KATE OF ABERDEEN.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—*Kate of Aberdeen.*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
  ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigils while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
  In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
  And give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
  The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant or so fair
  As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
  We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
  And hail the maid I love:
And see the matin lark mistakes,
  He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks—
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
  Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
  Or tune the reed to love:

For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.*

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Lass of Ballochmyle.*

'TWAS even, the dewy fields were green,
On ilka blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang;
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy;
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
The lily's hue, and rose's dye,
Bespake the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;

* From Mr Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 2 vols. 1810. Cunningham, the author of the song, was a poor player in the north of England, and died about forty years ago.

Even there her other works are foil'd,
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward dig the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine,
Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.*

WERE NA MY HEART LICHT I WAD DEE.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.†

TUNE—*Were na my heart licht.*

THERE was anes a may, and she loo'd na men:
They biggit her a bouir doun i' yon glen;

* This song was written in praise of Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle. Burns happened one fine evening to meet this young lady, when walking through the beautiful woods of Ballochmyle, which lie at the distance of two miles from his farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline. Struck with a sense of her passing beauty, he wrote this noble lyric; which he soon after sent to her, enclosed in a letter, as full of delicate and romantic sentiment as itself. He was somewhat mortified to find, that either maidenly modesty, or pride of superior station, prevented her from acknowledging the receipt of his compliment.

† Daughter of the patriotic Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswood; a lady of singular talent and strength

But now she cries Dule and well-a-day!
Come doun the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Jamie cam ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
She raised, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.
She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Albeit I was bonnie, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam ower the lea;

of mind, and adorned with all the domestic virtues. Her Memoirs, written by her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, and lately published, form one of the most delightful volumes of the kind in the English language. She died, a widow, in 1746.

And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.
And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fou round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as well as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his ee;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee as I hae been,
We should ha' been gallopin down on yon green,
And linkin it on yon lilie-white lea;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!
And linkin it, &c.*

AULD ROB MORRIS,

BURNS.

TUNE—*Auld Rob Morris.*

THERE'S auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, and owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the licht o' my ee.

But, oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nocht but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me mauuna hope to come speed;
The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my deid.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The nicht comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane, like a nicht-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breist.

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then micht hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
Oh, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

THE LAST TIME I CAM OWER THE MUIR.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The last time I cam ower the Muir.*

THE last time I cam ower the muir,
I left my love behind me:
Ye powers, what pains do I endure
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wand'ring stream,
And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;

Until the sun's last setting beam
  Was in the ocean glowing.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
  Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
  Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
  Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
  Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
  To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
  In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
  To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
  In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
  Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
  Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang ower the muir,
  She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
  Though I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
  My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
  My love more fresh shall blossom.*

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. It is known, however, that Ramsay wrote the song as a substitute for an older one, of which he retained only the first line.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Grant's Strathspey.*

THERE'S nought but care on every hand,
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?
Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O:
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent amang the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Gie me a canny hour at een,
My arms about my dearie, O;
And warly cares, and warly men,
May a' gang tapsalteirie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O;
Her 'prentice-hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.*

* There is an old rude song to this air, having the same *owerword*. I subjoin, by way of curiosity, a German translation of this favourite Scottish song, which has been handed to me by a friend.

GALA WATER.*

BURNS.

TUNE—*Gala Water.*

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the bluming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

DIE WEIBERCHEN.

SCHOTTISCHES LIED.

Es ist nur Sorge überall
In jeder Stund' der Irdischen;
Das Leben wäre leerer Schall,
Verschönten's nicht die Weiberchen.
Grün sprosst das Binsenkraut,
Grün sprosst das Binsenkraut;
Doch meine Tag', die fröhlichsten,
Verbring' ich bei den Weiberchen

Nach Reichthum jagt das Volk sich matt,
Doch sieht man stets den Reichthum fliehn
Und wer zuletzt erhascht ihn hat,
Geniesset auch nicht einmal ihn.

Nur eine Stund' an jedem Tag,
Die Arme um mein Liebchen schön,
Mag Erdenvolk und Erdenplag
Kopfüber dann, kopfunter gehn.

Doch wer mir das für Thorheit hält,
Ist von den Unvernünftigen;
Der klügste Mann auf dieser Welt,
Der leibte stets die Weiberchen.

Fragt bei Natur, der Alten, an,
Und sie wird gern es Euch gestehn,
Ihr Lehrlingsstück war nur der Mann,
Ihr Meisterwerk die Weiberchen.

B. WOLFF.

* The original song of Gala Water was thus recited to me by a person resident in that interesting district of Scotland:

Bonnie lass o' Gala Water,
Braw, braw lass o' Gala Water!
I could wade the stream sae deep
For yon braw lass o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Abune them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae na mickle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks on Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her een, and cheerie,
The mair I kiss her cherry lips,
The mair I wish her for my dearie.
Bonnie lass, &c.

Ower yonder moss, ower yonder muir,
Through a' yon mossy muirs and heather,
O, I could rin, wi' heart sae licht,
Wi' my dear lassie to forgather!
Bonnie lass, &c.

It is otherwise given, as follows, in Herd's Collection, 1776:

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
O, braw lads of Gala Water,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

Ower yon bank, and ower yon brae,
Ower yon moss amang the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gart her greet till she was wearie.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

BURNS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the saut tears blind her ee:
Drummossie muir, Drummossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheets, the bluidy clay;
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever bless'd a woman's ee!
Now, wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For many a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

RAMSAY.

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

GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirtie hizzie,
Fy, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,

Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time:
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the saft minutes o' delight,
When Jenny speaks below her breath,
And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark neuk.
Her lauch will lead ye to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want;
And plainly tell ye to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
And sweitly tuilyie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As taiken o' a future bliss.
These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whinin' cant! *

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. Connected with this song, which few readers will require to be informed is a paraphrase, and a very happy one, of the celebrated "Vides ut alta" of Horace, the following anecdote may be told:—In a large mixed company which had assembled one night in the house of a citizen of Edinburgh, where Robert Burns happened to be present, somebody sung, "Gin ye meet a bonnie Lassie," with excellent effect, insomuch as to throw all present into a sort of rapture. The only exception lay with a stiff pedantic old schoolmaster, who, in all the consciousness of superior critical acumen, and determined to be pleased with nothing which was not strictly classical, sat erect in his chair, with a countenance full of disdain, and rigidly abstained from expressing the slightest symptom of satisfaction. "What ails *you* at the sang, Mr ——?" inquired an honest citizen of the name of Boog, who had been

ANNIE LAURIE.*

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doun and die.

She's backit like the peacock;
She's breistit like the swan;
She's jimp about the middle;
Her waist ye weel micht span:
Her waist ye weel micht span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doun and die.

particularly delighted with it. "Oh, nothing," answered the man of learning; "only the whole of it is stolen from Horace."—"Houts, man," replied Mr Boog, "Horace has rather stown from the auld sang."—This ludicrous observation was met with absolute shouts of laughter, the whole of which was at the expense of the discomfited critic; and Burns was pleased to express his hearty thanks to the citizen for having set the matter to rights. He seems, from a passage in Cromek's Reliques, to have afterwards made use of the observation as his own.

* These two verses, which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr Douglas of Fingland, upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record, that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife: She was married to Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch.—See "*A Ballad Book*," (*printed at Edinburgh in* 1824,) p. 107.

LOVELY JEAN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best:
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' monie a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'rs,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird
Wi' music charms the air:
There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft,
Amang the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees!
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean:
Ae blink o' her wad banish care;
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa!

The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.*

SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exhale the perfume;
Far dearer to me's yon lone vale o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the long yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.†

* Burns wrote this song in compliment to Mrs Burns during their honeymoon. The air, with many others of equal beauty, was the composition of a Mr Marshall, who, in Burns's time, was butler to the Duke of Gordon.

† This beautiful song—beautiful for both its amatory and its patriotic sentiment—seems to have been composed by Burns during the period when he was courting the lady who afterwards became his wife. The present generation is much interested in this lady, and deservedly; as, in addition to her poetical history, which is an extremely interesting one, she is a personage of the greatest private worth, and in every respect deserving to be esteemed as the widow of Scotland's best and most endeared bard. The

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

TUNE—*Bung your eye in the morning.*

THERE cam a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
There cam a young man to my daddie's door,
Cam seeking me to woo.
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad;
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
Cam seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mou.

I set him in aside the bink;
I gae him bread and ale to drink;
And ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.

following anecdote will perhaps be held as testifying, in no inconsiderable degree, to a quality which she may not hitherto have been supposed to possess—her wit.

It is generally known, that Mrs Burns has, ever since her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries, which she inhabited before that event, and that it is customary for strangers, who happen to pass through or visit the town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbour, or any other public object of curiosity about the place. A gay young English gentleman one day visited Mrs Burns, and after he had seen all that she had to show—the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family-bible, with the names and birth-days of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank-leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature—he proceeded to intreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in his own country. "Indeed, sir," said Mrs Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr Burns, that, to tell ye the truth, I have not one left."—"Oh, you must surely have something," said the persevering Saxon; "any thing will do—any little scrap of his handwriting—the least thing you please. All I want is *just a relic of the poet;* and any thing, you know, will do for a relic." Some further altercation took place, the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs Burns said to him, with a smile, "'Deed, sir, unless ye tak *mysell,* then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for, really, *I'm* the only *relic* o' him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

Gae, get you gone, you cauldrife wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldrife wooer!
I straghtway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
And there fell he, I trow!

Out cam the guidman, and high he shouted;
Out cam the guidwife, and laigh she louted;
And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;
And there lay he, I trow!

Then out cam I, and sneer'd and smiled;
Ye cam to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;
We'll hae nae mair o' you!*

WEBSTER'S LINES.

Oh, how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me,
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain?
You said, while they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

Oh, how shall I fauld thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
Till, fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms;
Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
Till, sinking together, together we're lost!

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Oh, where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
(Too nice for expression,) what only we feel:
In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
When I see you I love you, when hearing adore;
I wonder and think you a woman no more:
Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,
And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care;
I'll ask thy advice, when with troubles oppress,
Which never displeases, but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.*

* This impassioned lyric is said to have been the composition of Dr Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who died in 1784. There is a tradition, that he wrote it in early life, in consequence of a lady of superior rank, whom he was engaged to woo for another, condescending to betray a passion for him. He was a young man about the year 1740, when he was distinguished by his concern in a strange species of religious madness, which possessed the people of Cambuslang in Lanarkshire, generally termed "The Cambuslang Wark."

I subjoin a different and less copious version, copied from the Scots Magazine for November, 1747. It is probable that this is the author's first draught of the song, and that it never was printed in any shape before.

O, how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me!
On lords thy admirers could look with disdain,
And though I was nothing, yet pity my pain!

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were prating, read love in my eyes.

Oh! where is the nymph that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy;
And, when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From *beautiful mistress* turn *sensible friend!*

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

MACNIEL.

TUNE—*Johnny M'Gill.*

COME under my plaidie; the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' yere plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye micht be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or tichtly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but three score and twa.
Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;

When I see thee I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kissing those lips, find you woman again.

In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire.
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,
And then live on friendship, when passion's no more.

A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;
But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gie me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;
I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a':
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four score and twa;
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent when ye marry;
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and bonnie,
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.*

TUNE—*Auld Robin Gray.*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

* The authorship of this beautiful ballad was for a long time disputed: it was, indeed, about thirty years ago, a sort of *questio vexata* among antiquaries and others; insomuch that at one time somebody advertised in the newspapers that he would give twenty guineas to any one who should ascertain the point past a doubt. The question was not finally determined till the year 1823, when Lady Anne Barnard communicated, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, a confession of the authorship, and a relation of the circumstances attending the composition of the ballad; which letter has been since put into print by Sir Walter, along with an authenticated version of Auld Robin Gray, and its "Second Part," for the use of the members of the Bannatyne Club.

The ballad was written early in the year 1772, by Lady Anne Lindsay (afterwards Barnard,) at Balcarras, in Fife, the residence of her ladyship's father, the Earl of Balcarras. The fair authoress, then a very young lady, was induced to write it, by a desire to see an old plaintive Scottish air, ("The Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down,") which was a favourite with her, fitted with words more suitable to its character than the ribald verses which had always hitherto, for want of better, been sung to it. She had previously been endeavouring to beguile the tedium occasioned by her sister's marriage and departure for London, by the composition of verses; but of all that she has written, either before or since, none have reached the merit of this admirable little poem. It struck her that some tale of virtuous distress in humble life would be most suitable to the plaintive character of her favourite air; and she accordingly set about such an attempt, taking the name of Auld Robin Gray from an ancient *herd* at Balcarras. When she had written two or three of the verses, she called to her junior sister, (afterwards Lady Hardwicke,) who was the only person near her, and thus addressed her: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one."—"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow," adds Lady Anne in her letter, "was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed."

"Auld Robin Gray" was no sooner ushered into the world, than it became excessively popular. It was admitted into Herd's Collection of 1776, only four years after its composition; and a dispute at once arose, as to whether it was a rong of the sixteenth century, or one of the eighteenth. Some said it was a ballad by David Rizzio. The Antiquarian Society thought the question so important, that they sent an ambassador, a Mr Jerningham, to endeavour to worm the secret out of Lady Anne. But she scrupulously withheld a confession, not only to strangers, but even to her own nearest relations. Her reasons were twofold: she had a dread of being suspected of writing any thing, from seeing the shyness which it

Young Jamie loo'd me weil, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, Oh, marry me!

My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck:

created in those who could write nothing; and she felt, as a lady, that to confess having written "Auld Robin Gray" to the tune of "The Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down," was likely to involve her in a dilemma of delicacy, which no lady should be exposed to, but especially a young one of quality. It was only when advanced to the extremity of old age, that she made the candid avowal from which this note has been derived.

To show the way Lady Anne was in the habit of speaking of her poem when the authorship was put to her, I may mention an anecdote, which I received from the gentleman concerned, and which may therefore be depended upon as authentic. This gentleman, having many opportunities to be in her ladyship's company—it was about the beginning of the present century—and feeling no little curiosity regarding her secret, at length, one evening, when she was on extremely cordial terms with him, thought he might venture to say, "By the by, Lady Anne, we have a very popular ballad down in Scotland, which every body says is by you: Auld Robin Gray, they call it—Is it really yours or not?"—"Indeed," answered her ladyship, with a gay coquettish smile, "I dinna think it was me. But, if it was, it's really sae lang sinsyne, that I've quite forgot!"

A gentleman of the name of Atkinson was much attached to Lady Anne before she was married. He was much older than she, and very rich. He used to say, that if Lady Anne would take him as an Auld Robin Gray, she might seek out for a Jamie when he was gone.

Her ladyship was married to Sir Andrew Barnard, the intimate friend of Dr Johnson. She died at her residence in Berkeley Square, London, on the 6th of May, 1825.

The tune of "The Bridegroom grat" has, since the composition of the ballad, been supplanted by one of still greater merit, to which it is now invariably sung. This modern air was composed by the Rev. W. Leeves, rector of Wrington, who died in they ear 1828, at the age of eighty. It may be proper, however, to add, that the first verse of Auld Robin Gray is still usually sung to the air of "The Bridegroom grat."

The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair: my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break:
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were deid! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LANGSYNE.

MISS BLAMIRE.

TUNE—*Auld langsyne.*

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought my lang-lost home again,
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens, thought I, if friends I left,
May still continue mine?

Or, if I e'er again shall see
The joys I left langsyne?

As I came by my father's tow'rs,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk thing I saw put me in mind
O' some dear former day:
The days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Which gars me think the joys at hand
Are naething to langsyne.

These ivy'd towers now met my ee,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend came forth wi' open arms,
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd frae the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back,
He bore about langsyne.

I ran through every weel-kenn'd room,
In hopes to meet friends there;
I saw where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er ilka chair,
Till warm remembrance' gushing tear
Did dim these een o' mine:
I steek'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on langsyne.

A new-sprung race, of motley kind,
Would now their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic waa's,
And wish'd my groves away:
Cut down these gloomy trees, they cried,
Lay low yon mournful pine.
Ah, no! my fathers' names are there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To win me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the toun;
Where soon, in ilka weel-kenn'd face,
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Whom all declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing face
Was fairer far langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgive an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time is past, and seasons fled,
Your hearts may feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight,
That minds you o' langsyne.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.*

NICOL BURNE.

TUNE—*Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth:

* This song is little better than a string of names of places. Yet there is something so pleasing in it, especially to the ear of "a south-country man," that it has long maintained its place in our collections. We all know what impressive verse Milton makes out of mere catalogues of localities.

The author, Nicol Burne, is supposed to have been one of the last of the old race of minstrels. In an old collection of songs, in their original state of *ballants*, I have seen his name printed as "Burne the violer," which seems to indicate the instrument upon which he was in the practice of accompanying his recitations. I was told by an aged person at Earlston, that there used to be a portrait of him in Thirlstane Castle, representing him as a douce old man, leading a cow by a straw-rope.

Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, near Lauder, is the castle of which the poet speaks in such terms of admiration. It derives the

Amongst all those he makes his choice,
  And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams, the silver streams
  Of Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
  In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
  Nae langer he abideth;
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
  Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sell,
  In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
  And shepherds, him attending,
Do here resort, their flocks to feed,
  The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent, upon the bent,
  Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
  Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
  Surmounting my descriving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
  Like Daedalus' contriving:
Men passing by do aften cry,
  In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as fair on Leader side,
  As Newark does on Yarrow.

massive beauties of its architecture from the Duke of Lauderdale, who built it, as the date above the door-way testifies, in the year 1674. The song must therefore have been composed since that era. It was printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany; which, taken in connexion with the last stanza, seems to point out that it was written at some of the periods of national commotion between the reign of the last Charles and the first George—probably the Union.

The *Blainslie oats* are still in repute, being used in many places for seed; and Lauderdale still boasts of all the other pleasant farms and estates which are here so endearingly commemorated by the poet.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
  Will hear the mavis singing;
Into St Leonard's banks she bides,
  Sweet birks her head owerhinging.
The lint-white loud, and Progne proud,
  With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St Leonard's banks they sing,
  As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth ower the lea,
  With nimble wing she sporteth;
But vows she'll flee far from the tree
  Where Philomel resorteth:
By break of day the lark can say,
  I'll bid you a good morrow;
I'll stretch my wing, and, mounting, sing
  O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,
  The East and Wester Mainses,
The wood of Lauder 's fair eneuch,
  The corns are good in the Blainslies:
There aits are fine, and sald by kind,
  That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nane better are
  Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill-bog and Whitslaid Shaws,
  The fearful hare she haunteth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,
  And Chapel wood frequenteth:
Yet, when she irks, to Kaidslie Birks,
  She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,
  And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
  Than hounds and beagles crying?

The started hare rins hard with fear,
  Upon her speed relying:
But yet her strength it fails at length;
  Nae bielding can she borrow,
In Sorrowless-fields, Clackmae, or Hags;
  And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
  With sight and scent pursue her;
Till, ah, her pith begins to flag;
  Nae cunning can rescue her:
Ower dub and dyke, ower sheuch and syke,
  She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till, fail'd, she fa's in Leader Haughs,
  And bids fareweel to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington * and Cowdenknowes,
  Where Humes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
  'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flees through Redpath trees
  And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,
May chaunt and sing sweet Leader Haughs
  And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burne can not assuage
  His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
  Which fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
  Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader-side,
  And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

* Earlston, formerly spelled Ercildoun. The editor thinks it proper here to mention, that this is the first copy of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow" in which any attempt has been made to spell the names of the places correctly. The spelling and punctuation hitherto adopted have been such as to render the song almost unintelligible.

THE YOWE-BUCHTS, MARION.

TUNE—*The Yowebuchts.*

WILL ye go to the yowe-buchts, Marion,
And weir in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae hauf sae sweet as thee.
O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blink 's in her ee;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,*
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fou fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At een, when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glower wi' their ee,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-yowes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal-day.
And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London broun;
And wow but we'se be vap'rin'
Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:

* At the time when the ladies wore hoops, they also wore finely-embroidered garters for exhibition; because, especially in dancing, the hoop often shelved aside, and exposed the leg to that height.—See *Traditions of Edinburgh*, vol. II. page 57.

And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And, as sune as my chin has nae hair on,
I will come west, and see ye.*

TODLIN HAME.

TUNE—*Todlin hame.*

WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thoom,
Then I get credit in ilka toun;
But, aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by;
Oh, poverty parts gude company!
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
Couldna my loove come todlin hame.

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale!
She gies us white bannocks to relish her ale;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, where it is marked with the signature letter Q.
In a version of "The Yowe-buchts," popular in the south of Scotland, the following chorus is added:

Come round about the Merry-knowes, my Marion;
Come round about the Merry-knowes wi' me;
Come round about the Merry-knowes, my Marion;
For Whitaled is lying lee.

As Whitaled is a farm in the parish of Ashkirk, and county of Selkirk, while the Merry-knowes is the name of a particular spot on the farm, it is probable that the song is a native of that Arcadia of Scotland, the Vale of the Tweed.
It has been suggested to the editor, that, to readers of fastidious taste, the following would be a more acceptable version of the last stanza:

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
I could work a haill day, my Marion,
For ae blink o' your een.
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And, as sune as it is the gloamin,
I will come west, and see ye.

Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',
We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
As round as a neep come todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay doun to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry:—
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?
Todlin butt, and todlin ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlin hame

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,
Ye're aye sae gude-humour'd when weetin your mou'!
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blythe nicht to the bairns and me,
When todlin hame, todlin hame,
When, round as a neep, ye come todlin hame.*

THE ABSENT LOVER.

MISS BLAMIRE.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What makes me aye turn cauld as death
When I tak leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa,
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' fouk and change o' place
May gar thy fancy jee.

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

Then I'll sit down and moan,
  Just by yon spreadin' tree,
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap
  I'll ca't a word frae thee.
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
  Which thou wi' roses tied:
'Twas there, by mony a blushing bud,
  I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
  Where I hae been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale,
  By every burn and tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
  Though lovers absent be;
And when I think I see thee still,
  I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

TWEEDSIDE.

[OLD VERSES.]

LORD YESTER.*

TUNE—*Tweedside.*

WHEN Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;

* John, eventually second Marquis of Tweeddale, born in 1645—died 1713. This is evident from the dedication of Scott of Satchells' "History of the House of Scott," where the Marquis is complimented for his *poetical abilities*. He was a distinguished statesman in the reigns of William and Anne, and married the only daughter of the Duke of Lauderdale, considered the greatest heiress in the kingdom. He was one of the principal instruments in carrying through the Union, being at the head of the party called the Squadróne Volánte. Macky, in his curious work of that period, describes him as a great encourager and promoter of trade and the welfare of his country. "He hath good sense," he adds, "is very modest, much a man of honour, and hot when piqued; is highly esteemed in his country, and may make a considerable figure in it now. He is a short brown man, towards sixty years old." The song must have been written

Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,
  Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
  I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
  And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
  My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her ower weel,
  And the women loe sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld;
  Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
  And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

TWEEDSIDE.

[MODERN VERSES.]

CRAWFORD.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
  How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
  Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
  Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
  Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
  The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;

before 1697, when he ceased to be Lord Yester, by succeeding his father. Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, which overhangs the Tweed, must be the locality of the song—that being then the property, and one of the residences, of the Tweeddale family. The song first appeared in Mr Herd's Collection, 1776.

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulgin' my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed? *

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

BURNS.

The deil cam fiddling through the toun,
And danced awa wi' the exciseman;

* Burns has stated the heroine of this song to have been Mary Stuart, a young lady of the Castlemilk family, afterwards Mrs Ritchie. But Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the second canto of Marmion, asserts that it was written in honour of Mary Lilias Scott, of the Harden family, otherwise remarkable as the second Flower of Yarrow; a lady with whom he was acquainted at a period of her life when age had injured the charms which procured her that honourable epithet. The song appeared for the first time in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

And ilka auld wife cried, Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man.
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' the exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danced awa wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
Was, The deil's awa wi' the exciseman.*

* Mr Lockhart, in his excellent Life of Burns, gives the following account of the composition of this poem:—"At that period, (1792), a great deal of contraband traffic, chiefly from the Isle of Man, was going on along the coasts of Galloway and Ayrshire, and the whole of the revenue-officers from Gretna to Dumfries, were placed under the orders of a superintendent residing in Annan, who exerted himself zealously in intercepting the descent of the smuggling vessels. On the 27th of February, a suspicious-looking brig was discovered in the Solway Frith, and Burns was one of the party whom the superintendent conducted to watch her motions. She got into shallow water the day afterwards, and the officers were enabled to discover that her crew were numerous, armed, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars, a brother exciseman, an intimate friend of our poet, was accordingly sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons; the superintendent, Mr Crawford, proceeded himself on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, and Burns was left, with some men under his orders, to watch the brig, and prevent landing or escape. From the private journal of one of the excisemen, (now in my hands,) it appears that Burns manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his friends hearing him abuse Lewars in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered, that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns, in the meantime, would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing; but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them the well-known ditty, 'The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.' Lewars arrived shortly after with the dragoons; and Burns, putting himself at their head, waded, sword in hand, to the brig, and was the first to board her. The crew lost heart, and submitted, though their numbers were greater than those of the assailing force. The vessel was condemned, and, with all her arms and stores, sold by auction next day at Dumfries; upon which occasion Burns, whose behaviour had been highly commended, thought fit to purchase four carronades, by way of trophy. But his glee," continues Mr Lockhart, "went a step farther; he sent the guns with a letter to the French Con-

TO DANTON ME.

TUNE—*To danton me.*

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The summer lilies blume in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never danton me!
To danton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatterin' tongue!
That is the thing ye ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never danton me.

For a' his meal, for a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gowd and white monie,
An auld man shall never danton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee;
For an auld man shall never danton me.

He hirples twa-fauld, as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and auld bald pow,
And the rain rins doun frae his red-blear'd ee:
That auld man shall never danton me.*

vention, requesting that body to accept them as a mark of his admiration and respect. The present, and its accompaniment, were intercepted at the customhouse at Dover; and here, there appears to be little room to doubt, was the principal circumstance that drew on Burns the notice of his jealous superiors. We were not, it is true, at war with France; but every one knew and felt that we were to be so ere long; and nobody can pretend that Burns was not guilty, on this occasion, of a most absurd and presumptuous breach of decorum."

* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. II. 1788.

TO DANTON ME.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

To danton me, and me sae young,
And guid King James's auldest son!
O, that's the thing that ne'er can be;
For the man is unborn that'll danton me!
O, set me ance on Scottish land,
My guid braidsword into my hand,
My blue bonnet abune my bree,
And shaw me the man that'll danton me!

It's nae the battle's deadly stoure,
Nor friends proved false, that'll gar me cower;
But the reckless hand o' povertie,
O, that alane can danton me.
High was I born to kingly gear,
But a cuif cam in my cap to wear;
But wi' my braidsword I'll let him see
He's nae the man to danton me.

O, I hae scarce to lay me on,
Of kingly fields were ance my ain,
Wi' the muir-cock on the mountain bree;
But hardship ne'er can danton me.
Up cam the gallant chief Lochiel,
And drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
Says, Charlie, set your fit to me,
And shaw me wha will danton thee!

ROSLIN CASTLE.

HEWIT.

TUNE—*Roslin Castle.*

'TWAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung:
The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back his cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! The breathing spring
With rapture warms: awake, and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song:
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O look, my love! on every spray
A feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let the raptured notes arise:
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Oh, come, my love! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls: O, come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.

O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine! *

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.†

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served in the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the flower blumed on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin' to see:
Fare ye weel, Lucy! quo Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
Fare ye weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?

* Richard Hewit, the author of this song, was employed by the blind poet Blacklock to act as his leader or guide during his residence in Cumberland; and for some years afterwards he served him as his amanuensis. I have not been able to perceive the song in any older collection than that of Herd, 1776. The air was composed by Oswald, about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

† It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance regarding this exquisitely pathetic and beautiful little poem, that its author has written hardly any other thing of any description.

If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
  Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
  Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,
  Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
  The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
  I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but Fare ye weel, Lucy!
  It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He could nae say mair but just, Fare ye weel, Lucy!
  Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;
  The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea:
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,
  She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
  And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
  Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

THE JOLLIE BEGGAR.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY KING JAMES V.

TUNE—*The jollie beggar.*

THERE was a jollie beggar, and a beggin' he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a landwart toun.
  And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', a-rovin' in the nicht,
  And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', boys, let the moon shine ne'er sae bricht:
  And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'.

He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean strae and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

Up rose the gude man's dochter, and for to bar the door;
And there she saw the beggar, standin' i' the floor.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran;
O, hoolie, hoolie, wi' me, sir; ye'll wauken our gude-man.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spak,
Until the cock began to craw; syne he began to crack.

Is there ony dowgs into this toun? maiden, tell me true.
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinnie and my dow?

They'll ryve a' my meal-pocks, and do me mickle wrang.
Oh, dule for the dooin' o't! are ye the puir man?

Then she took up the meal-pocks, and flang them ower the wa';
The deil gae wi' the meal-pocks, my maidenhead, and a'!

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird o' Brodie;
Oh, dule for the doin' o't! are ye the puir bodie?

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merks, to pay the nourice fee.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty beltit knichts came skippin' ower the hill.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

The beggar was a clever loun, and he lap shouther-hicht,
And, aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternicht!
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', a-rovin' in the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', boys, let the moon shine ne'er sae bricht:
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'.*

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY KING JAMES V.

TUNE—*The Gaberlunyie man.*

THE pawky auld carle cam ower the lee,
Wi' monie gude-e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly puir man?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My douchter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O, wow! quo he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be,
And I wad never think lang!

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minnie ken
What thir slee twa together were sayin',
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo he, an ye were as black
As e'er the croun o' my daddie's hat,
It's I wad lay ye by my back,
And awa wi' me ye should gang.
And O! quo she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They rase a wee afore the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up i' the morn the auld wife rase,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servants' bed she gaes,
To spier for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld—he was away;
She clapped her hands, cried, Waladay!
For some o' our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists;
But nocht was stown that could be mist.
She danced her lane, cried, Praise be blest,
I have lodged a leal puir man!

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yirne;
Gae butt the house, and wauken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gaed where the dauchter lay:
The sheets were cauld—she was away,
And fast to her gudewife 'gan say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunyie man!

Oh, fye gar ride, and fye gar rin,
And haste ye find thae traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunyie man!
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She couldna gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye she cursed and she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out ower the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The prievin was gude—it pleased them baith;
To loe her for aye he gae her his aith;
Quo she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunyie man.

O, kend my minnie I were wi' you,
Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';
Sic a puir man she'll never trow,
After the gaberlunyie man.
My dear, quo he, ye're yet ower young,
And ha'na learn'd the beggars' tongue,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carry the gaberlunyie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spinles and whorles for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunyie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout ower my ee;
A cripple and blind they will ca' me,
While we'll be merry and sing.*

TRANENT MUIR.

ALEXANDER SKIRVING.

TUNE—*Killiecrankie.*

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birslie brae, man,
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They lowsed with devilish thuds, man:
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they bufft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, Blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man.

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is marked with the letter *J.*

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seized them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyled their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man:
Maist feck gaed hame—O, fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa, man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, where Hersell sate,
Un'wares did ding her ower, man;
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man:
Ower Soutra hill, ere he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simson keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man:
Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edged claymore, man;

Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man:
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man.
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap ower his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man.
But let that end, for weel 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey, he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man:
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;

But the night before, he left the cor',
And never took the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man,)
On's back lying flat, he waved his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they faced, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra pefore, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
Bewest the Meadow-mill, man,
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
In Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;

But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.*

MY NANIE, O.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—*My Nanie, O.*

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the nicht and rainie, O;
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie, O:
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O!
My kind and winsome Nanie, O!
She halds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie, O.

In preachin'-time, sae meek she stands,
Sae saint-like and sae bonnie, O,
I canna get ae glimpse o' grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie, O:
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O!
The warld's in love wi' Nanie, O!
That heart is hardly worth the wear,
That wadna love my Nanie, O.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776. This was for a long time the only song regarding the Insurrection of 1745, which could be sung by either party without offence to the other. The author was a farmer near Haddington, and father to the late Mr Skirving, portrait-painter, of eccentric memory. There is a story told in connexion with the song, that proves the author to have been a man of great humour. The "Lieutenant Smith" of the ninth stanza thought proper, some time after, to send a friend to the honest farmer, requesting to have satisfaction for the injury which it had done to his honour. Skirving, who happened to be forking his dunghill at the moment the man arrived, first put that safe barrier between himself and the messenger, and then addressed him in these words: "Gang awa back to Mr Smith, and tell him that I hae na time to gang to Haddington to see him; but, if he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him; and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa!"

My breist can scarce conteen my heart,
When, dancin', she moves finely, O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely, O:
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O!
The flower o' Nithisdale's Nanie, O!
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says I dwell wi' Nanie, O.

Tell not, thou star at grey day-licht,
O'er Tinwald-tap sae bonnie, O,
My fitsteps 'mang the mornin' dew,
When comin' frae my Nanie, O:
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O!
Nane ken o' me and Nanie, O!
The stars and mune may tell't abune,
They winna wrang my Nanie, O.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

TUNE—*Nid noddin.*

O, WE'RE a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O, we're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

How's a' wi' ye, kimmer? and how do ye thrive?
And how mony bairns hae ye now?—Bairns I hae five.
And are they a' at hame wi' you?—Na, na, na;
For twa o' them's been herdin' sin' Jamie gaed awa.
And we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin;
And we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Grannie nods i' the neuk, and fends as she may,
And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day.

Vow! but she was bonnie; and vow! but she was braw,
And she had rowth o' wooers ance, I'se warrant, great
and sma'.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too;
She sits i' the corner, suppin' a' the broo;
And when the bit bairnies wad e'en hae their share,
She gies them the ladle, but deil a drap's there.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive;
They sae the French is rinnin' for't, and we'll hae peace
belyve.
The bear's i' the brear, and the hay's i' the stack,
And a' 'll be right wi' us, gin Jamie were come back.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Duncan Davison.*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moor to spin;
There was a laddie follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison:
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh;
Her favour Duncan couldna win;
For wi' the roke she shored to knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As ower the moor they lightly foor,*
A burn ran clear, a glen was green;

* Went.

Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between;
But Duncan swore a holy aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn—
And she took up her spinning graith,
And flang it a' out ower the burn.

We'll big a house, a wee wee house,
And we shall live like king and queen:
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

SAIR, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my Jean,
And sair, sair I sigh'd, while the tears stood in my een;
For my daddie is but poor, and my fortune is but sma';
Which gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on days now gane, and how happy I hae been,
While wandering wi' my dearie, where the primrose blaws unseen;
I'm wae to leave my lassie, and my daddie's simple ha',
Or the hills and healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean!
Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever been!
Then, though ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear them a',
Though aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still be true,
Then blaw, ye favourin' breezes, till my native land I view;
Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heart-felt tear shall fa',
And never leave my Jean and Caledonia.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Unagh's Lock.*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eye-brows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad mak a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And, aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;

And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair-beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

HALF A PUND O' TOW.

FROM RECITATION.

TUNE—*The weary pund o' tow.*

I BOUGHT my maiden and my wife
A half a pund o' tow,
And it will serve them a' their life,
Let them spin as they dow.
I thought my tow was endit—
It wasna weel begun!
I think my wife will end her life
Afore the tow be spun.

I lookit to my yarn-nag,
And it grew never mair;
I lookit to my beef-stand—
My heart grew wonder sair;
I lookit to my meal-boat,
And O, but it was howe!

I think my wife will end her life
Afore she spin her tow.

But if your wife and my wife
Were in a boat thegither,
And yon other man's wife
Were in to steer the ruther;*
And if the boat were bottomless,
And seven mile to row,
I think they'd ne'er come hame again,
To spin the pund o' tow!†

THE SOCIAL CUP.

CHARLES GRAY, ESQ.

TUNE—*Andro and his cutty gun.*

THE gloamin saw us a' sit down,
And mickle mirth has been our fa';
But ca' the other toast aroun',
Till chanticleer begins to craw.
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
Blythe are we, ane and a';
Aften hae we canty been,
But sic a nicht we never saw.

* Rudder.

† Besides the foregoing three stanzas, there is another, which appears to belong to the same song, but cannot be placed any where as a part of it: probably some intervening stanzas are lost. The delinquent housewife herself is introduced, endeavouring to borrow linen to make shirts for her husband, and promising restitution at a period synonymous, according to all appearance, with the Greek Calends:—

O weel's us a' on our gudeman,
For he's comed hame,
Wi' a suit o' new claes;
But sarkin he's got nane.
Come lend to me some sarkin,
Wi' a' the haste ye dow,
And ye'se be weel pay'd back again,
When since I spin my tow.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal;
Wha cares though she had chappit twa!
We're licht o' heart, and winna part,
Though time and tide should rin awa.

Tut! never speir how wears the morn,
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky;
And, gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.

Should we gang by the Auld-Kirk-Latch,*
Or round the haunted humlock knowe,
Auld Clootie there some chield might catch,
Or fleg us wi' a worricow!

Then fill us up a social cup,
And never mind the dapple dawn;
Just sit a while, the sun may smile,
And light us a' across the lawn.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

HENRY S. RIDDELL.

I WINNA loe the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love that's only felt by few;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
Is the kind and faithfu' laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flock to view,
When the larks sing in the heaven aboon, and the flowers wake 'mang the dew,

* A haunted spot near Anstruther, in Fife, the residence of the author.

When the thin mist melts afore the beam, ower gair
and glen convey'd,
Where the laddie loves to wander still, that wears the
crook and plaid.

At noon he leans him down, high on the heathy fell,
When his flocks feed a' sae bonnilie below him in the
dell;
And there he sings o' faithful love, till the wilds around
are glad;
Oh, how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and
plaid!

He pu's the blooms o' heather pure, and the lily-flouir
sae meek;
For he weens the lily like my brow, and the heath-bell
like my cheek.
His words are soft and tender as the dew frae heaven
shed;
And nane can charm me like the lad that wears the
crook and plaid.

Beneath the flowery hawthorn-tree, wild growing in
the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' grey, when nane on earth
can ken;
And leal and tender is his heart beneath the spreading
shade,
For weel he kens the way, I trow, to row me in his
plaid.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
And woo across a table his many-titled bride;
But we will woo beneath the tree, where cheek to cheek
is laid—
Oh, nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his
plaid!

To own the tales o' faithfu' love, oh, wha wad no comply?
Sin' pure love gies mair o' happiness than aught aneath the sky.
Where love is in the bosom thus, the heart can ne'er be sad;
Sae, through life, I'll loe the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

TUNE—*My wife's a wanton wee thing.*

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing;
She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married;
She'll do't again ere she die!

She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
She row'd hersell in a blanket;
She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her,
She mind't na when I forbade her;
I took a rung and I claw'd her,
And a braw gude bairn was she! *

* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790. The two first stanzas, however, appear in Herd's Collection, 1776.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My wife's a wanton wee thing.*

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine!

I never saw a fairer,
I never loo'd a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

JOHNIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

TUNE—*Johnie's gray breeks.*

WHEN I was in my se'nteen year,
I was baith blythe and bonnie, O;
The lads lo'ed me baith far and near,
But I lo'ed nane but Johnie, O:
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spake sae blythe and kindly, O;

And I made him new gray breeks,
That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free;
His bonnie locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee:
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy, O;
And then-a-days his gray breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they're threadbare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tash'd-like and sair torn,
And clouted upon ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I hae had right monie, O,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnie, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better, gin I had to gie,
And I'll tak pains upo' them,
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.
To cleid him weel shall be my care,
To please him a' my study, O!
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, though they be duddy, O.

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there warna monie, O.
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
Sae wha wadna loe Johnie, O?
O, I loe Johnie's gray breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
And gin we live another year,
We'll mak them hale between us yet.

AND SAE WILL WE YET.

WATSON.

TUNE—*And sae will we yet.*

SIT ye doun here, my cronies, and gie us your crack;
Let the win' tak the care o' this life on its back.
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit;
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet,
And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet;
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself;
Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,
As we journey through life, let us live by the way.
Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,
For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale;
We'll aye be the happier the langer we sit;
For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!
Our seed-time and harvest, we ever will get;
And we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be;
And success to his forces by land and by sea!
His enemies to triumph we never will permit;
Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun';
For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes down:
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough
to flit;
When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

DAINTY DAVIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green birken bowers,
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.
Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I'll flee to his arms I loe best,
And that's my dainty Davie.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

BURNS.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
With thee to reign, with thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BURNS.

Tune—*Auld lang syne.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a richt gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

OLD LONG SYNE.

FIRST PART.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

Where are thy protestations,
Thy vows, and oaths, my dear,

Thou mad'st to me and I to thee,
In register yet clear?
Is faith and truth so violate
To th' immortal gods divine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,
That makes thy spirits decay?
Or is't some object of more worth
That's stolen thy heart away?
Or some desert makes thee neglect
Him, so much once was thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

Is't worldly cares, so desperate,
That makes thee to despair?
Is't that makes thee exasperate,
And makes thee to forbear?
If thou of that were free as I,
Thou surely should be mine;
If this were true, we should renew
Kind old long syne.

But since that nothing can prevail,
And all hope is in vain,
From these dejected eyes of mine
Still showers of tears shall rain:
And though thou hast me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On old long syne.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is call'd mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein;

Though thou were rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old long syne.

SECOND PART.

My soul is ravish'd with delight
When you I think upon;
All griefs and sorrows take the flight,
And hastily are gone;
The fair resemblance of your face
So fills this breast of mine,
No fate nor force can it displace,
For old long syne.

Since thoughts of you do banish grief,
When I'm from you removed;
And if in them I find relief,
When with sad cares I'm moved,
How doth your presence me affect
With ecstasies divine,
Especially when I reflect
On old long syne.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart,
By those resistless powers
Which Madam Nature doth impart
To those fair eyes of yours,
With honour it doth not consist
To hold a slave in pyne;
Pray let your rigour, then, desist,
For old long syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,
By deprecating pains;

Sure, liberty he would not have
  Who glories in his chains:
But this I wish—the gods would move
  That noble soul of thine
To pity, if thou canst not love,
  For old long syne.*

CROMLET'S LILT.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
  Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
  To sad despair;
Into some wilderness
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
  Oh, cruel fair!

Have I not graven our loves
  On every tree
In yonder spreading grove,
  Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
  Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
  Some doleful shade,

* From Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III., 1711. This is, therefore, the oldest known set of verses to the popular air of "Auld Lang Syne."

Where neither sun nor wind
  E'er entrance had.
Into that hollow cave
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
  So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
  I'll drink the spring;
Cold earth shall be my seat;
  For covering,
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
  Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
  No tears, nor sighs;
No grave do I require,
  Nor obsequies:
The courteous red-breast, he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
  With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
  I'll visit thee,
Oh, thou deceitful dame,
  Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
  From loving thee! *

* The story which gave rise to this song is related by Burns. The heroine was one of the thirty-one children of Stirling of Ardoch, in Perthshire, a gentleman who seems to have lived in the reign of James the Sixth. On account of her great beauty, she was usually called Fair Helen of Ardoch. She was beloved by the eldest son of Chisholm of Cromlix, a family of the neighbourhood, which was so respectable as to have given more