

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.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.*

BURNS.

TUNE—*My only Jo and Dearie, O.*

I GAED a waeфу' gate yestreen,
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

* The heroine of this song was a Miss Jeffrey of Lochmaben, who has since been married, and carried by her husband to New York, where she now resides.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
 But aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But, spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

~~~~~  
 FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*For a' that, and a' that.*

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by;  
 We daur be puir for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp—  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that?  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
 A man's a man for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,  
 The honest man, though e'er sae puir,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his micht,  
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks for a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's comin' yet for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.\*

---

### THE CARELESS LOVER.

I SCORN the state of that lover's condition,  
 Who pines for her that regards not his pain:  
 I scorn the state of that foolish ambition,  
 That fondly requites true love with disdain.

\* This song, which may be said to embody almost all the false philosophy of his time, and of his own mind, but which is nevertheless full of manly and noble feeling, was written by Burns, in 1795, for Mr Thomson's publication.

I love them that love me—my humour is such—  
 And those that do hate me I hate them as much :  
 Thus I am resolved, however it go,  
 And care not whether I get her or no.

What if another her favour inherit,  
 Which only by right is due unto me ;  
 Or if I reap the fruit of another man's merit,  
 Shall that make me gladder or sadder to be ?  
 Shall I sigh when I'm forced, or laugh when I'm loved ?  
 Shall I chide when she's angry, or mourn when she's  
     moved ?  
 Shall I break my heart, being forsaken so ?  
 No ; not a whit care I whether I get her or no.

More fickle than fortune, more light than the wind,  
 More brittle than water her sex doth remain ;  
 Her tempests are turn'd into calms now we find,  
 And oftimes her sunshine doth fall into rain.  
 Thus, look we, or lack we, a loose grip we have ;  
 What comes with the wind must go with the wave ;  
 I'll bear my sails equal, howe'er the wind blow,  
 And carena by whether I get her or no.\*

~~~~~

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

TUNE—Tak your auld cloak about ye.

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es na strife,
 She said to me richt hastilie,

* From Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III. 1711

Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns's mon',
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end;
Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thretty year:
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a croun;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:
He was the king that wore a croun,
And thou the man of laigh degree:
It's pride puts a' the country down;
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the world is a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin i' the asse?—
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 If you would prove a gude husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loes nae strife,
 But she would guide me, if she can;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:
 Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.*

THE WOOER THAT COMES AT E'EN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

It fell on a morning, when we were thrang;
 Our kirk was gaun, our cheese was making,
 And bannocks on the girdle baking;
 That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.
 But the auld gudewife and her Mays sae ticht
 Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween;
 For a chap at the door in braid day-light,
 Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the Warlock Glen,
 Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. This excellent old song, however, was probably written before the close of the sixteenth century; as its measure and versification unequivocally belong to that period. It is needless to remind the reader, moreover, that the first part of the fourth stanza is quoted by Shakspeare in Othello, which was published in 1611.

And yearn'd for a sight o' his winsome dearie,
 Raised up the latch, and cam crouselly ben.
 His coat was new, and his overlay was white,
 And his hose and his mittens were cosey and bien :
 But a wooer that comes in braid day-light,
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin and lasses sae braw,
 And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straitkit,
 And lookit about, like a body half glaikit,
 On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.
 Ha, ha ! quo' the carline ; and look ye that way ?
 Hoot ! let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean ;
 An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,
 Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en.

Na, na ! quo' the pauky auld wife, I trow,
 You'll fash na your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
 As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly ;
 Black Madge is far better and fitter for you.
 He hemm'd, and he haw'd, and he screw'd in his
 mouth,
 And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands be-
 tween ;
 For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,
 Are mair ankward than wooers that come at e'en.

Black Madge, she is prudent.—What's that to me ?—
 She's eident and sober ; has sense in her noddle ;
 Is douse and respeckit.—I care na a bodle !
 I'll baulk na my lave, and my fancy's free.
 Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slicht,
 And Nanny ran laughing out to the green :
 For wooers that come when the sun shines bricht,
 Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' fling the laird, and loud mutter'd he,
 All the daughters of Eve between Orkney and
 Tweed, O,
 Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and
 widow,
 May gang in their pride to the deil for me!
 But the auld gudewife, and her Mays sae ticht,
 For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
 For a wooer that comes in braid day licht,
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

BURNS.

JOCKIE'S ta'en the parting kiss,
 Ower the mountains he is gane;
 And with him is a' my bliss;
 Nought but griefs wi' me remain.
 Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleet, and beating rain!
 Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
 Ower the day's fair gladsome ee,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be!
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For, where'er he distant roves,
 Jockie's heart is still at hame.

ILL NEVER LAY A' MY LOVE UPON ANE.

I COULDNA get sleep yestreen for greetin',
The tears ran down like showers o' rain;
Gin I hadna got grutten, my heart wad hae luppen:
And I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.*

~~~~~

# HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK!

*TUNE—Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock!*

JOCKY he came here to woo,  
On ae feast-day, when we were fou;  
And Jenny put on her best array,  
When she heard Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,  
Sae privily, to change her smock,  
And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,  
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock!

Jenny she cam' down the stair,  
And she cam' bobbins and beckin ben;  
Her stays they were laced, and fu' jimp was her waist,  
And a braw new-made manko gown.

Jocky took her by the hand:  
Says, Jenny, lass, can ye fancy me?  
My father is dead, and has left me some land,  
And braw houses twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee.  
Ahaith! quo Jenny, I fear ye mock.

\* Taken down from recitation.

Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee ;  
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leuch,  
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent.  
 Aweel, guidwife, and what say ye ?  
 Quo' she, Jock, I am weel content.

Jenny to her mother did say,  
 O mother, fetch us ben some meat ;  
 A piece o' the butter was kirk'd the day ;  
 That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,  
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat ;  
 It was nae for meat that I cam' here,  
 But a' for luve o' you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the gate,  
 Wi' a green gown as syde \* as her smock;  
 And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,  
 Wow, sirs ! hasna Jenny got Jock ? †

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

BURNS.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonny brow was brent ;  
 But now your head is bauld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

\* *Syde—long.*

† From Herd's Collection, 1776

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We climb'd the hill thegither,  
 And monie a cantie day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither ;  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.\*

~~~~~  
 LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Duncan Gray.*

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should, then, a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow.
 Sun and moon but set to rise ;
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why, then, ask of silly man,
 To oppose great nature's plan ?
 We'll be constant while we can,
 You can be no more, you know.

Burns formed these two beautiful verses on the model of an old and somewhat indelicate song, which was sung to the same tune, and which may be found in Johnson's Musical Museum. It is stated in the Museum, that the John Anderson mentioned in the song was said, by tradition, to have been the *town piper* of Kelso. The air is believed to have been a piece of sacred music previous to the Reformation.

THE AULD GUDEMAN.*

TUNE—*My auld Gudeman.*

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gaed down ;
 And there I chanced, by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife were faun in strife ;
 I canna weel tell how it began ;
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cried ever, Alake, my auld gudeman !

HE.

The auld gudeman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a puir silly vagabond,
 And ilka ane leuch him to scorn ;
 For he did spend and mak' an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan ;
 He gart the puir stand frae the door :
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is like to break,
 When I think on my winsome John ;
 His blinking een, and gait sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dozent drone.
 His rosy face and flaxen hair,
 And skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal ;
 And thou't never be like my auld gudeman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee mainteen ;
 For meal and maut thou disna want ;

* Anglice—the first husband.

But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough ;
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare :
 Sae tell me nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,
 To think on the blythe days I had,
 When he and I thegither lay
 In arms, into a weel-made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad ;
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan ;
 Thou faulds thy feet, and fa's asleep :
 And thou't never be like my auld gudeman.

Then coming was the nicht sae dark,
 And gane was a' the licht of day ;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way ;
 I trow the wife the day she wan ;
 And aye the owerword o' the fray
 Was ever, Alake, my auld gudeman !*

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

TUNE—*The Black Joke.*

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his birth,
 Of the land of the ocean, the neighbouring earth,
 With their red-blushing roses, and shamrock so
 green :

* From the *Tes-Table Miscellany*, (1724,) where it is marked as a song of unknown antiquity.

Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,
 The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth ;
 Those mountains where freedom has fix'd her abode,
 Those wide-spreading glens where no slave ever trode,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
 And barren the mountains, and cover'd with snows,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green ;
 Yet, for friendship sincere, and loyalty true,
 And for courage so bold that no foe can pursue,
 Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains ;
 And lovely and true are the nymphs of our plains,
 Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

Far-famed are our sires in the battles of yore,
 And many the cairns that rise bold on our shore,
 O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green :
 And many the cairns that shall rise on our strand,
 Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land.
 Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,
 We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave
 Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

O, dear to our souls, as the blessings of heaven,
 Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,
 The land of red heather and thistles so green :
 For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled ;
 And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,
 No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave ;
 But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
 The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.*

* Stated by Mr Hogg, in his *Jacobite Relics*, to be the composition of a Mr Sutherland, a land-surveyor.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DEE.

CRAWFORD.

TUNE—My dearie, if thou dee.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggie, if thou dee.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me ;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray !
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see :
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggie, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
 With Cupid's raving rage ;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And, when its destined day is done,
 With Peggie let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasures share,
 Ye who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair :
 Restore my Peggie's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;

Oh, never rob them from those arms—
I'm lost if Peggie dee ! *

~~~~~  
**LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Lothian Lassie.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;  
I said there was naething I hated like men :  
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me !

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was deein'.  
I said he nicht dee when he liked for Jean ;  
The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',  
The guid forgi'e me for leein' !

A weel-stockit mailin', himsell for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffer.  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared ;  
But thocht I nicht hae a waur offer, waur offer,  
But thocht I nicht hae a waur offer.

But, what wad ye think, in a fortnicht or less,—  
The deil's in his taste to gang near her !—  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—  
Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her, could bear  
her,  
Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her !

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock ;  
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there ?  
Wha glowr'd as he had seen a warlock, a warlock,  
Wha glowr'd as he had seen a warlock.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,  
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fou counthie and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin' ?  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet ? \*  
 Gude sauf us ! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',  
 Gude sauf us ! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for gudesake ! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;  
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

## LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Rothiemurchus' Rant.*

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
 Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks ?  
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

Now Nature cleads the flowery lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee  
 O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O ?  
 Lassie wi', &c.

\* In Scotland, when a cast-off lover pays his addresses to a new mistress, that new mistress is said to have got the auld shoon (old shoes) of the former one. Here the metaphor is made to carry an extremely ingenious sarcasm at the clumsiness of the new mistress's person.

And when the welcome simmer shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasped to my faithful breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

---

## I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

My dear and only love, I pray  
That little world of thee,  
Be govern'd by no other sway  
But purest monarchy;  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
I'll call a synod in my heart,  
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,  
 And always give the law,  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe :  
 But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find  
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,  
 As if thou set me as a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to share with me ;  
 Or committees if thou erect,  
 Or go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
 Thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword.  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
 As ne'er was known before ;  
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
 And love thee more and more.\*

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### GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON MOOR.

MARCH, march, why the deil dinna ye march ?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads ; fight in good order.  
 Front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Till ye come to the English Border.

\* The earliest publication, in which I have observed this beautiful poem in print, is Watson's " Collection of Scots Poems," Part III. 1711.

Stand til't, and fight like men,  
 True gospel to maintain ;  
 The Parliament's blythe to see us a-coming ;  
 When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka room,  
 Frae Popish relics, and a' sic innovations,  
 That a' the warld may see,  
 There's nane in the right but we,  
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Jackie the sark of God ;  
 And the kistfu' o' whistles, that maks sic a cleiro,  
 Our pipers braw,  
 Shall hae them a' ;  
 Whate'er come on it,  
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.\*

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS  
 UPON'T.

BURNS.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,  
 And gowden springs sae rare upon't :  
 But Jennie's jimps and jerkinet,  
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane ;  
 But hounds and hawks wi' him are nane ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is marked as a song of which the editor did not know either the age or the author. It seems to have been written by some sneering cavalier, as a quip upon the Scottish army which marched to join the English Parliamentary forces, 1644, in terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, and which was so instrumental in winning for that party the decisive battle of Longmarston Moor.

By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
If Colin's Jennie be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,  
And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude ;  
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude  
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out ower yon muir, out ower yon moss,  
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,  
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,  
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns ;  
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,  
Where laughing love sae wanton swims :

My lady's dink, my lady's dress'd,  
The flower and fancy o' the West ;  
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,  
O, that's the lass to mak him blest.\*

### LOW DOWN I' THE BRUME†

TUNE—*Low down i' the Broom.*

My daddie is a cankert carle,  
He'll no twine wi' his gear;  
My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,  
Hauds a' the house asteer.

\* The tune of this song is a most expressively blackguard version of the Reel of Tulloch, the full effect of which can only be given on the violin.

† " This song is said to be the production of James Carnegie, Esq. of Balmamoon, a beautiful estate upon the slope of the Gramplians, about five miles north-west of Brechin. A correspondent, who has kindly furnished the substance of this notice, says, ' I have conversed with a worthy farmer of fourscore, who has lived on the Balmamoon estate from infancy. The garrulous old fellow observed, ' I kent the auld laird weel; he was a curious body, and there's nae doubt but he made up the sang.'

But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me,  
 For he's low down, he's in the brume,  
 That's waitin' on me :  
 Waiting on me, my love,  
 He's waiting on me :  
 For he's low down, he's in the brume,  
 That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,  
 And sair she lightlies me ;  
 But weel I ken it's a' envy,  
 For ne'er a joe has she.  
 And let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled  
 Wi' Johnnie o' the Glen ;  
 And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware  
 O' fause deluding men.

Gleed Sandy he cam wast yestreen,  
 And speir'd when I saw Pate ;  
 And aye sinsyne the neebors round  
 They jeer me air and late.

~~~~~

THE BORDER WIDOW.*

My love he built me a bonnie bouir,
 And clad it a' wi' lillie flour :

He was firmly attached to the House of Stuart, and went out in the forty-five. After the quelling of that unhappy rebellion, he lived for some time in the capacity of a shepherd to one of his hill-farmers; but the interest of the Arbuthnot family, with which he was connected by marriage, soon restored him to his home and to the world."—*Harp of Caledonia*, vol. II. p. 387.

* This fragment is usually regarded as a lament for the death of Cockburn of Henderland, a noted free-booter, whom King James V. hanged over the gate of his own tower, in one of his justiciary excursions through

A brawer bouir ye ne'er did see,
Than my true lover built for me.

There cam a man at mid-day hour,
He heard my song and he saw my bouir—
And he brocht armed men that nicht,
And brake my bouir and slew my knicht.

He slew my knicht, to me sae dear,
And burnt my bouir and drave my gear.
My servants a' for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

Etrick Forest. Tradition says, he was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. The remains of the free-booter's hold may be seen near the mouth of a wild stream which runs into St Mary's Loch, among the wilds which divide Tweeddale from Dumfries-shire; the adjacent country, now bleak and bare, once afforded shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. To the recesses of a wild glen, down which a mountain-stream gushes, the wife of Cockburn, it is said, retreated during the execution of her husband; and a seat, called the Lady's Seat, is pointed out, where she strove to drown; amid the roar of the cataract, the shouts which announced the close of his existence.

As the circumstances detailed in the song do not at all correspond with those of this traditionary tale, the Lament is perhaps to be referred to some more dreadful and more remote story of private outrage. Whatever might have been its occasion, few will deny it the merit of the most exquisitely appropriate pathos. And yet an ordinary reader will scarcely be able to appreciate, to its full extent, the misery of the situation of the widow after the death of her husband. If it be taken into account, that, besides the distress into which that event plunged her, and over and above the miserable loneliness of her situation, the horrors of superstition must also have environed her, a more fearful and more touching picture could not possibly be called up. It was the idea of the Scottish people, that if a corpse were left for a moment alone, it would rise up from its stiffened lair, and denote, by its convulsed visage, its resentment of that act of negligence. The widow, therefore, could not possibly leave her husband's side; at last, seeing no prospect of being relieved, she was obliged to perform his funeral obsequies with her own hands. A story is told in the south of Scotland, of a poor woman, whose husband died in a moorland place which was seldom visited, and who was therefore compelled to watch the corpse herself, with the dreary hope of being relieved in the course of a day or two. She went often to the door, like sister Ann, to see what she could see, and at last, happening to leave the door ajar, which produces the same effect with leaving the corpse alone, she was horror-struck, on turning back into the house, to observe her husband sitting up in his bed, glaring hideously, and gnashing his teeth with rage. The poor woman sat down, and cried bitterly, unable to remove her eye from that of the corpse, which seemed to possess a sort of horrible fascination. At length, to put an end to her distress, a priest, passing along the moor, happened to come in, and, by putting his finger into his mouth, and repeating the Lord's Prayer backwards, caused the corpse to fall back upon the bed, and behave himself as a dead man ought to do.

I sew'd his sheet and made my maen ;
 I watch'd his corpse, myself alane ;
 I watch'd by nicht and I watch'd by day ;
 No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
 And whyles I went and whyles I sat ;
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
 And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ;
 Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
 When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

The man lives not I'll love again,
 Since that my comely knight is slain.
 Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
 I'll bind my heart for evermair.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

TUNE—The White Cockade.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad—
 He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
 O, he's a ranting, roving blade !
 O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad !
 Betide what may, my heart is glad
 To see my lad wi' his white cockadē.

O, leeze me on the philabeg,
 The hairy hough, and garter'd leg !
 But aye the thing that glads my ee,
 Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braidsword and a white cockade.

I'll sell my rokely and my tow,
My gude grey mare and hawket cow,
That ev'ry loyal Buchan lad
May tak' the field wi' his white cockade.*

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

TUNE—The Lowlands of Holland.

My love he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea,
With seven score guid mariners to bear her companie.
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead at sea ;
And the Lowlands of Holland has twined my love and
me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began
to route ;
My love, then, and his bonnie ship, turn'd withershins†
about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kame
come in my hair ;
There shall neither coal nor candle-light come in my
boir mair ;

* The allusions in this song, which appeared in Herd's Collection (1776), prove it to be a decidedly Jacobite composition. It was probably written by some one of the loyal-minded ladies of Aberdeenshire, whose lover had left her to join the standard of Prince Charles, and who was accordingly very much distracted between her concern for her "brisk and bonny lad," and her anxiety to see that cause prosper, the badge of which he had chosen to assume. It is curious to observe her begin with a sort of lament for the step which he had taken, and end with a prayer, that every man in the district would do as he had done.

† In a direction contrary to the course of the sun.

Nor will I love another man until the day I dee,
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd in
the sea.

O, hand your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and
be content;

There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need na sair la-
ment.

O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me;
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd in
the sea.*

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

THE luvie that I hae chosen
I'll therewith be content;
The saut sea will be frozen
Before that I repent;
Repent it will I never
Until the day I die,
Though the Lowlands of Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My luvie lies in the saut sea,
And I am on the side;
Enough to break a young thing's heart,
Wha lately was a bride—
Wha lately was a happy bride,
And pleasure in her ee;
But the Lowlands of Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

New Holland is a barren place,
In it there grows nae grain,

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Nor ony habitation
 Wherein for to remain ;
 But the sugar canes are plenty,
 And the wine draps frae the tree ;
 But the Lowlands of Holland
 Hae twined my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,
 And sent her to the sea,
 Wi' seven score guid mariners
 To bear her companie.
 Three score to the bottom gaed,
 And three score died at sea ;
 And the Lowlands of Holland
 Hae twined my love and me.*

~~~~~  
 THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.†

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Waukin' o' the Fauld.*

MY Peggie is a young thing,  
 Just enter'd in her teens ;  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay :  
 My Peggie is a young thing,  
 And I'm nae very auld,

\* From Laurie and Symington's Collection, 1792.

† This fine song describes the sentiments connected with a custom, now obsolete in the land. The Wauking of the Faulds, was a practice common in the pastoral districts of Scotland previous to the late changes in rural economy ; when it was necessary to keep up a nocturnal watch upon the folds at a particular season of the year, in order to prevent the lambs from getting back to their dams, from which they had been recently weaned. On these occasions, the shepherd was always allowed to have the lass of his choice along with him ; and as his vigils occurred at the pleasantest time of the year, when night is only a shadowy interval of day, the whole affair is said to have been one of the most agreeable things connected with pastoral life.

There is a tradition, that Allan Ramsay composed the tune to this song on the bag-pipe ; though that seems scarcely possible, as the air extends to an octave and a sixth, five notes beyond the compass of at least the High- and chanter.

And weel I like to meet her at  
The waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare :  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
But she gars a' my spirits glow  
At waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the toun,  
That I look down upon a croun :  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It maks me blythe and bauld,  
And naething gies me sic delight  
As waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly  
When on my pipe I play,  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best :  
My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
And in her sangs are tauld,  
With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
At waukin' o' the fauld.

~~~~~

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Somebody.*

My heart is sair—I daurna tell—
My heart is sair for somebody ;

I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody.
 Ochon, for somebody!
 Och hey, for somebody!
 I could range the warld round
 For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Ochon, for somebody!
 Och hey, for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not!
 For the sake of somebody.*

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

BURNS.

TUNE—My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lichtit ha';

* Written on the model of a Jacobite song, the "somebody" of which was the old Chevalier.

The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a fairer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast of thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

~~~~~

## DONALD MACDONALD.

HOGG.

*TUNE—Woo'd and married and a'.*

MY name it is Donald Macdonald—  
I live in the Highlands sae grand;  
I've follow'd my banner, and will do,  
Wherever my Maker has land.  
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,  
Nae danger can fear me ava;  
I ken that my brethren around me  
Are either to conquer or fa'.  
Brogues, and brochan, and a',  
Brochan, and brogues, and a';  
And is na the laddie weel aff  
Wha has brogues, and brochan, and a'?

Short syne we were wonderfu' canty,  
 Our friends and our country to see ;  
 But since the proud Consul's grown vauntie,  
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.  
 Wherever a clan is disloyal,  
 Wherever our king has a foe,  
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Highlanders a' in a row.  
 Guns, and pistols, and a',  
 Pistols, and guns, and a' ;  
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,  
 Wi' guns, and pistols, and a'.

What though we befreendit young Charlie?  
 To tell it I dinna think shame ;  
 Puir lad ! he cam to us but barely,  
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame.  
 It's true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day ;  
 Had Geordie come freendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.  
 Sword, and buckler, and a',  
 Buckler, and sword, and a' ;  
 For George we'll encounter the devil,  
 Wi' sword, and buckler, and a'.

And O I wad eagerly press him  
 The keys o' the East to retain ;  
 For should he gie up the possession,  
 We'll soon hae to force them again :  
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,  
 Though it were my finishin' blow,  
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.  
 Knees, and elbows, and a',  
 Elbows, and knees, and a' ;  
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,  
 His knees, and elbows, and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;  
 I laugh when I think how we'll gall him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane:  
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garry  
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,  
 Or lull him asleep in a cairnie,  
 And sing him *Lochaber no more!*  
 Stanes, and bullets, and a',  
 Bullets, and stanea, and a';  
 We'll finish the Corsican callan'  
 Wi' stanes, and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry;  
 And Campbell is steel to the bane;  
 And Grant, and Mackenzie, and Murray,  
 And Cameron, will hurkle to nane;  
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel;  
 And sae is Macleod and Mackay;  
 And I their gude-brither, Macdonald,  
 Sall never be last in the fray.  
 Brogues, and brochan, and a',  
 Brochan, and brogues, and a';  
 And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,  
 The kilt, and feather, and a'.\*

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### HIGHLAND HARRY.

My Harry was a gallant gay;  
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain;  
 But now he's banish'd far away,  
 I'll never see him back again.

\* This is remarkable, as being the first song its ingenious author ever wrote. It was composed, as some allusions in it testify, soon after the commencement of the last war, in 1803.

Oh, for him back again !  
 Oh, for him back again !  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie up the glen ;  
 I sit me down, and greet my fill,  
 And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains hangit hie,  
 And ilka body had their ain,  
 Then I micht see the joyfu' sicht,  
 My Highland Harry back again.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,  
 He left me in his native plain,  
 And rush'd his much-wrong'd Prince to join ;  
 But, oh ! he'll ne'er come back again !

Strong was my Harry's arm in war,  
 Unmatch'd in a' Culloden's plain ;  
 But vengeance marks him for her ain—  
 I'll never see him back again.\*

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## TAM GLEN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len' ;

\* The first three verses of this song, excepting the chorus, are by Burns. The air to which it is sung, is the Highlander's Farewell to Ireland, with some alterations, sung slowly.

To anger them a' is a pity,  
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a brow fallow,  
In puirtith we micht mak a fen';  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,  
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;  
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men;  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—  
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him  
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;  
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,  
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentines dealin',  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
His likeness cam up the house staukin',  
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;  
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.