

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED
TO ME.*

BURNS.

WHEN Januar winds were blawin' cauld,
Unto the north I bent my way,
The mirksome nicht did me enfauld,
I kend na where to lodge till day;
But by good luck a lass I met,
Just in the middle of my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her make the bed to me.
She made the bed baith wide and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, Young man, now sleep ye soun.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And from the chamber went wi' speed:
But I ca'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair beneath my heid.
A cod she laid beneath my heid,
And served me with a due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands, young man, she says,
And dinna sae uncivil be;

* There is an older and coarser song, containing the same incidents, and said to have been occasioned by an adventure of Charles II., when that monarch resided in Scotland with the Presbyterian army, 1650—51. The affair happened at the house of Port-Lethem, in Aberdeenshire, and it was a daughter of the laird that made the bed to the king.

It will be time to speak the morn,
 If ye hae ony love for me.
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa driftit heaps sae fair to see ;
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 I kiss'd her ower and ower again,
 And aye she wistna what to say ;
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa' ;
 The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rase,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 And aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
 And said, Alas ! ye've ruin'd me.
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin' in her ee ;
 I said, My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye aye shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mother's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me ;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 The bonnie lass that made the bed to me,
 The braw lass that made the bed to me ;
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day I dee,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

MY KIMMER AND I.

WHEN kimmer and I were groom and bride,
 We had twa pint-stoups at our bedside ;
 Sax times fu', and sax times dry,
 And rase for drouth—my kimmer and I.

My kimmer and I gaed to the fair
 Wi' twall pund Scots on sarkin to ware ;
 But we drank the gude brown hawkie dry,
 And sarkless cam hame my kimmer and I.

My kimmer and I gaed to the toun,
 For wedding-breeks and a wedding-gown ;
 But the sleekie auld priest he wat our eye
 In sackcloth gowns—my kimmer and I.

My kimmer and I are scant o' claes,
 Wi' soups o' drink and soups o' brose ;
 But late we rise and soon gae lie,
 And cantilie live my kimmer and I.

My kimmer is auld, my kimmer is bent,
 And I'm gaun loutin ower a kent ;
 The well o' life is dribblin dry,
 And drouthie, drouthie are kimmer and I.*

 WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever

* From Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.

From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever ?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die
 Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving ;
 There, while the tempest's sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

His wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted ;
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it—
 Never, O never !

THE BRUME O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

TUNE—*The Brume o' the Cowdenknowes.*

How blyth, ilk morn, was I to see
 My swain come ower the hill !
 He skipt the burn and flew to me :
 I met him with good will.
 Oh, the brume, the bonnie, bonnie brume !
 The brume o' the Cowdenknowes !
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my yowes.

I wanted neither yowe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe, and play'd sæ sweet,
 The birds sat listening bye ;
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
 Charm'd with the melodye.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Though e'er so rich or gay.

Hard fate, that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily, and mourn,
 Because I loved the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour ;
 Could I but faithful be ?
 He stawe my heart ; could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidie, brooch, and crookit stick,
 May now lie useless by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu !
 Fareweel, a' pleasures there !
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain—
 Is a' I crave or care.

Oh, the brume, the bonnie, bonnie brume !
 The brume o' the Cowdenknowes !
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my yowes ! *

* This simple, delightful, and truly pastoral song, which may be set forward as the best specimen that can be given of that native poetry on which Scotland prides herself so much, appeared first in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1734; not as an anonymous and indefinitely antique composition, but with the signature S. R., which seems to indicate the name of some author alive in Ramsay's time, but who, being probably a gentleman or lady under the restraints of society, desired to remain unknown. Although this song, however, may thus have been written so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, there existed another, with the same *overword*, so early as the reign of Charles II. As copied from a black-letter sheet of that period, the following is its first verse and burden :

“ With, O the broom, the bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknowes !
 Fain would I be in the north country,
 To milk my daddie's ewes.”

I have, moreover, seen a Jacobite song, printed on a sheet at the time of the Rebellion of 1715; the burden of which looks so like a parody on that of the song published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, that it is, in my opinion, sufficient to establish the fact, that the latter ditty (that printed in the text above) is at least nine years older than the era of Ramsay's publication.

“ O, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of the Coldingknowes !
 O, had I back my king again,
 Then would my heart rejoice !”

The reader may be further reminded, that the beautiful, though somewhat indelicate ballad, called the *Broom of the Cowdenknowes*, which relates to an amour between a young country gentleman and a milk-maid, and which is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, may be a composition of much more remote date than either of these predecessors of the above song.

As the reader may be supposed anxious to know something of the place which has thus been the subject of so much poetry, the editor thinks it proper to inform him, that “ the Cowdenknowes,” or, as sometimes spelled in old writings, the *Coldingknowes*, are two little hills on the east side of the vale of *Lauderdale*, *Berwickshire*. They lie immediately to the south of the village of *Earlston*, celebrated as the residence of the earliest known Scottish poet, *Thomas the Rhymer*;—and, though of slight elevation, they

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

MR ALEXANDER ROSS.*

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;
She louted her down, and her rock took a-low,
And that was a bad beginnin' o't.

can be seen from a great distance along the vale of the Tweed, especially from the neighbourhood of Melrose. The etymology of the word *Coldon*, which has since been familiarised into *Cowden*, proves that they were covered with wood, or broom, at the early time when the Celts possessed the south of Scotland—*Choille-dun* signifying, in Gaelic, the wooded hill. There is a similar eminence, called *Coldon*, or *Cowden*, close by the shore of the Lake of Menteith, in Perthshire.—See *The Rev. Mr Strirling's Notes, Historical and Descriptive, on the Priory of Inchmahome*, p. 69.

Of the two hills which bear the general designation of the *Cowdenknowes*, the highest is called the *Black Hill*, on account of its being still covered with dark natural heath, while the lowest is termed the *White Hill*, because it is now subjected to the plough, and accordingly whitened with grain during a considerable portion of the year. It is believed by the people of the neighbourhood, that the broom, which has long been gone, would again spring up in all its wonted luxuriance, were it not for the sheep and the plough; and they instance, as a proof of their assertion, that some years ago, on the *White Hill* being left fallow for a short time, the native shrub actually did begin to reappear.

In the ballad of the *Cowdenknowes*, particular allusion is made to the length of the broom; and that it really was very long, is proved by the tradition of the people, who, it may be remarked, preserve as vivid, if not also as tender a recollection of it as the love-lorn heroine of the song. In its primitive state, say these faithful chroniclers, it grew so tall and so bushy, that a man might ride through it on horseback and not be seen from any spot in the neighbourhood. The editor himself has seen a stalk of the venerated plant, which happens to be preserved by a gentleman of that district, and he can attest, that it reached from the floor to the ceiling of a lofty room. This fact forms the best possible commentary on the song; for how many fragrant and secluded nooks, calculated for scenes of courtship, must there have been throughout such a territory, and by what greater cause of endearment could such a heroine have been inspired! These forests of broom were, moreover, in themselves extremely beautiful and interesting objects. Before the recent improvements in Scottish agriculture, there were to be seen everywhere throughout the country, whole districts which waved, a sea of glorious yellow, beneath the autumn wind; while, for miles around, the ground was covered by the blossoms which they shed. Burns, it may be conceived from his enraptured mention of "the lang yellow broom," must have regarded fields of this sort with far greater pleasure, than the comfortable "rigs of barley" which have come everywhere in their place; and really, without any disrespect to the diets of political economy, it is not easy to condemn the preference.

§ Schoolmaster of *Lochlee*, in *Aberdeenshire*, in the dialect of which district he wrote "The Fortunate Shepherdes," and many other poems. The above song is so long, that I have been obliged to omit a great number of the duller stanzas. It is from *Herd's Collection*, 1776.

She sat and she grat, and she fiat and she fiang,
 And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled and
 wrang,
 And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
 Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't!

I've wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,
 And this was to be the beginnin' o't;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.
 For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,
 Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me;
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang and to draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.

I hae keepit my house now these threescore o' years,
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't;
 But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that speirs,
 For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.
 But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, and some hae twa—
 The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks had but won
 To a surcoat, hough-syde,* for the winnin' o't,
 Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o' their bum,
 They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.
 A pair o' gray hoggers weil cluikit benew,
 Of nae other lit but the hue of the ewe,
 With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through the dew,
 Was the fee they socht at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
 And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?
 How can we hae face for to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winnin' o't?

* Hough-syde—that is, as long in the skirts as to reach the hams.

And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies, and cocks,
 And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;
 And how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
 And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't?

'Tis needless for us to mak our remarks,
 Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.
 She never kenn'd ocht o' the gueed o' the sarks,
 Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.
 Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht
 By our auld-warld bodies, and that bude be bought;
 For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—
 Sae little they kenn'd o' the spinnin' o't!

GALLOWAY TAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O, GALLOWAY TAM came here to woo—
 I'd rather we'd gi'en him the bawsand cow;
 For our lass Bess may curse and ban
 The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam!

O Galloway Tam came here to shear—
 I'd rather we'd gi'en him the guid gray mare;
 He kiss'd the gudewife, and dang the gudeman—
 And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam!

Galloway Tam rides far and near;
 There's nane can graith wi' siccan gear;
 The loons ca' out, wha sing the psalm,
 "Room i' the stool for Galloway Tam!"

The howdie lifts frae the beuk her bree,
 Says, " Blessings light on his pawkie ee!"
 An' she mixes 'maist i' the holie psalm,
 " O, Davie, thou wert a Galloway Tam."

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

TANNAHILL.

LET us go, lassie, go
 To the braes of Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang simmer day
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
 By the clear ailler fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain.
 I will range through the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae drearie,
 And return wi' the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night-breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear shieling ring
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming.
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,

Where glad Innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

TANNAHILL.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad with snow,
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
 Will gar a' our plantins ring;
 Soon our bonnie heather braes
 Will put on their simmer claes;
 On the mountain's sunny side,
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
 Busks the glen in leafy bowers,
 Then we'll seek the caller shade,
 Lean us on the primrose bed;
 While the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat;
 I will launch the bonnie boat,
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine ;
 Lowland lads hae mair o' art—
 A' my boast's an honest heart ;
 Which shall ever be my pride ;—
 Oh, row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leil,
 My heart wad break at our fareweel ;
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Tak me—tak me for your ain !
 'Cross the firth awa they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

TANNAHILL.

KREEN blows the wind ower the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
 The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheerie,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw ;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
 flee ;
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie ;
 'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld fleecy cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded
 fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 It's no its loud roar, on the wintry winds swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my ee ;
 For, O ! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

THE BLACK COCK.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak,
 And glossy plumage, dark and sleek ;
 Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !
 I see thee sliely cowering through
 That wiry web of silver dew,
 That twinkles in the morning air,
 Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
 Who, peeping from her early bower,
 Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
 Her braided hair and morning smile.
 The rarest things, with wayward will,
 Beneath the covert hide them still ;
 The rarest things, to light of day,
 Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight !
 And short, I ween, the term will be
 That I shall parley hold with thee.

Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay ;
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,—
 Thou art already on the wing.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Highland Laddie.*

THE Lowland lads they think they're fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike the graceful mien
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming, Highland laddie !
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The Lowland lass and her Highland laddie !

If I were free at will to choose
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

The brawest beau in borrows-toun,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compared to him, he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.

Few compliments between us pass ;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie ;
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.*

BLYTHER, BLYTHER, AND MERRY ARE WE.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

NOVEMBER winds blaw loud and shrill,
 The bird chirms ower the leafless tree ;
 The wintry blast is coming fast,
 And loudly roars the restless sea.
 Yet blythe, blythe, and merry we'll be,
 Could care we'll fleg awa,
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

We're met to drink our mother's health,
 Yon carline by the heuch and cairn :
 What though auld Scotland's hills be bleak,
 She's foster'd mony a waly bairn.
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Scotia's sons we're ane and a' :
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

Far foreign climes may show their wines,
 Their myrtle bowers, or orange-tree :

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

As proud our doughty thistle waves ;
 For Scotia's sons hae aye been free.
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Liberty's the best o't a' ;
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

It maks na here for guid or gear,
 We look to mind and manly worth ;
 Dishonour blast the pridefu' wight,
 Wha scorns his friend or land o' birth !
 Dull, dull, and dowie be he,
 Gout and vapours round him thraw ;
 There let him hug his worthless wealth,
 While social glee flees far awa.

When gloamin' throws her sober grey
 By broomy Ayr or birken Dee,
 Sic scenes can soothe the festerin' mind,
 Abune a' pleasures art can gie.
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 The heart aye bows to Nature's law ;
 This is but ae nicht o' our lives,
 And wha wad grudge though it were twa ?

Here's Byron's health, the chief o' bards,
 Here's Byron's memory, three times three !
 Wi' a' the rest, a tunefu' train—
 Frae Homer down to hamely *me* !
 Blythe, blythe, and merry were they,
 Fill your glasses, toast them a' ;
 Until the last nicht o' our lives
 We winna let their memory fa' ! *

* Written for and sung at an anniversary of the North British Society, Liverpool, and afterwards published in a volume by the ingenious author, entitled, *The Country Lass, and other Poems.*