

I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH
AND FAIR.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN,
Secretary to the Queen of James VI.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses every thing it meets.
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells !
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile ;
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

* This song is generally printed with the name of Sir Robert Aytoun as author ; but it is a suspicious circumstance that, in Watson's Collection (1706-11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed with his name in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, *without his name*.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

MR GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture in my heart ;
 And he that bends not to thine eye,
 Shall rue it to his smart.
 Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I'll dight me in array ;
 I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow ;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue ;
 For you alone I strive to sing—
 O tell me how to woo ! *

* From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1801.

ILL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TROW.

TUNE—I'll gar our Gudeman trow.

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 I'll sell the ladle,
 If he winna buy to me
 A bonnie side-saddle,
 To ride to kirk and bridal,
 And round about the town ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gie my gown room !

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 I'll tak the fling-strings,
 If he winna buy to me
 Twal bonnie gowd rings ;
 Ane for ilka finger,
 And twa for ilka thoom ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gie my gown room !

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'm gaun to die,
 If he winna fee to me
 Valets twa or three,
 To bear my train up frae the dirt,
 And ush me through the town ;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gie my gown room ! *

* First published in a little collection of old songs, entitled the *Ballad-Book*, which was printed for private distribution, at Edinburgh, in the year 1824.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RICHTFU' KING.

TUNE—*It was a' for our richtfu' King.*

It was a' for our richtfu' king,
 We left fair Scotland's strand !
 It was a' for our richtfu' king,
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain :
 My love, and native land, fareweel ;
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him richt and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore, my love,
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodjer frae the war returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my love,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and nicht is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

LADY KEITH'S LAMENT.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*The Boyne Water.*

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary ;
 I may think on the day that's gane,
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
 A foreign loon to own or flatter ;
 But I will sing a rantin' sang,
 That day our king comes ower the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
 That I hae begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,
 And dance and sing frae morn till even :
 For there is ane I winna name,
 That comes the beingin' byke to scatter ;
 And I'll put on my bridal gown,
 That day our king comes ower the water.

I hae seen the gude auld day,
 The day o' pride and chieftain's glory,
 When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,
 And eild has crook'd me down—what matter !
 I'll dance and sing ae other day,
 The day our king comes ower the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
 The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
 Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
 And canting tongue o' clish-ma-claver !

My father was a gude lord's son,
 My mother was an earl's daughter ;
 And I'll be Lady Keith again,
 That day our king comes ower the water.

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**I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOUN.**

BURNS.

*TUNE—I'll gang nae mair to yon toun.*

I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,  
 And by yon garden green again ;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,  
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again,  
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass ;  
 And stowlines we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin time draws near again ;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith, she's doubly dear again.

I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,  
 And by yon garden green again ;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,  
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

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AYE WAUKING, O.

[THE ORIGINAL SONG, FROM RECITATION.]

O I'm wet, wet,
 O I'm wet and weary !
 Yet fain wad I rise and rin,
 If I thought I would meet my deary.

Ay wauking, O !
 Wauking aye, and weary,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking o' my deary.

Simmer's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour,
 The water rins ower the heugh—
 And I lang for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie ;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking o' my deary.

Lanely night comes on ;
 A' the lave are sleeping ;
 I think on my love,
 And blear my een wi' greeting.

Feather-beds are soft,
 Painted rooms are bonnie ;
 But a kiss o' my dear love
 Is better far than ony.

O for Friday's night,
 Friday at the gloaming !
 O for Friday's night !
 Friday's lang o' coming.

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**AYE WAUKIN', OH !**

[AS ALTERED BY BURNS.]

OH, spring's a pleasant time !  
 Flowers o' every colour—  
 The sweet bird builds her nest,  
 And I lang for my lover.

Aye wakin', oh !  
 Wakin' aye and wearie ;  
 Sleep I can get nane,  
 For thinkin' o' my dearie !

When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wauk I'm eerie,  
 Rest I canna get,  
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.  
 Aye wakin, oh !  
 Wakin' aye and weary ;  
 Come, come, blissful dream,  
 Bring me to my dearie.

Darksome nicht comes doun—  
 A' the lave are asleepin' ;  
 I think on my kind lad,  
 And blin' my een wi' greetin'.  
 Aye wakin', oh !  
 Wakin' aye and wearie ;  
 Hope is sweet, but ne'er  
 Sae sweet as my dearie !

## I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

MACNIEL.\*

*TUNE—My lodging is on the cold ground.*

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane ;  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me ;  
 He's willing to mak me his ain ;  
 And his ain I am willing to be.  
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green ;

\* The first eight lines, along with other eight not here printed, are said to have been written by the late Rev. Mr Clunie, minister of Borthwick.



The price was a kiss o' my mou' ;  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree ;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me :  
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet !  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa !  
 I listen—poor fool ! and I greet ;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,  
 Ne'er heed what the suld anes will say ;  
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear ;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae ?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care ;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

O Marion ! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costly than gear ;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ought you tyne ;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 While here in my arms I lock mine !

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
 Wae's me, can I tak it amiss !  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to dant and to kiss !  
 Ye lasses wha loe to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.

## THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Country Lassie.*

IN summer, when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn waved green in ilka field ;  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;  
 Blythe Bessie in the milkin'-shiel,  
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will :  
 Out spak a dame in runkled eild,  
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woors mony a ane,  
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;  
 Then wait a wee, and canny wale  
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben :  
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen—  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;  
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,  
 I dinna care a single flee ;  
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me :  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
 Aweel I wat he lo'es me dear ;  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie Glen and a his gear.

Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
 The canniest gait the strife is sair ;  
 But aye fu' hann't is fechtin' best—  
 A hungry care's an unco care :

But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 And wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink your yill.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome love  
 The gowd and siller canna buy.  
 We may be puir, Robie and I ;  
 Licht is the burden luvè lays on :  
 Content and love bring peace and joy ;  
 What mair hae kings upon a throne ?

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THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

JANE ELLIOT.

TUNE—*The Flowers of the Forest.*

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey ;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecing—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*

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## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MRS COCKBURN.

TUNE—*The Flowers of the Forest.*

I'VE seen the smiling  
 Of Fortune beguiling ;  
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay :

\* Miss Elliot wrote this song, about the middle of the last century, in imitation of an older version to the same tune, of which she preserved only the first and last lines of the first verse :—

“ I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin',”

and,

“ The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.”

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Border Minstrelsy*, has preserved one more line :

“ I ride single on my saddle,  
 Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away ;”

containing, as he observes, a most affecting image of desolation, as proceeding from the lips of a lady, who, according to the old Scottish fashion, had been accustomed to ride on the same horse with her husband.

Miss Jane Elliot was the fourth child of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, who died in the office of Lord Justice-Clerk in the year 1766. She spent the latter part of her life chiefly in Edinburgh, where she mingled a good deal in the better sort of society. I have been told by one who was admitted in youth to the privileges of her conversation, that she was “ a remarkably agreeable old maiden lady, with a prodigious fund of Scottish anecdote, but did not appear to have ever been handsome.”

By “ The Forest,” in this song, and in ancient Scottish story, is not meant the forest, or the woods generally, but that district of Scotland, anciently, and sometimes still, called by the name of **THE FOREST**. This district comprehended the whole of Selkirkshire, with a considerable portion of Peebles-shire, and even of Clydesdale. It was a favourite resort of the Scottish kings and nobles for hunting. The Forest boasted the best archers, and perhaps the finest men, in Scotland. At the Battle of Falkirk, in 1298, the men of the Forest were distinguished, we are told, from the other slain, by their superior stature and beauty.

Sweet was its blessing,  
 Kind its caressing;  
 But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest  
 Adorned the foremost  
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;  
 Sae bonnie was their blooming!  
 Their scent the air perfuming!  
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning  
 With gold the hills adorning,  
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams,  
 Shining in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,  
 Why this cruel sporting?  
 Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,  
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me;  
 For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.\*

\* This is an imitation of the foregoing song. Mrs Cockburn was the daughter of Mr Rutherford of Fairnielee, in Roxburghshire, and the wife of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland at the time of the Union. She was a lady of the greatest private worth, and much beloved by the numerous circle of acquaintance in which she spent the latter years of her life. I have been told of her, as a remarkable characteristic of her personal appearance, that, even when advanced to the age of eighty, she preserved to a hair the beautiful auburn or light-brown locks she had had in early youth. There actually was not a single grey hair in her head! She in a similar manner preserved all her early spirits, wit, and intelligence: and she might, altogether, be described as a woman of ten thousand.

The song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

## KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

TUNE—*Kirk wad let me be.*

I AM a puir silly auld man,  
And hirplin' ower a tree;  
Yet fain, fain kiss wad I;  
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,  
And guid haill claes put on,  
O, I could kiss a young lass  
As weel as ony man.\*

## IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?  
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?  
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence I make my love known.

\* This ancient ditty is said to have been composed, under very peculiar circumstances, by a non-conforming clergyman of the time of Charles II. While under hiding for religion's sake, he had the misfortune to be seized by a party of the troops which were then employed to scour the south and west of Scotland in search of the broken Covenanters. They were not exactly sure of his person, for he appeared to their eyes more like a beggar than any thing else; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they were disposed, at least, to detain him till they should ascertain his real character. The unhappy man then condescended to an artifice, for the purpose of extricating himself. He forthwith assumed a fantastic levity of manners—fell a-capering and dancing—and, finally, sung the above two stanzas, which he composed on the spur of the moment. Such was the gloss he thus gave to his character, and so much were the soldiers delighted with his song, that, swearing he was a damned honest fellow, and could not possibly belong to the hellish crew they were in search of, they permitted him to depart.

The song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

But oh ! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake, to discover my love ;  
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing her beauty, how sweet are her charms !  
 How fond her embraces ! how peaceful her arms !  
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and wins the fair field.\*

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BARBARA ALLAN.

TUNE.—*Barbara Allan.*

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a-fallin',
 That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
 Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwallin' :
 O, haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O, hooly, hooly, rase she up
 To the place where he was lyin',
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,
 And it's a' for Barbara Allan.

* The two first verses of this song were printed in Tom D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719. It appears, with the third or additional verse, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, signed with the letter X, which, I believe, marks all the songs in that work of English extraction.

O, the better for me ye'ae never be,
 Though your heart's blude were a-spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
 When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealin':
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighin', said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell ringin';
 And every jow that the deid-bell gied,
 It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother, mak my bed,
 And mak it saft and narrow;
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.*

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our gudewife had puddins to mak,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

And the barrin' o' our door weil, weil, weil,
 And the barrin' o' our door weil.

The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
 It blew into the floor;
 Says our gudeman to our gudewife,
 Get up and bar the door.
 And the barrin', &c.

My hand is in my hussyfe skep,
 Gudeman, as ye may see;
 An it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,
 It's no be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 The first that spak the foremost word
 Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at nicht;
 And they could neither see house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle-light.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is this a pair?
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For the barrin' o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddins,
 And syne they ate the black;
 And muckle thocht our gudewife to hersell,
 But never a word she spak.

Then said the tane unto the tother,
 Hae, man, take ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the suld man's beard,
 -And I'll kiss the gudewife.

But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than ?
 What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
 That boils into the pan ?

O, up then startit our gudeman,
 And an angry man was he :
 Wad ye kiss my wifa before my face,
 And scaud me wi' puddin' bree ?

Then up and startit our gudewife,
 Gi'ed three skips on the floor :
 Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door.*

THE WEEL-TOCHER'D LASS.

TUNE—*Kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS once a weel-tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My step-dame has gart them flee.
 My father, he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deil with his gear ;
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the haill house in a steer.

She's barmy-faced, thriftless, and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine ;
 While hungry, half-naked, and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776. Tradition, as reported in Johnson's Musical Museum, affirms that the "gudeman" of this song was a person of the name of John Blunt, who lived of yore in Crawford Muir. There are two tunes to which it is often sung. One of them is in most of the Collections of Scottish Tunes; the other, though to appearance equally ancient, seems to have been preserved by tradition alone, as we have never seen it in print. A third tune, to which we have heard this song sung, by only one person, an American student, we suspect to have been imported from his own country.

But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free ;
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree .

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonny lass tenderlie,
 I'll tak' thee, sweet may, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only yoursell that I want ;
 Your kindness is better to me
 Than a' that your stepmother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird ;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And routh of good rucks in my yard.
 Ye shall have naething to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall jouk to thee :
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented, while Ringan, o'erjoy'd,
 Received her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blithely singin',
 And joking her drunken stepdame,
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her goodwife at hame.*

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

TUNE—*The Humble Beggar.*

IN Scotland there lived a humble beggar ;
 He had neither house, nor hauld, nor hame ;
 But he was weel liked by ilka body,
 And they gae him sunkets to rsux his wame.
 A neivefou o' meal, a handfou o' groats,
 A daud o' a bannock, or pudding-bree,
 Cauld parridge, or the lickings of plates,
 Wad make him as blythe as a bodie could be.

A humbler bodie, O, never brake bread,
 For the fient a bit o' pride had he ;
 He wad hae ta'en his alms in a bicker,
 Frae gentle, or semple, or poor bodie.
 His wallets afore and ahint did hing,
 In as good order as wallets could be.
 A lang-kale goolie hung down by his side,
 And a muckle newte-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, and it happen'd warne,
 For it happen'd sae that he did die ;
 And wha wad ye think were at his lyke-wauk,
 But lads and lasses of high degree.
 Some were merry, and some were sad,
 And some were as blythe as blythe could be ;
 When up he started, the gruesome carle—
 I rede ye, good folks, beware o' me !

Out scraich'd Kate, who sat in the nook,
 Vow, now, kimmer ! and how do ye ?
 He ca'd her waur than witch and limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.
 They howkit his grave in Donket's kirkyard,
 Twa ell deep—for I gaed to see—
 But when they were gaun to put him in the yird,
 The fient a dead nor dead was he.

They brought him down to Douket's kirkyard ;
 He gae a dunt, and the boords did flee ;
 And when they gaed to lay him in the grave,
 In fell the coffin, and out lap he !
 He cried, I'm cauld ! I'm unco cauld !
 Fu' fast ran they, and fu' fast ran he ;
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
 And he help'd to drink his ain dredgie.*

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Corn-Rigs are bonnie.*

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn-rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie.
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 'Till, 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good-will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her ower and ower again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace !
 Her heart was beating rarely—

* First published in Herd's Collection, but certainly much more ancient. I have heard it sung by old people who were not likely to have seen Herd's Collection.

My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour sae clearly !
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gathering gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though they were doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

NAE DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THE REV. NATHANIEL MACKAY.*

TUNE—*Nae Dominies for me, Laddie.*

I CHANCED to meet an airy blade,
 A new-made pulpiter, laddie ;
 Wi' cock'd-up hat and powder'd wig,
 Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie.
 A lang cravat at him did wag,
 And buckles at his knee, laddie ;
 Says he, my heart, by Cupid's dart,
 Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather choose to thole grim death ;
 So cease and let me be, laddie.
 For what ? says he. Good troth, said I,
 Nae dominies for me, laddie :

* Minister of Crossmichael, in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, some time during the last century. He is not known to have written any other piece of merit.

Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, laddie,
 When books and gouns are a' cried down ;
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;
 If I be spair'd, I'll be a laird,
 And thou'se be Madam call'd, lassie.
 But what if ye should chance to die,
 Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie ?
 Naething wad be reserved for them,
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat ;
 He gloom'd and look'd fou hie, laddie ;
 When I perceived this, in haste
 I left my dominie, laddie.
 Fare ye well, my charmin' maid,
 This lesson learn of me, lassie ;
 At the next offer hold him fast,
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I, returning home again,
 And coming down the toun, laddie,
 By my good luck I chanced to meet
 A gentleman dragoon, laddie ;
 And he took me by baith the hands,
 'Twas help in time of need, laddie :
 Fools on ceremonies stand—
 At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
 Where we exchanged a word, laddie ;
 We had nae use for black gouns there,
 We married ower the sword, laddie.
 Martial drums is music fine,
 Compared wi' tinklin' bells, laddie ;

Gold, red, and blue, is more divine
Than black—the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie ;
While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and sackcloth gouns, laddie.
Awa wi' a' thae whinin' loons !
They look like Let-me-be, laddie :
I've more delight in roarin' guns ;
Nae dominies for me, laddie.*

FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.†

TUNE—*I wish I were where Helen lies.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries ;
Oh, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lee !

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† "The traditional story of Fair Helen and her lover is as widely known as the song, and is told, perhaps, as often as the other is sung. Helen Irving, the daughter of the laird of Kirkconnel, in Dumfries-shire, was admired for her beauty, and beloved by two neighbouring gentlemen; Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, and the laird of Blacket-house. Fleming was favoured by the lady; the other made less impression on her heart than his possessions, which are said to have been large, made on the minds of her parents. The lovers, therefore, were obliged to meet in secret. Their trysting-place was among the woods, which then covered the banks of the stream of Kirtle down to the water edge. During one of these interviews, in the twilight of a summer's eve, Helen observed her jealous and despised lover taking a mortal aim with a carbine, or cross-bow, over the water, at the bosom of his rival. She uttered a shriek, threw herself before him, and, receiving the fatal shot or shaft in her back, died instantly in her lover's arms. The place is still shown where Fleming rushed through the stream; and every conjecture has removed the spot, where the obstinate and single combat took place, to a little knoll a bow-shot up the Kirtle: the peasantry often sit nigh the place, and show their children where the murderer was hewn to pieces.

"There are other traditions, which lay the scene of his death in foreign lands, and Fleming is made to follow him through Spain, and slay him in Syria. The combat is always represented to have been long and fierce, and the story of his being hewed to pieces is never varied. The Irvings, a numerous and respectable name, invariably call the heroine Helen Irving; but the Bells, a still more numerous and equally respectable name, call her Helen Bell. About the name of the murderer there seems to be no contention, and I am willing it should remain unknown. The grave of the

Oh, Helen fair, beyond compare,
 'Il mak' a garland o' thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for ever mair,
 Until the day I dee.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropt and spoke nae mair?
 She sank, and swoon'd wi' mickle care,
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.
 Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht,
 And curst the hand thatshot the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me.

As I went down the water-side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirkconnel lee ;
 I lichtit down, my sword did draw,
 I hackit him in pieces sma',
 I hackit him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

Oh, that I were where Helen lies !
 Nicht and day on me she cries,
 Out of my bed she bids me rise—
 Oh, come, my love, to me !
 Oh, Helen fair ! Oh, Helen chaste !
 If I were with thee I were blest,

lovers is shown in the church-yard of Kirkconnel, near Springkell. You may still discern, 'Hic jacet Adamus Fleming.' A cross and sword have been cut on their tomb-stone, but so unskilfully sculptured, as to countenance the belief of the peasantry, that, while the sword represents the weapon by which Helen's death was avenged, the cross is the gun by which she was shot. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, a token of abhorrence common to many nations."—*Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*, II. 37.

Besides being the subject of many songs, the story of Fair Helen was some years ago wrought up in the shape of a poem as long as the Lady of the Lake, and it is the foundation of at least one novel of the ordinary size.

Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish my grave were growin' green,
A windin' sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Nicht and day on me she cries ;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies,
Since my love died for me.

THE COURTSHIP OF JOCK THE WEAVER AND JENNIE THE SPINNER.*

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

JOCK.

I HAE bocht Boulie Willie's lume, my lassie ;
Although she be aul', she's hard at the bane ;
Four-and-twenty year I may ride on the limmer :
Ye thocht that I was puir, but ye're fairly mista'en.

JENNIE.

The treddles, Johnnie, 's aul', and the lume is frail and
rotten ;
The shuttle, too, was aye a lazy jaud to rin ;
The treddles, Johnnie, 's aul', and twa o' them are
broken :
Ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad seem.

* This was a popular song in the parishes of Beith, Kilbirnie, and Dalry, or northern district of Ayrshire, about the year 1750. The person, from whose recitation it is taken down, learned it from an aged person, who had sung it when a boy about that time. The editor considers it worthy of preservation, as affording a picture of the very simple and primitive system of domestic economy which prevailed at the period referred to.

JOCK.

I've a huggerfu' o' saut, as gude as ony saut-fat,
 Hings aye ayont the fire, aside a clew o' yarn ;
 A sowin-pig, a 'tatoe-bittle, too, for a' your jokin' :
 Ye thocht that I was puir, but ye're fairly mista'en.

JENNIE.

A huggerfu' o' saut is easy to be gotten ;
 And for a spurtle ony stick may do, an mak' it clean ;
 I doubt your meal-pock, lad, 's as tume as Willie's
 whistle :
 Sae ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad seem.

I saw yon muckle mug, that stands ayont the hallan,
 Reamin' ower wi' sowens, aside an auld pirn-wheel,
 To lay the tousie-pousie hair o' the plaidin' :
 And ye're no saerich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad seem.

But though your purse be lang-neck't and hollow,
 It's hard to say yet what's to be dune ;
 For, after a', ye're a gay cantie kind o' fallow ;
 Though ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad
 seem.

Sae, tak' your plaid about you, Johnnie,
 And come your ways up by our house at e'en ;
 For I like a lad that's brisk and bonnie ;
 Though ye're no sae rich, my Johnnie lad, as ye wad
 seem.

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### SLICHTIT NANCY.

TUNE—*Nobody coming to marry me.*

It's I hae seven braw new gouns,  
 And ither seven better to mak' ;  
 And yet, for a' my new gouns,  
 My wooer has turn'd his back.

Besides, I have seven milk-kye,  
 And Sandy he has but three ;  
 And yet, for a' my gude kye,  
 The laddie winna hae me.

My daddie 's a delver o' dykes,  
 My mother can card and spin,  
 And I'm a fine fodgeg lass,  
 And the siller comes linkin' in ;  
 The siller comes linkin' in,  
 And it is fou fair to see,  
 And fifty times wow ! O wow !  
 What ails the lads at me ?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,  
 Then fast to the door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young spark  
 Will licht and venture but in ;  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Though mony a ane gaes by ;  
 Syne ben the house I rin,  
 And a weary wicht am I.

When I was at my first prayers,  
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,  
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
 And a lad wi' muckle gear.  
 When I was at my neist prayers,  
 I pray'd but now and than,  
 I fash'd na my head about gear,  
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now I am at my last prayers,  
 I pray on baith nicht and day,  
 And, oh, if a beggar wad come,  
 With that same beggar I'd gae.  
 And, oh, and what 'll come o' me !  
 And, oh, and what 'll I do !

That sic a braw lassie as I  
Should die for a wooer, I trow !\*

OWER BOGIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*O'er Bogie.*

I WILL awa' wi' my love,  
I will awa' wi' her,  
Though a' my kin had sworn and said,  
I'll ower Bogie wi' her.  
If I can get but her consent,  
I dinna care a strae ;  
Though ilka ane be discontent,  
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,  
And wordy o' my hand ;  
And weel, I wat, we shanna part  
For siller or for land.  
Let rakes delight to swear and drink,  
And beaux admire fine lace ;  
But my chief pleasure is to blink  
On Betty's bonnie face.

There a' the beauties do combine,  
Of colour, treats, and air ;  
The saul that sparkles in her een  
Maks her a jewel rare ;  
Her flowin' wit gives shining life  
To a' her other charms ;  
How blest I'll be when she's my wife,  
And lock'd up in my arms !

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is printed without any mark.

There blythely will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I'll range ;  
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,  
 Shame fa' them that wad change  
 A kiss of Betty and a smile,  
 A'beit ye wad lay down  
 The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,  
 And offer me your crown.\*

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**LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.**

JAMES TYTLER.

TUNE—*Lass, gin ye lo'e me.*

I HAE laid a herring in saut—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 I hae brew'd a forpitt o' maut,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo :  
 I hae a calf that will soon be a cow—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 I hae a stook, and I'll soon hae a mowe,†  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo :

I hae a house upon yon moor—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo :  
 I hae a but, an' I hae a ben—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 A penny to keep, and a penny to spen',  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo :

I hae a hen wi' a happitie-leg—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;

\* Ramsay founded this song upon an old chorus. "Ower Bogie," is a proverbial phrase, used in regard to a marriage which has been celebrated by a magistrate instead of a clergyman. The song appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† *Mowe*—a pile of grain in stalk at the end of a barn.

That ilka day lays me an egg,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo :  
 I hae a cheese upon my skelf—  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;  
 And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.\*

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LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

I HAE laid a herrin' in saut—
 Bonnie lass, gin ye'll tak me, tell me now ;
 And I hae brew'n three pickles o' maut,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo—
 To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.

A hae a wee calf that wad fain be a cow—
 Bonnie lass, gin ye'll tak me, tell me now ;
 I hae a wee gryce that wad fain be a sow,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo—
 To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.†

* James Tytler, who has contributed this ditty, and The Bonnie Brucket Lassie, to the mass of popular Scottish song, was the son of a minister in Forfarshire, and originally educated to the medical profession. Being a man of original and truly active mind, he soon soared beyond the ordinary limits of that study. He became a projector and an author, and, finally, a polemic and a democrat. After many turns of good and evil fortune, he was obliged, about the time of the French Revolution, to quit his native country for the more liberal atmosphere of the western continent, on account of some proceedings which had brought him under the observation of the Scottish state-officers. He finally died, while editor of a newspaper, at Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, in the year 1805, aged fifty-eight.

† Herd's Collection, 1776.

LOVE'S LIKE A DIZZINESS.

HOGG.

• TUNE—*Love's like a dizziness.*

I LATELY lived in quiet case,
 And never wish'd to marry, O ;
 But when I saw my Peggie's face,
 I felt a sad quandary, O.
 Though wild as ony Athole deer,
 She has trepann'd me fairly, O ;
 Her cherry cheeks, and een sae clear,
 Harass me late and early, O.
 O ! love ! love ! laddie,
 Love's like a dizziness !
 It winna let a pair body
 Gang about his business !

To tell my feats this single week,
 Wad mak a curious diary, O ;
 I drave my cart againet a dyke,
 My horses in a miry, O ;
 I wear my stockings white and blue,
 My love's sae fierce and fiery, O ;
 I drill the land that I should plow,
 And plow the drills entirely, O.

Soon as the dawn had brought the day,
 I went to theek the stable, O ;
 I cuist my coat, and plied away
 As fast as I was able, O.
 I wrought a' mornin' out and out,
 As I'd been reddin' fire, O ;
 When I had done, and look'd about,
 Behold it was the byre, O !

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget ;
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
 Has pierced me through and through the heart,
 And plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't.
 I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
 I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't ;
 I tried wi' toil to drive't away,
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.

Were Peggie's love to hire the job,
 And save my heart frae breakin', O,
 I'd put a girdle round the globe,
 Or dive in Corryvreckan, O ;
 Or howk a grave, at midnight dark,
 In yonder vault sae eerie, O ;
 Or gang and spier for Mungo Park
 Through Africa sae drearie, O.

Ye little ken what pains I prove,
 Or how severe my pliskie, O !
 I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
 Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O !
 For love has raked me fore and aft,
 I scarce can lift a leggie, O :
 I first grew wild, and then gaed daft,
 And now I dee for Peggie, O.