

POVERTY PARTS GUDE COMPANIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TUNE—*Todlin hame.*

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam o' the linn,
 And siller was clinkin' my pouches within ;
 When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae ;
 As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay,
 Kind was she,
 And my friends were free :
 But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight !
 The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burn'd bright ;
 And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
 As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.
 Woe is me,
 And can it then be,
 That poverty parts sic companie !

We met at the fair, we met at the kirk,
 We met in the sunshine, and met in the mirk ;
 And the sounds of her voice, and the blinks of her een,
 The cheering and life of my bosom have been.
 Leaves frae the tree
 At Martinmas flee ;
 And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride ;
 The *bruse* I hae won, and a kiss o' the bride ;
 And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
 When I utter'd my banter and chorus'd my song.
 Dowie to dree
 Are jesting and glee,
 When poverty parts gude companie.

And was not Willie weel worth gowd?
 He wan the love o' grit and sma' ;
 For, after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the lasses hail-sale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a' ;
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danced with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring ;
 Wi' bobbin', faith, my shanks are sair ;
 Gae ca' the bride and maidens in,
 For Willie he dow do na mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring ;
 But shame licht on his souple snout !
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, Weel's me on your bonny face !
 With bobbin' Willie's shanks are sair,
 And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, says she, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
 Unless like Willie ye advance ;
 Oh, Willie has a wanton leg !
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost aye bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancin' here,
 If we want Willie's wanton fling.*

* From the *Tes-Table Miscellany*, 1724. As it is there signed by the initials of the author, there arises a presumption that he was alive, and a friend of Ramsay, at the period of the publication of that work.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

TUNE—*The Auld Man's Mear's dead.*

THE auld man's mear's dead ;
The pair body's mear's dead ;
The auld man's mear's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truff's and a' to lead—
And yet the jand to dee !

She had the fierce and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk ;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee ?

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit,
Heam-hough'd and haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chaftit,
And yet the jand to dee !*

* The late Rev. Mr C——, minister of the parish of Borthwick, near Edinburgh, (who was so enthusiastically fond of singing Scottish songs, that he used to hang his watch round the candle on Sunday evenings, and wait anxiously till the conjunction of the hands at 12 o'clock permitted him to break out in one of his favourite ditties,) was noted for the admirable manner in which he sung "Bonny Dundee," "Waly, waly, up yon bank," "The Auld Man's Mear's dead," with many other old Scottish ditties. One day, happening to meet with some friends at a tavern in Dalkeith, he was solicited to favour the company with the latter humorous ditty; which he was accordingly singing with his usual effect and brilliancy, when the woman who kept the house thrust her head in at the door, and added, at the conclusion of one of the choruses, "Od, the auld man's mear's dead, sure eneuch. Your horse, minister, has hanged itsell at my door." Such was really the fact. The minister, on going into the house, had tied his horse by a rope to a hook, or ring, near the door, and as he was induced to stay much longer than he intended, the poor animal, either through exhaustion, or a sudden fit of disease, fell down, and was strangled. He was so much mortified by this unhappy accident, the coincidence of which with the subject of his song was not a little striking, that, all his life after, he could never be persuaded to sing "The Auld Man's Mear's dead" again.

THE BAIGRIE O'T.*

TUNE—*The Blathrie o't.*

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
 And how little o't I hae to myself,
 I sich and look doun on my thread-bare coat;
 Yet, the shame tak the gear and the baigrie o't!

Johnnie was the lad that held the pleuch,
 But now he has gowd and gear eneuch;
 I mind weil the day when he was na worth a groat—
 And the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Jenny was the lassie that muckit the byre,
 But now she goes in her silken attire;
 And she was a lass wha wore a plaiden coat—
 O, the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
 While I've but a penny to pay the t'other pot,
 May the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't! †

 THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

MRS GRANT.

TUNE—*The Blue Bells of Scotland.*

O WHERE, and O where, does your Highland laddie
 dwell?
 O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?

* "Shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't," says Kelly, "is spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man on account of his wealth." The phrase, however, seems here used in a still more illiberal sense.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells
 sweetly smell,
 And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
 O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
 A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair;
 And nane in the warld can wi' my love compare.

O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane?
 O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane?
 He's gone to fight for George, our king, and left us
 all alane;
 For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.

O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain?
 O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain?
 O no! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe
 again;
 For I never could live without my Highlandman!

O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame?
 O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame?
 Whene'er the war is over, he'll return to me with fame;
 And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely High-
 landman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him?
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him?
 I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say Amen;
 And I'll ne'er part again from my bonnie Highlandman.*

* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. VI. 1803.

FEE HIM, FATHER.

TUNE—*Fee him, Father.*

O, saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo she,
 Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?
 O, saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo she,
 Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?
 O saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo she,
 Saw ye Johnnie comin',
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie rinnin' ? quo she,
 And his doggie rinnin'.

O, fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 O, fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel-doin' ;
 And a' the wark about the toun
 Gangs wi' me when I see him, quo she,
 Gangs wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him ? quo he,
 What will I do wi' him ?
 He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.
 I hae twa coats into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him ;
 And for a merk o' mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo she,
 Dinna stand wi' him :

For weel do I loe him, quo she,
 Weel do I loe him ;
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For weel do I loe him, quo she,
 Weel do I loe him.
 O, fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 He'll haud the pleuch, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.*

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CRAIL TOUN.†

TUNE—*Sir John Malcolm.*

AND was ye e'er in Crail toun ?  
 Igo and ago ;  
 And saw ye there Clerk Dishington ? ‡  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

His wig was like a doukit hen,  
 Igo and ago ;  
 The tail o't like a goose-pen,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcolm ?  
 Igo and ago ;  
 Gin he's a wise man I mistak him,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

And haud ye weel frae Sandie Don,  
 Igo and ago ;  
 He's ten times dafter nor Sir John,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† There is a somewhat different version of this strange song in Herd's Collection, 1776. The present, which I think the best, is copied from The Scottish Minstrel.

‡ The person known in Scottish song and tradition by the epithet Clerk Dishington, was a notary who resided about the middle of the last century in Crail, and acted as the town-clerk of that ancient burgh. I have been informed that he was a person of great local celebrity in his time, as an uncompromising humourist.

To hear them o' their travels talk,  
 Igo and ago ;  
 To gae to London's but a walk,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,  
 Igo and ago,  
 Wad gar a man baith wail and weep,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

To see the leviathan skip,  
 Igo and ago,  
 And wi' his tail ding ower a ship,  
 Sing irom, igon, ago.

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### MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

GALL.\*

TUNE—*My only jo and dearie, O.*

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
 My only jo and dearie, O ;  
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew,  
 Upon the bank sae briery, O.  
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,  
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee :  
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheery, O ;  
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
 Nae care to make it eerie, O.

\* Richard Gall, the son of a dealer in old furniture in St Mary's Wynd, Edinburgh, was brought up to the business of a printer, and died, at an early age, about the beginning of the present century.



Ah, little kens the sangster sweet,  
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,  
 That gars my restless bosom beat,  
 My only jo and dearie, O!

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,  
 Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,  
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.  
 Aft I wad chase thee ower the lee,  
 And round about the thorny tree;  
 Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;  
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,  
 And never mair to leave me, O;  
 Then I wad daut thee nicht and day,  
 Nae ither worldly care I'd hae,  
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

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TARRY WOO.

TUNE—*Tarry woo.*

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin;
 Card it weil, card it weil,
 Card it weil, ere ye begin,
 When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
 Then the wark is hafins done;
 But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
 It may be cleadin for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,

Bleating sweetly, as ye go
 Through the winter's frost and snow.
 Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
 No by half sae useful are :
 Frae kings, to him that hauds the plou',
 All are obliged to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip ;
 Ower the hills and valleys trip ;
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo ;
 Sing the flocks that bear it too :
 Harmless creatures, without blame,
 That clead the back, and cram the wame ;
 Keep us warm and hearty fou—
 Leeze me on the tarry woo !

How happy is the shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife !
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae ;
 No such music to his ear !
 Of thief or fox he has no fear :
 Sturdy kent, and collie true,
 Weil defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none :
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Though he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has such pleasant holidays.
 Who'd be king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well ?
 Sings sae well, and pays his due
 With honest heart and tarry woo.*

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.*

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Lass o' Patie's Mill.*

THE lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of a' my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When teddin out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love mid her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whens'er she spak or smil'd :
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,

* The scene of this song lies on the southern bank of the Irvine Water, near Newmills, in the eastern part of Ayrshire. I visited the spot in September 1826, and took an exact note of the locality. Patie's Mill, or rather Patie's Mill, for the poet seems to have eked out the name for the sake of his versification, stands about a stone-cast from the town of Newmills, and a mile from Loudoun Castle. The mill and all the contiguous tenements have been renewed since Ramsay's time, except part of one cottage. They occupy both sides of the road to Galston. A field is pointed out at the distance of two hundred yards from the mill, as that in which "the lass" was working at the time she was seen by the poet. Ramsay had been taking a forenoon ride with the Earl of Loudoun along the opposite bank of the river, when they observed the rural nymph, and the Earl pointed her out to his companion as a fit subject for his muse. Allan hung behind his lordship, in order to compose what was required, and produced the song at the dinner-table that afternoon.

One stanza, too minutely descriptive of her charms, is omitted in the above copy. The song appeared for the first time in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Fee him, Father.*

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking :
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Neyer more to waken.*

* "I enclose you," says Burns to Mr Thomson, [*Correspondence, N^o XLII.*] "Fraser's set of 'Fee him, father.' When he plays it slow, he makes it, in fact, the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, would make an admirable pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time *Pattie Allan's mother died that was about the back of midnight*; and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch which had overset every mortal in company, except the hautbois and the muse."

The editor of this work had the pleasure of hearing Mr Fraser play "Fee him, father," in the exquisite style above described, at his benefit in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, 1822. After having for many years occupied the station of hautbois-player, in the orchestra of that place of amusement he died in 1825, with the character of having been the very best performer on this difficult, but beautiful instrument, of his time, in Scotland.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN

TUNE—*Auld Stuarts back again.*

THE auld Stuarts back again !
 The auld Stuarts back again !
 Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
 The Stuarts will be back again.
 Wha cares for a' their creeshie duds,
 And a' Kilmarnock's sowen suds?
 We'll wauk their hides, and fyle their fuds,
 And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr, and Irvine, wi' the rest,
 And a' the cronies o' the west ;
 Lord ! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
 And *they'll* set up their crack again !
 But wad they come, or daur they come,
 Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
 We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
 Or " Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto this loyal sang,
 A' ye that ken the richt frae wrang,
 And a' that look, and think it lang,
 For auld Stuarts back again :
 Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
 Out ower the hills and far away,
 And saw the Lords come there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again :

There ye might see the noble Mar,
 Wi' Athole, Huntly, and Traquair,
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldublair,
 And mony mae, what reck, again.
 Then what are a' their westlin' crews?
 We'll gar the tailors tack again :

Can they forstand the tartan trews,
And "Auld Stuarts back again!"

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**SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.**

SEMPLE.

TUNE—*She rose and let me in.*

THE night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies ;  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
Than those in Nelly's eyes.  
When to her father's door I came,  
Where I had often been,  
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove ;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflamed my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleased before,  
While her bright eyes did roll ;  
But virtue had the very power  
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part ?  
I loved her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.  
My eager fondness I obey'd,  
Resolved she should be mine,  
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
My treasure so divine.

Now, happy in my Nelly's love,  
Transporting is my joy ;

No greater blessing can I prove,  
 So blest a man am I :  
 For beauty may a while retain  
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart ;  
 But virtue only is the chain,  
 Holds, never to depart.\*

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THE WEE WIFIKIE.

DR A. GEDDES.

TUNE—*The wee bit Wifkie.*

THERE was a wee bit wifikie was comin' frae the fair,
 Had got a wee bit drappikie, that bred her muckle care ;
 It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew :
 O ! quo' the wifikie, I wish I binna fou.
 I wish I binna fou, I wish I binna fou,
 O ! quo' the wifikie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my
 skin ;
 But I'll lie down and tak a nap before that I gae in.
 Sittin' at the dyke-side, and takin' o' her nap,
 By cam a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
 By cam a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks, sae bonnie and sae
 lang ; †
 He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa he
 ran :

* Altered from the original, which appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

† During the last century, when borrowed locks were fashionable, pedlars used to buy hair from persons in humble life throughout the country, to be disposed of again to peruke-makers in large towns, for the purpose of being converted into wigs for fine ladies and gentlemen. I have been informed by an aged relative, that a particular individual, who lived about

And when the wife wakened, her head was like a bee,
Oh ! quo' the wifkie, this is nae me.

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me ;
Somebody has been fellin' me, and this is nae me.

I met wi' kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee !
And still, if this be Bessikie, three placks remain wi'
me :

And I will look the pursie neuks, see gin the cunye
be ;—

There's neither purse nor plack about me ! This is nae
me.

This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housikie, but and a kindly man ;
A dog, they ca' him Doussikie ; if this be me, he'll
fawn ;

And Johnnie he'll come to the door, and kindly wel-
come gie,

And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance, if this
be me.

Will dance, if this be me, &c.

The night was late, and dang out weet, and, oh, but it
was dark ;

The doggie heard a body's fit, and he began to bark :
O, when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it was
he,

O, weel ken ye, Doussikie, quo' she, this is nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door
he ran :

Is that you, Bessikie ?—Wow, na, man !

a hundred years ago at Peebles, used to get a guinea every year from a
"travelling merchant, or pedlar, for her hair, which was of a particularly
fine golden colour. Thus, the pedlar in the song was only prosecuting part
of his calling, when he clipped all Bessikie's "gowden locks, sae bonnie
and sae lang."

Be kind to the bairns a', and weil mat ye be ;
 And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me.
 This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister ; his hair stood a' on end :
 I've gotten sic a fricht, sir, I fear I'll never mend ;
 My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most
 piteouslie :
 Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !
 This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,
 How that a wife without a head should speak, or hear,
 or see !
 But things that happen hereabout so strangely alter'd be,
 That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'Tis neither you nor
 she ! *
 Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she ;
 Wow, na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she.

Now Johnnie he cam hame again, and wow, but he was
 fain,
 To see his little Bessie come to hersell again.
 He got her sittin' on a stool, wi' Tibbock on her knee :
 O come awa, Johnnie, quo' she, come awa to me ;
 For I've got a drap wi' Tibbikie, and this is now me.
 This is now me, quo' she, this is now me ;
 I've got a drap wi' Tibbikie, and this is now me.

* A Jacobite allusion, probably to the change of the Stuart for the
 Brunswick dynasty, in 1714.