

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*She's fair and fause.*

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I loo'd her mickle and lang ;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A cuif cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear ;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove ;
 A woman has't by kind :
 O woman, lovely woman fair !
 An angel's form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been ower mickle to hae gi'en thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

than one bishop to Dumblane. During the foreign travels of this young gentleman, a person whom he had appointed to manage his correspondence with Fair Helen, conceived a strong passion for her, and resolved to supplant his friend. By prepossessing her with stories to the disadvantage of young Cromlix, and suppressing his letters, he succeeded in incensing both against each other. All connexion between them was consequently broken off, and the traitor soon after succeeded in procuring from her a consent to accept of himself for a husband. At the moment, however, when she was put into the bridal bed, conscience prevented the consummation of her lover's villainy. She started from his embraces, exclaiming that she had heard Cromlix's voice, crying, "Helen, Helen, mind me;" and no force or arguments could prevail upon her to resume her place. The injured Cromlix soon after came home, procured her marriage to be disannulled, and married her himself.

The song was published in the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724), with the signature letter X, which seems to mark all the songs in that collection supposed by the editor to be of English origin.

SYMON AND JANET.*

ANDREW SCOTT.

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,
 Where muircocks and plovers were rife,
 For mony a lang towmond together,
 There lived an auld man and his wife :
 About the affairs o' the nation
 The twasome they seldom were mute ;
 Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,
 Did sa'ur in their wizzins like soot.

In winter, whan deep were the gutters,
 And nicht's gloomy canopy spread,
 Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,
 And lowsin' his buttons for bed ;
 Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazing,
 To lock in the door was her care ;
 She, seeing our signals a-blazing,
 Came rinnin' in ryvin' her hair :

O, Symon, the Frenchies are landit !
 Gae look, man, and slip on your shoon ;
 Our signals I see them extendit,
 Like red risin' rays frae the moon.
 What a plague ! the French landit ! quo Symon,
 And clash gaed his pipe to the wa' :
 Faith, then, there's be loadin' and primin',
 Quo he, if they're landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,
 Our eldest grandson's volunteer :

* The author of this clever and lively song, which was occasioned by the false alarm of invasion, in 1803, at this day fills the humble office of bedlar in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire.

O' the French to be fu' o the flesh o',
 I too i' the ranks shall appear.
 His waistcoat-pouch fill'd he wi' pouther,
 And bang'd down his rusty auld gun ;
 His bullets he pat in the other,
 That he for the purpose had run.

Then humped he out in a hurry,
 While Janet his courage bewails,
 And cried out, Dear Symon, be wary !
 And teuchly she hung by his tails.
 Let be wi' your kindness, cried Symon,
 Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares ;
 For, now to be ruled by a woman,
 Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs.

Then hear me, quo Janet, I pray thee,
 I'll tend thee, love, livin' or deed,
 And if thou should fa', I'll dee wi' thee,
 Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.
 Quo Janet, O, keep frae the riot !
 Last nicht, man, I dreamt ye was deid ;
 This aught days I tentit a pyot
 Sit chatt'rin' upon the house-heid.

As yesterday, workin' my stockin',
 And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
 A muckle black corbie sat croaking ;
 I kend it forebodit some ill.
 Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty ;
 For, ere the neist sun may gae down,
 Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
 And end my auld days in renown.

Syne off in a hurry he stumped,
 Wi' bullets, and pouther, and gun ;

At's curpin auld Janet, too, humped
 Awa to the neist neebour-toun :
 There footmen and yeomen paradin',
 To scour off in dirdum were seen ;
 And wives and young lasses a' sheddin'
 The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bonnet got Symie,
 And to the commander he gaes,
 Quo he, sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,
 And help ye to lounder our faces :
 I'm auld, yet I'm teuch as the wire,
 Sae we'll at the rogues hae a dash,
 And fegs, if my gun winna fire,
 I'll turn her but-end and I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty old hero !
 The captain did smilin' reply ;
 But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
 Till day-light should glent in the sky.
 What reck, a' the stoure cam' to naething ;
 Sae Symon, and Janet his dame,
 Halescart, frae the wars, without skaithing,
 Gaed, bannin the French, away hame.

SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS.*

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Wae's my heart that we should sunder.*

SPEAK on, speak thus, and still my grief :
 Hold up a heart that's sinkin' under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggie sunder.

* From the Gentle Shepherd. In this song Ramsay displays a degree of sentiment which he has nowhere else reached or attempted.

A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me, will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggie's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggie's praises tell;
 Oh! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows, where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rocks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah, shall I never creep
 Around the knowe, with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Though thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

MY JO JANET.

TUNE—*My Jo Janet.*

SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keekin' glass, then.
 Keek into the draw-well,
 Janet, Janet;
 There ye'll see your bonnie sell,
 My jo Janet.

Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
 What if I fa' in, sir?
 Then a' my kin will say and swear
 I droun'd mysell for sin, sir.
 Hand the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Hand the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,
 Comin' through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.
 Clout the auld—the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,
 My jo Janet.

But, if, dancin' on the green,
 And skippin' like a maukin,
 They should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be taukin'.
 Dance aye laigh and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the Cross, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacin' horse, then.
 Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
 My jo Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, sir;

To keep the temper-pin in tiff
 Employs richt aft my hand, sir.
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My jo Janet.*

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MRS GRANT OF CARRON.

TUNE—*The Ruffian's Rant.*

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine ;
 She said she lo'ed me best of onie ;
 But, ah ! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnie.

Oh, she was a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Hieland walloch !
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch !

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie !
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

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

THE WOOING OF JENNY AND JOCK.

TUNE—*Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.*

ROB'S Jock cam to woo our Jenny,
 On ae feast-day when he was fou ;
 She buskit her, and made her bonnie,
 When she heard Jock was come to woo :
 She burnish'd her, baith breist and brow,
 Made her as clear as ony clock.
 Then spake our dame, and said, I trow
 Ye're come to woo our Jenny, Jock !

Ay, dame, says he, for that I yearn
 To lout my head, and sit down by you.
 Then spak' our dame, and said, My bairn
 Has tocher of her awn to gie you.
 Te-hee ! quo Jenny ; Keek, I see you ;
 Minnie, this man makes but a mock.
 Why say ye sae ? now leeze me o' you !
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo Jock.

My bairn has tocher o' her awn,
 Although her friends do nane her lend :
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawn,
 A goose, a gryce, a clocking-hen ;
 Twa kits, a cogue, a kirn there-ben,
 A kaim, but and a kaiming-stock ;
 Of dishes and ladles nine or ten :
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A troch, a trencher, and a tap,
 A taings, a tullie, and a tub,
 A sey-dish, and a milking caup,
 A graip into a gruiop to grub,
 A shod-shool of a hollan club,
 A froth-stick, can, a creel, a knock,

A brake for hemp, that she may rub,
If ye will marry our Jenny, Jock.

A furm, a furlot, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, a gay elwand,
A sheet, a happer, and a sack,
A girdle, and a gude wheel-band.
Syne Jock took Jenny by the hand,
And cried a banquet, and slew a cock ;
They held the bridal upon land
That was between our Jenny and Jock.

The bride, upon her wedding, went
Barefoot upon a hemlock hill ;
The bride's garter was o' bent,
And she was born at Kelly mill.
The first propine he hecht her till,
He hecht to hit her head a knock,
She beckit, and she held her still ;
And this gate gat our Jenny Jock.

When she was weddit in his name,
And unto him she was made spouse,
They hastit them sune hame again,
To dinner at the bridal-house.
Jenny sat jouking like a mouse,
But Jock was kneef as ony cock ;
Says he to her, Haud up your brows,
And fa' to your meat, my Jenny, quo Jock.

What meat shall we set them beforn ?
To Jock service loud can they cry ;
Serve them wi' sowce and sodden corn,
Till a' their wames do stand awry.
Of swine's flesh there was great plenty,
Whilk was a very pleasant meat ;
And garlick was a sauce right dainty
To ony man that pleased to eat.

They had sax laverocks, fat and laden,
 Wi' lang kail, mutton, beef, and brose,
 A wame of painches, teuch like plaiden,
 With gude May butter, milk, and cheese.
 Jenny sat up even at the meace,
 And a' her friends sat her beside ;
 They were a' served with shrewd service,
 And sae was seen upon the bride.

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Now, dame, says Jock, your daughter I've married,
 Although you hold it never so teuch,
 Your friends shall see she's nae miscarried,
 For I wat I have gear eneuch :
 An auld gawed glyde fell over the heuch,
 A cat, a crummie, and a cock ;
 I wanted eight owsen, though I had the pleuch—
 May not this serve your Jenny ? quo Jock.

I have guid fire for winter weather,
 A cod o' caff wad fill a cradle,
 A halter and a guid hay-tether,
 A deuk about the doors to paidle ;
 The pummel o' a guid auld saddle,
 And Rob, my eme, hecht me a sock ;
 Twa lovely lips to lick a ladle ;
 Gif Jenny and I agree, quo Jock.

A treen spit, a ram-horn spoon,
 A pair o' boots o' barkit leather,
 A graith that's meet to cobble shoon,
 A thraw-crook for to twine a tether ;
 A sword, a swivel, a swine's blether,
 A trump o' steel, a feather'd flock,
 An auld skull-hat for winter weather,
 And muckle mair, my Jenny, quo Jock.

I have a cat to catch a mouse,
 A gerse green cloak, (but it will stenyie,)
 A pitch-fork to defend the house,
 A pair o' branks, a bridle reinye ;
 Of a' our store we need not plenyie,
 Ten thousand flechs into a pock ;
 And is not this a waukrife menyie,
 To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock? *

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BONNIE LESLEY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Collier's bonnie Lassic.*

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley,  
 As she gaed o'er the Border?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.  
 To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever ;  
 For nature made her what she is,  
 And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we before thee :  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley ;  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.  
 The Deil he couldna scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, I canna wrang thee !

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune shanna steer thee ;

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

Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonie !  
That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie.\*

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## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam' to prie ;  
Three blyther lads, that lee lang night,  
Ye wadna fund in Christendie.  
We are na fou, we're no that fou,  
But just a wee drap in our ee ;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys ;  
Three merry boys I trow are we :  
And mony a nicht we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the mune—I ken her horn—  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;  
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold coward loun is he ;

\* Written in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie of Ayrshire, (now Mrs Cum-  
ming of Logie,) when on her way to England, through Dumfries.

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three.\*

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THE POSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Posie.*

OH, luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen ;
Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae
green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pou, the firstlin o' the year ;
And I will pou the pink, the emblem o' my dear ;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without
a peer :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pou the buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baummy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou ;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;
The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

* " This air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this : —Mr William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." *Burns, apud Cromek's Select Scottish Songs*, vol. II. p. 135. Currie, who mentions that Nicol's farm was that of Laggan, in Nithsdale, adds, that " these three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents, were in 1798 all under the turf."

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take
 away:

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pou when the e'enin' star is near,
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear:
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luv,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er re-
 move:

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

TUNE—*Robin lo'es me.*

ROBIN is my only jo,
 For Robin has the art to lo'e;
 Sae to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy, happy was the shower,
 That led me to his birken bower,
 Where first of love I fand the power,
 And kenn'd that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gluves and kissin' strings;
 And name a thousand bonnie things,
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
 But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,
 Seated on the velvet fog,
 'To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab;
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsie, frank and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me ;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 My tittie Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I or lang be made to see
 That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest Rob between ;
 And in his wooing, O sae keen
 Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, Join your hands, Mess John will say,
 And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let every chance unite
 To fix our love and give delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
 O hey, Robin ! quo she,
 O hey, Robin ! quo she,
 O hey, Robin ! quo she ;
 Kind Robin lo'es me.*

DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF,

WHO WAS EXECUTED AFTER THE REBELLION OF
 1745.

SON of the mighty and the free,
 Loved leader of the faithful brave,

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee
 To fill a nameless grave ?
 Oh, hadst thou slumber'd with the slain,
 Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,
 Even though on red Culloden's plain,
 We then had mourn'd thee not.

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,
 That morn whose sunbeams rose so fair :
 Revenge alone may breathe thy name,
 The watch-word of despair.
 Yet, oh, if gallant spirit's power
 Has e'er ennobled death like thine,
 Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,
 Last of a mighty line.

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,
 But cannot cheer their lonely gloom ;
 Those beams that gild thy native walls
 Are sleeping on thy tomb.
 Spring on the mountains laughs the while,
 Thy green woods wave in vernal air ;
 But the loved scenes may vainly smile—
 Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle's sound
 Is mixing with the torrent's roar ;
 Unmark'd the red deer sport around—
 Thou lead'st the chase no more.
 Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still—
 Those halls where swell'd the choral strain ;
 They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,
 And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke—
 His fire, his joy of song, is past !
 One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,
 His saddest, and his last.

No other theme to him is dear
 Than lofty deeds of thine :
 Hush'd be the strain thou canst not hear,
 Last of a mighty line.*



WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

TUNE—*Woo'd, and Married, and a'.*

THE bride cam out o' the byre,
 And, O, as she dighted her cheeks !
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And have neither blankets nor sheets ;
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado.
 Woo'd, and married, and a',
 Married, and woo'd, and a' !
 And was she nae very weel off,
 That was woo'd, and married, and a' ?

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh ;
 O, haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye'se get gear enough ;
 The stirk stands i' th' tether,
 And our bra' bawsint yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn—
 What wad ye be at, ye jade ?

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What deil needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;

* From *The Scottish Minstrel*, 1824-8.

My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo Willie ;
 Though we be scant o' claes,
 We'll creep the closer thegither,
 And we'll smoor a' the fleas :
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get taits o' woo ;
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claihs anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kye ;
 Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife ;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.

Out spake the bride's sister
 As she came in frae the byre ;
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire :
 But we poor folk maun live single,
 And do the best that we can ;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want
 If I cou'd get but a man.*

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

WOODED, AND MARRIED, AND A'

MRS SCOTT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'
 As lang as she wasna awa ;
 Nor in the toun could there be stowin'
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.
 Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',
 Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw ;
 The toun was for ever in brulyies :
 But now the lassie's awa.
 Wooed, and married, and a',
 Married, and wooed, and a' ;
 The dandalie toast of the parish,
 She's wooed, and she's carried awa.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,
 His woin' it wad hae been sma' :
 She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',
 Nor cardin', nor spinnin' ava ;
 But a' her skill lies in her buskin' :
 And, O, if her braws were awa,
 She sune wad wear out o' fashion,
 And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And, O, she was bonnie and braw ;
 She cried on her gudeman to gie her
 An ell o' red ribbon or twa.
 He took, and he set down beside her
 A wheel and a reel for to ca' ;
 She cried, Was he that way to guide her ?
 And out at the door and awa.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
 Wha said, Lassie, how gaes a' ?

Quo she, Was it for nae ither
 That I was married awa,
 But to be set down to a wheelie,
 And at it for ever to ca' ?
 And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie
 That's everly crying to draw.

Her mither said till her, Hech, lassie !
 He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa ;
 There'll be little to put in the tassie,
 Gif ye be sae backward to draw ;
 For now ye should work like a tiger,
 And at it baith wallop and ca',
 Sae lang's ye hae youdith and vigour,
 And weanies and debt keep awa.

Sae swift away hame to your haddin' ;
 The mair fule ye e'er came awa :
 Ye maunna be ilka day gaddin',
 Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw ;
 For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
 And wi' him should cannilie draw ;
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit—
 So that's an answer for a'.

Young luckie thus fand hersell mither'd,
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa ;
 At length wi' hersell she consider'd,
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,
 And e'en tak a chance o' the landin',
 However that matters might fa' :
 Folk maunna on freits aye be standin',
 That's wooed, and married, and a'.*

* From Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810.

PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA
MACDONALD'S WELCOME TO SKYE.

SAID TO BE FROM THE GAELIC.

TUNE—*Charlie's welcome to Skye.*

TERE are two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens,
Come over te Minch, and come over te main,
With te wind for teir way, and te corrie for teir hame ;
Let us welcome tem pravely unto Skhee akain.
Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,
You two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens ;
For te nicht it is dark, and te red-coat is gane,
And you're pravely welcome unto Skhee akain.

TERE is Flora, my honey, so tear and so ponny,
And one that is tall, and comely wital ;
Put te one as my khing, and te other as my queen,
Tey're welcome unto te isle of Skhee akain.
Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,
You two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens ;
For te lhady of Macoulain she lieth her lane,
And you're pravely welcome to Skhee akain.

HER arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long,
My one ponny maiten, and two ponny maitens ;
Put teir bed shall be clain on te heather most crain ;
And tey're welcome unto te isle of Skhee akain.
Come along, come along, wit your poatie and your song,
You one ponny maiten, and two ponny maitens ;
Py te sea-moullit's nest I will watch ye ower te main ;
And you're tearly welcome to Skhee akain.

TERE'S a wind on te tree, and a ship on te sea,
My two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens ;

On te lea of the rock shall your cradle be rock ;
 And you're welcome unto te isle of Skhee akain.
 Come along, cor.e along, wit your poatie and your song,
 My two ponny maitens, and tree ponny maitens :
 More sound shall you sleep, when you rock on te deep ;
 And you's aye pe welcome to Skhee akain.*

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.¹

TUNE—*We ran, and they ran.*

THERE'S some say that we wan,
 And some say that they wan,
 And some say that nane wan at a', man ;
 But ae thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriff-muir
 A battle there was, that I saw, man ;
 And we ran, and they ran ; and they ran, and we
 ran ;
 And we ran, and they ran awa, man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,²
 Not like frightened Leven,³
 Which Rothes⁴ and Haddington⁵ saw, man ;
 For they all, with Wightman,⁶
 Advanced on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being raw, man.

* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.

¹ Fought on the 13th of November, 1715, between the forces of King George I., under John Duke of Argyle, and those of "the Pretender," commanded by John Earl of Mar. The issue of this battle was uncertain, the right wings of both armies being successful, while both left wings were defeated. It is this winning and running, common to both parties, which forms the principal humour of the song.

^{2 3 4 5} Lord Belhaven, the Earl of Leven, and the Earls of Rothes and Haddington, who all bore arms as volunteers in the royal army.

⁶ Major-General Joseph Wightman, who commanded the centre of the royal army.

Lord Roxburgh⁷ was there,
 In order to share
 With Douglas,⁸ who stood not in awe, man,
 Volunteerly to ramble
 With Lord Loudoun Campbell;⁹
 Brave Ilay¹⁰ did suffer for a', man.

Sir John Shaw,¹¹ that great knight,
 With broadsword most bright,
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
 An hero that's bold,
 None could him withhold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.

• For the cowardly Whittam,¹²
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird aid-du-camp,
 And from the brave clans ran awa, man.

The great Colonel Dow,
 Gaed foremost, I trow,
 When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man;
 Except Sandy Baird,
 And Naughton, the laird,
 Their horse show'd their heels to them a', man.

Brave Mar and Panmure¹³
 Were firm, I am sure;

⁷ John, fifth Duke of Roxburgh, a loyal volunteer.

⁸ Archibald, Duke of Douglas, who commanded a body of his vassals in the royal army.

⁹ Hugh Campbell, third Earl of Loudoun, of the royal army.

¹⁰ The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle. He came up to the field only a few hours before the battle, and had the misfortune to be wounded.

¹¹ Sir John Shaw of Greenock, an officer in the troop of volunteers, noted for his keen Whiggish spirit.

¹² Major-General Whitham, who commanded the left wing of the King's army.

¹³ James, Earl of Panmure.

The latter was kidnapp'd awa, man ;
 But with brisk men about,
 Brave Harry¹⁴ retook
 His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.

Grave Marshall¹⁵ and Lithgow,¹⁶
 And Glengary's¹⁷ pith, too,
 Assisted by brave Logie A'mon',¹⁸
 And Gordons the bright,
 Sae boldly did fight,
 The red-coats took flight and awa, man.

Strathmore¹⁹ and Clanronald²⁰
 Cried still, " Advance, Donald !"
 Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;
 For there was sic hashing,
 And broadswords a-clashing,
 Brave Forfar²¹ himsell got a claw, man.

Lord Perth²² stood the storm,
 Seaforth²³ but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth²⁴ and Strathallan²⁵ not slaw, man ;
 And Hamilton²⁶ pled
 The men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man.

Brave, generous Southesk,²⁷
 Tullibardine²⁸ was brisk,

¹⁴ The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the foregoing, whom he re-captured after the engagement.

^{15 16} The Earls of Marischal and Linlithgow.

¹⁷ The Chief of Glengary.

¹⁸ Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond.

¹⁹ The Earl of Strathmore, killed in the battle.

²⁰ The Chief of Clanronald.

²¹ The Earl of Forfar—on the King's side—wounded in the engagement.

²² James, Lord Drummond, eldest son of the Earl of Perth, was Lieutenant-general of horse under Mar, and behaved with great gallantry.

²³ William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth.

²⁴ The Viscount Kilsyth.

²⁵ The Viscount Strathallan.

²⁶ Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the Earl of Mar.

²⁷ James, fifth Earl of Southesk.

²⁸ The Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole.

Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which served for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.

Lord Rollo,²⁹ not fear'd,
 Kintore³⁰ and his beard,
 Pitsligo³¹ and Ogilvie³² a', man,
 And brothers Balfours,
 They stood the first stours ;
 Clackmannan³³ and Burleigh³⁴ did claw, man.

But Cleppan³⁵ acted pretty,
 And Strowan,³⁶ the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to draw, man.

For Huntly³⁷ and Sinclair,³⁸
 They baith play'd the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a crow, man ;
 Some Angus and Fife men,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man !

Then Lawrie, the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king, and his country, and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight
 To the right of the army awa, man ;

²⁹ Lord Rollo.

³¹ Lord Pitsligo.

³³ Bruce, Laird of Clackmannan—the husband, I believe, of the old lady who knighted Robert Burns with the sword of Bruce, at Clackmannan Tower.

³⁴ Lord Burleigh.

³⁶ Alexander Robertson of Struan, chief of the Robertsons.

³⁷ Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon.

³⁸ The Master of Sinclair.

³⁰ The Earl of Kintore.

³² Lord Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airly.

³⁵ Major William Clephane.

Then Lawrie, for fear
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse, and awa, man ;
 'Stead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling Bridge, and awa, man.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behaved best o' them a', man ;
 And there, without strife,
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man.

In Borrowstounness,
 He rides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man ;
 And then in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 And go off the stage with a pa', man.³⁹

Rob. Roy⁴⁰ stood watch
 On a hill, for to catch
 The booty, for ought that I saw, man ;
 For he ne'er advanced
 From the place he was stanced,
 Till no more to do there at a', man.

So we all took the flight,
 And Mowbray the wright,
 But Lethem, the smith, was a braw man,

³⁹ These four stanzas seem to refer to a circumstance reported at the time ; namely, that a person had left the Duke of Argyle's army, and joined the Earl of Mar's, before the battle, intending to act as a spy ; and that, being employed by Mar to inform the left wing that the right was victorious, he gave a contrary statement, and, after seeing them retire accordingly, went back again to the royal army.

⁴⁰ The celebrated Rob Roy. This redoubted hero was prevented, by mixed motives, from joining either party : he could not fight against the Earl of Mar, consistent with his conscience, nor could he oppose the Duke of Argyle, without forfeiting the protection of a powerful friend.

For he took the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdraw, man.

And trumpet M'Lean,
Whose breeks were not clean,
Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man ;
By saving his neck,
His trumpet did break,
Came aff without music at a', man.

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man ;
From other they ran,
Without touk of drum,
They did not make use of a pa', man.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There's no man can tell,
Save our brave generall,
Wha first began running awa, man,

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
And the Cock o' the North ;⁴¹
But Florence ran fastest awa, man,
Save the laird o' Phineven,⁴²
Who swore to be even
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran ; and they ran, and we
ran ;
And we ran, and they ran awa, man.⁴³

⁴¹ An honorary popular title of the Duke of Gordon.

⁴² Carnegy of Finhaven.

⁴³ From Herd's Collection, 1776, except the sixth and the two last verses, which are added from the Jacobite Relics, although they contain a contradiction regarding the conduct of the Earl of Mar.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Cameronian Rant.*

O, CAM ye here the fecht to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ;
 Or was ye at the Shirra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man ?
 I saw the battle, sair and teuch,
 And reekin red ran mony a sheuch ;
 My heart, for fear, ga'e sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae wuds, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them were na slaw, man ;
 They rush'd, and push'd, and bluid out-gush'd,
 And mony a bouk did fa', man :
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanced twenty miles ;
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles ;
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
 When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs
 And covenant true-blues, man :
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets opposed the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man ;
 I saw mysell, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit puir red-coat
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae guid-will
 That day their neebours' bluid to spill ;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man ;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or in his enemies' hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;
 And mony bade the world gude night ;
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
 Flew aff in frighted bands, man.*

* Burns wrote this song upon the model of an old one, called " A Dialogue between Will Lick-ladle and Tom Clean-cogue, twa shepherds, wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil Hills, the day the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought ;" which may be found in many ordinary collections.

THE CARLE HE CAM OWER THE CRAFT.

TUNE—*The Carle he cam ower the Craft.*

THE carle he cam ower the craft,
 Wi' his beard new-shaven ;
 He looked at me as he'd been daft,—
 The carle trowed that I wad hae him.
 Hout awa ! I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 For a' his beard new-shaven,
 Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him.

A siller brooch he gae me neist,
 To fasten on my curchie nookit ;
 I wore 't a wee upon my breist,
 But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crookit ;
 And sae may his ; I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest ;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane ;
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;
 But, wae's me for him, skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
 Hout awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash, without a man wi' them ?

But should my cankert daddie gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Hout awa ! I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !

I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,
Sae lawty says, I should na hae him.*

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.†

DAVID MALLET.

TUNE—*The Birks of Invermay.*

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing ;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they drop, and we decay,
• Adieu the birks of Invermay !

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† Invermay is a small woody glen, watered by the rivulet May, which there joins the river Earn. It is about five miles above the bridge of Earn, and nearly nine from Perth. The seat of Mr Belsches, the proprietor of this poetical region, and who takes from it his territorial designation, stands at the bottom of the glen. Both sides of the little vale are completely wooded, chiefly with birches ; and it is altogether, in point of natural loveliness, a scene worthy of the attention of the amatory muse. The course of the May is so sunk among rocks, that it cannot be seen, but it can easily be traced in its progress by another sense. The peculiar sound which it makes in rushing through one particular part of its narrow, rugged, and tortuous channel, has occasioned the descriptive appellation of the *Humble-Bumble* to be attached to that quarter of the vale. Invermay may be at once and correctly described as the fairest possible little miniature specimen of cascade scenery.

The song appeared in the 4th volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany.

[REV. DR BRYCE OF KIRKNEWTON.]

The laverocks, now, and lintwhites sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring ;
 The mavis and the blackbird vie,
 In tuneful strains, to glad the day ;
 The woods now wear their summer suits ;
 To mirth all nature now invites :
 Let us be blythesome, then, and gay,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance around their dams :
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then, sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams :
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

TUNE—*The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*

THE muckin' o' Geordie's byre,
 And the shoolin' the gruiپ sae clean,
 Has gar'd me weit my cheeks,
 And greit wi' baith my een.

It was ne'er my father's will,
 Nor yet my mother's desire,
 That e'er I should fyle my fingers,
 Wi' muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

The mouse is a merry beast,
 The moudiewort wants the een ;
 But the warld shall ne'er get wit,*
 Sae merry as we hae been.
 It was ne'er, &c.†

~~~~~

### PATIE'S COURTSHIP.

TUNE—*Patie's Wedding.*

As PATIE came in frae the dale,  
 Drivin' his wedders before him,  
 He met bonnie Meg ganging hame—  
 Her beauty was like for to smooore him.

O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken  
 That you and I 's gaun to be married ?  
 I rather had broken my leg,  
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.

O Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that ?  
 I trow o' news they've been scanty :  
 I'm nae to be married the year,  
 Though I should be courted by twenty !

Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt ?  
 Is 't 'cause that I haena a mailen ?

\* *i. e.* Never be informed. † From Herd's Collection, 1776.

The lad that has gear needna want  
For neither a half nor a hail ane.\*

My dad has a gude grey meare,  
And yours has twa cows and a filly ;  
And that will be plenty o' gear :  
Sae, Maggie, be na sae ill-willy.

Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken ;  
But first ye maun speir at my daddie ;  
You're as weel born as Ben,  
And I canna say but I'm ready.

We hae wealth o' yarn in clews,  
To mak me a coat and a jimpey,  
And plaidin' eneuch to be trews—  
Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye !

Now fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg !  
I'se e'en let a smackie gae wi' ye :  
May my neck be as lang as my leg,  
If I be an ill husband unto ye !

Sae gang your ways hame e'en now ;  
Mak ready gin this day fifteen days ;  
And tell your father frae me,  
I'll be his gude-son † in great kindness.

Maggie's as blythe as a wran,  
Bodin' the blast o' ill weather ;  
And a' the gaitie singin' she ran,  
To tell the news to her father.

\* It was formerly customary in Scotland for two or more farmers to unite in leasing and cultivating one farm. There is a *mailen* in the neighbourhood of the town of Peebles, now occupied by one person, but which, little more than forty years ago, sustained and gave employment to three farmers, each of whom reared a large family.

† Son-in-law.

But aye the auld man cried out,  
 He'll no be o' that mind on Sunday.  
 There's nae fear o' that, quo' Meg ;  
 For I gat a kiss on the bounty.

And what was the matter o' that ?  
 It was naething out o' his pocket.  
 I wish the news were true,  
 And we had him fairly bookit.

For Patie's a very gude lad,  
 And wedders has little frae twenty,  
 And mony gude trifles beside ;  
 He's no to fling at, gin he want ye.

A very wee while after that,  
 Wha cam to our biggin but Patie ?  
 Dress'd up in a braw new coat,  
 And wow but he thocht himsell pretty !

His bonnet was little frae new,  
 And in it a loop and a slittie,  
 To draw in a ribbon sae blue,  
 To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam in wi' a stend ;  
 Cried, Peace be under ~~the~~ biggin !  
 You're welcome, quo' William, Come ben,  
 Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin !

Come in your ways, Pate, and sit doun,  
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry ;  
 And haste ye, Meg, and be dune,  
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is na thrang ;  
 Yestreen I was wi' his honour ;

I've taen three rigs o' braw land,  
And bound mysell under a bonour :

And, now, my errand to you,  
Is for Maggie to help me to labour ;  
But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,  
Because that our haddin's but sober.

Quoth William, To harl ye through,  
I'll be at the cost o' the bridal ;  
I'se cut the craig o' the ewe,  
That had amaist dee'd o' the side-ill :

And that'll be plenty o' broe,  
Sae lang as our well is na reested,  
To a' the neebors and you ;  
Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,  
And I'll gie you your brose i' the mornin',  
O' kail that was made yestreen,  
For I like them best i' the forenoon.

Sae Tam, the piper, did play ;  
And ilka ane danced that was willin' ;  
And a' the lave they rankit through ;  
And they held the wee stoupie aye fillin'.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd ;  
And when that the carles grew nappy,  
They danced as weel as they dow'd,  
Wi' a crack o' their thooms and a happie.

The lad that wore the white band,  
I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,  
He took the bride by the hand,  
And cried to play up Maggie Lauder.\*

\* *This rude but humorous old song first appeared in Herd's Collection.*

## JACKY LATIN.

[ NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. ]

HEY my Jack, howe my Jack,  
 Hey my Jacky Latin !  
 Because he couldna get a kiss,  
 His heart was at the breakin'.

A lad there cam to Peebles toun,  
 They ca'd him Jacky Latin ;  
 Pearlin bands upon his hands,  
 And, oh ! but he was handsome.

He's come vapourin' up the toun ;  
 He's come wi' sic an air !  
 And he's gane into a barber's shop,  
 For the dressin' o' his hair.

Up the gate, and down the gate,  
 And in the gaun hame,  
 A bonnie lass gied him the slicht,  
 And gar'd him gang his lane.

As he gaed down by Fernie-haugh,  
 And in by Scott's Mill,  
 There he saw the bonnie lass  
 Upon Cardrona Hill.

He had a merry wanton ee,  
 But and a wylie look ;  
 He thocht to tak the lassie's heart  
 Out frae her very bouk.

The version here given is composed of that which Mr Herd published, and another which appeared in the later work of Mr Robert Jamieson, Popular Ballads and Songs, 1806; the best lines and stanzas being adopted from each.

He's ta'en her by the mantle-neuk,  
 And bade her stand still ;  
 But she has gi'en a frisk about,  
 And whirl'd him ower the hill.  
 Hey my Jack, howe my Jack,  
 Hey my Jacky Latin !  
 Because he couldna get a kiss,  
 His heart was at the breakin' ! \*

~~~~~

I CANNA WANT MY GRUEL.

TUNE—*Lass, gin I come near ye.*

THERE lived a man into the west,
 And, oh ! but he was cruel !
 Upon his waddin' nicht, at e'en,
 He sat up and grat for gruel.

They brought to him a gude sheep's heid,
 A napkin and a towel :
 Gae, tak your whim-whams a' frae me,
 And bring me fast my gruel.

[THE BRIDE SPEAKS.]

There is nae meal into the hous ;
 What shall I do, my jewel ?
 Gae to the pock, and shake a lock,
 For I canna want my gruel.

There is nae milk into the hous ;
 What shall I do, my jewel ?

* This humorous old song is taken down from the recitation of an aged Peebles-shire lady, whose mother was its heroine. From various circumstances, it is probable that the real incident which gave rise to it took place at least ninety years ago. Fernie-haugh, Scott's Mill, and Cardrona Hill, are three places which successively occur on the south bank of the Tweed, immediately below Peebles.

Gae to the midden, and milk the soo ;
For I winna want my gruel ! *

~~~~~  
**TIBBIE FOWLER.†**

TUNE—*Tibbie Fowler.*

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the Glen,  
There's ower mony wooing at her ;  
Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,  
There's ower mony wooing at her.  
Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,  
Courtin' her, and canna get her ;  
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west ;  
Ten cam rowin' ower the water ;  
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side :  
There's twa-and-thirty wooin' at her.

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
Twenty head about the door :  
There's ane-and-forty wooin' at her !

She's got pendles in her lugs ;  
Cockle-shells wad set her better !  
High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags ;  
And a' the lads are wooin' at her.

\* This curious old folly is from the *Ballad-Book*, 1824.

† Said to have been written by the Rev. Dr Strachan, late minister of Carnwath, although certainly grounded upon a song of older standing, the name of which is mentioned in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The two first verses of the song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776.

There is a tradition at Leith that Tibbie Fowler was a real person, and married, some time during the seventeenth century, to the representative of the attainted family of Logan of Restalrig, whose town-house, dated 1636, is still pointed out at the head of a street in Leith, called the *Sheriff-brae*. The marriage-contract between Logan and Isabella Fowler is still extant, in the possession of a gentleman resident at Leith.—*See Campbell's History of Leith, note, p. 311.*

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 Gin she hae the penny siller,  
 Set her up on Tintock tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er so fair,  
 An she want the penny siller,  
 A flie may fell her in the air,  
 Before a man be even'd till her.

~~~~~

JOCKIE SAID TO JENNY.

TUNE—*Jockie said to Jenny.*

JOCKIE said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thon wed ?
 Ne'er a fit, quo Jenny, for my tocher-gude ;
 For my tocher-gude, I winna marry thee.
 E'en 's ye like, quo' Johmie ; ye may let it be !

I hae gowd and gear ; I hae land eneuch ;
 I hae seven good owsen gangin' in a pleuch ;
 Gangin' in a pleuch, and linkin' ower the lea :
 And, gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
 A stack afore the door ; I'll mak a rantin fire :
 I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry shall we be :
 And, gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockie, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad ; I'll be the lass mysell :
 Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
 Ye're welcomer 'o tak me than to let me be.*

* From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (1724,) where it is marked with the signature Z, indicating that it was then a song of unknown antiquity. Jockie and Jenny, it must be observed, were names which, for a long period previous to the early part of the last century, acted as general titles for every Scottish pair in humble life. The male name, in particular, was then invariably used by the English as appropriate to the personified idea of a Scotsman—exactly as Sandy is used at the present day.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET
BETTY.*

TUNE—*Blink over the Burn, sweet Betty.*

IN simmer I maw'd my meadows,
In harvest I shure my corn ;
In winter I married a widow ;—
I wish I was free the morn !

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me :
Oh, it is a thousand pities,
But I was a widow † for thee.

~~~~~  
WILL YE GANG TO THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—*The Yowe-buchts.*

WILL ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,  
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me ?  
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,  
My bride and my darling to be ?

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be ;  
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,  
If sae ye dinna ken me ;  
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,  
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her costs o' green satin,  
She has kilted them up to the knee,  
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,  
His bride and his darling to be.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† In Scotland, *widow* signifies male and female indiscriminately.

## HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

TUNE—*Donald.*

DONALD.

O, COME awa, come awa,  
 Come awa wi' me, Jenny!  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,  
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That ought shall alter me, Jenny;  
 For ye're the mistress of my mind,  
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny!

First when your sweets enslaved my heart,  
 Ye seem'd to favour me, Jenny;  
 But now, alas! you act a part  
 That speaks inconstancie, Jenny.  
 Inconstancie is sic a vice,  
 It's not befitting thee, Jenny;  
 It suits not with your virtue nice,  
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

JENNY.

O, haud awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald!  
 Your heart is made ower large for ane—  
 It is not meet for me, Donald.  
 Some fickle mistress you may find  
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;  
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,  
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald:

But I've a heart that's naething such;  
 'Tis fill'd wi' honestie, Donald.  
 I'll ne'er love mony; I'll love much;  
 I hate all levitie, Donald.

Therefore nae mair, wi' art, pretend  
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald ;  
 For words of falsehood ill defend  
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,  
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald ;  
 Apparent worth and fair renown  
 Made me believe you true, Donald :  
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn  
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald ;  
 But now the mask's faun aff, I scorn  
 To ware a thocht on thee, Donald.

And now for ever haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Sae, seek a heart that's like your ain,  
 And come nae mair to me, Donald :  
 For I'll reserve mysell for ane,  
 For ane that's liker me, Donald.  
 If sic a ane I canna find,  
 I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

## DONALD.

Then I'm the man, and fause report  
 Has only tauld a lie, Jenny ;  
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
 The tale was raised by me, Jenny.

## JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,  
 Then come awa to me, Donald !  
 I'm weel content ne'er to repent  
 That I hae smiled on thee, Donald ! \*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

TUNE—*Donald.*

O, WILL ye hae ta tartan plaid,  
 Or will ye hae ta ring, matam?  
 Or will ye hae ta kiss o' me?  
 And tat's a pretty ting, matam!  
 Haud awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald!  
 I'll neither kiss nor hae ta ring;  
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald!

O, see you not her ponny progues,  
 Her fecket-plaid, plue, creen, matam?  
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spoigs,  
 And shouder-pelt apeen,\* matam?  
 Haud awa, bide awa,  
 Bide awa frae me, Donald!  
 Nae shouder-belts, nae trinkabouts,  
 Nae tartan hose for me, Donald!

Her can pe show a petter hough  
 Tan him tat wears ta croun, matam;  
 Hersell hae pistol and claymore,  
 To fie ta Lallant loon, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald!  
 For a' your houghs and warlike arms,  
 You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hersell hae a short coat pi pote,  
 No trail my feets at rin, matam;  
 A cutty sark of good harn sheet,  
 My motter she pe spin, matam.

\* Above.

Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald ;  
 Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,  
 And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's ne'er pe pidden work a turn  
 At ony kind o' spin, matam ;  
 But shug your lenno in a skull,  
 And tidel Highland sing, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Your jogging sculls and Highland sang  
 Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,  
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, matam :  
 Sweet milk and ream as much you please,  
 Far sheeper tan Bohee, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 I winna quit my morning's tea—  
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gaelic ye'se pe learn,  
 And tat's ta ponny speak, matam ;  
 Ye'se get a sheese, and putter kirn :  
 Come wi' me kin ye like, matam.  
 Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 Your Gaelic and your Highland cheer  
 Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait, ye'se pe get a siller protch,  
 Pe pigger tan ta moon, matam ;  
 Ye'se ride in currach \* 'stead o' coach,  
 And wow put ye'll pe fine, matam.

\* Boat.

Haud awa, haud awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald !  
 For a' your Highland rarities,  
 Ye're no a match for me, Donald.

What 'tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind  
 To a pretty man like me, matam !  
 Sae lang's claymore hangs py my side  
 I'll nefer marry tee, matam !  
 O, come awa, come awa,  
 Come awa wi' me, Donald !  
 I wadna quit my Highland man ;  
 Frae Lawlands set me free, Donald ! \*

~~~~~

DAME, DO THE THING WHILK I
 DESIRE.†

GET up, gudewife, don on your claise,
 And to the market mak you boune :
 'Tis lang time sin' your neebors rase ;
 They're weel nigh gotten into the toune.
 See ye don on your better goune,
 And gar the lasse big on the fyre.
 Dame, do not look as ye wad frowne,
 But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

I spier what haste ye hae, gudeman !
 Your mother staid till ye war born ;

* From Herd's Collection, 1776. Ritson expresses a conjecture, that this is the song to which the name and the tune originally belonged ; but as it did not appear in any collection till fifty years after the preceding song was published in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and as its language and humour evidently belong to a later age, I am tempted to think that the reverse was the case.

† This curious old song, which seems to belong to the same class of humorous Scottish compositions with the " Barring o' the Door," and " Tak your auld Cloak about ye," is given by Ritson, in his *Scottish Songs*, 1794, from a manuscript of Charles the First's time, in the British Museum, (Bib. Sloan. 1489.)

Wad ye be at the tother can,
 To scoure your throat sae sune this morne?
 Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,
 That ye suld with my rising mell; *
 For when ye have baith said and sworne,
 I'll do but what I like mysell.

Gudewife, we maun needs have a care,
 Sae lang's we wonne in neebors' rawe,
 O' neeborheid to tak a share,
 And rise up when the cocks does craue; §
 For I have heard an auld said sawe,
 "They that rise the last big on the fyre."
 What wind or weather so ever blaw,
 Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do ye talk of neeborheid?
 Gif I lig in my bed till noone,
 By nae man's shins I bake my breid,
 And ye need not reck what I have done.
 Nay, look to the clooting o' your shoone,
 And with my rising do not mell; §
 For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,
 I'll do but what I will mysell.

Gudewife, ye maun needs tak a care
 To save the geare that we hae won; §
 Or lye away baith plow and car,
 And hang up Ring † when a' is done.
 Then may our bairns a-begging run,
 To seek their mister ‡ in the myre.
 Sae fair a thread as we hae won!
 Dame, do the thing whilk I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a-begging gang,
 Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke :

* Meddle.

† The dog.

‡ Supposed to signify money, or means of livelihood.

Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
 To seek your meat amang gude folke.
 In ilka house ye'll get a locke,*
 When ye come whar your gossips dwell.
 Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,
 I'll do but what I list mysell.

Gudewife, you promised, when we were wed,
 That ye wad me truly obey ;
 Mess John can witness what you said,
 And I'll go fetch him in this day :
 And, gif that haly man will say,
 Ye'se do the thing that I desyre,
 Then sall we sune end up this fray,
 And ye sall do what I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jacke—
 I'll tak my pleasure at my ease ;
 I care not what you say a placke—
 Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.
 And, gin ye want ane of a mease,
 Ye may e'en gae fetch the deil frae helle ;
 I wad you wad let your japin cease,
 For I'll do but what I like mysell.

Well, sin' it will nae better bee,
 I'll tak my share or a' bee gane :
 The warst card in my hand sall flee,
 And, i' faith, I wait I can shifte for ane.
 I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd the waine,
 And the greatest spender sall beare the belf :
 And then, when all the gudes are gane,
 Dame, do the thing ye list yoursell.

* Handful.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

TUNE—*There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.*

O SWEET are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
 The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
 When the saft wastlin wind, as it wanders ower the lea,
 Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
 And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny noon ;
 But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet to
 me,
 As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften hae I been,
 And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours I've
 seen ;
 But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shared, my
 love, wi' thee,
 In the gloamin', 'neath the bonnie bonnie hawthorn
 tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,
 And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, licht ower the
 dewy plain ;
 But thy saft voice and sighing breath were sweeter far
 to me,
 While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Auld Time may wave his dusky wing, and Chance may
 cast his die,
 And the rainbow-hues o' flatt'ring hope may darken in
 the sky,
 Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower the fro-
 zen lea,
 Nor leaf nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree ;

But still'd maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing
 heart of mine,
 or me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer
 blossoms shine,
 And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false
 to thee,
 Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn
 tree.

**THE POETS, WHAT FOOLS THEY'RE
 TO DEAVE US.**

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—Fy, let us a' to the bridal.

THE poets, what fools they're to deave us,
 How ilka ane's lassie's sae fine ;
 The tane is an angel—and, save us !
 The neist ane you meet wi's divine !
 And then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,
 Be't Katie, or Janet, or Jean ;
 And the moon, or some far-awa planet's
 Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit
 For sim'lies to set off their charms ;
 And no a wee flow'r but's attackit
 By poets, like bumbees, in swarms.
 Now, what signifies a' this clatter,
 By chiels that the truth winna tell ?
 Wad it no be settlin' the matter,
 To say, Lass, ye're just like your sell ?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,
 For they are no deaf to the din—
 That like me ony puir luckless deevil
 Daur scarce look the gate they are in !

But e'en let them be, wi' their scornin' :
 There's a lassie whase name I could tell ;
 Her smile is as sweet as the mornin'—
 But whisht ! I am ravin' mysell. ●

But he that o' ravin's convickit,
 When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,
 May he ne'er get anither strait jacket
 Than that buckled to by Mess John !
 An' he wha—though cautious an' canny—
 The charms o' the fair never saw,
 Though wise as King Solomon's grannie,
 I swear is the daftest of a'.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*Clean pease strae.*

WHEN John and me were married,
 Our hadding was but sma',
 For my minnie, canker'd carline,
 Wad gie us nocht ava.
 I wair't my fee wi' cannie care,
 As far as it wad gae ;
 But, weel I wat, our bridal bed
 Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,
 We're come to what you see ;
 For fortune thrive aneath our hands,
 Sae eydent aye were we.
 The lowe o' love made labour light ;
 I'm sure you'll find it sae,
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will live in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha'.
 Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Though ye should mak your bridal bed
 O' clean pease strae.

~~~~~

### CAM YE BY ATHOLE.

HOGG.

CAM ye by Athole braes, lad wi' the philabeg,  
 Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?  
 Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and white cockade,  
 Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
 King of the Highland hearts, bonny Prince  
 Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald!  
 But, if I had ten, they should follow Glengary:  
 Health to MacDonald and gallant Clan-Ronald,  
 For they are the men that wad die for their Charlie.  
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them;  
 Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;  
 Brave MacIntosh he shall fly to the field with them;  
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,  
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!

Ronald and Donald, drive on with the braid claymore,  
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!  
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

**THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.**

*TUNE—There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.*

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,  
There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard;  
And on that bonnie bush there's twa roses I loe dear,  
And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,  
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard;  
They shall bob on Athole green, and there they will be  
seen,  
And the rocks and the trees shall be their safeguard.

O my bonnie bonnie flouirs, they shall bloom ower  
them a',  
When they gang to the dancin' in Carlisle ha';  
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding them a',  
When they gang to the dancin' in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?  
O what will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?  
I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a penny fee,  
And see gin ony bonnie laddie 'll fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,  
He's coming frae the north that's to marry me;  
A feather in his bonnet, a rose abune his bree;  
He's a bonnie bonnie lad, an yon be he.\*

\* From Mr Hogg's Jacobite Relics.

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

● TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great;  
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state:  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;  
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guid as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie—  
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;  
“Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.”

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;  
“And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?”  
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she cam ben, he boued fu' low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the Laird, when the lady said, Na,  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;

And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
 "She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
 "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—  
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the lady were seen,  
 They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green:  
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,  
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.\*

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## THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

TUNE—*The Roast-beef of Old England.*

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird  
 For a wee piece o' grund, to be a kail-yard,  
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard;  
     O! the kail-brose o' auld Scotland,  
     And O! the auld Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,  
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,  
 Just before they began they'd been feasting on brose;  
     O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,  
 Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did compose,  
 And a bag of oatmeal on their backs to be brose;  
     O! the kail-brose, &c.

\* Supposed, with the exception of the two last verses, (which are supplementary,) to be the composition of the accomplished authoress of *Marriage*.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,  
 Nae kick-shaws, or puddings, or tarts, were seen there ;  
 But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare :  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

But when we remember the English, our foes,  
 Our ancestors beat them wi' very few blows ;  
 John Bull oft cried, O ! let us rin—they've got brose !  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

But, now that the thistle is joined to the rose,  
 And the English nae langer are counted our foes,  
 We've lost a great deal of our relish for brose :  
     O ! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,  
 Likes always to feast on a cogue o' gude brose ;  
 And, thanks be to Heaven, we've plenty of those :  
     O ! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,  
     And O ! the auld Scottish kail-brose ! \*

\* Said to have been written by —— Sheriff, an Aberdeenshire poet, who published two volumes of poems, and regarding whom the following anecdote is told :—

When Burns first came to Edinburgh, in the end of the year 1786, he applied to one of the most respectable printers in town, and ordered a quantity of prospectuses of the second edition of his poems. He had shaken off but little of his professional mould ; his dress was by no means gay ; and he had acquired a very small portion of the reputation he afterwards attained to. Of course, he did not appear in the eyes of an Edinburgh tradesman the most promising customer in the world. So much, indeed, had he the appearance of something the reverse, that when he called for his prospectuses, and began to talk of having the work itself printed, Mr ——, with great politeness of manner, hinted at a custom which obtained among men of his profession, namely, to require payment by advance, in the case of doing business for the first time with strangers. At this ungracious insinuation, the dark cheek of Burns flushed in a moment with the brightest crimson, and pulling a considerable quantity of money from his pocket, he eagerly demanded what he had to pay, tabled the amount, and instantly left the place, notwithstanding all that the printer could say in palliation of his suspicions.

A multitudinous impression of Burns's poems was issued next spring from a rival printing-house, and Mr —— cursed the *mal-a-propos* cautiousness which had lost him so excellent and so promising a job. With the usual blindness of all persons connected with his profession, which supposes, that because one thing has succeeded, another thing of the same *external* nature will also succeed, he resolved not to let slip another opportu-



## OH, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*Sleepy Maggie.*

O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie?  
 O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
 Let me in, for loud the linn  
 Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night;  
 No a starn in a' the carie;  
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,  
 And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank;  
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;  
 Loud the iron yett does clank;  
 And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,  
 For fear I raise your waukrife daddy;  
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;  
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!

nity of printing the effusions of a rustic muse. It fell to the lot of Mr Sheriff to afford him this opportunity. The Aberdeenshire poet was one of the very first of those individuals who were encouraged by the success of Burns to attempt similar poetical publications. Mr ———, the printer, agreed, without a moment's hesitation, to undertake the risk of putting his lucubrations into the shape of a book. An enormous edition was printed in two duodecimo volumes. The work was published; but, alas for the calculations of the publisher, although the poetry possessed a very respectable degree of merit, and seemed to be exactly of the same sort with that of the Ayrshire bard, a tithe of it did not sell. The lucky moment and the lucky man were lost; and Mr ———, in addition to his former negative misfortune, had now to regret one of a positive nature, and which was ten times harder to bear.

This anecdote, the *poetical justice* of which is very striking, may be depended on as true, being derived from the memory of a respectable printer, who was in Mr ———'s employment at the time when the whole circumstances took place.

She oped the door; she let him in;  
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
 Blaw your warst, ye wind and rain,  
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
 Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
 What care I for howlet's cry,  
 For boor-tree bank and warlock craggie!

~~~~~

**WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY
 GLEN.**

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—There grows a bonnie Brier Bush.

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen on yon burn-side,
 Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn-side:
 Though the broomy knowes be green,
 Yet there we may be seen;
 But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn-
 side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower on yon burn-side,
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn-
 side:
 There the busy prying eye
 Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
 While in other's arms they lie, down by yon burn-side.

Awa, ye rude unfeelin' crew, frae yon burn-side!
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side:

There fancy smooths her theme,
 By the sweetly murmurin' stream,
 And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-
 side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd on yon
 burn-side,
 And gloamin' draws her foggie shroud o'er yon burn-
 side :

Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields alane ;
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean ! down by yon
 burn-side.

~~~~~

### LUCKY NANSY.

MODERNISED BY LORD PRESIDENT FORBES.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops, in saft Italian verse,  
 Ilk fair ane's een and breist rehearse ;  
 While sangs abound, and wit is scarce,  
 These lines I have indited :  
 But neither darts nor arrows, here,  
 Venus nor Cupid, shall appear ;  
 Although with these fine sounds, I swear,  
 The maidens are delighted.  
 I was aye telling you,  
 Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,  
 Auld springs wad ding the new,  
 But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,  
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;  
 And syne the unmeaning name prefix,  
 Miranda, Cloe, Phillis ;

I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,  
 My height of ecstasy to prove,  
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love  
 With roses eke and lilies.

But, stay—I had amaist forgot  
 My mistress, and my sang to boot,  
 And that's an unco faut, I wot ;  
 But, Nansy, 'tis nae matter :  
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,  
 And ken ye that atones the crime ;  
 Forbye, how sweet my numbers chime,  
 And glide away like water !

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,  
 Thy runkled cheeks, and lyart hair,  
 Thy half-shut een, and hoddling air,  
 Are a' my passion's fuel ;  
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,  
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;  
 Yet thou hast charms enew for me ;  
 Then smile, and be na cruel.  
 Leeze me on thy snawy pow,  
 Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy ;  
 Dryest wood will eithest low,  
 And, Nansy, sae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,  
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;  
 Hear, then, my charitable vow,  
 Dear venerable Nansy :  
 But, if the world my passion wrang,  
 And say ye only live in sang,  
 Ken, I despise a slandering tongue,  
 And sing to please my fancy.  
 Leeze me on, &c.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## OLD KING COUL.

OLD King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 And old King Coul he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in fiddlers three ;  
 And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,  
 And a very good fiddler was he :  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,  
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in pipers three :  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the  
 pipers three ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' the land,  
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in harpers three :  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the  
 pipers ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
 And there's no a lass in a' the land,  
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
 And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
 And they brought him in trumpeters three :

Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters ;  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went the  
     pipers ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
     And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,  
     Compared to sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,  
     And a jolly old soul was he ;  
 Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,  
     And they brought him in drummers three :  
 Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers ;  
 Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters ;  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers ;  
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle, went  
     the pipers ;  
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three :  
     And there's no a lass in a' the land,  
     Compared to sweet Marjorie.\*

---

## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Over the Water to Charlie.*

COME, boat me ower, come, row me ower,  
     Come, boat me ower to Charlie ;  
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,  
     To ferry me ower to Charlie.  
     We'll over the water, and over the sea,  
     We'll over the water to Charlie ;  
     Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
     And live and die wi' Charlie.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

It's weel I loe my Charlie's name,  
 Though some there be that abhor him ;  
 But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,  
 And the sun that glances early,  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, I now hae nane ;  
 I bred them, toiling sairly ;  
 And I wad bear them a' again,  
 And lose them a' for Charlie !

---

### THE WAEFU' HEART.

TUNE—*The wae fu' heart.*

GIN livin' worth could win my heart,  
 You would not speak in vain ;  
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
 Never to rise again.

My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,  
 Whose heart was only mine ;  
 And, oh ! what a heart was that to lose—  
 But I maun no repine.

Yet, oh ! gin heaven in mercy soon  
 Would grant the boon I crave,  
 And take this life, now naething worth,  
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave !

And see, his gentle spirit comes,  
 To show me on my way ;

Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,  
Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear ;  
And, oh, wi' what gude will  
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead !  
Ye canna lead to ill.

She said, and soon a deadly pale  
Her faded cheek possess'd ;  
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat ;  
Her sorrows sunk to rest.\*

---

### CUTTIE'S WEDDING.

TUNE—*Cuttie's Wedding.*

Busk and go, busk and go,  
Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding !  
Wha wad be the lass or lad  
That wadna gang an they were bidden ?

Cuttie he's a lang man,  
O he'll get a little wife ;  
But he'll tak on to the town loan  
When she taks on her fickie-fykie.

Cuttie he cam here yestreen ;  
Cuttie he fell ower the midden ;  
He wat the house, and tint his shoon,  
Courtin' at a cankert maiden.

He sat him down upon the green,  
The lass cam till him wi' ae biddin' ;  
He says, Gin ye were mine, my dame,  
Monie ane's be at our weddin'.

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.



Busk and go, busk and go,  
 Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding!  
 Wha wad be the lass or lad  
 That wadna gang an they were bidden? \*

~~~~~

O, AN YE WERE DEID, GUIDMAN.

TUNE—*O, an ye were deid, Guidman.*

O, AN ye were deid, guidman,
 And a green truff on your heid, guidman,
 That I micht ware my widowheid
 Upon a rantin Highlandman.

There's sax eggs in the pan, guidman,
 There's sax eggs in the pan, guidman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

There's beef into the pot, guidman,
 There's beef into the pot, guidman;
 The banes for you, and the broe for me,
 And the beef for our John Highlandman.

There's sax horse in the sta', guidman,
 There's sax horse in the sta', guidman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

There's sax kye in the byre, guidman,
 There's sax kye in the byre, guidman;
 There's nane o' them yours, but there's twa o' them
 mine,
 And the lave is our John Highlandman's.†

* This humorous old rant, which is sung to a very lively tune, is from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1828.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

MAGGIE LAUDER.*

SEMPLE.

TUNE—*Maggie Lauder.*

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder ?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her :
 Richt scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker ! †
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate ! ‡
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie ! quoth he ; and, by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee !
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird ;
 In troth I winna steer thee ;
 For I'm a piper to my trade ;
 My name is Rob the Ranter :
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo Meg, hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order ?

* " This old song, so pregnant with Scottish naiveté and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions. Its language is a precious model of imitation ; sly, sprightly, and forcibly expressive. Maggie's tongue wags out the nicknames of Rob the Piper with all the careless lightness of unrestrained gaiety."—BURNS.

† " *Hallanshaker* is what the old people call a rambling mischievous fellow ; one who sods up the burns, ties the doors, and works other pranks of innocent merriment. The *hallan* is a bundle composed of the longest broom, entwisted with willows, placed movable to ward the wind from the door. The partition which divided the spence from the hall was frequently named ' the Hallan,' being formed of similar materials."—CROMBIE.

‡ " *Bladderskate* ought to be *Blether-skyte*. ' Ye bletherin' loon,' ' Ye vile skyte,' are terms of familiar reproach still in use, and are innocently applied to those satiric rogues who have the art of mingling falsehood with truth with admirable art, annoying with it the sage remarks of the sober-minded and wise."—IDEM.

If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you ;
 Live you upo' the Border ?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard o' Rob the Ranter ;
 I'll shake my foot wi' richt gude will,
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed ;
 About the drone he twisted :
 Meg up and wallop'd ower the green ;
 For brawly could she frisk it !
 Weel done ! quo he. Play up ! quo she.
 Weel bobb'd ! quo Rob the Ranter ;
 It's worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer !

Weel hae ye play'd your part ! quo Meg ;
 Your cheeks are like the crimson !
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Sin' we lost Habbie Simpson.*
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 This ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair, †
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder. ‡

* A celebrated piper at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, whose memory and merits are preserved in an excellent elegy by Semple. He flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century.

† "In consequence of an enthusiasm upon such subjects, the writer of these pages did not neglect, on visiting Anstruther, to 'spier for Maggie Lauder.' He was pleased to find, that the inhabitants of the town have not only preserved the tradition of her existence, but even know the exact place of her residence. She lived, and practised (it seems) not the most reputable profession, in the *East Green of Anster*, a low street, connecting the town with the adjacent fishing-village of Cellardykes. Her house was a cot of one story, and stood upon the north side of the street, at the west end of two more modern little cottages, almost opposite to a tannery. The spot is now occupied by a garden, which extends a good way back. The house itself has not existed within the memory of the present generation ; but all the people concur in pointing out this as its site. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that, in opposition to the popular legend regarding this renowned lady, the Anstruther family have a tradition that she was a person of condition, and connected with their ancient house."—*Picture of Scotland*, vol. 2, article FIVE.

‡ From Herd's Collection, 1776. It is certainly a startling fact, and one which militates strongly against the tradition of Semple's authorship, that the song does not appear in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

THE QUEEN OF SLUTS.

[FROM RECITATION.]

I MARRIED a wife, and I brocht her hame ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo, noo, noo !
 I set her i' the neuk, and I ca'd her dame ;
 Sing ben willie wallets, sing niddle, sing noddle ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo, noo, noo !

I bocht my wife twenty milk-kye ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.
 She sat i' the neuk till she drank them dry ;
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

When she kirn'd, she kirn'd in a boot ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.
 And, instead o' the kirn-staff, she stapp'd in her kute ;*
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

She roastit a hen, baith feathers and guts ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.
 I think that my wife was the Queen o' Sluts !
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

My wife she took a pain in her head ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, &c.
 And the Lord be praised ! for noo she is dead !
 Sing ben willie wallets, &c.

I wish the morn may be a gude day ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo, noo, noo !
 To get the auld filthy slut hoistit away ;
 Sing ben willie wallets, sing niddle, sing noddle ;
 Sing niddle, sing noddle, sing noo, noo, noo !

* Ankle.

TAM O' THE LIN.

[FROM RECITATION.]

TAM o' the Lin is no very wise ;
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !
 He selt his sow, and boucht a gryce ;*
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

The gryce gaed out, and never cam in ;
 The deil gae wi' her ! quo Tam o' the Lin.
 Sing lindly, tindly, fa la lindly,
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

Tam o' the Lin gaed up the gate, †
 Fa la, fa la, &c.
 Wi' fifty puddins on a plate !
 Fa la, fa la, &c.

And ilka puddin had a pin ;
 There's wood eneuch here ! quo Tam o' the Lin.
 Sing lindly, tindly, &c.

Tam o' the Lin, and a' his bairns,
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !
 Fell i' the fire in other's arms ;
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

Oh ! quo the bunemost, I've got a het skin !
 It's hetter below ! quo Tam o' the Lin.
 Sing lindly tindly, fa la lindly,
 Fa la, fa la, fa lillie !

* A young sow.

† Street, way.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS

TO HIS TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
BANNOCKBURN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Hey tuttie taittie.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled !
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
See the front of battle lour :
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do or die ! *

* Burns conceived this most spirited lyric while riding, along with Mr Syme of Dumfries, on a stormy night, (July or August 1793,) through the wilds which intervene betwixt Kenmure and Gatehouse, in Galloway. He adopted the air of " Hey tuttie taittie," because he had heard a tradition in different parts of Scotland, and especially near Stirling, that that was the air to which the Scottish troops marched, in going forward to encounter the English at the battle of Bannockburn.

The air of " Hey tuttie taittie" seems to be alluded to in the following curious poem, which appears to have been published, for the first and only time, in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, 1711. It is one of a series of comic doggrels, which the collector represents as having been written upon a public-house, kept by one Peter Butter, at the gate of the Earl of Errol's Castle of Slaines, Aberdeenshire; which public-house was called, by the classical wits that frequented it, " Collegium Butterense." This particular individual of the set, which itself bears some resemblance to a song, is the address of a set of candidates to Alexander Crookshanks, patron of the College:—

Most worthy patron, we,
 Praefati candidati,
 With th' old schoolmen agree,
 As we shall let you see,
 O *Titt, Tut, Tatt.*

'Twas Aristotle's wish,
 Who glampet at the truth,
 And tippled like a fish,
 To drink well and to —,
 And not to die for drouth.

The best of our great guns
 Refresh'd himself when dry;
 To wit, John Scot of Duns,
 Swept off so many ounce,
 And gave his reasons why.

Both Cartes and Le Grand,
 Though they did break no glasses,
 To tipple did not stand;
 So did Pope Hildebrand,
 As every man confesses.

Mes. George Buchanan, yea
 Et multi recentiores,
 At ale and usquebae,
 Sat sometimes night and day,
 And told *Jus Regni* stories.

Since Cartes took his glass,
 And so did Aristode,
 Let's call the College Lass:
 When thirsty, he's an ass,
 With's friend will baulk a bottle.

SYMON BRODIE.

TUNE—*Symon Brodie.*

SYMON Brodie had a cow :
The cow was lost, and he couldna find her :

Let Mahomet drink wine,
And Mercury drink nectar ;
Set thou thy foot to mine,
We'll hold our ale's as fine
As Oliver's * Protector.

The reader will find Burns's own opinion of this favourite war-song, in the following letter, which was written by him, at Dumfries, on the 5th of December 1793, to a country gentleman of Perthshire, who was residing there in command of a party of Fencibles. I am indebted for this very interesting document, which is here printed with all the literal peculiarities of the original, to Mr Stewart of Dalguise. It is perhaps one of the most characteristic letters Burns ever wrote :—

“ SIR,

“ Heated as I was with wine yesternight, I was perhaps rather seemingly impertinent in my anxious wish to be honoured with your acquaintance. You will forgive it : 'twas the impulse of heartfelt respect.—' He is the father of the Scotch County Reform, and is a man who does honour to the business, at the same time that the business does honour to him !' said my worthy friend Glenriddel, to somebody by me, who was talking of your coming to this country with your corps.—Then, I replied, I have a woman's longing to take him by the hand, and say to him, Sir, I honour you as a man to whom the interests of humanity are dear, and as a Patriot to whom the Rights of your Country are sacred.

“ In times such as these, sir, when our Commoners are barely able, by the glimmer of their own twilight understandings, to scrawl a frank ; and when Lords are—what gentlemen would be ashamed to be ; to whom shall a sinking country call for help ? To the *independant country gentleman* ! To him who has too deep a stake in his country, not to be in earnest for her welfare ; and who, in the honest pride of man, can view with equal contempt, the insolence of office, and the allurements of corruption.

“ I mentioned to you a Scots ode or song I had lately composed, and which, I think, has some merit. Allow me to enclose it. When I fall in with you at the Theatre, I shall be glad to have your opinion of it. Accept of it, sir ; as a very humble, but most sincere tribute of respect, from a man, who, dear as he prizes Poetic Fame, yet holds dearer an Independant Mind.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Sir,

“ Your very humble servt.

“ ROBT. BURNS.

“ Tuesday morning.”

* “ A Bailie and Apothecary in Peterhead ; a boon companion, not only for Crambe, but also refers to his father's keeping a brewery.”—*Note by the Collector.*

When he had done what man could do,
 The cow cam hame, and her tail behind her.
 Honest auld Symon Brodie,
 Stupid auld doitit bodie !
 I'll awa to the North countrie,
 And see my ain dear Symon Brodie.

Symon Brodie had a wife,
 And, wow ! but she was braw and bonnie ;
 She took the dish-clout aff the buik,
 And preen'd it to her cockernonie.
 Honest auld Symon Brodie, &c.*



CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Craigieburn Wood.*

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow ;
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing,
 But what a wearie wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,

* From Herz's Collection, 1776.

When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.*

~~~~~

## UP IN THE AIR.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Up in the Air.*

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,  
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light.  
In glens the fairies skip and dance;  
And witches wallop o'er to France.  
Up in the air,  
On my bonnie gray mare!  
And I see her yet, and I see her yet!

The wind's drifting hail and snaw  
Ower frozen haggs, like a foot-ba';  
Nae starns keek through the azure slit;  
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.  
The man in the moon  
Is carousing aboon;  
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?

Take your glass to clear your een.  
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen;  
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,  
And gently beets the lover's fire.  
Up in the air,  
It drives away care;  
Hae wi' you, hae wi' you, hae wi' you, lads, yet!

\* The heroine of this song was a Miss Lorimer, who resided at Craigeiburn, near Moffat, in Annandale, and who was the *Chloris* of so many other songs of Burns. It refers to a passion which Mr Gillespie, an intimate friend of the poet, entertained for Miss Lorimer. The lady afterwards married a Mr Whelpdale. The woods of Craigeiburn and Dumerieff, the last of which contained the seat of his respected editor, Dr Currie, were at one time favourite haunts of the poet.

Steek the doors ; keep out the frost ;  
 Come, Willie, gie's about your toast !  
 Fill it, lads, and tilt it out,  
 And let us hae a blythesome bout.  
     Up wi't! there, there !  
     Dinna cheat, but drink fair.  
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet ! \*

~~~~~

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

TUNE—*Through the Wood, Laddie.*

O, SANDY, why leave thus thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me ;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank o' the burn,
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Though woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,
 While lavrocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane o' them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scornin'
 Baith e'enin' and mornin' ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. There is an old ballad (of which, however, I have been unable to procure a copy) that appears to have given the poet the first hint of this composition. It represents a tyrannical uncle pursuing a young gentleman, his nephew, who had just been paying his addresses to his cousin, the daughter of the said uncle. The youthful lover has had the good sense to leave behind a servant, or companion, with instructions to mislead the vengeful man, in case he should come up and inquire which way the fugitive had gone. When the uncle comes up, this individual answers to his inquiries, that the person he was in quest of—

—————“ is up in the air
 On his bonnie gray mare,
 And I see him, and I see him, and I see him yet.”

The effect of which bamboozling is such as to permit the lover's escape.

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away ;
But, quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, thegither we'll gae.*

~~~~~

### BIDE YE YET.

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

OH, had I a house and a cantie wee fire,  
A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
A bonnie wee yardie beside a wee burn,  
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.  
And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
Ye little ken what may betide me yet ;  
Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,  
And I'll aye be cantie wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field and come hame at e'en,  
I'll find my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean ;  
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
That 'll cry Papa, or Daddie, to me.

I carena a button for sacks fu' o' cash ;  
Let wizen'd auld bachelors think on sic trash :  
Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee ;  
A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.

And if there ever should happen to be  
A difference atween my wee wifie and me ;

\* From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

In hearty good-humour, although she be teased,  
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.\*

MARY MORISON.†

BURNS.

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

O, MARY, at thy window be ;  
It is the wished, the trysted hour :  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor.  
How blythely wad I byde the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen, when to the stented string  
The dance gaed through the lichtit ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast o' a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
Ye are na Mary Morison.

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† The high sentiment of this song, and especially of its second verse, has been remarked by Mr Hazlitt in one of his critical publications.

A thocht ungentle canna be  
The thocht of Mary Morison.



### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

OH, I'm come to the Low Countrie,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Without a penny in my purse  
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me !

For there I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Feeding on yon hill sae high,  
And bringing milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine !  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he cam o'er at last,  
Sae far, to set us free ;  
My Donald's arm was wanting then,  
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell !  
 Richt to the wrang did yield ;  
 My Donald and his country fell  
 Upon Culloden-field.  
 Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh !  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
 Nae woman in this warld wide  
 Sae wretched now as me.\*

~~~~~

A RED RED ROSE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Low down in the Brume.*

O, MY luv'e's like a red red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 O, my luv'e's like the melodie,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 Sae deep in luv'e am I ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e,
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my luv'e,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

* From the Jacobite Relics, 1821.

O, WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad.*

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
Though father, and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be ajee ;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O, whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O, whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lichtly my beauty a wee ;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O, whistle, &c.

OH, GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED
ROSE.

TUNE—*Hughie Graham.*

OH, gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seated on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa by Phœbus' licht.*

[ADDITIONAL STANZA BY BURNS.]

O, WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
How I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

~~~~~  
PUIRTITH CAULD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I had a Horse.*

O, PUIRTITH cauld, and restless love,  
Ye wreck my peace between ye;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Yet puirtith a' I could forgie,  
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.  
 O, why should fate sic pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,  
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray  
 How she repays my passion;  
 But prudence is her owerword aye,  
 She talks of rank and fashion.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sic a lassie by him?  
 O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cottar's lot!  
 He woos his simple dearie;  
 The sillie bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never make them eerie.  
 Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining? \*

\* I have been informed, that Burns wrote this song in consequence of hearing a gentleman (now a respectable citizen of Edinburgh) sing the old homely ditty which gives name to the tune, with an effect which made him regret that such pathetic music should be united to such unsentimental poetry. The meeting, I have been further informed, where this circumstance took place, was held in the poet's favourite tavern, *Johnnie Dowie's*, in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh; and there, at a subsequent meeting, the new song was also sung, for the first time, by the same individual.