

CULLODEN; OR, LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

JOHN GRIEVE, ESQ.

CULLODEN! on thy swarthy brow
 Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair;
 Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
 More than the freezing wintry air;
 For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
 And war's unhallow'd footsteps bore.
 The deeds unholy Nature view'd—
 Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens
 How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
 How fierce the plaided Highland clans
 Rush onward with the broad claymore!
 Those hearts that high with honour heaved,
 The volleying thunder there laid low,
 Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
 When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel?
 The braided plume's torn from thy brow.
 What must thy haughty spirit feel,
 When skulking like the mountain roe?
 While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
 On April eve, their loves and joys,
 The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers
 To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills, that rose in view,
 As o'er the deep his galley bore,
 He often look'd, and cried, Adieu,
 I'll never see Lochaber more!
 Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
 My dear, my injured native land!

In other climes thy foes shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

Land of proud hearts and mountains grey !
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung,
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung !
Where once they ruled, and roam'd at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game ;
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their fathers' fame.

Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;
No trophies mark your common grave,
No dirges to your memory swell !
But gen'rous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time ;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme ! *

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**OWER THE MUIR AMANG THE  
HEATHER.†**

JEAN GLOVER.

TUNE—*Ower the Muir amang the Heather.*

COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,  
Amang the bonnie blumin' heather,  
There I met a bonnie lassie,  
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.  
Ower the muir amang the heather,  
Ower the muir amang the heather,

\* From Mr Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821.

† "This song," says Burns, "was the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a ———, but also a thief; and in one or other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard."

There I met a bonnie lassie,  
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?  
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?  
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed among the blumin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Among the bonnie blumin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne  
I could nae think on ony other:  
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,  
The bonnie lass among the heather.

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### JOHNNIE COPE.

COPE sent a letter frae Dunbar :—  
Charlie, meet me an ye daur,  
And I'll learn you the art o' war,  
If you'll meet me in the morning.  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?  
Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
If ye were wauking, I wad wait  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from :  
Come follow me, my merry merry men,  
And we'll meet Cope in the morning.

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word :  
Come let us try both fire and sword ;

And dinna rin away like a frighted bird,  
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss,  
To hae a horse in readiness  
To flee awa in the morning.

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
The Highland bagpipes mak a din ;  
It is best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick came,  
They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men ?  
The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate  
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait  
Sae early in the morning.

Oh ! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg  
Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;  
If I face them again, deil break my legs—  
So I wish you a gude morning.

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## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

HOGG.

TUNE—*The Blethrie o't.*

COME all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the  
glen,  
I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken.

What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can  
name ?

'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.  
When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,  
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come  
hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on lair of down :  
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without the  
name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest for the mate he loves  
to see,  
And up upon the tapmost bough, oh, a happy bird is he !  
Then he pours his melting ditty, and love 'tis a' the theme,  
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl, and the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonnie lucken gowan has fauldit up his ee,  
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift draps down, and  
thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the hail soul to beguile,  
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile ;  
O, who would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame !

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—  
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still ;  
Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they  
gie ?—  
And a' the arts that prey on man's life and libertie !

Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame;  
My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.\*

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CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

BURNS.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
My bonnie dearie.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy budding flowers
The fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stoun my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

* From *The Three Perils of Man*, a Novel, 3 vols. 1821.

CONTENTIT WI' LITTLE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Lumps o' Puddin.*

CONTENTIT wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
 W' a cogue o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thocht ;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faucht :
 My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A nicht o' gude fellowship sowthers it a :
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoite on her way ;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jaud gae ;
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is—Welcome, and welcome, again !

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 THE DRUCKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.
TUNE—*Hooly and fairly.*

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry :  
 The gudewife she drank naething but sack and canary ;  
 The gudeman complain'd to her friends richt early—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
     Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gairie,  
 And syne she drank my bonnie gray marie,

That carried me through a' the dubs and the glairie—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
And syne she drank her bonnie new gown;  
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna care,  
But she drinks my claes that I canna weil spare;  
When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,  
And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;  
At kirk or at mercat I'm cover'd but barely—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,  
Wi' her neighbour's wife she laid them in pawns;  
My bane-headed staff that I looed sae dearly—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was for wranglin' nor strife,  
Nor did I deny her the comforts o' life;  
For when there's a war, I'm aye for a parly—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse;  
If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse;  
She lives like a queen—I but scrimpit and sparely—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
But when she sits down, oh, the jaud she gets fou,  
And when she is fou she is unco camstarie—  
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!



When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,  
 Has nae fear o' her neighbours, nor minds the house wants;  
 She rants up some fule-sang, like, Up your heart,  
 Charlie!—

Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jauds,  
 And ca's mysell an auld cuckold-carlie—  
 Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly! \*

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DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Collier's Bonnie Lassie.*

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee
 Is but a fairy treasure—
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion,
 They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If man thou wouldst be named,
 Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
 Good claret set before thee:
 Hold on till thou art mellow;
 And then to bed in glory.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

FRAGMENT.

DUNFERMLINE, on a Friday nicht,
 A lad and lass they took the flicht,
 And through a back-yett, out o' sicht,
 And into a kilogie ! *

DEAR ROGER, IF YOUR JENNY GECK.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE.—*Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in our vows delight,
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse ; then, be not blate,
 Push bauldly on and win the day.

These maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean ;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een ;
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late. †

* Recovered from tradition by the Editor.

† From *The Gentle Shepherd*.

DONALD CAIRD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing,
 Blithely dance the Highland fling ;
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind ;
 Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
 Or crack a pow wi' ony man :
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin ;
 Leisters kipper, makes a shift
 To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift :
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when they are sleepers ;
 Not for bountith, or reward,
 Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
 Fast as hostler-wife can fill ;
 Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker :
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey ;
 Highland chief and Lawland laird
 Maun gie way to Donald Caird.

Steek the awmrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear will sune be mist ;
 Donald Caird finds orra things
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings :
 Dunts o' kebbuck, taita o' woo,
 Whiles a hen and whiles a soo ;

Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
 'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether, legs to airn :
 But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
 Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel !
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again !
 Donald Caird's come again !
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again !

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**DUNCAN GREY.**

BURNS.

TUNE.—*Duncan Grey.*

DUNCAN GREY cam here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 On blythe Yule nicht, when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
 Maggie cuist her head fu' heich,  
 Look'd asklant, and unco skeigh,  
 Gart puir Duncan stand abeigh—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan sich'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',  
 Spak o' louping ower a linn—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Slichtit love is ill to bide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzy dee ?  
 She may gae to—France, for me !  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't .

How it comes, let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings ;  
 And O, her een, they spak sic things !  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't .

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't .  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,  
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith ;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't .

### DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.\*

TUNE—*Dumbarton's Drums.*

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonnie, O,  
 When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O ;  
 How happie am I  
 When my soldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !

\* There is an idea very generally prevalent, that by "Dumbarton's Drums" are meant the drums of the garrison of Dumbarton; and Burns

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me, O ;  
     While guarded in his arms,  
     I'll fear no war's alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.  
     Though commissions are dear,  
     Yet I'll buy him one this year,  
 For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.  
 A soldier has honour and bravery, O ;  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,  
     He minds no other thing  
     But the ladies or the king ;  
 For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,  
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;  
     I'll wait no more at home,  
     But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O :  
     How happy shall I be  
     When on my soldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !

somewhere has the following absurd note upon the subject: " Dumbarton Drums is the last of the West Highland airs; and from Dumbarton, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland." The truth is, that Dumbarton's Drums were the drums belonging to a British regiment, which took its name from the officer who first commanded it, to wit, the Earl of Dumbarton. This nobleman was a cadet of the family of Douglas, and being Commander of the Royal Forces in Scotland during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, he bears a distinguished figure in the dark and blood-stained history of Scotland during that period. He suppressed the rebellion of Argyle in 1685. At the Revolution, he chose to accompany James the Second to France, where he died in 1692.—The song appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

HOGG.

DONALD'S gane up the hill hard and hungry,  
 Donald's come down the hill wild and angry ;  
 Donald will clear the gowk's nest cleverly—  
 Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry !  
 Come like a weigh-bank, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weigh-bank, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly—  
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run ower the hill, but his tether, man,  
 As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man ;  
 When he comes back there's some will look merrily—  
 Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry !  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly,  
 Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery,  
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary ;  
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery  
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly—  
 Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald's the lad that brooks nae tangleness,  
 Whigging and prigging, and a' newfangleness ;  
 They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man ;  
 He maun hae justice, or faith he will tak it, man.  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;

Beat them, and bore them, and lingle them cleverly—  
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,  
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;  
Arles were high, but makings were naething, man—  
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !  
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,  
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;  
Skelp them and scaud them that proved sae unbritherly—  
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !\*

## THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

TANNAHILL.

FAR, lone, among the Highland hills,  
'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,  
By rocky dens, and woody glens,  
With weary steps I wander :  
The langsome way, the darksome day,  
The mountain mist sae rainy,  
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,  
Sweet lass of Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,  
Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,  
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,  
And's scarcely seen by ony :  
Sae sweet amidst her native hills  
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,  
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,  
The flower of Arranteenie !

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,  
I view the distant ocean ;

\* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.



There avarice guides the bounding prow,  
Ambition courts promotion.  
Let fortune pour her golden store,  
Her laurell'd favours many,  
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,  
The lass of Arranteenie ! \*

FROM THE BROWN CREST OF  
NEWARK.†

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,  
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame ;  
And each Forester blithe, from his mountain descend-  
ing,  
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

\* By *Arranteenie* Tannahill meant Ardentinny, which is a beautiful and sequestered little village on the banks of Loch Long, now resorted to as a watering-place. The following account of the circumstances which gave rise to the song, is from a lively little periodical work, published at Glasgow in 1827, entitled "The Ant."

"When Tannahill visited Ardentinny, he went, as I first did, a disinterested admirer of its beauties, and prepared to suffer much fatigue and inconvenience in searching out and paying homage to them. Overtaken by a day of comfortless drizzle, which, it must be confessed, does make even this spot disagreeable, he found a Highland lassie, the daughter of the inn-keeper, whose kindness and spirit, within her father's house, more than compensated to the bard the want of warmth and sunshine without. In one of those moments of generous and unhesitating enthusiasm, which minds constituted like his ever and anon give way to, he composed this beautiful song. 'The Lass of Arranteenie.' Common individuals," adds this spirited writer, "are apt to think, that such bursts of sentiment, untamed by the experience of past disappointments in the estimates made of individual character, whether they are expressed in verse, or the warm language of compliment and praise, are but the result of hypocritical, or at best worthless complaisance. They little know how much sincerity is often felt in giving expression to sentiments they think exaggerated, sometimes because they are conscious of being unworthy of them ; or how much pain the revulsion of feeling occasions, when he who has uttered them discovers how greatly their fervency was beyond the merit of the object. It was so with the bard of Renfrewshire. He came back to Ardentinny ; but he discovered, on his second visit, that it 'flower,' although a mountain daisy, was but a common specimen of her class—indeed, a very woman."

† Written on the occasion of a great foot-ball match at Carterhaugh, which took place in the year 1816. The lines refer particularly to the ancient banner of the family of Buccleuch, which was produced on the occasion, and carried to the ground by Mr Walter Scott, son of the author.

Then up with the banner, let Forest winds fan her,  
 She has blazed over Etrick eight ages and more;  
 In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,  
 With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,  
 At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew;  
 For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,  
 The Flowers of the Forest, the bands of Buccleuch.  
 A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,  
 No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;  
 But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,  
 A thousand true hearts would lie cold on the ground.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,  
 And hail like our brethren Home, Douglas, and Car;  
 And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,  
 As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.  
 Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather;  
 And if by mischance you should happen to fall,  
 There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,  
 And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure  
 To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,  
 And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,  
 To the lads that have lost, and the lads that have won.  
 May the Forest still flourish, both borough and land-  
 ward,  
 From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle-neuk;  
 And, huzza! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his  
 standard,  
 For the King and the Country, the Clan and the  
 Duke!

## THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

TUNE—*Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

FY let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there'll be liltin' there ;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there'll be langkale and pottage,  
 And bannocks o' barley meal ;  
 And there'll be good saut herrin',  
 To relish a cogue o' gude yill.  
 Fy let us a', &c.

And there'll be Sandie the souter,  
 And Will wi' the mickle mou' ;  
 And there'll be Tam the bluter,  
 And Andrew the tinkler, I trow.  
 And there'll be bow-leggit Robbie,  
 Wi' thoomless Katie's gudeman ;  
 And there'll be blue-cheekit Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie, the laird o' the land.

And there'll be sow-libber Patie,  
 And plookie-faced Wat o' the mill ;  
 Capper-nosed Francie, and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the howe o' the hill.  
 And there'll be Alaster Sibbie,  
 That in wi' black Bessie did mool ;  
 Wi' sneevlin' Lillie, and Tibbie,  
 The lass that sits aft on the stool.

And there'll be Judan Maclowrie,  
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg ;  
 Wi' flae-luggit shairnie-faced Lawrie,  
 And shangie-mou'ed haluket Meg.  
 And there'll be happer-hipp'd Nancie,  
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Maudie, and fat-luggit Grizzie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there'll be Girnagain Gibbie,  
 And his glaikit wife Jennie Bell,  
 And meazly-faced flytin' Geordie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsell.  
 There'll be a' the lads and the lasses,  
 Set down in the mids o' the ha';  
 Wi' sybows, and reefarts, and carlins,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there'll be fadges and brachen,  
 And fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate,  
 Powsoudie, and drammock, and crowdie,  
 And caller nowt-feet on a plate;  
 And there'll be partans and buckies,  
 And whytens and speldins enew,  
 And singit sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there'll be gude lapper-milk kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,  
 Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,  
 And brandie in stoups and in caups;  
 And there'll be meal-kail and castocks,  
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of fhouks that were taken alive.

Scraped haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,  
 And a mill o' gude sneeshin' to prie;  
 When weary wi' eatin' and drinkin',  
 We'll up and dance till we dee.  
 Fy let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there'll be liltin' there,  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.\*

\* First published in Watson's Collection of Scottish Poetry, 1706, and supposed to have been written by Francis Sempie of Beltraes.  
 In a note, which occurs at page 32 of the Rev. Mr Welsh's Life of Dr Thomas Brown, the authorship of "Fy let us a' to the Bridal," and

**ELIZA.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore;  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless ocean's roar:  
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never, never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore!  
 A boding voice is in mine ear,  
 We part to meet no more.  
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh.\*

of other humorous Scotch songs, is ascribed to Mrs Scott, widow of the Rev. W. Scott, minister of the parish of Kirkpatrick-juxta; but as the reverend author represents this lady as alive in 1796, and as the song in question appeared in print ninety years before, it is evidently impossible that she could have been the author of it. The supposition generally entertained, that it was the composition of Semple, is, on the contrary, very probable; because, previous to 1706, we know of no poet existing who could have written a piece in such a style of humour, and containing such allusions.

\* Miss Miller of Mauchline, (probably the same lady whom the poet has celebrated in his catalogue of the beauties of that village—

“ Miss Miller is fine”——)

afterwards Mrs Templeton, was the heroine of this beautiful song.

## SONG.\*

THOMSON.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love,  
 And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between, and bid us part—  
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish—the soul away ;  
 Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 And join the gentle to the rude.  
 For once, oh, Fortune, hear my prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care ;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

## FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows  
 Around Maria's dwelling !  
 Oh, cruel memory ! spare the throes  
 Within my bosom swelling ;  
 Condemn'd to draw a hopeless chain  
 And still in secret languish,

\* This exquisite little poem, which contains nearly all that can be urged by youthful love against the caprice of fortune, first appeared, attached to the tune of *Logan Water*, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725.

To feel a fire in every vein,  
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my crime would cover;  
 The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hopeless lover.  
 I know my doom must be despair,  
 Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
 But, oh! Maria, hear one prayer,—  
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslaved me;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had scared me:  
 The unwary sailor, thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 Mid circling horrors yields at last  
 To overwhelming ruin.

~~~~~  
CULLODEN DAY.

FROM THE GAELIC.

FAIR lady, mourn the memory
 Of all our Scottish fame!
 Fair lady, mourn the memory
 Even of the Scottish name!
 How proud were we of our young Prince,
 And of his native sway!
 But all our hopes are past and gone
 Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
 No spare of blood or breath,
 For one to two our foes we dared,
 For freedom or for death.

The bitterness of grief is past,
 Of terror and dismay:
 The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
 Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
 In misery to pine,
 No friend or clansman by thy side,
 No vassal that is thine?
 Leading thy young son by the hand,
 And trembling for his life,
 As at the name of Cumberland
 He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
 Turn'd out on the world wide
 I cannot see thee, lady fair,
 Weep on the bleak hill-side.
 Before such noble stem should bend
 To tyrant's treacherie,
 I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
 Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clanranald's isles,
 Where honour still bears sway;
 I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
 By islet and by bay:
 And, ere thy honour shall be stain'd,
 This sword avenge shall thee,
 And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
 Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
 To us can pleasure give?
 What is there now in thee, Scotland,
 For which we ought to live?
 Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
 For all that we held dear,

Still have we left a sacrifice
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
Our Southron foes may gall ;
The cup is fill'd they yet shall drink,
And they deserve it all.
But there is nocht for us or ours,
In which we hope or trust,
But hide us in our fathers' graves,
Beside our fathers' dust.*

THE DEATH SONG.

BURNS.

SCENE—A Field of Battle.—TIME OF THE DAY—Evening.—The Wounded and Dying of the Victorious Army are supposed to join in the following Song:

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun ;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strikest the dull peasant ; he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves even the wreck of a name ;
Thou strikest the young hero—a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the proud field of honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—

* From Mr Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821.

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not die with the brave!

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN
A NATION.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE UNION.

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,
Farewell our ancient glory;
Farewell ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in ancient story!
Now Sark rins ower the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

I would, ere I had seen the day,
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lain in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, to my last hour
I'll make this declaration,
We're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

LOCHABER, NO MORE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Lochaber no more.*
79.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' her I hae mony a day been ;
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more !

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind ;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd ;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee ;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame ;
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.*

* Although the air of Farewell to Lochaber is completely identified in the mind of a Scotsman with the idea of quitting his native country, and seems as if composed on purpose to express the mournful associations connected with that idea, it, in reality, appears to have been originally adapted to a song of a totally different cast. In a MS. book of Scottish airs, compiled in the reign of William III., (in the possession of Mr Andrew Blaikie, engraver, Paisley,) it is entitled, King James's March to Ireland.

**FALSE LUVÉ! AND HAE YE PLAY'D
ME THIS.**

**FALSE luvé! and hae ye play'd me this,
In summer, 'mid the flowers?
I shall repay ye back again
In winter, mid the showers.**

**But again, dear luvé, and again, dear luvé,
Will ye not turn again?
As ye look to other women
Shall I to other men? ***

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.—A slightly different version is put by Sir Walter Scott into the mouth of Davie Gellatley, in the celebrated novel of *Waverley*:—

“ False love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer, among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter, among the showers.

“ Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.”

There is, in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, [Edin. 1837,] a wild and very poetical old ballad, entitled *The Gardener*, where, after a person of that profession has entreated the love of a young lady, by promising her a dress made up of his best flowers, she answers thus:—

“ O, fare ye well, young man, she says,
Farewell, and I bid adieu;
Gin ye've provided a weed for me
Among the simmer flowers,
It's I've provided another for you
Among the winter showers.

“ The new-fawn snaw to be your smock,
It becomes your bodie best;
Yourheid sail be wrapt in the blue east wind,
And the could rain on your breast.”

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

DR AUSTIN.

TUNE—*For lack of Gold.*

FOR lack of gold she has left me, O,
 And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O ;
 She me forsook for Athole's duke,
 And to endless woe she has left me, O.
 A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part—
 For glittering show she has left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love ;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeany she has left me, O.
 Ye powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless, lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessing be her share,
 Though she has ever left me, O.*

* This song was written by the author, on his being jilted by Miss Jean Drummond, daughter of John Drummond, Esq. of Megginch, Perthshire ; who, after having given him some encouragement, thought proper, on the 7th of May, 1749, to marry a nobler though an older suitor, James, second Duke of Athole, maternal grandfather and paternal granduncle of the present most noble possessor of that title. She had no issue by his Grace, after whose death she married Lord Adam Gordon, (fourth son of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon,) Commander of the Forces in Scotland. She died at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, on the 22d of February, 1795, and was buried at Inveresk.

Of Dr Austin all I know is, that he resided for many years, during the latter half of the last century, in a house in Brown's Square, Edinburgh, where he practised as a physician.

Mr Thomson, in his excellent collection of Scottish music and song, mentions, that an old lady of his acquaintance remembers a line of a song, once popular, regarding the heroine :

“ Bonnie Jeanie Drummond, she towers aboon them a’.”

The song, “ For lack of Gold,” appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

AFTON WATER.*

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon flowery den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills;
 There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

* "The pastoral feeling which Burns infused into this song, is in strict conformity with nature. The woodland primrose, the scented birk, the note of the blackbird, the call of the lapwing and the cushat, the flowery

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Macpherson's Rant.*

FAREWELL, ye prisons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dantonly gaed he,
 He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
 Beneath the gallows tree !

Oh, what is death, but parting breath ?
 On mony a bluidy plain
 I've daur'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands frae aff my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's nae man in a' Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !

hree, and a fair heroine, are found now, as they were then, on the banks of this little stream. Time, which works such havoc with pastoral landscapes, can take nothing away from Afton, unless it dries up the stream, and strikes the land with barrenness. Afton Water is in Ayrshire, and is one of the numerous streams which augment the Nith. The song was written in honour of Mrs Dugald Stewart, of Afton Lodge—an accomplished lady, and excellent lyric poetess ; and the first person of any note who perceived and acknowledged the genius of Burns."—Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, Vol. IV. p. 46.