof, I'll aye be leal an' true.'  
On sic an honest, loving heart how could I draw a bar ?  
What could I do but tak Rab's hand, for better or for waur ?

*William Motherwell*

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### AE GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

YE maunna be proud, although ye be great,  
The poorest bodie is still your brither ;  
The king he may come in the cadger's gate,  
An' ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

The hale o' us spring frae the same cauld clay,  
An hour we bloom, in an hour we wither ;  
Then let us help ither to climb the brae,  
As ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

The highest amang us are unco wee,  
Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither ;  
Then let us divide what we get so free,  
As ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

O! life is a weary journey alane,  
But blythe's the road when we wend wi' ither ;  
And mutual gie'ing is mutual gain,  
When ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

*James Ballantyne*

## THE SEASON OF LOVE.

THE spirit of Beauty's abroad o'er the land,  
 Mother Earth dons her robes at the touch of his wand,  
 And the daisy comes forth, and the blossoms expand,  
     And the fair face o' Nature looks gaily.

There's music, sweet music, in woodland and hill,  
 There's a song in the breeze, there's a tune in the rill,  
 And the merle and the mavis are singing their fill,  
     Till echo rings down in the valley.

And Summer, his beautiful Queen, with her train,  
 Comes strewing her roses wide over the plain ;  
 And the lark in the cloud sings her welcome again,  
     As she trips it along so airy.

The carpet they tread is the brightest of green,  
 Enamel'd with flowers of the loveliest sheen,  
 And the traces are left of their gambols yestreen,  
     In the haunts of the fay and the fairy.

'Tis the season of gladness, of joy, and of love,  
 Within us, around us—below, and above ;  
 On the earth, in the air, and the stream and the grove,  
     All Nature is striving to please us.

Then how happy to rove in a season like this,  
 Wi' a sweet bonnie lassie wha'll no tak' amiss,  
 Wi' an arm roun' her waist, tho' we steal a bit kiss,  
     In the gloamin' when naebody sees us !

Oh ! love it will last while the world can go round,  
 In spite o' the icicle tribe, I'll be bound—  
 Whase cauld frozen blood still at zero is found,  
     Or but thaws in the height of a fever.

Love—love's been supreme sin' the world it began,  
 It's the tocher o' woman! the birthright of man!  
 An' nane worth the name, but hae join'd in the plan,  
 An' will be its votaries for ever.

*Robt. L. Malone*

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O SAY NOT PURE AFFECTIONS CHANGE!

O SAY not pure affections change  
 When fixed they once have been,  
 Or that between two noble hearts  
 Hate e'er can intervene!

Though coldness for a while may freeze  
 The love-springs of the soul,  
 Though angry pride its sympathies  
 May for a time control,

Yet such estrangement cannot last—  
 A tone, a touch, a look,  
 Dissolves at once the icyness  
 That crisp'd affection's brook:

Again they feel the genial glow  
 Within the bosom burn,  
 And all their pent-up tenderness  
 With tenfold force return!

*W. Motherwell*

## THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

*Music by* ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Esq.

THERE's nane may ever guess or trow my bonnie lassie's  
name ;

There's nane may ken the humble cot my lassie ca's her  
hame ;

Yet tho' my lassie's nameless, an' her kin o' low degree,  
Her heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, an' O ! she's dear  
to me ;

Her heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, an' O ! she's dear  
to me.

She's gentle as she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's fair ;  
Her virtues, like her beauties a', are varied as they're rare ;  
While she is light an' merry as the lammie on the lea,  
For happiness an' innocence thegither aye maun be !

When she unveils her blooming face the flowers may cease  
to blaw ;

An' when she ope's her hinnied lips, the air is music a' ;  
But when wi' ither's sorrows touched, the tear starts to  
her ee,

Oh ! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless pearl  
to me.

Within my soul her form's enshrined, her heart is a' my ain ;  
An' richer prize, or purer bliss, nae mortal e'er can gain ;  
The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding glee,  
Cheered onward by the love that lights my nameless  
lassie's ee !

*James Bullentone*

## THE RAVEN.

AIR—*' Row weel, my boatie, row weel.'*

' SING low, pretty linnet, sing low,  
The raven comes down from his nest ;  
The castle-wood rings  
With the flap of his wings,  
Sing low till the spoiler is past.'

The dear little linnet sung low,  
Till past flew the fierce bird of prey ;  
And then, O ! how clear  
On echo's glad ear,  
The linnet renew'd her sweet lay.

Had I, like the linnet, sung low,  
As warn'd like her I had been ;  
Or thought of the blight  
That follow'd his flight—  
The spoiler had pass'd me unseen.

But vain of my voice and my song,  
And proud of his praise and his vow,  
I fell—hapless hour—  
And ah ! never more  
Will sing as the linnet sings now !

*Alas sing*

## THE PEARLY BROW.

AIR—' *The Shepherd's Wife.*'

Arranged as a Duet, and sung by Miss ISSACS and Mr HAIGH  
in the Operetta of ' *The Provost's Daughter.*'

' OH! whaur gat ye that pearly brow,  
An' whaur gat ye that rosy mou,  
An' whaur gat ye thae een sae blue,  
That play sic pranks on mine, joe?'  
' The ne'er a pearl there's on my brow,  
The ne'er a rose blows on my mou,  
My een ye canna ken they're blue,  
They ne'er were raised to thine, joe.'

' Ae glance, ae sparkling glance was mine,  
An' Hope has dwalt wi' me sinsyne;  
Then let these stars in mercy shine  
On him wha worships thee, joe.'  
' Seek stars in heaven, for there they shine,  
Gae worship at some holy shrine,  
Pay homage to some saint divine,  
Ye maunna worship me, joe.'

' But I maun love, and loving seek  
Like love frae thee, sae pure and meek;  
Then dinna that fair bosom steek  
'Gainst ane wha loves but thee, joe.'  
The lassie blushed, she couldna speak,  
Deep crimson roses flushed her cheek,  
While wi' a silent sidelang keek,  
She shower'd love's light on me, joe.

*James Ballentine*

## BAITH SIDES O' THE PICTURE.

AIR,—*'Willie was a Wanton Wag.'*

GIN ye hae pence, ye will hae sense,  
 Gin ye hae nought, ye will hae nane,  
 When I had cash, I was thought gash,  
 And my advice by a' was taen ;  
 The rich and poor then thrang'd my door,  
 The very dog cam' for his bane,  
 My purse, my ha', were free to a',  
 And I was roosed by ilka ane.

Guid freens, and true, I had enow,  
 Wha to oblige me aye were fain,  
 Gin I but said, 'I want your aid,'  
 I didna need to say't again.  
 Whene'er I spak, and tald my crack,  
 Loud plaudits I was sure to gain ;  
 For ilka word, howe'er absurd,  
 Was for undoubted wisdom taen.

At catch or glee, I bore the gree,  
 For music's powers were a' my ain ;  
 And when I sang, the hale house rang,  
 Wi' rapturous encores again.  
 At pun or jest I shone the best,  
 For nane had sic a fertile brain ;  
 My jibes and jokes, my satire strokes,  
 Were—like my wine—a' kindly taen.

But when I brak', and gaed to wrack,  
 Ilk gowden prospect fairly gane,  
 My judgment wi' my wealth did flee,  
 And a' my sense was frae me taen ;



Nor rich, nor poor, cam' near my door  
 My freens a' vanished ane by ane ;  
 Nor word, nor crack, was worth a plack,  
 For I was listened to by nane.

My jests and wit, they wadna hit,  
 My singing met wi' cauld disdain,  
 The distant look, or dry rebuke,  
 Was a' that e'er I could obtain.  
 But, thanks to Gude, I've fortitude,  
 Adversity's sour cup to drain,  
 And ae true freen, as e'er was seen,  
 And that's the Dog that shares my bane.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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### BONNIE BONALY.

*Music by ALEX. MACKENZIE, Esq.*

BONNIE Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream,  
 Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream ;  
 Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,  
 Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,  
 Flooding with music its own tiny valley,  
 Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's grey-browed Castle towers,  
 Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers—  
 Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom ;  
 Nurtured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom.  
 Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,  
 Playing amid the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crowned crest ;  
 Peerless Edina expands her white breast,  
 Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,  
 Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between.  
 Nature and art, like fair twins, wander gaily ;  
 Friendship and Love dwell in Bonnie Bonaly.

*James Ballentine*

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#### THE HUNTER'S WELL.

LIFE of this wilderness,  
 Pure gushing stream,  
 Dear to the Summer  
 Is thy murmuring !  
 Note of the song-bird,  
 Warbling on high,  
 Ne'er with my spirit made  
 Such harmony  
 As do thy deep waters,  
 O'er rock, leaf, and flower  
 Bubbling and babbling  
 The long sunny hour !

Tongue of this desert spot,  
 Spelling sweet tones,  
 To the mute listeners—  
 Old mossy stones ;  
 Who ranged these stones near  
 Thy silver rim,

Guarding the temple  
 Where rises thy hymn ?  
 Some thirst-stricken Hunter—  
 Swarth priest of the wood,  
 Around thee hath strewn them,  
 In fond gratitude.

Orb of the green waste,  
 Open and clear,  
 Friend of the Hunter,  
 Loved of the deer ;  
 Brilliantly breaking  
 Beneath the blue sky,  
 Gladdening the leaflets  
 That tremulous sigh ;  
 Star of my wandering,  
 Symbol of love,  
 Lead me to dream of  
 The Fountain above !

*William Motherwell*

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**A BONNIE BRIDE IS EASY BUSKIT.**

*To a Melody by Mr ALEX. MACKENZIE.*

' COME Mary, dinna say me nay,  
 But fix at ance our bridal day ;  
 Let love dispel your doubts for aye,  
 And dinna let your brow be duskit.  
 Although I canna cleed ye braw,  
 And tho' my house and mailen's sma',  
 Your angel form will hallow a'—  
 A bonnie bride is easy buskit.'

‘ O dinna press our bridal now,  
 But rest content ye hae my vow,  
 My father’s frozen breast will thowe,  
     So let the spring-fed burnie gather.  
 He says my weal is a’ his care,  
 He bends, I streak his siller hair,  
 He weeps, I breathe a silent prayer—  
     I daurna leave my dear auld father.’

‘ Alack ! your father’s fond o’ gear,  
 At my poor suit again he’ll sneer,  
 And I maun lose thee, Mary dear,  
     Unless his angry ban ye risk it.  
 But gin our humble cot he’ll share,  
 He’ll welcome be, ye’ll nurse him there ;  
 I seek yoursel, I ask nae mair—  
     A bonnie bride is easy buskit.’

Unseen the carle stands listening by,  
 Wi’ smiling mou and glistening eye ;  
 He hears his Mary heave a sigh,  
     And out he bawls in tones sae huskit :  
 ‘ Here tak her, Rab, my blessing hae,  
 Your kindly heart has won the day ;  
 And be your bridal when it may,  
     Your bride shall be fu’ brawly buskit.’

*James Bullantone*

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IF TO THY HEART I WERE AS NEAR.

IF to thy heart I were as near  
 As thou art near to mine,  
 I’d hardly care though a’ the year  
 Nae sun on earth suld shine, my dear,  
 Nae sun on earth suld shine !

Twin starnies are thy glancin' een—  
 A warld they'd licht and mair—  
 And gin that ye be my Christine,  
 Ae blink to me ye'll spare, my dear,  
 Ae blink to me ye'll spare!

My leesome May I've wooed too lang—  
 Aneath the trystin' tree,  
 I've sung till a' the plantins rang,  
 Wi' lays o' love for thee, my dear,  
 Wi' lays o' love for thee.

The dew-draps glisten on the green,  
 The laverocks lilt on high,  
 We'll forth and doun the loan, Christine,  
 And kiss when nane is nigh, my dear,  
 And kiss when nane is nigh!

*W. Motherwell*

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WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINEDEN.

A GOWDEN dream thou art to me,  
 From shades of earth and evil free;  
 An angel form of love and glee,  
 Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,  
 While aft in sighs her words wad fall,  
 As in mine ear she breathed thy tale,  
 Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low sweet voice through many a year,  
 If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,  
 Which pictured thee with smile and tear,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,  
 'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar ;  
 Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

A winsome beild was thine, I ween,  
 Far peeping o'er its belt o' green,  
 Wi' curls o' reek in summer's sheen,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Sweet-scented nurslings o' sun and dew,  
 In bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,  
 Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,  
 And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves  
 Aft lilted to thee in the silent eves,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name,  
 And birds to thy side all fearless came,  
 Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love,  
 And kindness has charms a' charms above ;  
 'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move,  
     Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the auld folk shook their heads to see  
 Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee ;

And they sighed, 'Lang here ye wadna be,'  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,  
Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years;  
Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's ee has been dimmed with wae—  
The licht o' her smile has past away;  
But a better hame is thine for aye,  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's an eerie blank : t yon fireside,  
And sorrow has crush'd the hearts of pride;  
For sair in thy loss their faith was tried,  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the Spring's return,  
The merle sings blythe to the dancin' burn;  
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'—  
The mirk, mirk gloamin' soon shall fa';  
To death's dark porch we journey a',  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

When the weary wark o' the world is dune,  
And the streams o' the heart hae ceased to rin,  
May we meet wi' thee in thy hame abune,  
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

*Hugh Macdonald*

## THE MERMAIDEN.

' 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 hauld my love 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 sud na be ?'

' Oh ! my blythe bouir is low,' said the mermaiden,  
 ' In the bonnie green howes of the sea :  
 My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,  
 And the banes o' the drowned at sea ;  
 The fish 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 wud 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 bright 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 lauch, the bride;  
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down  
Under the silver'd tide.

*W. Motherwell*

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### THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

*Published to a Melody by PETER M'LEOD.*

O WHAUR gat ye that manly bairn?  
I ance had ane his marrow,  
Who shone out like a heavenly starn,  
Amid my nicht o' sorrow.  
Nae ferlie that I lo'e your wean,  
An' o' his sweets envy ye,  
For my poor heart, sae sad and lane,  
Grows glad when I am nigh ye.

My boy was fair, my boy was brave,  
Wi' yellow ringlets flowing;  
But now he sleeps in yon cauld grave,  
Sweet flowerets o'er him growing.

When his dear father joined the blest,  
 I fain wad hae gane wi' him ;  
 But that sweet child clung to my breast,  
 I couldna gang an' lea' him.

My boy he grew, he better grew,  
 Nae marrow had he growin',  
 Till ae snell blast that on us blew,  
 Set my sweet bud a dowin'.  
 But aye as dowed the outward rind,  
 The core it grew the dearer,  
 And aye as his frail body dwined,  
 His mind it shone the clearer.

O bright, bright shone his sparklin ee—  
 His cheek the pillow pressing ;  
 He cast his last sad glance on me—  
 ' Sweet mother, hae my blessing.'  
 Then oh ! the childless heart forgie,  
 That canna but envy ye ;  
 For still that ee seems fixed on me,  
 While thus I linger by ye.

*James Ballantyne*

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SONG OF THE SHIP.

WHEN surly winds and gruesome clouds  
 Are tilting in the sky,  
 And every little star's abed,  
 That glimmered cheerily—  
 O then 'tis meet for mariners  
 To steer right carefully !

For mermaids sing the shipman's dirge,  
Where ocean weds the sky—

A blessing on our gude ship as lustily she sails,  
O what can match our gude ship when blest with favour-  
ing gales!

Blythely to the tall top-mast,  
Up springs the sailor boy—  
Could he but hail a distant port,  
How he would leap with joy!  
By bending yard and rope he swings—  
A fair-haired child of glee—  
But oh! a cruel saucy wave  
Hath swept him in the sea!

There's sadness in the gude ship that breasts the waters  
wild,  
Though safe ourselves we'll think with tears of our poor  
ocean-child!

Our main-mast now is clean cut down,  
The tackle torn away—  
And thundering o'er the stout ship's side,  
The seas make fearful play!  
Yet cheerily, cheerily on we go,  
Though fierce the tempest raves,  
We know the Hand unseen that guides  
The ship o'er stormy waves!

We'll all still stand by the old ship as should a trusty crew,  
For He who rules the wasting waves may some port bring  
to view!

Our good ship is a shapely ship—  
A shapely and a strong—  
Our hearts sang to our noble ship,  
As she careered along!

And fear ye not, my sturdy mates,  
 Though sails and masts be riven—  
 We know, while drifting o'er the deep,  
 Above there's still a haven !

Though sorely we're benighted upon the weltering foam,  
 The sun may rise upon the morn and guide us to a home !

W. Motherwell

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THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

AIR,—*'The Exile of Erin.'*

Oh ! list to the lay of a poor Irish Harper,  
 Though wayward and fitful his old withered hand ;  
 Remember his touch once was bolder and sharper,  
 When raising the strains of his dear native land.  
 Long before the shamrock, our isle's lovely emblem,  
 Was crush'd in its bloom 'neath the Saxon lion's paw,  
 I was called by the coleens around me assembling,  
 Their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh !

Oh ! how I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,  
 Tho' fourscore and three years have flitted since then !  
 Still it gives sweet reflection, as ev'ry first joy should,  
 For free-hearted boys make the best of ould men.  
 At the fair or the wake I could twirl my shillelah,  
 Or trip through the jig in my brogues bound wi' straw ;  
 Faith, all the pretty girls in the village and the valley,  
 Loved bould Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh !

Now tho' I have wander'd this wide world over,  
 Still Ireland's my home and a parent to me ;  
 Then O ! let the turf that my bosom shall cover,  
 Be cut from the ground that is trod by the free !

And when in his cold arms Death shall embrace me,  
 Och! lull me asleep wid sweet Erin go Bragh!  
 By the side of my Kathlin, my first love, O! place me;  
 She loved Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh!

*Alexander Ritchie*

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I PLUCK'D THE BERRY.

I PLUCK'D the berry from the bush, the brown nut from  
 the tree,

But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me:  
 I saw them in their curious nests close couched, and slyly  
 peer,

With their wild eyes like glittering beads, to note if harm  
 were near:

I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was  
 good

To leave unharmed God's creatures small, whose home is  
 in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing;  
 He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little  
 wing:

He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on that  
 spray,

I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.  
 Sing on, sing on, blythe bird! and fill my heart with sum-  
 mer gladness:

It has been aching many a day with measures full of  
 sadness.

*William Motherwell*

## MY WILLIE AN' ME.

MY minny is pawky, my minny is slee,  
 She keeps me aye close 'neath the kep o' her ee ;  
 She bids me gae nurse my young billie awee,  
 But wots nae how sleely my Willie woos me.

What ails my auld minny at Willie an' me ?  
 How e'er can my minny wyte Willie an' me,  
 When nought but the wean an' the wee butterflee  
 Can see the stoun kiss o' my Willie an' me ?

My grandfather suns himsel' on the door-stane,  
 And dreams o' my grandmother lang dead and gane ;  
 He gazes on heaven wi' his lustreless ee,—  
 They surely ance loved like my Willie an' me ?

I ken Willie's true, and I ken he's my ain,  
 He courts nae for gear, an' he comes nae for gain ;  
 He leaves a' his flocks far outoure on yon lea,  
 What true heart wad sinder my Willie an' me ?

Then what ails my minny at Willie an' me ?  
 She shouldna be sair on my Willie an' me ;  
 Her black ribboned snood brings the tear to my ee,  
 But weel my dear father lo'ed Willie an' me.

*James Bullerstone*

## HEIGH ! HO !

TELL me, Maiden, tell me truly,  
 Hast thou lost thy heart or no ?  
 In the charming month of July  
 Hearts will go a-wandering so ;  
     Is it so,  
     Ay or no ?  
 Hearts will go—with a—heigh ! ho !

Dew bespangles mead and mountain,  
 Sunbeams kiss, and flowerets blow ;  
 By the shady fell and fountain  
 Lovers will a-woeing go ;  
     Is it so,  
     Ay or no ?  
 Hearts will go—with a—heigh ! ho !

Ope thine eyes, and spare thy roses,  
 Thus outblushing Nature so ;  
 Love is still, and ne'er discloses  
 What the July gloamings know ;  
     Is it so,  
     Ay or no ?  
 Hearts will go—with a—heigh ! ho !

*James Bullentine*

## 'DINNA FORGET.'

AIR—' *When Adam at first was created.*'

COME, put on thy finger this ring, love ;  
 And, when thou art far o'er the sea,  
 Perhaps to thy mind it will bring, love,  
 Some thought—some remembrance—of me :  
 Our moments of rapture and bliss, love,  
 The haunts where so oft we have met,  
 These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,  
 It tells thee—O 'dinna forget !'

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,  
 Oft gazed on by us with delight,  
 And think of each other alone, love,  
 At one sacred hour every night :  
 But, ah ! ere she'd rise to thy view, love,  
 To me, she long, long would be set ;  
 Then look to this token more true, love,  
 On thy finger—and 'dinna forget !'

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,  
 And charms more attractive than mine ;  
 Be moved by a more winning air, love,  
 Or struck by a figure more fine :  
 But, shouldst thou a brighter eye see, love,  
 Or ringlets of more glossy jet,  
 Let this still thy talisman be, love,  
 Look on it, and 'dinna forget !'

And, oh ! when thou writest to me, love,  
 The sealing impress with this ring ;  
 And that a sweet earnest will be, love,  
 To which, with fond hope, I will cling ;



That thou to thy vows wilt be true, love;  
 That happiness waiteth us yet;  
 One parting embrace--now adieu, love--  
 This moment I'll never forget!

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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AWAY, WHILE YET THY DAYS ARE FEW.

AWAY, while yet thy days are few, forsake thy quiet home,  
 And in a bark of buoyant hope on Life's wide waters roam;  
 With Passion at the rudder, boy! steer bold for every shore  
 Which to thy ardent fancy seems with sunshine glistening  
 o'er,

And gladden thee and madden thee with all the earth can  
 give,

Nor let thy bosom feel repose till thou hast learned to live.

O'er many a glancing summer wave thou'lt find an island  
 fair,

A paradise of living flowers most beautiful and rare;  
 Its beacon-fires are numberless, all lighted up by Love,  
 And brighter than the brightest stars that grace the  
 heavens above;

And free to thee its flowers shall be,—the choicest thou  
 may'st wear,

If thou wilt stay thy morning course, and take thy haven  
 there.

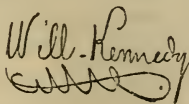
If onward still thy bark must go—then onward lies a strand  
 Whose towers and domes, of burning gold, proclaim a royal  
 land.—

Ambition holds a gallant sway o'er that imperial soil,  
 And, loftily, will he repay thy danger and thy toil:  
 His power can frame, from out thy name, a spell of joy, or  
 pain,  
 To make or mar, a nation's lot, if thou wilt bear his chain.

But if, in Beauty's fairy isle, from blossoms fondly pressed—  
 Though of all hues the sky hath known—thy soul should  
 rise unblest—

And if, in the gigantic halls that zone Ambition's state,  
 Thy heart beneath a diamond's blaze, feel cold and desolate;  
 And if thy will incline thee still for other shores to steer,  
 Yet no spot like the fancied one, to welcome thee appear;

Then—I implore thee, by the name thy father gave to thee,  
 And by the dust of her who bore thy weakness on her knee,  
 That thou wilt not, however late, persuade thyself to stay,  
 In recklessness, where joy, or peace afford no lasting ray;  
 But, though estranged, and something changed, haste to  
 thy quiet home,  
 And spend thy days, as they were spent, ere thou hadst  
 learned to roam.

Will-Kennedy  


## WHO'LL GO WITH ME?

*Music by* PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

WHO'LL go with me over the sea,  
 Breasting the billows merrily?  
 With a tight little ship, and a bright can of flip,  
 What heart but braves it cheerily?  
     Winds may blow,  
     High or low,  
 Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

The star of love that beams above,  
 Shines down all pure and holily;  
 We'll brave the breeze, we'll sweep the seas,  
 With bosoms beating jollily:  
     Winds may blow,  
     High or low,  
 Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

Then, while we're afloat in our island boat,  
 Let's reef and steer her warily;  
 And if our foes dare come to blows,  
 We'll meet them taut and yarily:  
     Winds may blow,  
     High or low,  
 Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

*James Ballentine*

## TIME'S CHANGES.

*To a Melody by KIESER.*

O DAYS long forgotten, why rise ye again,  
 When all your remembrance brings sorrow and pain?  
 When she wha's fair picture was 'graved in your heart,  
 Appears shrunk an' faded, nae ferlie ye start.

When he wha has taught ye, a bairn at the school,  
 Wha's wise pow aye made ye a poor donner't fool,  
 Comes seekin' your aid, wi' his head hingin' low,  
 Oh! sair is the shock, aye, an' hard is the blow.

The whiteheaded elder, whom lang syne ye mind,  
 Was aye to your puir widowed mother sae kind;  
 When stricken wi' poortith, an' laden wi' years,  
 Ye help him, ye bless him, ye gie him your tears.

The wee cockin' bailie ye liket sae weel,  
 Wha aye was sae mensefu' wi' maut an' wi' meal,  
 When fastin' has come, and when feastin's awa,  
 Ye mourn for his fate, an' ye feel for his fa'.

Yon mansion sae hoary, ye mind a laird's ha',  
 Now lane an' deserted, is crumbling awa';  
 Ye think on the days the auld biggin' has seen,  
 An' thoughts of the past bring the tears to your een.

Thus Time shows us a' what maun soon come to pass,  
 We're backward to keek in his truth-telling glass;  
 New buds may sprout out frae the auld hoary tree,  
 But e'en these young buds soon maun wither an' dee.

Yet, though your frail body maun mingle wi' clay,  
 Sweet Virtue bears flowers that can never decay;  
 An' Oh! gin ye've grafted ae bud on her tree,  
 You'll see your ain flower blooming brightly on hie.

*James Ballantine*

# NURSERY SONGS.

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## WILLIE WINKIE.

Air by Rev. W. B.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,  
Up stairs and doon stairs in his nicht-gown,  
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,  
“Are the weans in their bed, for it’s now ten o’clock?”

“Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye coming ben?  
The cat’s singing grey thrums to the sleeping hen,  
The dog’s spelder’d on the floor, and disna gi’e a cheep,  
But here’s a waukrife laddie! that winna fa’ asleep.”

Onything but sleep, you rogue! glow’ring like the moon,  
Rattling in an airn jug wi’ an airn spoon,  
Rumbling, tumbling round about, crawling like a cock,  
Skirling like a kenna-what, wauk’ning sleeping fock.

“Hey, Willie Winkie—the wean’s in a creel!  
Wambling aff a bodie’s knee like a very eel,  
Rugging at the cat’s lug, and raveling a’ her thrums—  
Hey, Willie Winkie—see, there he comes!”

Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,  
 A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,  
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee—  
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gi'es strength anaw to me.

William Miller

---

NURSERY SCARECROWS.

AIR—"Chevy Chase."

GAE wa' ye silly, senseless quean!  
 Nor frighten sae my wean  
 Wi' tales o' bogles, ghaists, and elves,  
 That he 'll no sleep his lane.  
 Come! say your prayers, my bonnie bairn,  
 And saftly slip to bed—  
 Your guardian angel's waiting there,  
 To shield your lovely head.

O never mind the foolish things  
 That clavering Jenny says—  
 They're just the idle silly tales,  
 The dreams o' darker days;  
 Our grannies, and our gran'dads too,  
 They might believe them a',  
 And keep themsel's in constant dread  
 O' things they never saw.

Lie still, lie still, my ain wee man !  
 Sic stories are na true,  
 There's naething in the dark can harm  
 My bonnie harmless doo ;  
 The WATCHFU' EE that never sleeps.  
 That never knows decay,  
 Will tent frae skaith my bonnie bairn,  
 By night as weel's by day.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

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THE SELFISH LADDIE.

AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

FY ! on the selfish laddie  
 Who tak's but never gi'es,  
 Wha canna part wi' aught he gets,  
 But covets a' he sees.  
 He's just a little miser brat,  
 A greedy glow'ring elf,  
 Wha grabs at a' within his grasp,  
 And thinks on nought but self.

Though his bit pouch is cramm'd sae fu'  
 That it can haud nae mair ;  
 And little Mary pleads for some,  
 Yet no ae crumb he'll spare.

Nae bairn can e'er deserve to get.  
 Wha winna freely gi'e ;  
 But weel I lo'e the open heart—  
 The heart that's warm and free.

When Mary gets an apple,  
 It maun be cut in twa,  
 And aye, I'm sure, the biggest half  
 The wee thing gi'es awa'.  
 She shares her goodies round about  
 Sae kindly and sae free,  
 That nane can be mair blythe to get  
 Than Mary's glad to gi'e.

*Alex. Smart*

---

THE NEW COMER.

“ WHA'S aught this wee wean  
 That my minnie has now,  
 To clasp to her bosom,  
 And press to her mou',  
 While I, ance her dawtie.  
 Am laid by the wa'.



Or set out a' couring  
 To try the stirk's sta' ?\*

“ That wean is your Billie,  
 My ain son and helr !  
 You'll see your ain picture  
 A wee wee-er there :  
 You'll sleep wi' your father,  
 Your Billie is sma',  
 And now that ye're strong,  
 Ye maun try the stirk's sta' .”

“ Ye're kind to me, father,  
 Nane kinder may be,  
 But your bosom can ne'er  
 Be a mither's to me ;  
 O ! dinna me tak'  
 Frae that bosy awa',  
 Dinna ask your wee laddie  
 To try the stirk's sta' !”

“ Dear bairn ! 'tis a foretaste  
 O' a' ye'll find here—  
 We step o'er our elders,  
 As year follows year,

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\* When the pet child is transferred from his mother's to his father's bosom, in consequence of a younger aspirant coming on the field, he is said to be sent to the *stirk's sta'*.

We're a' marching onward,  
 Our hame's far awa'—  
 Sae kiss your young Billie.  
 And try the stirk's sta'."

*James Ballantine*

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THE FAMILY CONTRAST.

AIR—" *John o' Badenyon.*"

O SIRS! was e'er sic difference seen  
 As 'twixt wee Will and Tam?  
 The ane's a perfect ettercap,  
 The ither's just a lamb;  
 Will greets and girns the leclang day,  
 And carps at a' he gets—  
 Wi' ither bairns he winna play,  
 But sits alane and frets.

He flings his piece into the fire,  
 He yaumers at his brose,  
 And wae betide the luckless flee  
 That lights upon his nose!  
 He kicks the collie, cuffs the cat,  
 The hen and birds he stanes—  
 Na, little brat! he tak's a preen  
 And jags the very weans.

Wi' spite he tumbles aff his stool,  
 And there he sprawling lies,  
 And at his mother throws his gab,  
 Gin she but bid him rise.  
 Is there in a' the world beside  
 Sae wild a wight as he ?  
 Weel ! gin the creature grow a man,  
 I wonder what he'll be !

But Tammy's just as sweet a bairn  
 As ane could wish to see,  
 The smile aye plays around his lips,  
 While blythely blinks his ee ;  
 He never whimpers, greets, nor girns,  
 Even for a broken tae,  
 But rins and gets it buckled up,  
 Syne out again to play.

He claps the collie, dauts the cat,  
 Flings moolins to the doos,  
 To Bess and Bruekie rins for grass,  
 To cool their honest mou's ;  
 He's kind to ilka living thing,  
 He winna hurt a flee,  
 And, gin he meet a beggar bairn,  
 His piece he'll freely gi'e.

He tries to please wee crabbit Will,  
 When in his cankriest mood,  
 He gie's him a' his taps and bools,  
 And tells him to be good.

Sae good a wean as our wee Tam  
 It cheers the heart to see,—  
 O! gin his brither were like him,  
 How happy might we be!

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE!

AIR—“*Oh! no, we never mention her.*”

THE Moon has rowed her in a cloud,  
 Stravaging win's begin  
 To shuggle and daud the window-brods,  
 Like loons that would be in!  
 “Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,  
 Or craik in saughen tree!  
 We're thankfu' for a cozie hame”—  
 Sae gree, my bairnies, gree!

Tho' gurling blasts may dourly blaw,  
 A rousing fire will thow  
 A straggler's taes, and keep fu' cosh  
 My tousie taps-o'-tow.  
 O who would cool your kail, my bairns,  
 Or bake your bread like me,—  
 Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,  
 Sae gree, my bairnies, gree!  
  
 Oh, never fling the warmsome boon  
 O' bairnhood's love awa';  
 Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek!  
 Between me and the wa';  
 How ae kind arm was ower ye baith—  
 But, if ye disagree,  
 Think on the soft and kindly soun'  
 O' "Gree, my bairnies, Gree."

William Miller

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THE BONNIE MILK COW.

AIR—"The auld wife ayont the fire."  
 Moo, moo, proochy lady!  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!  
 Lowing i' the gloaming hour,  
 Comes my bonnie cow.

Buttercups an' clover green,  
 A' day lang, her feast ha'e been,  
 Then laden hame she comes at e'en—  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Bairnies for their porridge greet,  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!  
 And milk maun ha'e their mou's to weet,  
 Sweet and warm frae you.  
 Though ither kye gae dry an' yel',  
 Hawkie ne'er was kent to fail,  
 But aye she fills the reaming pail—  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Best o' butter, best o'cheese,  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!  
 That weel the nicest gab may please,  
 Yields my dainty cow.  
 When the gudewife stirs the tea,  
 Sweeter cream there canna be,—  
 Sic curds an' whey ye'll seldom see—  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

*Alex Smart*

## ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

AIR—" *What's a' the steer, kimmer.*"

COME awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee  
 Rosy cheekit apples ye shall hae three.  
 A' sae fou' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree ;  
 Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, dinna shake your head,  
 Ye mind me o' my ain bairn, lang, lang, dead.  
 Ah! for lack o' nourishment he drappit frae the tree ;  
 Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter he was wee.

Oh! auld frail folk are like auld fruit trees ;  
 They canna stand the gnarl o' the cauld winter breeze.  
 But heaven tak's the fruit tho' earth forsake the tree ;  
 And we mourn our fairy blossoms, a' the sweeter they were  
 wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee  
 Rosy cheekit apples ye shall ha'e three.  
 A' sae fou' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree ;  
 Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

*James Bullentine*

## THE SLEEPY LADDIE.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken th' day, ye rogue ?  
 Your parritch is ready and cool in the cog,  
 Auld baudrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk  
 Would fain ha'e a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.

There's a wee birdie singing—get up, get up !  
 And listen, it says tak' a whup, tak' a whup !  
 But I'll kittle his bosie—a far better plan—  
 And pouter his pow wi' a watering can.

There's a house redd up like a palace, I'm sure,  
 That a pony might dance a jig on the floor ;  
 And father is coming, so wauken and meet,  
 And welcome him hame wi' your kisses sae sweet.

It's far i' the day now, and brawly ye ken,  
 Your father has scarcely a minute to spen' ;  
 But ae blink o' his wife and bairn on her knee,  
 He says lightens his toil, tho' sair it may be.

So up to your parritch, and on wi' your claes ;  
 There's a fire that might warm the cauld Norlan braces ;  
 For a coggie weel fill'd and a clean fire-en'  
 Should mak' ye jump up, and gae skelping ben.

*William Miller*



## MOTHER'S PET.

AIR—“ *The maid that tends the goats.*”

MOTHER'S bairnie, mother's dawtie,  
 Wee wee steering stumping tottie,  
 Bonnie dreamer,—guileless glee  
 Lights thy black and laughing e'e.  
 Frae thy rosy dimpled cheek—  
 Frae thy lips sae soft and sleek,  
 Aulder heads than mine might learn  
 Truths worth kenning, bonnie bairn.

Gabbing fairie ! fondly smiling !  
 A' a mother's cares beguiling ;  
 Peacefu' may thy fortune be,  
 Blythesome braird o' purity.  
 Ne'er may poortith cauld and eerie  
 Mak' thy heart o' kindness wearie ;  
 Nor misfortune, sharp and stern,  
 Blight thy bloom, my bonnie bairn.

Stourie, stoussie, gaudie brierie !  
 Dinging a' things tapsalteerie ;  
 Jumping at the sunny sheen,  
 Flickering on thy pawky een.

Frisking, lisping, fleeching fay,  
 Dinna tow't poor baudrons sae!  
 Frae her purring kindness learn  
 What ye awe me, bonnie bairn.

John Crawford

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LEARN YOUR LESSON.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

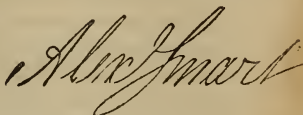
YE'LL no learn your lesson by greeting, my man,  
 Ye'll never come at it by greeting, my man,  
 No ae word can ye see, for the tear in your ee,  
 But just set your heart till't, for brawly ye ean.

If ye'll like your lesson, it's sure to like you,  
 The words then so glibly would jump to your mou',  
 Ilk ane to its place a' the ithers would chase,  
 Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

O who would be counted a dunse or a snool,  
 To gape like a gomerl, and greet like a fool,  
 Sae fear'd, like a coof, for the taws ower his loof,  
 And laugh'd at by a' the wee bairns in the school!

Ye'll greet till ye greet yoursel' stupid and blind,  
 And then no a word in the morning ye'll mind ;

But cheer up your heart, and ye'll soon ha'e your part.  
 For a' things come easy when bairns are inclin'd.




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THE TRUANT.

AIR—“ *When the kye come hame.*”

WEE Sandy in the corner  
 Sits greeting on a stool,  
 And sair the laddie rues  
 Playing truant frae the school ;  
 Then ye'll learn frae silly Sandy,  
 Wha's gotten sic a fright,  
 To do naething through the day  
 That may gar ye greet at night.

He durstna venture hame now,  
 Nor play, though e'er so fain,  
 And ilka ane he met wi'  
 He thought them sure to ken

And started at ilk whin bush,  
 Though it was braid daylight—  
 Sae do naething through the day  
 That may gar ye greet at night.

Wha winna be advised  
 Are sure to rue ere lang ;  
 And muckle pains it costs them  
 To do the thing that's wrang,  
 When they wi' half the fash o't  
 Might aye be in the right,  
 And do naething through the day  
 That would gar them greet at night.

What fools are wilfu' bairns  
 Who misbehave frae hame !  
 There's something in the breast aye  
 That tells them they're to blame ;  
 And then when comes the gloamin',  
 They're in a waefu' plight !—  
 Sae do naething through the day  
 That may gar ye greet at night.

*Alex. Stewart*

## MY AIN KINDLY MINNIE.

AIR—“*Over the water to Charlie.*”

“ My ain kindly minnie, when ance I’m a man.

I’ll big a wee housie, sae cosie,

And, O! I’ll be kind, and be gude to you than,

For cuddling me now in your bosie.

Dry up your saut tears that sae thickly now fa’,

What for are ye greetin’ sae sairly?

Tho’ my daddie lie deep in the sea, far awa’!

Has he no left ye me his ain Charlie?”

“ Oh, bless ye, my darling, ance mair I’m mysel’,

Your sweet rosy lips they reprove me:

How sinfu’ it is on my sorrows to dwell,

When thy dad lives in thee still to love me.

I will live on to love ye, my bonnie wee man!

Oh! yet we’ll be happy and cosie,

And when heaven sees fitting to close my short span,

Then I’ll lay my auld head on your bosie.”

*Robt. L. Maloney*

## THE FATHER'S KNEE.

AIR—" *Buy broom besoms.*"

O! HAPPY is the mother o' ilk little pet,  
 Who has a happy father by the ingle set.  
 Wi' ae wee tottum sleeping 'neath its mother's ee,  
 Anither tottum creeping up its father's knee.  
     Aye rocking, rocking, aye rocking ree,  
     Puing at his stocking, climbing up his knee.

Although our wee bit bigging there be few who ken,  
 Beneath our theekit rigging, bien's the but and ben.  
 Although about the creepy bairnies canna gree,  
 They cuddle, when they're sleepy, on their father's knee.  
     They're aye wink, winking, wi' the sleepy ee,  
     Or aye jink, jinking, round their father's knee.

Although the sun o' summer scarce glints through the boal,  
 O! kindly is the glimmer o' our candle coal.  
 And bright the rays o' glory stream frae heaven hie,  
 When gude grandsire hoary bends his aged knee;  
     Baith the parents kneeling by their totts sae wee—  
     Holy is the feeling offered on the knee.

I wonder gin in palace, or in lordly ha',  
 Their hearts are a' as happy as in our cot sae sma'—

Gin the Royal Mother can her lassies see,  
 Cuddling their wee brother on their father's knee,  
 What to her kind bosie are her kingdoms three,  
 Unless her totts are cosie on their father's knee !

*James Ballentine*

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CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,  
 Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Granny's sang ;  
 Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang—  
 Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn  
 To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn ;  
 Better creeping cannie, than fa'ing wi' a bang,  
 Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, and ye'll laugh, and ye'll nod to your mother,  
 Watching ilka step o' your wee dousy brother ;  
 Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,  
 And ye'll be a braw chield yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee;  
 Folks are sure to tumble when they climb ower hie;  
 They wha dinna walk aright, are sure to come to wrang,—  
 Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

*James Ballentine*

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DINNA FEAR THE DOCTOR.

AIR—"Gin a body meet a body."

O DINNA fear the doctor,

He comes to mak' ye weel,

To nurse ye like a tender flower,

And your wee head to heal;

He'll bring the bloom back to your cheek,

The blythe blink to your ee,

An't werena for the doctor,

My bonnie bairn might dee.

O who would fear the doctor!

His pouthers, pills, and a';

Ye just a wee bit swither gi'e,

And then the taste's awa'!

He'll mak' ye sleep as sound's a tap,

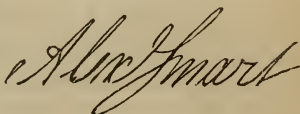
And rise as light's a flee,—

An't werena for the doctor,

My bonnie bairn might dee.



A kind man is the doctor,  
 As mony poor folk ken;  
 He spares nae toil by day or night  
 To ease them o' their pain;  
 And O he lo'es the bairnies weel!  
 And tak's them on his knee,—  
 An't werena for the doctor,  
 My bonnie bairn might dee.




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### THE WONDERFU' WEAN

“AIR—“ *The Campbells are coming.*”

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,  
 It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a  
 His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his ee,  
 When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.  
 For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:—  
 How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?  
 What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain.  
 He's a perfect divert—he's a wonderfu' wean.

Or who was the first bodie's father? and wha  
 Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?  
 And who made the first bird that sang on a tree?  
 And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?—  
 But after I've told him as weel as I ken,  
 Again he begins wi' his who? and his when?  
 And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—  
 He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk who ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,  
 Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;  
 How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,  
 Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug shugging afore him;  
 Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,  
 And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.  
 'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain;—  
 He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,  
 To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;  
 Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,  
 The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,  
 Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, ho  
 march'd ben,  
 Like ower mony mae o' our great-little men,  
 That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,  
 He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,  
 That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;  
 And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his ee,  
 Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.  
 Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,  
 And gloom through her fingers, like hills through a shower,  
 When bodies ha'e got ae bit bairn o' their ain,  
 How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

William Miller

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BAIRNIES, COME HAME.

AIR—“*Logie o' Buchan.*”

THE sun's awa' down to his bed in the sea,  
 And the stars will be out on their watch in a wee :  
 The beasts ha'e gane hame in their coverts to rest,  
 And ilka wee bird's cuddled down in its nest ;  
 The kye are a' sta'd, and there's no a wee lamb  
 But has cower'd itsel' down by the side o' its dam ;  
 The rose and the gowan are closing their leaves,  
 And the swallow's last twitter is hush'd in the eaves ;  
 And it's time that gude weans were a' doing the same,—  
 Come hame to your downy dreams ! bairnies, come hame !

Come hame! frae your howfs, down amang the green corn,  
 Where the lee rigg is lown, and be up in the morn;  
 Be up in the morn! when the sun's glinting thro'  
 Wi' his beams 'mang the blossoms to lick up the dew:  
 Frae your bonnie green dens on the sides o' the wood,  
 Where the blaeberry blooms, and the wild roses bud,  
 And warms for your play-ground the gowany braes,  
 By the burn where your mammies are tending their claes:  
 Aye! be up in the morn to your sportive wee game—  
 But now that the gloamin' fa's, bairnies, come hame.

Come hame! for the bat is abroad in his hour,  
 And the howlet is heard frae the auld hoary tower—  
 Come hame! and your fathers will daut ilka brow,  
 A mother's warm welcome is waiting for you.  
 Ah! aft, when lang years ha'e pass'd over your prime,  
 Your changed hearts will turn to this innocent time,  
 And the sunshiny past, wi' its love-lighted gleams,  
 Will rise on your waking thoughts—smile in your dreams;  
 Then your hearts will fill fu', as ye breathe the loved name  
 Of her whose sort smilt nae mair welcomes ye hame.

*Robt. L. Malone*

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ase,  
 Glowering in the fire wi' his wee round face ;  
 Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there ?  
 Ha ! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.

His wee chubby face, and his touzie curly pow,  
 Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe ;  
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,  
 Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon !  
 He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun !  
 Worlds whomling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare,—  
 See how he loup! as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?  
 He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men ;  
 A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—  
 There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld :  
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld ;  
 His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care  
 Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air !

He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!  
 But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by Night;  
 Volder een than his are glamoured by a glare,  
 Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air.

James Ballentine

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THE WATCH DOG.

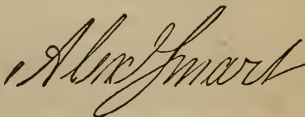
AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

Bow-wow-wow! it's the muckle watch dog,  
 I ken by his honest bark;  
 Bow-wow-wow! says the muckle watch dog,  
 When he hears a foot in the dark.  
 No a breath can stir but he's up wi' a wirr!  
 And a big bow-wow gie's he,  
 And wi' tail on end, he'll the house defend,  
 Mair siccar than lock or key.

When we sleep sound; he takes his round,  
 A sentry ower us a',  
 Through the lang dark night till braid daylight,  
 He fleys the thieves awa'.

But through the hale day wi' the bairns he'll play,  
 And daff about in the sun;  
 On his back astride they may safely ride,  
 For weel does he lo'e their fun.

Wi' a cogie fu' to his gratefu' mou',  
 How he wags his trusty tail!  
 And weel does he like a bane to pike,  
 Or a lick o' the lithey kail.  
 By a' he's kenn'd as a faithfu' friend,  
 Nae flattering tongue has he,  
 And we a' may learn frae the muckle watch dog  
 Baith faithfu' and fond to be.




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THE BASHFU' BAIRN.

AIR—“*Saw ye my father?*”

THE bashfu' wee laddie! what makes him sae shy?  
 And what is't that gars him think shame?  
 Or how does it come that the blatest outbye  
 Are often the bauldest at hame?

A stranger might think he was sulky or doure ;  
 For scarcely a word will he speak,  
 But hangs down his head, like a wee modest flower,  
 To hide the warm blush on his cheek.

'Mang rin-ther'-out laddies he's counted a snool :  
 He cares na for bools nor for ba's ;  
 But yet he's a match for the best at the school—  
 He ne'er gets a tip o' the taws.  
 And aye when he plays wi' the bairns in the house,  
 The cock o' the roost he maun be ;  
 He's bauld as a bantam, and craws there sae crouse,  
 Nae bairn can be brisker than he.

There's mair in his head, or I'm sairly mista'en,  
 Than ye'll find in some auld-farrant men ;  
 Sae lang are his lugs, and sae gleg are his een,  
 He notices mair than ye ken.  
 Sometimes he'll sit still like a howlet sae grave,—  
 His thoughts then can naebody tell ;  
 And sometimes he wanders awa' frae the lave,  
 And speaks, like a gowk, to himsel'!

Be kind to the laddie that's bashfu' and shy !  
 He'll be a braw fellow belyve ;  
 Ye'll drive him dementit if harshness ye try—  
 Ye'll lead him, but never can drive.



Some think him half-witted, and some think him wise,  
 And some think him naething ava ;  
 But tent him wi' love, if ye'll take my advice,  
 And he'll yet be the flower o' them a'.

*Alex. Smart*

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#### A MOTHER'S CARES AND TOILS.

AIR—" *Willie was a wanton wag.*"

WAUKRIFE wee thing, O! I'm wearie  
 Warsling wi' you late and ear',  
 Turning a' things tapsalteerie,  
 Tearing mutches, towzling hair,  
 Stumping wi' your restless feetie,  
 Ettling, like the lave, to gang ;  
 Frae the laughter to the greetie,  
 Changing still the hale day lang.

Now wi' whisker'd baudrons playing,  
 By the ingle beeking snug,  
 Now its wee bit leggie laying  
 O'er the sleeping collie dog ;

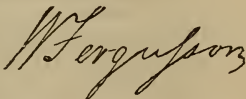
Thumping now its patient minnie,  
 Scalding syne its bonnie sel',  
 Then wi' kisses, sweet as hinnie,  
 Saying mair than tongue can tell.

O ! its wearie, wearie winkers,  
 Close they'll no for a' my skill,  
 Wide they'll glower, thae blue bit blinkers,  
 Though the sun's ayont the hill.  
 Little they for seasons caring,  
 Morning, gloamin', night, or noon,  
 Lang's they dow, they'll aye keep staring,  
 Heeding neither sun nor moon.

E'en when sound we think him sleeping  
 In his cozie cradle-bed,  
 If we be na silence keeping,  
 Swith ! he's gleg as ony gled.  
 If the hens but gi'e a cackle,  
 If the cock but gi'e a crow,  
 If the wind the window shake, he'll  
 Skirl like wild aboon them a'.

Who a mother's toils may number ?  
 Who a mother's cares may feel ?  
 Let her bairnie wake or slumber,  
 Be it sick or be it weel !

O! her heart had need be tender,  
 And her love had need be strang,  
 Else the lade she bears would bend her  
 Soon the drearie mools amang.




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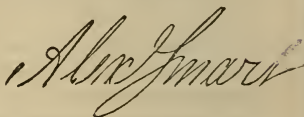
ERRAND RINNING MARY.

AIR—“ *O'er the muir amang the heather.*”

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet  
 An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,  
 And O she's proud the praise to get  
 When hame she trips as light's a fairy.  
 In ae wee hand the change she grips,  
 And what she's sent for in the other ;  
 Then like a lintie in she skips,  
 Sae happy aye to please her mother.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,  
 But a' the road as she gaes trotting,  
 Croons to 'hersel' what she's to say,  
 For fear a word should be forgotten ;  
 And then, as clear as A B C,  
 The message tells without a blunder,  
 And like the little eident bee,  
 She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,  
 For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye ;  
 The best reward the lassie wins  
 Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.  
 If bairns would a' example tak',  
 And never on their errands tarry,  
 What happy hames they aye would mak',  
 Like our wee errand-rinning Mary.




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### THE SILENT CHILD.

AIR—“ *Handel's Dead March.*”

- “ WHAT ails brother Johnny, he'll no look at me,  
 But lies looking up wi' a half steekit ee ?  
 Oh ! cauld is his hand, and his face pale and wee—  
 What ails brother Johnny, he'll no speak to me ?”
- “ Alack, my wee lammie ! your brother's asleep,  
 He looksna, he speaksna—yet, dear, dinna weep ;  
 Ye'll break mother's heart gin ye gaze on him sac ;  
 He's dreaming—he's gazing—on friends far away !”

“ Oh, whō can he see like the friends that are here ?  
 And where can he find hearts that lo’e him sae dear ?  
 Just wauken him, mother ! his brother co see,  
 I’ll gi’e him the black frock my father ga’e me.”

“ Your black frock, my bairn, ah ! your brother is dead !  
 That symbol o’ death sends a stound through my head.  
 I made mysel’ trow he wad wauken ance mair ;  
 But now he’s in Heaven—he’s waiting us there.”

*James Ballentine*

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THE BIRD’S NEST.

AIR—“ *John Anderson, my jo.*”

O WHO would harry the wee bird’s nest,  
 That sings so sweet and clear,  
 And bigs for its young a cozy biel’,  
 In the spring-time o’ the year ;  
 That feeds its gapin’ gurlins a’,  
 And haps them frae the rain ?  
 O who would harry the wee bird’s nest,  
 And gi’e its bosom pain ?

I wouldna harry the lintie's nest,  
 That whistles on the spray ;  
 I wouldna rob the lav'rock,  
 That sings at break of day ;  
 I wouldna rob the shilfa,  
 That chants so sweet at e'en ;  
 Nor plunder wee wee Jenny Wren  
 Within her bower o' green.

For birdies are like bairnies,  
 That dance upon the lea ;  
 They winna sing in cages  
 So sweet's in bush or tree.  
 They're just like bonnie bairnies,  
 That mithers lo'e sae weel—  
 And cruel, cruel is the heart  
 That would their treasures steal.

*Alex Smart*

## THE WIDOW TO HER BAIRNS.

AIR—" *The Miller of Dee.*"

Now, bairnies, mind your mother's words,

For kind to you she's been,

And mony a waukrife night she's had

To keep ye tosh an' clean—

And mony a shift she's ta'en to mak'

Her sonsie stouries braw ;

For through her lanely widowhood

Her back's been at the wa'.

But ye'll yet cheer the widow's hearth,

And dry her watery een,

And when ye've bairnies o' your ain,

Ye'll mind what ye ha'e been.

The bitter sneer o' witless pride,

In sorrow ye maun thole,

Sae lang as poortith on our hearth

Cours ower a cauldrite coal ;

But when ye've brought your heads aboon

Your dour, your early lot,

And rowing grit wi' happiness,

Your cares ye've a' forgot ;

Then cozie mak' the widow's hearth,

And dry her tearfu' een,

And when ye've plenty o' your ain,

Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

What's fortune but a passing gleam  
 Of pleasure, toil, and care ;  
 The stanie heart, o' worldly gear,  
 Gets aft the better share ;  
 But gi'e ye aye wi' willing heart  
 What mercy sends to cure  
 The troubles o' the lowly cot,  
 The sorrows o' the poor.  
 Then warm the widow's lanely hearth,  
 And dry her tearfu' een,  
 And when your cup o' pleasure's fu',  
 Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

*John Crawford*

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OUR AIN FIRE-END.

AIR—"Kelvin Grove."

WHEN the frost is on the grun',  
 Keep your ain fire-end,  
 For the warmth o' summer's sun  
 Has our ain fire-end ;



When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,  
 Or snaw ye could be smoor'd in,  
 The best flower in the garden  
 Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa !

Round our ain fire-end,  
 He mak's rabbits on the wa',  
 At our ain fire-end.

Then the fun as they are mumping,  
 When, to touch them ye gae stumping,  
 They're set on your tap a' jumping,  
 At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep

At our ain fire-end,  
 When ye on your whistle wheep,  
 Round our ain fire-end ;  
 Now, the dog maun get a saddle,  
 Then a cart's made o' the ladle,  
 To please ye as ye daidle  
 Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,

At our ain fire-end,  
 Taking childhood's dreamless nan,  
 At our ain fire-end ;  
 Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,  
 An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,

And a' that's gude I wish ye,  
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink  
O' our ain fire-end,  
Fu' monie a time ye'll think  
On our ain fire-end ;  
On a' your gamesome ploys,  
On your whistle and your toys,  
And ye'll think ye hear the noise  
O' our ain fire-end.

*William Miller*

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GIE AS YE WAD TAK'.

AIR—" *Auld Langsyne.*"

My bairnies dear, when ye gang out,  
Wi' ither bairns to play,  
Tak' tent o' every thing ye do,  
O' every word ye say ;  
Frae tricky wee mischievous loons  
Keep back, my dears, keep back ;  
And aye to a' such usage gi'e  
As ye would like to tak'.

To thraw the mouth, or ca' ill names,  
Is surely very bad ;

Then, a' such doings still avoid,  
They'd mak' your mother sad.

To shield the feckless frae the strong

Be neither slow nor slack ;  
And aye to a' such usage gi'e  
As ye would like to tak'.

Ne'er beat the poor dumb harmless tribe,

Wi' either whip or stick ;  
The mildest beast, if harshly used,  
May gi'e a bite or kick.

On Silly Sam, or crooked Tam,

The heartless joke ne'er crack ;  
But aye to a' such usage gi'e  
As ye would like to tak'.

A kindly look, a soothing word,

To ilka creature gi'e ;  
We're a' ONE MAKER'S handywork,  
Whatever our degree.

We're a' the children o' HIS care,

Nae matter white or black ;  
Then still to a' such usage gi'e  
As ye would like to tak'.

*Alexr Rodger*

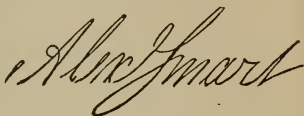
## THE IDLER.

AIR—" *The Miller o' Dee.*"

GAE awa' to your task, and be eident, my man,  
 And dinna sit dozing there ;  
 But learn to be busy, and do what ye can,  
 For ye neither are sickly nor sair.  
 It's laziness ails ye, the sluggard's disease,  
 Who never has will for his wark,  
 Though it cures a' the tantrums that idle folk tease,  
 And makes them as blythe as the lark.

O shame on the sloven, the lubberly loon !  
 He kensna the ills he maun dree,  
 Like a dog in the kennel he flings himself down,  
 And the poor beggar's brother is he.  
 So up to your task now, and then to your play,  
 And fright the auld tyrant awa' ;  
 For sloth's the worst master that laddie's can ha'e,  
 If ance in his clutches they fa' :  
 He cleeds them in rags, and he hungers them too,  
 For nane o' his subjects can thrive ;  
 They're aye 'mang the foremost when mischief's to do,  
 But they're naething but drones in the hive.  
 O dear, what a picture ! Would I be his slave ?  
 It weel may make industry sweet,  
 And teach idle laddies to strive like the lave,  
 Who win baith their claes and their meat.

Your father and mother ha'e toiled for ye sair,  
 And keepit ye eozie and clean ;  
 But think how ye'll do, when ye ha'e them nae mair,  
 And maun fight through the world your lane !  
 Then rouse like a hero, wi' might and wi' main,  
 For time never stops on his way ;  
 The present hour's a' we can weel ca' our ain,  
 And nane can be sure o' a day.




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### THE HERD LADDIE.

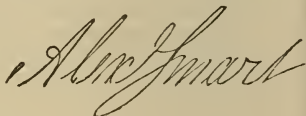
AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

It's a lang time yet till the kye gae hame,  
 It's a weary time yet till the kye gae hame ;  
 Till the lang shadows fa' in the sun's yellow flame,  
 And the birds sing gude night, as the kye gae hame.

Sair langs the herd laddie for gloamin's sweet fa',  
 But slow moves the sun to the hills far awa' ;  
 In the shade o' the broom-bush how fain would he lie,  
 But there's nae rest for him when he's herding the kye.

They'll no be content wi' the grass on the lea,  
 For do what he will to the corn aye they'll be;—  
 The weary wee herd laddie to pity there is nane,  
 Sae tired and sae hungry wi' herding his lane.

When the bee's in its byke, and the bird in its nest,  
 And the kye in the byre, that's the hour he lo'es best;  
 Wi' a fu' cog o' brose he sleeps like a stane,—  
 But it scarce seems a blink till he's wauken'd again.




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O LEESE ME ON THEE, BONNIE BAIRN.

AIR—“*Kind Robin lo'es me.*”

O LEESE me on thee, bonnie bairn!  
 Sae sweet, sae wise, sae apt to learn,  
 And true as loadstone to the airn,  
 Thou dearly, dearly, lo'es me.  
 Thou'rt just thy daddy's wee-er sel',  
 Fresh—bloomng as the heather bell;  
 While blythe as lammie on the fell,  
 Thy frisking shows thou lo'es me.

Thy comely brow, thy ee's deep blue,  
 Thy cheek of health's clear rosy hue;  
 And O! thy little laughing mou',  
     A' tell me how thou lo'es me.  
 Reclining softly on this breast,  
 O how thou mak'st my bosom blest,  
 To see thee smiling, mid thy rest,  
     And ken how much thou lo'es me.

Wi' mother's ee I fondly trace  
 In thee thy daddy's form and face,  
 Possess'd of every manly grace,  
     And mair—a heart that lo'es me.  
 Lang be thou spared, sweet bud, to be  
 A blessing to thy dad and me;  
 While some fond mate shall sing to thee,  
     “Dear laddie, how thou lo'es me.”

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

AIR—“*John Anderson, my jo.*”

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,  
 Ilk morning scraping orra things thegither for his wife—  
 His coat o' glowing ruddy brown, and wavelet wi' gold—  
 A crimson crown upon his head, well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,

For, like a man o' mettle, he—siclike meets face to face ;  
 He gi'es the loons a lethering, a crackit croon to claw—  
 There is nae gaun about the bush wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly, his look both sage and grave—  
 His bearing bold, as if he said, " I'll never be a slave ;"  
 And, tho' he hauds his head fu' high, he glinteth to the grun,  
 Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glow'ring at the sun :

And whiles I've thocht had he a hand wharwi' to grip a  
 stickie,

A pair o' specks across his neb, and round his neck a dickie,  
 That weans wad laughing haud their sides, and cry—" Pre-  
 serve us a' !

Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawblood, douce Cockie-  
 leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame to work for what ye  
 need,

For he that gapes till he be fed, may gape till he be dead ;  
 And if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,  
 That they who winna work in heat, maun hunger in the  
 frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack, and honest pride will  
 fill

Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-aff frien's will bring grist to  
 your mill ;



And if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a  
 flaw,  
 Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes to—Cockie-  
 leerie-la!

William Miller

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HOGMANAY.

AIR—“ *The Young May Moon.*”

COME, bairns a', to your Hogmanay,  
 The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day;  
 The cauld wind blaws, and the snaw down fa's,  
 But merrily, merrily dance away.

There's Johnny Frost wi' his auld white pow,  
 Would fain be in to the chimla lowe;  
 But if he should come, he'll flee up the lum  
 In a bleeze that his frozen beard will thow!

He's stoppit the burnie's todling din,  
 Hung frosty tangles outowre the linn;  
 The flowers are a' dead, and the wee birds fled.  
 But they'll a' be back when the spring comes in.

There's mony a ane gane sin' the last New-year,  
 But let us be happy as lang's we're here;  
 We've aye been fed, and cozily clad,  
 And kindness will sweeten our canty cheer.

We'll no sleep a wink till the year come in,  
 'Till the clock chap twal, and the fun begin;  
 And then wi' a cheer to the new-born year,  
 How the streets will ring wi' the roaring din!

A blythe new year we wish ye a',  
 And mony returns to bless ye a';  
 And may ilk ane ye see aye cantier be—  
 While round the ingle we kiss yo a'.

So bairns come a' to your Hogmanay,  
 The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day;  
 Though the cauld wind blaws, and the snaw down fa's,  
 Yet merrily, merrily dance away.

*Alex Smart*

## WILLIE'S AWA'.

AIR—" *Nannie's awa'.*"

LIKE wee birdies couring when frosty winds blaw,  
 The bairns a' look dowie, for Willie's awa'!  
 The brae o' the burnie looks wither'd and bare,  
 Though it bloom'd aye sae bonnie when Willie was there.

His fond heart at parting was ower fu' to speak,  
 He tried aye to smile, though the tear wet his cheek;  
 And when wee Mary waukened—her Willie awa'—  
 She grat as her young heart would burst in twa.

Now Jamie maun gae to the school a' his lane,  
 And lang sair for Willie to come back again;  
 The burn that sang sweetly to them at their play,  
 Looks sullen and drumly, and Jamie looks wae.

The auld thorny tree, where he carv'd his ain name,  
 Was a' clad wi' blossoms when Willie left hame;  
 Now Jamie gaes haunting the dowie haw-tree,  
 And thinking on Willie brings tears to his ee.

Its leaves a' will wither when autumn winds blaw,  
 But wi' spring it will blossom as white as the snaw;  
 Then linties will sing in its branches o' green,  
 And a' join to welcome our Willie again.

And O we'll be happy when Willie comes back,  
 And round our ain ingle sae kindly we'll crack ;  
 He'll tell o' the ferlies and folks that he saw,  
 And hear a' that happen'd since he gaed awa'.

*Alex Smart*

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THE BUDS NOW OPEN TO THE BREEZE.

THE buds now open to the breeze,  
 The birds begin to sing,  
 The gowan's keeking thro' the sward,  
 To hear the voice o' spring.  
 Fu' blythe the maukin mumps the sward,  
 Wi' pleasure in its ee,  
 Or pu's the budding heather bell,  
 A type, my wean, o' thee.  
 Unnumber'd webs o' fairy weft,  
 Wi' pearlie dew-drops weet,  
 Are spread ower sprouting furze and fern,  
 To bathe my bairnie's feet.

Then dinna dicht, my drousie tot,  
 The silken fringe awa',  
 That shades the bonniest ee o' blue  
 That ere fond mother saw!  
 Twa hours an' mair the gouldie's lilt  
 I've heard sae shrill an' sweet;  
 And mony a thistle tap has fa'n  
 Beneath the sangster's feet.  
 Then, rise, ye roguie!—dinna think  
 That minnie means ye harm,  
 Saft kisses for your smiles she'll gi'e,  
 My sweet! wee, sleepy bairn.  
  
 Down by the burnie's brierie banks,  
 Where water-lilies blaw,  
 Nae mair is seen the dazzling sheen  
 Of sheets o' frost and snaw;  
 But flowers and bowers, wi' balmy showers,  
 Are budding in the breeze;  
 Nae mournfu' wail o' dowie bird  
 Is heard amang the trees.  
 Then rise, my wee, wee winsome wean!  
 This lesson ye maun learn,  
 That spring-time winna bide for thee,  
 Nor me, my bonnie bairn.

*John Crawford*

## SPRING.

THE Spring comes linking and jinking through the woods,  
 Opening wi' gentle hand the bonnie green and yellow buds—  
 There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,  
 And the gowan wi' his red croon peeping thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattling and brattling snell an' keen,  
 Dauding and blauding, though red set the sun at een ;  
 In bonnet and wee loof the weans kep and look for mair,  
 Dancing thro'ther wi' the white pearls shining in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,  
 Daffing and laughing far a-doon the leafy lanes,  
 Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,  
 Sweetly singing wi' the flower branch waving in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring !  
 Bricht cluds and green buds, and sangs that the birdiessing ;  
 Flower-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en ;  
 Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shining a' in green—

Bairnies, bring treasure and pleasure mair to me,  
 Stealing and speiling up to fondle on my knee !—  
 In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh and  
 fair,

That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.

*William Miller*

BE A COMFORT TO YOUR MOTHER.

AIR—“ *O'er the muir among the heather.*”

COME here, my laddie, come awa'!

And try your first new breebies on ye;  
 Weel, weel I like to see you braw,  
 My ain wee soney smiling Johnnie!  
 Strip aff, strip aff! your bairnish claes,  
 And be a laddie like your brother,  
 And gin you're blest wi' health and days,  
 Ye'll be a pleasure to your mother.

Now rin and look ye in the glass!

And see how braw you're now, and bonnie:  
 Wha e'er wad think a change o' claes  
 Could mak' sic change on my wee Johnnie?  
 You're just your daddy's picture now!  
 As like as ae bean's like anither!  
 And gin ye do like him, I trow,  
 Ye'll be an honour to your mither.

But upward as ye grow apace,

By truth and right keep ever steady;  
 And gin life's storms ye whiles maun face,  
 Aye meet them firmly like your daddy.

If steep and rugged be your way,  
 Ne'er look behind nor stand and swither !  
 But set a stout heart to the brae,  
 And be a comfort to your mither.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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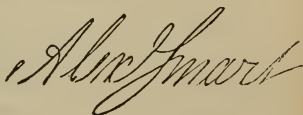
PACE EGGS.

THE morn brings Pace, bairns !  
 And happy will ye be,  
 Wi' a' your bonnie dyed eggs,  
 And ilka ane has three,  
 Wi' colours like the rainbow,  
 And ne'er a crack nor flaw,  
 Ye may row them up and row them down,  
 Or toss them like a ba'.

There's some o' them are rosy red,  
 And some o' them are green,  
 And some are o' the bonnie blue  
 That blinks in Mary's een ;  
 And some o' them like purple bells,  
 And others like the bloom  
 O' the bonnie gowden tassels  
 That blossom on the broom.



Ye'll toss them up the foggy banks,  
 And row them down the brae,  
 Where burnies sing to sweet wee flowers,  
 And milk-white lammies play ;  
 And when they burst their tinted shells,  
 And a' in fragments flee,  
 The crumbs will feed the bonnie bird  
 That sings upon the tree.




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MAY MORNING.

AIR—“ *Bonnie Dundee.*”

HURRAH ! for the morning, the merry May morning !—

Come, rouse up my laddie ! the summer's begun,  
 The cock has been crawling an hour sin' the dawning,  
 And gowans and buttercups glint in the sun.

Frae clover fields springing the skylark is singing,

And straining his throat wi' a sweet hymn o' joy ;

The burnie rins glancing, and sings as it's dancing,

“ Come, try me a race, now, my bonnie wee boy.”

While Johnnie lies winking, the sun will be drinkin,  
 The dew frae the primrose and bonnie blue bell,  
 Like fresh roses blowing his cheeks will be glowing,  
 This morning, when washed in the dews o' the dell.  
 Awa' wi' your gaunting ! the linties are chaunting,  
 The bees are abroad in the sweet scented air ;  
 They tell by their humming the roses are coming,  
 To busk a gay garland for Johnnie to wear.

In wide circles wheeling the swallow comes speiling,  
 Sweet bird o' the summer frae far ower the sea ;  
 The lammies are jumping, and frisking, and romping,  
 And dancing as blythe as the bairns on the lea.  
 Then up, my wee laddie, and come wi' your daddy,  
 He'll lead ye to banks where the sweetest flowers blaw ;  
 By the burnie down rowin', we'll pu' the May gowan,  
 A necklace for Mary as white as the snaw

*Alex Smart*

## THE SUNNY SUMMER MONTHS.

“AIR—“*Jock o' Hazeldean.*”

THE sultry, sunny summer months  
 Are come wi' joy and glee,  
 And furzy fell, and rashy dell,  
 Are fill'd wi' melody ;  
 The roving rae, frae break o' day,  
 Now roams frae break to burn,  
 Then who would think, my bairnies dear,  
 That we were made to mourn ?

The butterflee has flung awa'  
 The shell that bound it fast,  
 And screen'd it frae the chilling breeze—  
 The winter's bitter blast ;  
 How like some moths o' mortal mould,  
 It flutters round its urn !—  
 But dinna think, my bairnies dear,  
 That we were made to mourn.

The lav'rock high in middle air,  
 Is chirling loud and clear,  
 He early leaves his lowly lair,  
 The cottar's toil to cheer ;  
 Unvex'd by care he sings the joys  
 That in his breastie burn,—  
 Then who would say, my bairnies dear,  
 That we were made to mourn ?

The song of nature's happiness  
 Is heard o'er meadows green,  
 And opening to the fresh'ning breeze  
 The blawart's bell is seen ;  
 The fragrance o' some Eastern clime  
 Is frae our plantin's borne,—  
 Then who can think, my bairnies, dear,  
 That we were made to mourn ?

The kye in languid listlessness  
 Now seek the caller brook,  
 The streamlet's speckled finny tribe  
 Now shun the barbed hook ;  
 O who would grasp a gilded lure,  
 And nature's riches spurn ?  
 We camna here, my bairnies dear,  
 For goud and gear to mourn.

The lambkins o'er the daisied dell,  
 In gambols wild and free,  
 Enjoy the sweets, the halesome sweets,  
 O' blissfu' liberty ;  
 The fetters o' the prison-fauld  
 The fleecy wanderers spurn,—  
 Oh ! never think, my bairnies dear,  
 That we were made to mourn.

*John Crawford*

## LADY SUMMER.

AIR—“ *Blythe, blythe, and merry are we.*”

BIRDIE, birdie, weet your whistle!

Sing a sang to please the wean;

Let it be o' Lady Summer

Walking wi' her gallant train!

Sing him how her gauzy mantle!

Forest green trails ower the lea,

Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't

Wi' the field flowers to the knee!

How her foot's wi' daisies buskit,

Kirtle o' the primrose hue,

And her ee sae like my laddie's,

Glancing, laughing, loving blue!

How we meet on hill and valley,

Children sweet as fairest flowers,

Buds and blossoms o' affection,

Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!

Sing it ower and ower again;

Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,

Like a shower o' summer rain.

“Hoot, toot, toot!” the birdie’s saying,  
 “Who can shear the rigg that’s shorn?  
 Ye’ve sung prawlie simmer’s ferlies,  
 I’ll toot on anither horn.”

*William Miller*

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PETTING AT FOOD.

AIR—“*The Laird o’ Cockpen.*”

If ye’ll no tak’ your breakfast, just let it alane!  
 The porridge can wait till ye’re hungry again;  
 Though saucy e’en now, ye’ll be glad o’ them soon—  
 Sae tak’ ye the pet now and lay down your spoon!

Ye’ll weary for them ere they weary for you,  
 And when they grow cool they’ll no blister your mou’;  
 A twa three hours’ fast might be gude for ye a’,  
 And help aye to drive the ill humours awa’.

Yon fat little doggie that waddles alang!  
 Sae pamper’d and peching he scarcely can gang!  
 At daintiest dishes he turns up his nose,  
 But scrimp him a wee, he’ll be blythe o’ his brose.

There's nane kens the gude o' a thing till it 's gane—  
 Yon barefitted laddie, ye met wi' yestreen,  
 Had he such a cogie he'd no let it cool—  
 Na! just let them stand till ye come frae the school.

The best cure for bairnies when nice wi' their meat,  
 Is the fresh air o' morning and naething to eat ;  
 Sae tak' your ain time, like the cattle out-bye—  
 Just eat when you're hungry and drink when you're dr.

*Alex Smart*

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THE ABSENT FATHER.

“ O! MOTHER, what tak's my dear father awa',  
 When moor and when mountain are heapit wi' snaw—  
 When thick swirling drift dauds the dead sapless earth,  
 And a' thing is drear, save our ain cozie hearth ?”

“ The young hill-side lammies wou'd die wi' the cauld,  
 Wer't no for your father, who leads them a fauld ;  
 His voice is well kenn'd by ilk poor mother ewe—  
 He's saving their lives while he's toiling for you.”

“ Gin e'er I'm man muckle, and poor father spared,  
 I'll mak' ye a leddy, and father a laird ;  
 I'll brave the dour winter on mountain and lea,  
 And toil for ye baith, who hae toil'd sae for me.”

“ Come, lay your wee head on your ain minnie's knee !  
 And gaze in her face, wi' your ain father's ee !  
 The night settles down—O ! I wish he were here—  
 Hush ! is na that Collie's wouff ?—maybe they're near !”

The door gets a dirl, and flees back to the wa',—  
 'Tis he ! frae his bonnet he dauds aff the snaw—

“ I'm here ! my sweet son, and my bonnie wee dame !  
 Down Collie ! Be thankfu' we're a' now at hame.”

*James Ballentine*

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YOUR DADDY'S FAR AT SEA.

AIR—“ *My love's in Germanie.*”

Your daddy's far at sea, bonnie bairn ! bonnie bairn !  
 Your daddy's far at sea, bonny bairn !

Your daddy's far at sea ! winning gold for you and me,  
 And how happy yet we'll be ! bonny bairn, bonnie bairn !  
 And how happy yet we'll be, bonnie bairn !



Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn ;

Your daddy's leal and true, to your minnie and to you,  
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn !

Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn ;

We'll pray for daddy's weal, that distress he ne'er may  
feel,

While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn !

Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn,

Should hurricanes arise, lashing seas up to the skies,  
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn !

'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn ;

'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, may he brave its wildest  
wrath,

While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn !

And on wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
 And on wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn ;

On wings of mercy borne, may he soon and safe return,  
 To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
 bairn,  
 To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn !

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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#### THE WASHING.

AIR—“ *Willie was a wanton Wag.*”

BAULD wee birkie, what's the matter,  
 That ye're raising sic a din ?  
 Weel ye ken it's caller water  
 Gi'es yé sic a bonnie skin ;  
 Cease your spurring, tak' your washing.  
 Syne ye'll get your milk and bread ;  
 Gin ye dinna quit your splashing,  
 I may douk ye ower the head.

Now it's ower, my bonnie dearie,  
 There's a skin like driven snaw,  
 Lively, louping, plump wee peerie,  
 See how soon I'll busk you braw ;

Let me kame your pretty pow now,  
 Let me shed your shining hair—  
 To your gambles! romp and row now,  
 Whisk and whid round daddy's chair

Now, ye funny frisking fairy!  
 See how snod ye're now and sleek!  
 Water mak's you brisk and airy,  
 Lights your ee and dyes your cheek;  
 O there's nought like being cleanly!  
 Cleanliness is mair than wealth,  
 Let us cleed however meanly—  
 Cleanliness gi'es joy and health.

Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger

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### HAPPY HARVEST.

AIR—' *Of a' the airts the win' can blaw.*'

AGAIN has happy harvest come  
 To cheer ilk cottage hearth,  
 To sweeten lowly labour's toils  
 Wi' happiness and mirth;

For lightsome hearts are ower the lawn.  
 And' plenty ower the lea,  
 Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The garden's tint its gaudy garb.  
 The glebe its robe o' green,  
 For summer's sun the glade and glen  
 Another shade has gi'en ; ,  
 But love nae season kens but ane,  
 Then come, my bairns, wi' me,  
 And welcome merry harvest in  
 Wi' a' its mirth and glee.

The lily's lost its loveliness,  
 The thistle sheds its down,  
 The tulip's tint its summer brows,  
 The buttercup its crown ;  
 But fairer flowers are in the bowers  
 O' love and charity,  
 Sae welcome merry harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The nut and slae, ower bank and brae,  
 In rip'ning clusters hing,  
 And happy hearts, wi' harmless glee,  
 Now gar the welkin ring ;

The reapers reap, the gleaners glean,  
 A cantie sight to see,  
 Then welcome merry harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The wren has left her cosie cot,  
 Aboon yon siller spring,  
 And haps in eerie laneliness,  
 A waesome wearied thing;  
 But Nature feeds wi' open hand  
 Ilk birdie on the tree,  
 Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me,

The squirrel springs frae tree to tree;  
 The eident ant has gaen  
 To sip the balmy sweets o' thrift,  
 And share the joys o' hame;  
 And ye shall share a mother's care,  
 And a' she has to gi'e—  
 Sae welcome merry harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

*John Crawford*

## HAIRST.

AIR—“*Coming through the rye.*”

THO' weel I lo'e the budding spring,

I'll no misca' John Frost,

Nor will I roose the summer days

At gowden autumn's cost;

For a' the seasons in their turn

Some wished-for pleasures bring,

And hand in hand they jink about,

Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,

When winter nights were lang,

“I weary for the summer woods,

The lintie's tittering sang;

But when the woods grew gay and green,

And birds sang sweet and clear,

It then was, “When will hairst-time come,

The gloaming o' the year?”

Oh! hairst time's like a lipping cup

That's gi'en wi' furthy glee!

The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,

Red apples bend the tree;

The genty air, sae ladylike!

Has on a scented gown,

And wi' an airy string she leads

The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',  
 The apples taste your mou',  
 And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase  
 The thistle-down wi' you;  
 I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,  
 The red hip frae the brier—  
 For wealth hangs in each tangled nook  
 In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet Hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest  
 Within my bairnie's breast—  
 Oh! may his trusting heart ne'er trow  
 That whiles ye sing in jest;  
 Some coming joys are dancing aye  
 Before his langing een,—  
 He sees the flower that isna blawn,  
 And birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin'!  
 The gowden grain afore,  
 And apples drap into his lap,  
 Or row in at the door!  
 Come hairst-time then unto my bairn!  
 Drest in your gayest gear,  
 Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool  
 The gloaming o' the year!

William Miller

## GANG TO YOUR BEDS.

AIR—"Miller o' Dee."

HA'E done wi' your daffing, and gae to your beds,  
 It's time ye were a' sleeping sound—  
 Nae thought o' the morn, or the school in your heads,  
 Till morning and school-time come round !  
 I'll wager a plack ye'll be changing your sang,  
 Nae laughing or merriment then !  
 It 's ower bright a blink this, and canna last lang,  
 And it 's sure to be followed by rain !

Ye merry wee madcaps! when ance ye begin,  
 Ilk ane might be tied wi' a strae.  
 Whisht! whisht! or ye'll wauken my bairn wi' your din,  
 For aye ower the score ye maun gae.  
 Ye waukrife wee totums! ye've laughed now your fill,  
 Sae try wha will first be asleep,  
 And think on poor bairns who would gladly lie still,  
 If to your cozie bed they could creep !

When father comes hame now, ye'll get a surprise !  
 Ye'll soon hear his fit on the stair—  
 Ye're sweer to lie down, and ye're sweerer to rise,  
 And ye'll no fa' asleep when ye're there.



But bairns aye at night should slip canny to bed,  
 And think as they're closing their een,  
 That nane can be sure, when they lay down their head,  
 If they'll rise i' the morning again.

*Alex Smart*

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KINDNESS TO SERVANTS.

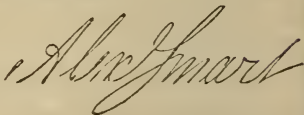
Now what was yon ye said to May,  
 Sae pettishly yestreen?  
 Ay! weel may ye think shame to tell  
 How saucy ye ha'e been.  
 There's naething spoils a bonnie face  
 Like sulks, in auld or young,—  
 And what can set a lassie waur  
 Than an ill-bred, saucy tongue?

It's ill your part to jeer at May,  
 To you she's aye been kind  
 And aft she's sung ye ower asleep,  
 Lang, lang, ere ye can mind.

She mak's the meat, she works the wark,  
 She cleans when ye but soil,  
 And what would helpless bairnies be  
 Without the hands that toil?

The kindly look, the gentle word,  
 Mak' friends o' a' ye see,  
 And gi'e a charm to ilka face,  
 That nothing else can gi'e.

It's weel for bairns, wha ha'e a friend  
 That watches them wi' care,  
 For when in fault they'll learn frae him  
 To do the like nae mair.




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THE WINTER'S COME AT LAST.

AIR—"John Anderson, my jo."

A BURNING sun nae langer flames aboon the greenwood  
 shaw,  
 For cauldribe winter's keeking down through clouds o' sleet  
 and snaw;  
 And the chirping o' the robin gars thy mother's heart be wae  
 For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The cuckoo lang has ta'en his flight for warmer climes than  
ours,

The nipping blasts ha'e reft us o' our sweetly scented flowers;  
I'm glad to see my totties weel, but O my heart is wae  
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The swallow's sought a shelter in some sunny southern nook,  
For weel it likes to skim aboon the sparkling siller brook;  
Aye when it leaves our hills behind, my heart is ever wae  
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The corncraik now is never heard amang the rip'ning corn!  
The lintie limps sae listlessly beneath the leafless thorn,  
That its chirping and its chirring gar thy mother's heart  
be wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bat has made a cosie bield in you auld castle wa',  
To dream through lang and eerie nights, if dream it can ava;  
And the snell and crisping cranreuch gars thy mother's  
heart be wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bee, the bumming bee, nae mair is heard wi' cheery  
din,

Like summer breezes murmuring outowre the foaming linn;  
The window's spraing'd wi' icy stars, sae weel may we be  
wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The butterflee nae mair is seen among the woodland bowers ;  
 Auld baudrons, purring pawkily, ayont the ingle cowers.  
 I like to see ilk creature weel, and, oh ! my heart is wae  
 For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

We fret at what we ne'er can win, and yaumer at our lot,  
 And fractious fock would fractious be, tho' half the world  
 they got ;

But let us aye contented be, as weel, my bairns, we may,  
 When we think upon the sailor, and the shepherd on the  
 brae.

*John Crawford*

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JOHN FROST.

AIR—“ *The Campbells are coming.*”

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost !  
 Wi' your crisping and pouthering gear, John Frost,  
     For hedge, tower, and tree,  
     As far as I see,  
 Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost  
 You're very precese wi' your wark, John Frost !  
 Altho' ye ha'e wrought in the dark, John Frost,  
     For ilka fit-stap,  
     Frae the door to the slap,  
 Is brow as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,  
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost ;

For the weans, wi' cauld taes,  
Crying "shoon, stockings, claes,"

Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost !

Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost ;

For a cloit o' a fa'  
Gars them hirple awa',

Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye ha'e fine goings on in the north, John Frost !

Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost !

Tho' their kirn's on the fire,  
They may kirn till they tire,

Yet their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost ?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,

By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost ;

And your blae frosty nose  
Nae beauty wad lose,

Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

*William Miller*

## THE BLIND BEGGAR-MAN.

AIR—" *Johnnie Macgill.*"

THERE'S auld Johnnie Gowdie, the blind beggar-man  
 Haste, rin! like gude bairns, bring him in by the han';  
 Tak' care o' the burn, bid him set his staff steeve!  
 Swith! grip his coat-tails, or tak' haud o' his sleeve.

Poor John! was ance glegger than ony ane here,  
 But has wander'd in darkness for mony a lang year;  
 Yet his mind lives in sunshine, although he is blin'—  
 Though it 's darkness without, a' is brightness within.

"Come awa', my auld friend! tak' the pock aff your back,  
 Draw your breath, tak' your mouthfu', then gi'e us your  
 crack;

I ha'e just been discoursing the bairnies e'en now,  
 How they ought to befriend helpless bodies like you."

To the feckless and friendless, my bairns, aye be kind,  
 Be feet to the lame, and be eyes to the blind;  
 'Twas to share wi' the needfu' our blessings were gi'en,  
 And the friend o' the poor never wanted a frien'!

HE who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn,  
 Will bless those who take from life's pathway a thorn,  
 And the "cup of cold water" that kindness bestows,  
 On the heart back in rivers of gladness o'erflows.

Oh, tent you the lear' frae your mother ye learn  
 For the seed springs in manhood that's sawn in the bairn,  
 And, mind, it will cheer you through life's little span!  
 The blessing that fa's frae the blind beggar-man!

*Robt. L. Malone*

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CHUCKIE.

Saw ye chuckie wi' her chickies,  
 Scraping for them dainty pickies,  
 Keeking here and keeking there,  
 Wi' a mother's anxious care,  
 For a pick to fill their gebbies,  
 Or a drap to weet their nebbies?  
 Heard ye weans cry "teuckie, teuckie!"  
 Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie?"

When her chickens a' are feather'd,  
 And the school weans round her gather'd,  
 Gi'en each the prettiest name,  
 That their guileless tongues can frame;  
 Chuckie then will bend her neck!  
 Scrape wi' pride, and boo and beck!  
 Cluckin' as they'er crying "teuckie!"  
 Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie!"

Chuckie wi' her wheetle-wheeties  
 Never grudged a pick o' meat is ;  
 High and low alike will stand  
 Throwing crumbs wi' kindly hand,  
 While about she'll jink and jouk,  
 Pride and pleasure in her look,  
 As they're crying " teuckie, teuckie  
 Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie ! "

But sic fortune disna favour  
 Aye the honest man's endeavour ;  
 Mony a ane, wi' thrawart lot,  
 Pines and dees, and is forgot ;  
 But, my bairn, if ye've the power,  
 Aye to lessen want be sure—  
 Fin' your pouch, cry " teuckie, teuckie,  
 Here's some moolins, chuckie, chuckie ! "

*William Miller*

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THE ORPHAN WANDERER.

" O HELP the poor orphan ! who, friendless, alone,  
 In the darkness of night o'er the plain wanders on,  
 While the drift rushes fleet, and the tempest howls drear,  
 And the pelting snow melts as it meets the warm tear."



“ Press onward ! a light breaks from yon cottage door—  
 There lives a lone widow, as kind as she’s poor ;  
 Go ! let your sad plaint meet her merciful ear,  
 She’ll kiss from your cold cheek that heart-bursting tear

“ I’m fatherless ! motherless ! weary, and worn  
 Dejected, forsaken, sad, sad, and forlorn !  
 A voice mid the storm bade me bend my steps here—  
 O help the poor orphan ! O lend him a tear !”

“ That voice was from Heaven—God hath answer’d my  
 prayer !—  
 My dead boy’s blue eyes and his bright sunny hair !  
 Thou com’st, my sweet orphan, my lone heart to cheer !  
 Thou hast met with a home and a foud mother here !”

*James Ballentine*

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THE A, B, C.

AIR—“ *Clean pease strae.*”

IF ye’d be daddie’s bonnie bairn, and mammie’s only pet,  
 Your A B brod and lesson time ye maunna ance forget ;  
 Gin ye would be a clever man, and usefu’ i’ your day,  
 It’s now your time to learn at e’en the A, B, C.

To win our laddie meat and claes has aye been a' our care ;  
 To get you made a scholar neist, we'll toil baith late and ear' ;  
 And gin we need, and ha'e our health, we'll join the night  
 to day,

Sae tak' your brod and learn at e'en the A, B, C.

Wha kens but ye may get a school, and syne ye'll win our  
 bread ?

Wha kens but in a pu'pit yet, we'll see you wag your head ?  
 Our minister and dominie were laddies i' their day,  
 And had like you to learn at e'en the A, B, C.

Now come and read your lesson ower, till ance your supper  
 cool—

O what would monie a laddie gi'e to ha'e a father's school ?—  
 To be a mother's only care, as ye are ilka day,  
 Should mak' ye like to learn at e'en the A, B, C !

*Alexander*

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YE MAUN GANG TO THE SCHOOL.

AIR—“ *As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire.*”

YE maun gang to the school again' summer, my bairn,  
 It's no near sae ill as ye're thinking to learn ;  
 For learning's a' worldly riches aboon—  
 It's easy to carry, and never gaes done.

Ye'll read o' the land, and ye'll read o' the sea !  
 O' the high and the low, o' the bound and the free !  
 And maybe a tear will the wee bookie stain,  
 When ye read o' the widow and fatherless wean !

And when 'tis a story of storms on the sea,  
 Where sailors are lost, who have bairnies like thee,  
 And your heart, growing grit for the fatherless wean,  
 Gars the tearies hap, hap o'er your cheekies like rain ;

I'll then think on the dew that comes frae aboon,  
 Like draps frae the stars or the silvery moon,  
 To freshen the flowers :—but the tears frae your ee  
 For the woes of another, are dearer to me.

So ye'll gae to the school again' summer, my bairn—  
 Ye're sae gleg o' the uptak' ye soon will learn ;—  
 And I'm sure ere the dark nights o' winter keek ben,  
 Ye'll can read William Wallace frae en' to en' !

*William Miller*

## A MOTHER'S JOYS.

AIR—" *The boatie rows.*"

I've gear enough ! I've gear enough !  
 I've bonnie bairnies three ;  
 Their welfare is a mine o' wealth,  
 Their love a crown to me.  
 The joys, the dear delights they bring,  
 I'm sure I wadna tyne  
 Though a' the good in Christendie  
 Were made the morrow mine !  
  
 Let others flaunt in fashion's ring !  
 Seek rank and high degree ;  
 I wish them joy, wi' a' my heart—  
 They're no envied by me.  
 I wadna gi'e thae lo'esome looks !  
 The heaven o' thae smiles !  
 To bear the proudest name—to be  
 The Queen o' Britain's isles !  
  
 My sons are like their father dear,  
 And a' the neighbours tell  
 That my wee blue-ee'd dochter's just  
 The picture o' mysel' !  
 O ! blessing's on my darlings a',  
 'Bout me they're aye sae fain,  
 My heart rins ower wi' happiness  
 To think they're a' my ain !

At e'ening, morning, ilka hour,  
 I ve ae unchanging prayer,  
 That heaven would my bairnies bless,  
 My hope, my joy, my care.  
 I've gear enough ! I've gear enough !  
 I've bonnie bairnies three ;  
 A mine o' wealth their welfare is,  
 Their love a crown to me.

*W. Ferguson*

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WEE NANNY.

AIR—“ *Ower the muir amang the heather.*”

WEE Nanny weel deserves a sang,  
 So weel she tends her little brither ;  
 For aye when mother's working thrang,  
 Awa' they tot wi' ane anither ;  
 His face she washes, kaims his hair,  
 Syne, wi' a piece weel spread wi' butter,  
 She links him lightly down the stair,  
 And lifts him cannie ower the gutter.  
 Where bees bum ower the flowery green,  
 Wi' buttercups and gowans glancing,  
 There may tne happy totts be seen,  
 Like lammies in the meadow dancing ;

Then wi' their laps weel filled wi' flowers,  
 And glowing cheeks as red as roses,  
 They toddle hame, and play for hours  
 At busking necklaces and posies.

You never need tell Nanny twice,  
 To do your bidding aye she's ready ;  
 And hearkens sae to gude advice,  
 Nae doubt, if spared she'll be a leddy !  
 When ither bairns fa' out and fight,  
 She reds the quarrel aye sae cannie,  
 Wee Nanny soon mak's a' things right,  
 And a' the bairns are friends wi' Nanny.

*Alex Smart*

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MY DRAGON.

AIR—" *Logie o' Buchan.*"

THE hip's on the brier, and the haw's on the thorn,  
 The primrose is wither'd, and yellow the corn ;  
 The shearers will be soon on Capilrig brae,  
 Sae I'll aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day.

The wind it comes snelly, and scatters the leaves,  
 John Frost on the windows a fairy web weaves ;  
 The robin is singing, and black is the slae,  
 Sae I'll aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day !

I've bought me a string that will reach to the moon,  
 I wish I could rise wi't the white clouds aboon,  
 And see the wee stars as they glitter and play!—  
 Let me aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day !

*George Donald.*

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UNCLE JAMIE.

AIR—“ *Ewie wi' the crookit horn.*”

WEEL the bairns may mak' their mane,  
 Uncle Jamie's dead and gane !  
 Though his hairs were thin and grey,  
 Few like him could frisk and play.  
 Fresh and warm his kindly heart  
 Wi' the younkers aye took part ;  
 And the merry sangs he sung  
 Charm'd the hearts o' auld and young.

Uncle Jamie had a mill,  
 And a mousie it intil,  
 Wi' a little bell to ring,  
 And a jumping jack to fling ;

And a drummer, rud-de-dud,  
 On a little drum to thud,  
 And a mounted bold dragoon,  
 Riding a' the lave aboon.

When the mousie drave the mill,  
 Wi' the bairns the house would fill ;  
 Such a clatter then began !  
 Faster aye the mousie ran !  
 Clinkum, clankum ! rad-de-dad !  
 Flang the jumping jack like mad !  
 Gallop went the bold dragoon,  
 As he'd gallop ower the moon !

Some, wha maybe think they're wise,  
 Uncle's frolics may despise ;  
 Let them look as grave's they may,  
 He was wiser far than they.  
 Thousands a' the warld would gi'e  
 Could they be as blythe as he.  
 Weel the bairns may mak' their mane,  
 Uncle Jamie's dead an' gane !

*Alex Smart*



## CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO.

AIR—“*Laird o' Cockpen.*”

CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO ! cur-rook-i-ty-do !

Wi' your neck o' the goud and your wings o' the blue ;

Pretty poll, like a body, can speak, it is true,

But you're just my ain pet ! my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

My father's awa' wi' his dog and his gun,

The moorfowl to shoot on the hills o' Kilmun,

My brothers to fish in the burns o' the Rue,

But I'm blither at hame wi' cur-rook-i-ty-doo.

I'll feed ye wi' barley ! I'll feed ye wi' pease !

I'll big ye a nest wi' the leaves o' the trees ;

I'll mak' ye a docket, sae white to the view,

If ye'll no flee awa', my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

There's the hen wi' her teuckies thrang scraping their meat,

Wi' her cluckety-cluck, and their wee wheetle-wheet !

And bauld leeriellaw would leave naething to you,

Sae pick frae my hand, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

They bought me a pyet—they gi'ed me a craw,

I keptit them weel, yet they baith flew awa' ;

Was that no unkindly ?—the thought gars me grue—

But ye'll no be sae fause, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

Ye blink wi' your ee like a star in the sky,—  
 Here's water to wash ye, or drink if you're dry;  
 For I see by your breastie your crappie is fu'—  
 Now, croodle a sang, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

When I grow up a man, wi' a house o' my ain,  
 Ye needna be fear'd that I'll leave ye alane;  
 But maybe ye'll die, or tak' on wi' the new,  
 Yet I'll never forget my cur-rook-i-ty doo!

*George Donald.*

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O THIS IS NO MY AIN BAIRN.

AIR—“*This is no my ain housc.*”

O THIS is no my ain bairn,  
 I ken by the greetie o't!  
 They've changed it for some fairy elf  
 Aye kicking wi' the feetie o't!  
 A randy, roaring, cankert thing,  
 That nought will do but fret and fling,  
 And gar the very rigging ring  
 Wi' raging at the meatie o't!

This canna be my ain bairn,  
 That was so gude and bonnie O!  
 Wi' dimpled cheek and merry een,  
 And pawky tricks sae mony O!

That danced upon her daddy's knee,  
 Just like a birdie bound to flee,  
 And aye had kisses sweet to gi'e  
 A' round about to ony O!

O yes, it is my ain bairn!  
 She's coming to hersel' again!  
 Now blessings on my ain bairn,  
 She's just my bonnie Bell again!  
 Her merry een, her rosy mou',  
 Ance mair wi' balmy kisses fu'—  
 I kent the bonnie bairn would rue,  
 And soon would be hersel' again.

*Alex Smart*

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CHEETIE PUSSIE.

AIR—"Saw ye my Peggy?"

CHEETIE! cheetie pussie! slipping thro' the housie,  
 Watching frightened mousie—making little din;  
 Or by fireside curring, sang contented purring,  
 Come awa' to Mirren, wi' your velvet skin!

Bonny baudrons! grip it! straik it weel and clap it!

See the milk, it's lappit, ilka drap yestreen!

Hear to hungry cheetie! mewling for her meatie,

Pussie, what a pity ye should want a friend!

Throw the cat a piecie, like a kindly lassie

Ne'er be proud and saucy, hard and thrawn like Jean;

Doggie wants a share o't, if ye've ony mair o't,

Just a wee bit spare o't, and you're mother's queen!

Cheetie! cheetie pussie! watching frightened mousie,—

Slipping thro' the housie wi' your glancing een

Or by fireside curring, sang contented purring,

Come awa' to Mirren, tell her where you've been!

*George Donald.*

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#### THE DREAMING CHILD.

“ BE still, my dear darling, why start ye in sleep?

Ye dream and ye murmur! ye sob and ye weep;

What dread ye, what fear ye? oh, hush ye your fears—

Still starting, still moaning—still, still shedding tears!

“ Be still, my dear darling, oh stay your alarm!

Your brave-hearted father will guard you from harm;

With bare arm he toils by that red furnace glare,

His child, and his wife, and his home all his care.

“ But hark! what a crash—hush, my darling, be still  
 Those screams mid dark night bode some terrible ill—  
 Your father is there—death and danger are there!”  
 She bears forth her child, and she flies fleet as air.

A slow measured tread beats the smoke-blackened way,  
 On which a pale torch sheds a dim sickly ray;  
 The dreaming child's father stalks sad and forlorn—  
 His dead neighbour home to a widow is borne.

The mother her baby clasps close to her breast,  
 “ Thank heaven He is safe—my dear child safely rest,  
 While I fly to the aid of this daughter of sorrow,  
 God help me! I may be a widow to-morrow!”

*James Bullentine*

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A MOTHER'S SONG.

AIR—“ *O rest thee, my darling.*”

O COME now, my darling, and lie on my breast,  
 For that's the soft pillow my baby loves best;  
 Peace rests on thine eyelids, as sweetly they close,  
 And thoughts of to-morrow ne'er break thy repose.

What dreams in thy slumber, dear infant, are thine?  
 Thy sweet lips are smiling when prest thus to mine!  
 All lovely and guileless thou sleepest in joy,  
 And Heaven watches over my beautiful boy.

O would thus that ever my darling might smile,  
 And still be a baby, my griefs to beguile!  
 But hope whispers sweetly, ne'er broken shall be  
 The tie that unites my sweet baby and me.

*Alex Smart*

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YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

“COME, callans, quit sic cruel sport; for shame, for shame,  
 gi'e ower!

That poor half-witted creature ye've been fighting wi' this  
 hour;

What pleasure ha'e ye sceing him thus lay his bosom bare?  
 Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

“The wild flower seeks the shady dell, and shuns the moun-  
 tain's brow,

Dark mists may gather ower the hills, while sunshine  
 glints below;

And, oh! the canker-worm oft feeds on cheek o' beauty  
fair,—

Ye maunna skaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar  
care.

“ The sma'est things in nature are feckless as they're sma',  
They tak' up unco little space—there's room enough for a';  
And this poor witless wanderer, I'm sure ye'd miss him sair—  
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

“ There's some o' ye may likely ha'e, at hame, a brother  
dear,

Whose wee bit helpless, mournfu' greet ye canna thole to  
hear;

And is there ane amang ye but your best wi' him would  
share?—

Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar  
care.”

The callans' een were glist wi' tears, they gazed on ane  
anither,

They felt what they ne'er felt before, “ the feckless was  
their brither!”

They set him on a sunny seat, and strok'd his gowden hair—  
The bairnies felt the feckless was God's peculiar care.

*James Ballentine*

## THE SCARLET ROSE-BUSH.

AIR—“ *There grows a bonnie brier bush.*”

COME see my scarlet rose-bush  
 My father gied to me,  
 That's growing in our window-sill  
 Sae fresh an' bonnilie ;  
 I wadna gi'e my rose-bush  
 For a' the flowers I see,  
 Nor for a pouchfu' o' red goud,  
 Sae dear it is to me.

I set it in the best o' mould  
 Ta'en frae the moudie's hill,  
 And cover'd a' the yird wi' moss  
 I gather'd on the hill ;  
 I saw the blue bell blooming,  
 And the gowan wat wi' dew,  
 But my heart was on my rose-bush set,  
 I left them where they grew.

I water't ilka morning,  
 Wi' meikle pride and care,  
 And no a wither'd leaf I leave  
 Upon its branches fair ;  
 Twa sprouts are rising frae the root,  
 And four are on the stem,  
 Three rosebuds and six roses blawn ;  
 'Tis just a perfect gem !



Come, see my bonnie blooming bush  
 My father gied to me,  
 Wi' roses to the very top,  
 And branches like a tree ;  
 It grows upon our window-sill,  
 I watch it tentilie ;  
 O ! I wadna gi'e my dear rose-bush  
 For a' the flowers I see.

*George Donald.*

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#### THE WAY-SIDE FLOWER.

THERE'S a moral, my child,  
 In the way-side flower ;  
 There's an emblem of life  
 In its short-liv'd hour ;  
 It smiles in the sunshine,  
 And weeps in the shower ;  
 And the footstep falls  
 On the way-side flower ;

Now see, my dear child,  
 In the way-side flower,  
 The joys and the sorrows  
 Of life's passing hour ;

The footstep of time  
 Hastens on in its power ;  
 And soon we must fall  
 Like the way-side flower !

Yet know, my dear child,  
 That the way-side flower  
 Will revive in its season,  
 And bloom its brief hour ;  
 That again we shall blossom,  
 In beauty and power,  
 Where the foot never falls  
 On the way-side flower !

*Alexander*

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THE WILD BEE.

CANNIE wee body wha rises sae early,  
 And fa's to thy work in the morning sae merrily,  
 Brushing thy boots on the fog at thy door,  
 And washing thy face in the cup o' a flower ;  
 Welcoming blithely the sun in the east,  
 Then skimming awa' to the green mountain's breast ;  
 Or crooning sae cantie thy sweet summer sang,  
 While roaming the meadows the sunny day lang.

Thou mightest teach wit to the wisest o' men,  
 Nature has gi'en thee sic gifts o' her ain ;  
 Thou needest nae Almanac, bonnie wild bee,  
 For few hae sic skill o' the weather as thee.  
 Aye carefu' and cunning, right weel thou canst tell  
 If the sun's gaun to blink on the red heather bell,  
 And thou canst look out frae thy ain cozie door,  
 And laugh at the butterfly drown'd in the shower.

Hast thou ony bairnies wha claim a' thy care,  
 That thou must e'en toil tho' thy banes may be sair ?  
 Do they hing round thy wee legs sae weary and lame,  
 A' seeking for guid things when father comes hame ?  
 Nae doubt thou'lt be happy to see them sae fain,  
 For a kind father aye maun be proud o' his ain ;  
 And their mother will tell how they've wearied a' day,  
 And a' that has happened since thou gaed'st away.

When night darkens down o'er the hill and the glen,  
 How snugly thou sleep'st in thy warm foggy den ;  
 Nae master to please, and nae lesson to learn,  
 And no driv'n about like a poor body's bairn.  
 O ! happy would I be could I but like thee  
 Keep dancing a' day on the flowers o' the lea ;  
 Sae lightsome and lively o' heart and o' wing,  
 And naething to do but sip honey and sing.

*William Gardner*

## JOHNNY ON HIS SHELTY.

AIR—“ *The ewie wi' the crooked horn.* ”

SAW ye Johnny on his shelty,  
 Riding, brattling, helty skelty,  
 In his tartan trews and kilty—  
     Was there ever sic a wean ?  
 Only eight years auld come Lammas,  
 Yet he's bigger than our Tammas,  
 If he's spared he winna shame us,  
     Else I'm unco sair mista'en.

Brattling thro' the blooming heather,  
 By the side o' tenty father,  
 Ne'er a bridle nor a tether—  
     Hauding steevly by the main :  
 Did ye only see our Johnny  
 Sitting on his Hieland pony !  
 Him ! he wadna beck to ony,—  
     E'en the Duke is no sae vain.

Sic a beast frae Moss o' Balloch  
 Ne'er was seen in a' Glen-Falloch,  
 No like Duncan's shilly shalloch !  
     Naething left but skin and bane.

Scarce the size o' faithfu' Keeper—  
 Ower the dykes as gude a leaper—  
 Tootie skin, and tail a sweeper;  
 Sic a pair I'm sure there's nane!

*George Donald.*

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MY DOGGIE.

AIR—"A' body's like to get married but me."

YE may crack o' your rabbits and sing o' your doos,  
 O' gooldies and linties gae brag, if ye choose,  
 O' your bonnie pet lambs, if ye like, ye may blaw,  
 But my wee toozie doggie's worth mair than them a'.

Twa hard-hearted laddies last Martinmas cam'  
 To drown the poor thing in the auld miller's dam,  
 I gied them a penny, and ran wi't awa',  
 For I thought it was sinfu' sic harshness to shaw.

When I gang to the school, or am sent on an errand,  
 It's aff like a hare, it has grown sae auld-farrand—  
 Then waits till I come, sae I'm laithfu' to thraw  
 My wee toozie doggie, or send it awa'.

Fu' brawly it kens ilka word that I speak,  
 And winna forget what I say for a week ;  
 My bonnet it carries, or gi'es me a paw—  
 Sic a doggie as Rover I never yet saw !

Sae wise and sae gaucy, the sight o't 's a feast !  
 For it's liker a body in sense, than a beast ;  
 Wi' a breast like the drift, and a back like the crow—  
 A doggie like Rover there's nane ever saw !

*George Donald.*

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THE SPRING TIME O' LIFE.

AIR—" *O wat ye wha I met yestreen ?*"

THE summer comes wi' rosy wreaths,  
 And spreads the mead wi' fragrant flowers,  
 While furthy autumn plenty breathes,  
 And blessings in abundance showers.  
 E'en winter, wi' its frost and snaw,  
 Brings meikle still the heart to cheer,  
 But there's a season worth them a',  
 And that's the spring-time o' the year.

In spring the farmer ploughs the field  
 That yet will wave wi' yellow corn,  
 In spring the birdie bigs its bield  
 In foggy bank or budding thorn ;  
 The burn and brae, the hill and dell,  
 A song o' hope are heard to sing,  
 And summer, autumn, winter, tell,  
 Wi' joy or grief, the work o' spring.

Now, youth's the spring-time o' your life,  
 When seed is sown wi' care and toil,  
 And hopes are high, and fears are rife,  
 Lest weeds should rise the braird to spoil.  
 I've sown the seed, my bairnies dear,  
 By precept and example baith,  
 And may the HAND that guides us here  
 Preserve it frae the spoiler's skaith !

But soon the time may come when you  
 Shall miss a mother's tender care,  
 A sinfu' world to wander through,  
 Wi' a' its stormy strife to share ;  
 Then mind my words whare'er ye gang,  
 Let fortune smile or thrawart be,  
 Ne'er let the tempter lead ye wrang—  
 If sae ye live, ye'll happy dee.

*George Donald.*

## A MOTHER'S WELCOME.

AIR—"Maid of Isla."

WELCOME, welcome, little stranger!

Stranger never more to be,

To our world of sin and danger—

'Tis thy mother welcomes thee.

Oh, wi' bliss my breast is swelling!

Tears of joy are on my cheek,

In their own heart-language telling

What my tongue can never speak.

All my fondest hopes are crowned:

Thus I clasp them all in thee!

And a world of fears are drowned

In this moment's ecstasy.

Oh, that voice! did sound fall ever

Half so sweet on woman's ear?

Music charms—but music never

Thrill'd me like the notes I hear.

Not so welcome is the summer

To the winter-housed bee,

As thy presence, sweet new-comer,

Is this blessed hour to me.

Not so welcome is the morning

To the ship-wrecked mariner,

'Though his native hills adorning,

Peril past, and succour near.



Welcome, welcome, bonnie wee-thing,  
 After all my fond alarm ;  
 Oh, the bless ! to feel thee breathing  
 In my bosom, free from harm.  
 Not for all the world's treasure,  
 Doubled, would I thee resign—  
 Give one half the nameless pleasure,  
 Thus to know thee, feel thee mine !

*W. Ferguson*

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### A MOTHER'S FAREWELL

AIR—"Caledonia."

I'M wearing aff this weary warl.  
 Of trouble, toil, and tears,  
 But thro' the dusk of death the dawn  
 Of happiness appears ;  
 And, oh ! wi' a' I lo'ed sae weel  
 It's sair for me to part,  
 The bairnie at my breast who clung,  
 The treasure o' my heart ;

Who fondly toddled round my knee,  
 When could misfortune's blast  
 In eerie sough gaed thro' my breast,  
 And laid my bosom waste.

I'm wae to leave the friends I lo'e,  
 In tearfu' grief forfairn,—  
 Oh who can tell a mother's thoughts  
 When parting wi' her bairn!

The tender twig, by nursing care,  
 Will grow a stately tree,  
 But who will turn the withering blast  
 O' warldly scorn frae thee?  
 The stranger's hand may crush my flower,  
 May scaith its earthly peace;  
 But we shall meet to love for aye,  
 Where toil and troubles cease.

Ae kiss, a last fond kiss, my bairn,  
 And then, oh then we part!  
 Ae kiss, my ain, my only bairn!  
 Ere breaks my widowed heart.  
 I'm laith to leave ilk lovesome thing  
 Thro' life I've ca'd mine ain;  
 Oh who can read a mother's heart  
 When parting wi' her wean!

*John Crawford*

## MY LAVEROCK.

AIR—“*Scotland's Hills for me.*”

COME sing a sang, my bonnie bird,  
 Come sing a canty sang !  
 It cheers my heart to hear thy notes,  
 Ere to the school I gang ;  
 Where gowans white and butter cups  
 Besprinkle a' the lea,  
 Frae thre I've cut a dewy turf,  
 To make a bed for thee.

'Tis true I like my lintie weel,  
 Wi' wing o' green and grey,  
 And weel I like my sparrow pet,  
 That “ filip ” seems to say ;  
 But better far I lo'e my lark  
 Wi' glad an' glancing ee,  
 Whose early morning melody  
 Frae slumber wakens me.

I found thee when a nestling young,  
 And tended thee wi' care ;  
 And weel thou hast repaid my toil  
 Wi' music rich and rare ;  
 I see thee cock thy tappit pow !  
 Thy fluttering wings I see ;  
 And now thou hast begun to sing  
 A warbling sang to me !

But yet I better like to hear  
 Thy kindred birdies sing,  
 At morn or noon in cloudless lift,  
 Their sang on soaring wing.  
 Yet thou'rt contented wi' thy lot,  
 And kensna to be free,  
 Though whiles I wish I hadna ta'en  
 Thy liberty frae thee.

Sing on, my lav'rock, sing awa'!  
 Thy loud and lively lays  
 Remind me o' the verdant fields,  
 And flowery sunny braes,  
 When spring and summer threw their charms  
 On bank and bower and tree,  
 Then sing awa', my bonny bird!  
 A canty sang to me!

*George Donald.*

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MY BAIRNIES, YOU'RE A' THE WIDE WORLD  
 TO ME!

THE flower's on the thorn, and the saft tassell'd bloom  
 Is hanging like gowd on the bonnie green broom,  
 While fluttering awa' o'er the heath and the lea,  
 And kissing their sweets, is the young butterfly!

The lark's in the lift, and the lintie its sang  
 Is liltin' sae lightsome the wild woods amang ;  
 While, dancing wi' gladness frae blossom to flower,  
 Is seen the blythe bumbee by bank, brae, and bower.

Then gi'e me my rod ! and my line, and my creel !  
 And gi'e me my hooks father buskit sae weel ;  
 For skailed is the school, sae I'll aff to the burn,  
 And winna be lang till wi' trouts I return !

Your brither's awa' wi' his rod and his creel—  
 Your brither's awa' wi' his line and his reel—  
 And a red speckled trout to his sister he'll bring,  
 Wi' a bab o' white gowans to mind ye o' spring.

And ye shall be bonnie, and ye shall be braw !  
 For you're just my ain bairn when your brither's awa' ;  
 You're just my ain pet wi' your bright glancin' ee,  
 My bairnies, you're a' the wide world to me !

*George Donald.*

# SCENES AND PIECES

## SUITED TO THE NURSERY.

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### A NOISY NURSERY.

#### PARTIES REPRESENTED.

*A group of romping children—Servant Mysie using sever  
measures to repress the boisterous merriment—Children ap-  
peal from the tyranny to old Granny.—Mysie might chant  
her notes to the strain of “Low down in the broom”—Granny  
to “Gin a body meet a body”—The children to “Highland  
Laddie”—and Granny take up the same strain.*

#### MYSIE.

“WHISHT! whis't! ye restless, noisy things!

Ye deave me wi' your din;

I canna hear your granny's voice,

As round the house ye rin.

Gae wa' and learn your lessons a',

Or ye may soon ha'e cause

To sing yoursel's anither sang,

If ance I streek the taws!

The house like ony bedlam rings,

When ye come frae the school ;

The auldest too 's the warst of a',

Rampaging like a fool.

The neebours—they'll be chapping through—

They canna thole your noise !

For whar's the house in a' the land

Like ours for daft-like ploys ?

“ It's better wearing shoon than sheets,”

Ye'll hear your granny say,

For weel ken ye she tak's your part,

Be as mislear'd's ye may.

And syne ye rant about the house,

Or roar upon the stair !

It's aye the way ilk rainy day,

Till my poor head grows sair.”

GRANNY.

“ O, let the bairnies play themsel's !

I like to hear their din ;

I like to see ilk merry face,

As they tot out and in.

When young hearts dance in happy breasts,

They canna lang be still ;—

Sae let the wee things rant awa'—

It mak's me young mysel'.

“ Ye wouldna ha’e them dull and douce,  
    To sit like you and me,  
Like howlets in a corner a  
    Whilk bairnies canna be.  
An auld head set on shouthers young !  
    The like was never seen ;  
For bairnies will be bairnies aye,  
    As they ha’e ever been.

“ Their morning sun shines warm and sweet,  
    The flowers are blooming fair,  
A wee bird sings in ilka breast,  
    That kens nae dool nor care.  
So let the birdies sing their fill,  
    And let the blossoms blaw,  
For bairnies round their granny’s hearth  
    Are the sweetest flowers of a’.

“ They mind me, like a happy dream,  
    O’ days that ance were mine ;  
They mind me aye o’ voices sweet  
    That I ha’e heard langsyne :  
I see blythe faces I ha’e seen,  
    My mother’s hame I see ;—  
Auld folk, ye ken, grow bairns again,  
    And sae it fares wi’ me.”



## CHILDREN'S APPEAL.

“ GRANNIE! Mysie’s ta’en my ba’,

Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,  
And flung my Hollan’s boots awa’—

Cankert, flyting Mysie;

The bonnie ba’ ye made to me,

The boots I bought wi’ yon bawbee,

She’s gart them o’er the window flee—

Cankert, flyting Mysie.

“ Mysie winna let me play,

Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,  
Girning a’ the lee lang day—

Cankert, flyting Mysie;

Mary sits upon the stair,

Sabbing wi’ a heart fu’ sair,—

And ither bairns sae happy there—

And a’ for flyting Mysie.”

## GRANNY.

“ O THAT Mysie’s tongue would tire!

Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,  
Never done wi’ spitting fire—

Cankert, flyting Mysie;

Raging aye the bairns amang,

Be they right or be they wrang,

Endless is the weary clang

O’ cankert, flyting Mysie.

" Up the stair and down the stair,  
   Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,  
 Rings her tongue for ever mair—  
   Cankert, flyting Mysie;  
 Aye the latest sound at night,  
 Aye the first wi' morning light,  
 Waukening bairnies in a fright—  
   Cankert, flyting Mysie.

" Peace and love a' frightit flee,  
   Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie;  
 Hame can never happy be  
   For cankert, flyting Mysie;  
 Seldom blinks a sunny hour,  
 Mysie's tongue, so sharp and dour,  
 Turns a' the bairnies' tempers sour—  
   Fy on flyting Mysie!

" Muckle ye've to answer for,  
   Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,  
 Driving kindness to the door,  
   Cankert, flyting Mysie;  
 Maids and mothers aye should mind,  
 'As bends the twig the tree's inclined,'  
 Rear them kindly, they'll grow kind—  
   But dinna flyte like Mysie!"

*Alex Smart*

## THE AULD BEGGAR-MAN.

## A PARABLE.

“WHA totters sae wearily up to the style,  
Wi’ back sairly bent, and forfoughten wi’ toil,  
Wi’ age-wrinkled face, and the tear in his ee—  
I wonder wha this weary body can be.”

“I’ll hound out our Towser,” quo’ wes Johnnie Graem,  
“Whose barking and biting will chase frae our hame  
The sair ragged gangrel ;” sae aff like the win’  
Ran Johnnie to loose the big dog frae the chain.

“Stop, stop,” quoth his father, and mildly replied,  
While Johnnie sair frighted crap close to his side ;  
“Gae down bye an’ meet him, and gi’e him your hand—  
Speak kindly, and welcome the auld beggar-man.”

Wee Johnnie stood swithering, baith angry and fear’d—  
What a pity that bairns should be cross and mislear’d—  
Till up cam’ the wanderer, wha craved this small boon—  
A cup of cold water, and leave to sit down.

“Come in to the ingle and rest you a while,”  
Quoth Johnnie Graem’s father ; and then wi’ a smile,  
Wi’ a heart fu’ o’ kindness he reached out his han’,  
And heartily welcom’d the auld beggar-man.

Nae frown on his father's face wee Johnnie sees,  
While he cracks wi' the auld beggar-man at his ease ;  
And he wonders what charm conjured up the sweet smile,  
Which played round the mouth of his mother the while.  
He wondered to hear the tired stranger narrate,  
How the sun of his life had been dimmed by the hate  
And the fell disobedience of his only son,  
Whose ill deeds had brought his grey hairs to the grun'.  
How his auld wife had wept when her ne'er-do-weel bairn,  
Wi' feelings like snaw, cauld, and heart hard as airn,  
Had driven them out on a pitiless warl',  
Where rich folk ha'e nae ruth, and poorer folk snarl.  
How she wept, broken-hearted, in hunger she pined,  
How her last breath had pass'd 'mid the cauld winter's wind.  
Johnnie glower'd when he saw how the het, het tears ran  
O'er the cheeks and the chin o' the auld beggar-man.  
He look'd at the auld man, and syne at his father,  
And he saw pity's tear dew the cheeks o' his mother ;  
And the wee heart o' Johnnie was sair rack'd wi' pain ;  
And he grat till the auld beggar-man was lang gane.  
O Pity! thy form, like an angel's, is bright,  
Thou Cherub commissioned from realms of pure light.  
May Pity and Charity, linked with Love,  
Dwell on earth as they dwell with our FATHER above.

James Manson

## JOHN HOWARD.

## A BIOGRAPHY.

COME hither, while I tell a tale about a man of fame,  
Known for his great philanthropy—John Howard was his  
name.

With wealth to meet his wishes, he through many lands did  
roam,  
Till chance made him a captive when returning towards  
home.

When pining in captivity, he thought upon the pains  
Of those unhappy sufferers who are bound in prison chains;  
To lessen all the horrors of the captive's direful lot,  
He feared nor pain nor danger, while a remedy he sought.

He travelled south, he travelled north, he entered many a  
cell,

Where gaunt disease and agony in prison darkness dwell.  
He toil'd with ceaseless energy—his meek heart op'd the  
gates

Of jails and lazarettos, as full many a book narrates.

He had little of the culture which is bought in classic schools,  
His teacher was fair Mercy, and he practised all her rules  
His eloquence sprung from the heart, inspired by virtue's  
flame,

And his manners thence acquired a grace which consecrate  
his name.

War's bloody banner flaunting, by a despot's hand unfurled,

May gain the conqueror laurels from a subjugated world,  
But the blazon of his high emprise—the trumpet-blast of fame—

Which proclaims the victor's glory, are but trophies of his shame.

For despair, and want, and suffering, follow howling in his train,

And so loud the victor's psalm, just so loud the shriek of pain ;

But the glory of John Howard—the benevolent, the mild—  
Was, that misery fled before him, and where'er he went  
hope smiled.

And did his labours end in vain?—what followed? you inquire,

I'll tell you all his history. Sit closer round the fire.  
He sent a full and true report to Britain's Parliament,  
Of all the woes he witnessed in jails, where'er he went.

And patiently they listen'd to the horrible array  
Of scenes in noisome dungeons, hid from the eye of day ;  
And speedily they seconded the good man's virtuous  
scheme,

Till they whom law had tortured wept with joy at Howard's name.

And from land to land he travelled, for his mission knew  
no bound,

For he sought to lessen suffering, wherever it was found ;  
Till, when ministering to the fever-struck in Tartary afar,  
He died, and found a resting-place in the empire of the  
Czar.

And many a costly cenotaph was raised to honour him,—  
But his high fame needs no monument, and never can  
grow dim

For as long as men revere the good, his virtues shall endure,  
And his name is deeply graven in the memories of the pure.

*James Mason*

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#### THE CANDLEMAS KING.

“ I’m sure this is Candlemas, mother, ye ken,  
Then haste ye and bring me my sabbath-day claes,  
Rab Russel, and Tam o’ the Hazel-tree glen,  
Are baith out o’ sight o’ the Patterton braes!  
My task I ha’e learn’d, and my face I ha’e wash’d,  
And I counted yestreen ilka hour that did ring,—  
Wi’ supping my parritch I canna be fash’d,—  
O, I wish I were sure I’d be Caudlemas king!

' Nae less than a shilling I've gather'd mysel',  
 My father has promis'd another to gi'e,  
 While Johnny Macfarlane, wha never can spell,  
 Has only a groat, if he tells na a lie."  
 Poor robin is happing along the roadside,  
 And he crumbles his piece to the chittering wee thing,  
 While aft to himsel' he is saying wi' pride,  
 " How happy I'll be when I'm Candlemas king!"

The school he comes near wi' a heart blithe and bauld,  
 And as supple's an eel in the Rookin linn burn;  
 There's ice on the dubs, but he minds na the cauld,  
 Tho' blae as a blawort his rosy cheeks turn.  
 O! what are the best o' enjoyments that come  
 To gild and to gladden our autumn or spring?  
 Experience still whispers this truth as the sum—  
 " 'Tis the fanciful bliss of a Candlemas king!"

*George Donald.*

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#### THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
 Wha stands last and lanely, and sairly forfairn?  
 'Tis the poor dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!



The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,  
Nane covers his cauld back, nor haps his bare head;  
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,  
And lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,  
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!  
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,  
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn!  
The sister who sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,  
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;  
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,  
And kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in the hour of his birth,  
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,  
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,  
Wha couthiely deal wi' the mitherless bairn!  
Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,  
He bends to your bidding and blesses your smile:—  
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,  
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

William Thomson—

## PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

LET precept and example aye hand in hand be seen,  
 For gude advice is plenty, and unco easy gi'en;  
 And bairnies in the uptak' ye ken are seldom slow,  
 So aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e, a gude example show.

They're gleg at imitation, as ilka ane may ken:  
 The lassies a' would women be—the laddies would be men;  
 So lead them kindly by the hand the road that they should go,  
 And aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e, a gude example show.

And should you promise aught to them, aye keep your  
 promise true,

For truth a precious lesson is that they maun learn frae you;  
 And ne'er reprove a naughty word wi' hasty word or blow,  
 But aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e, a gude example show.

And so to home-born truth and love ye'll win ilk bonnie  
 bairn,

For as they hear the auld cock crow, the young are sure to  
 learn:

They'll spurn at mean hypocrisy, wi' honest pride they'll  
 glow,

And bless the parents' watchfu' care wha gude example  
 show.

*Alex Smart*

## BROTHERS QUARRELLING.

## PARTIES.

*Davie and Sandy blaming each other as being the aggressor—  
Both appeal to their Father, who gives them advice, and re-  
cites his feelings on the occasion of a Brother's Death.—  
Davie and Sandy may try to sing their complaints to "John  
Anderson," if they cannot find better—The Father, in his  
Advice, to "Logie o' Buchan"—And in Brother's Death,  
"On a bank of flowers."*

## DAVIE.

"FATHER, settle Sandy!  
He's making mou's at me,  
He's aye plague, plaguing,  
And winna let me be;  
And syne he looks so simple-like,  
Whene'er he thinks he's seen,  
But just as soon's you're out o' sight  
He's making mou's again.

"Father, settle Sandy!  
He's crying names to me,  
He's aye tig, tiggung,  
And winna let me be;

But O sae sly, he hauds his tongue  
 Whene'er he kens ye're near,  
 And says't again below his breath,  
 That nane but me can hear."

SANDY.

" Father, settle Davie!  
 It's him that winna gree,  
 He's aye jeer, jeering,  
 And lays the blame on me;  
 I daurna speak, I daurna look,  
 I daurna move a limb,  
 For if I gi'e a wee bit laugh  
 He says I laugh at him."

FATHER.

" O LEARN to be loving, and kindly agree,  
 At home all as happy as brothers should be,  
 Ere distance may part you, or death may divide,  
 And leave you to sigh o'er a lonely fireside.

" The sweet look of kindness, the peace-speaking tongue,  
 So pleasant and lovely in old or in young,  
 Will win the affections of all that you see,  
 And make you still dearer to mother and me.

" But O! if divided by distance or death,  
 How sore would it grieve you till life's latest breath,  
 That anger or discord should ever have been,  
 Or aught but affection two brothers between."

## A BROTHER'S DEATH.

“ I HAD a brother dear who died  
In childhood's opening bloom,  
And many a sad and tender thought  
Springs from his early tomb ;  
And still the sad remembrance comes,  
With all its former woe,  
Although my little brother died  
Full thirty years ago !

“ It comes with all the tenderness  
Of childhood's gentle hours,  
When hand in hand we roved along  
To cull gay summer flowers ;  
Or wandered through the old church-yard,  
Beneath the smiling sky,  
And played among the lowly graves  
Where he was soon to lie !

I see him yet with locks of gold,  
And eyes of heavenly blue,  
With pale, pale brow, though ruddy cheeks—  
Twin roses bathed in dew.  
And when he pined in sore disease,  
I thought my heart would break,  
I could have laid me down and died  
Most gladly for his sake.

“ And well do I remember still,  
    Beneath the starry sky,  
In childish fancy I have traced  
    His bright abode on high ;  
I knew his spirit was in heaven,  
    And from some lovely star  
I thought his gentle eye looked down  
    And saw me from afar !

“ In solitude, at evening hour,  
    I've found it sad and sweet,  
To muse among the dear old scenes  
    Trod by his little feet ;  
And many an old frequented spot,  
    Where we were wont to play,  
Was hallowed by remembrance still  
    In manhood's riper day.

“ A bank there was with wild flowers gay,  
    And whins all blooming round,  
Where once upon a summer day  
    A small bird's nest we found,  
I haunted so that sacred spot,  
    And paced it o'er and o'er,  
My well worn footprints on the grass  
    For many a day it bore.

“ And I have gazed upon his grave,  
While tears have dimm'd my eye,  
To think that one so young and fair  
In that low bed should lie ;  
Should lie unconscious of our woe,  
Of all our love and care,  
Unconscious of the summer sun  
That shone so sweetly there.

“ And I have lingered on the spot,  
When years had rolled away,  
And seen his little grave upturned  
To mix with kindred clay.  
Cold dust alone remained of all  
Our former joy and pride,  
And they who loved and mourned for him,  
Now slumber by his side.”

*Alex. Smart*

## THE SELF-WILL'D BOY.

*Leaves home and becomes a cabin boy—his parents die of grief—he is shipwrecked—his Lament and Prayer—is rescued—reaches home, and, finding his father and mother dead, sinks into despondency. Better recite than attempt to sing the Narrative—The Lament will suit either the air of “O why left I my hame?” or “Auld Robin Gray.”*

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Narrative by ALEX. SMART.

Lament by ALEX. RODGER.

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## NARRATIVE.

COME listen now, ye children dear!  
 Who live at home in gladness,  
 And from the lips of love, oh hear!  
 A simple tale of sadness;  
 And when you're men and women grown,  
 You'll prize the truths I tell you;  
 Nor mourn o'er loving parents gone,  
 When tears can nought avail you.  
 Poor Willie! was a thoughtless boy,  
 Though kind and honest-hearted,  
 His loving parents' hope and joy,  
 Ere from his home he parted;  
 But restless thoughts on him laid hold,  
 A wild and wayward notion  
 That he would be a sailor bold,  
 And rove upon the ocean.



O Willie was a lightsome boy!  
With cheeks like opening roses,  
And eyes that sparkled bright with joy,  
Like stars when evening closes ;  
As fleet of foot as any roe  
That bounds o'er heathy mountain,  
And fresh as wilding flowers that grow  
Beside the gushing fountain.

But he forsook his happy home,  
All friendly counsel scorning,  
Far on the dangerous sea to roam,  
And left his parents mourning.  
And when the nights grew long and dark,  
With winds in wild commotion,  
They lay and thought upon the bark,  
With Willie on the ocean !

They thought on many a hidden snare,  
The darkness and the dangers,  
The hardships sailor boys must bear  
'Mong rude unfeeling strangers ;  
But still they hoped and prayed that **He**,  
Who stays the tempest's roaring,  
Would shield him on the raging sea,  
Their Willie home restoring.

O they had hoped to see the day!  
    Would fill their hearts with gladness,  
When he would prove their age's stay,  
    In sickness or in sadness;  
And then, within the narrow bed,  
    Released from mortal cumber,  
That he would lay each weary head,  
    In yon churchyard to slumber.

But sickness bowed the father down—  
    No tidings came to cheer him—  
And ere the winter wild had flown,  
    They to his grave did bear him:  
And sad and sore his mother pined—  
    Oh! how could Willie grieve her,  
And break a heart so true and kind,—  
    But death did soon relieve her.

And you will weep the song to hear  
    That tells his sad disaster,  
And how he mourned his parents dear,  
    With tears that followed faster  
Than summer rain, which bathes the bloom  
    Of flowers all parched and fading;  
But, ah! no tears revive the tomb,  
    Nor heal the heart's upbraiding!

## THE LAMENT

“ O WHAT could urge me on to tempt the restless deep ?  
And wring my parents' hearts, till I forced them both to  
weep ?

Why quit their peaceful bield for the wild tempestuous sea,  
A castaway to pine in a strange countrie ?

A stubborn wilful boy—no warning would I take,  
Although I saw their hearts a-bursting for my sake ;  
Entreaties, prayers, and tears, were lost alike on me,  
Ah ! how I feel them now in this strange countrie ?

“ O where's the wimpling burn?—the bonnie sunny brae,  
Where the minnows used to sport—the lammies frisk and  
play ?

Nae wimpling burn is here—nae sunny brae I see,  
But a' is bleak and drear in this strange countrie.

The sea ran mountains high, our ship was dashed to wreck,  
While every living thing was swept from off the deck,  
And now a barren rock is all that's left for me,  
To perish here unseen in this strange countrie.

“ Our noble captain sank with all his crew so brave,  
And every gallant heart now sleeps beneath the wave,  
While I am left alone in hopeless misery,  
A harder lot to mourn in this strange countrie.

O THOU! WHOSE WORD SUPREME can bid the winds be still!  
Or make the billows heave, obedient to thy will,  
Thine erring child forgive!—O succour send thou me!  
-Their broken hearts to heal in my ain countrie.”

A vessel hove in sight—the sea boy reached his home,  
No more to plough the deep nor from his friends to roam!  
He saw his mother's face!—no mother then was she,  
Her purer part had fled to a Pure Countrie!

Her heart for him had broke, his sire's had broken too,  
The sea boy now was left his erring ways to rue,  
A gloom came o'er his soul—a blighted bud was he,  
Ah! never more to bloom in his ain countrie!

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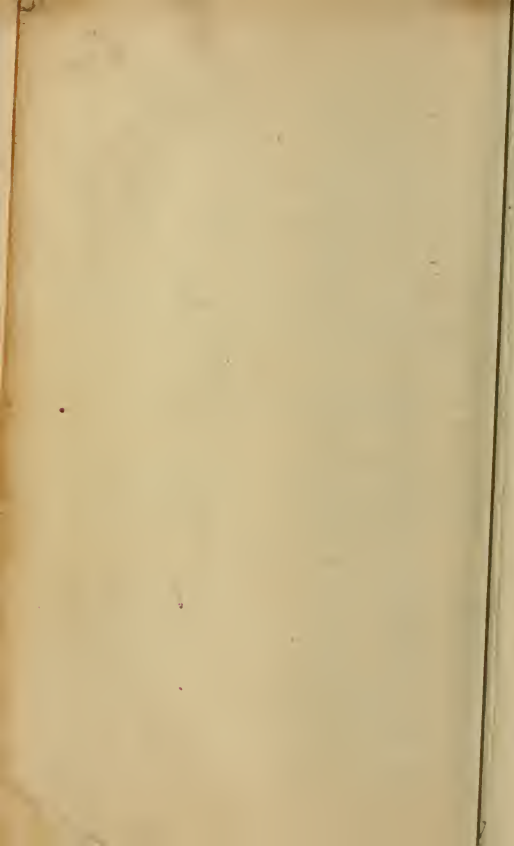
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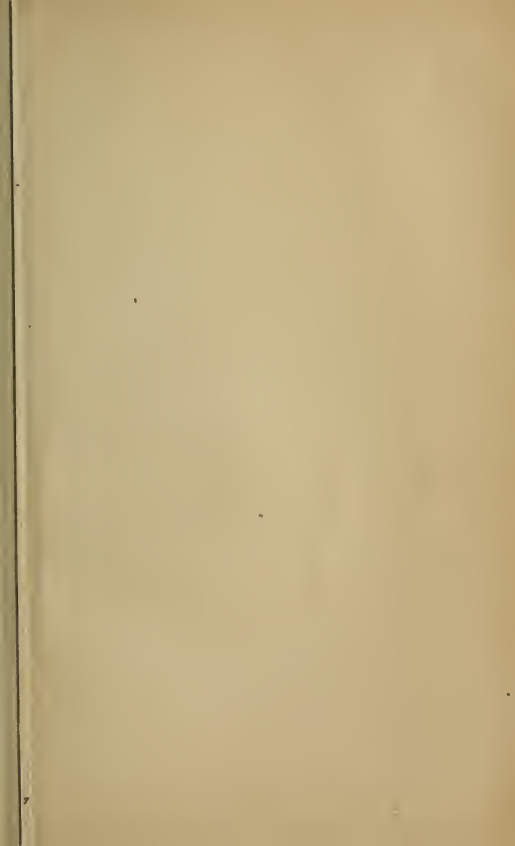
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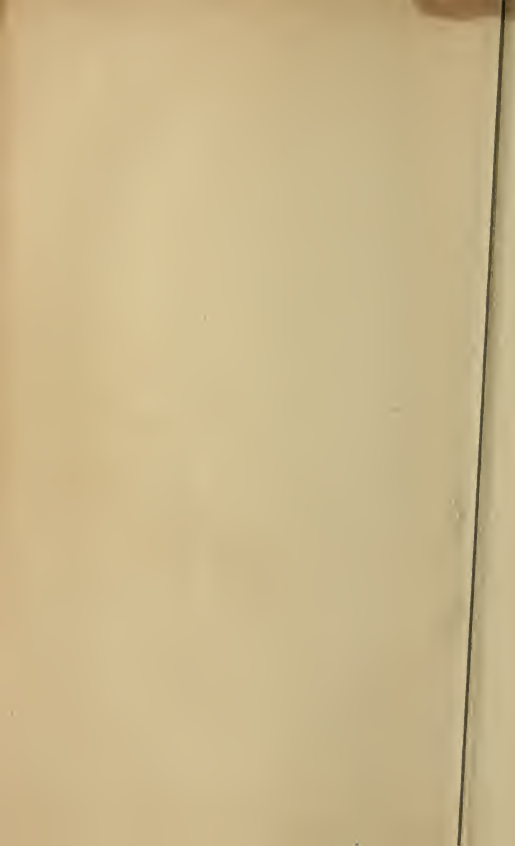
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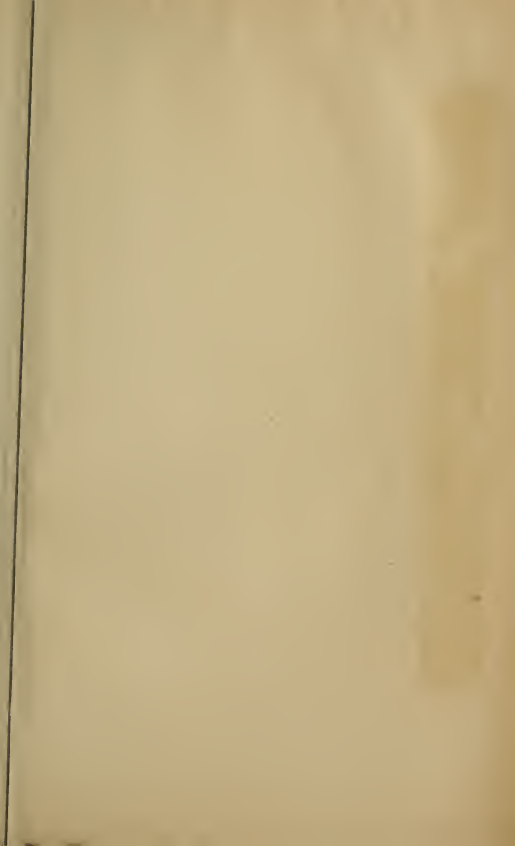
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