

BONNY CHIRSTY.*

RAMSAY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green ;
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compared with those of Chirsty.

When wandering o'er the flowery park,
 No natural beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chanting !
 But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration ;
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
 And drap the hail creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :

* Spelled Christy in the original, but here altered to suit the ordinary pronunciation and the rhyme. The heroine of the song was Miss Christian Dundas, daughter of Sir James Dundas of Arniston, and married to Sir Charles Areskine of Alva, (who was born in 1643, and knighted in 1666.) She was the mother of Sir Charles Areskine of Alva, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland for some years previous to his death in 1763. As her son was born in 1680, we may conjecture that this lady flourished as "Bonny Chirsty" a good while before Ramsay's time; but the poet, who might have written the song in compliment to charms which, though then faded, were still celebrated, is known, from the "Orpheus Caledonius," to have only substituted it for an older song, now lost. A portrait of Lady Areskine, exhibiting such a degree of beauty and grace as fully to justify her common title of Bonny Chirsty, is still in the possession of her descendants. From the circumstance of Ramsay having commenced his collection with this song, it would appear that it was, out of all his compositions in this department of poetry, his own favourite.

But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sung blate Edie by a burn ;
 His Chirsty did o'erhear him :
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But, ere he wist, drew near him.
 She spak her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flung his arms about her.

My Chirsty ! Witness, bonnie stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising !
 I wish this may na be a dream !
 Oh, love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;
 This point o' a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches baulk,
 But wared it a' on kisses.

~~~~~

## MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Yowe-buchts.*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?  
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 Across the Atlantic's roar ?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,  
 And the apple on the pine ;  
 But a' the charms o' the Indies  
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens, my Mary,  
 I hae sworn by the heavens to be true ;  
 And sae may the heavens forget me,  
 When I forget my vow !

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 And plight me your lily-white hand ;  
 O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
 In mutual affection to join ;  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us !  
 The hour and the moment o' time ! \*



## FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

DR PERCY.

[SCOTTISH VERSION.]

TUNE—*Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me ?*

O, NANNIE wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?  
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

\* When Burns was designing his voyage to the West Indies, he wrote this song as a *farewell* to a girl whom he happened to regard, at the time, with considerable admiration. He afterwards sent it to Mr Thomson for publication in his splendid collection of the national music and musical poetry of Scotland.

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the winter wind?  
 O can that soft and gentle mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae?  
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae?  
 Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



## THE BLACK BIRD. \*

[JACOBITE SONG.]

UPON a fair morning, for soft recreation,  
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,

\* This song, which appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, is inserted here as a specimen of the allegorical poetry under which the Jaco-

With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
 Saying, My black bird most royal is flown.  
 My thoughts they deceive me, reflections do grieve me,  
 And I am o'erburden'd wi' sad miserie ;  
 Yet if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,  
 My black bird I'll seek out wherever he be.

Once into fair England my black bird did flourish ;  
 He was the flower that in it did spring ;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because he was the true son of a king :  
 But since that false fortune, which still is uncertain,  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance in Spain and in France,  
 And seek out my black bird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together ;  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove ;  
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.  
 He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure ;  
 And justly, my love, my heart follows thee,  
 Who art constant and kind, and courageous of mind ;—  
 All bliss on my black bird, wherever he be !

bites, about the beginning of the last century, couched their treasonable sentiments. The allegory of this poem is curious enough. The *black bird* was one of the nick-names of the Chevalier de St George, being suggested by his complexion, which was so excessively dark as to form a miraculous contrast with the light fair countenance of his unfortunate son Charles. Ramsay, though said to have been a devout Jacobite, was so extremely cautious a man, that his admission of such a song into his collection is somewhat surprising; for, though its ostensible meaning be the most innocent in the world, the allegory is by no means so well managed as to conceal altogether the real meaning, while the decussation of the word blackbird into two words almost entirely neutralizes it. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the Jacobite ladies, in singing this lamentation for the foreign residence of their political idol, would pause upon the syllable *black*, with an emphasis equally significant and endearing. It would appear that the black complexion of the personage in question was a matter of great notoriety, and was much harped upon by his party; as in a ring, now in the possession of a Jacobite family in Forfarshire, there is a small parcel o. his raven locks, with this flattering proverbial inscription—"The black man's the brauest."

In England my black-bird and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and generous of heart.  
 Ah! woe to the time that first he went thither!  
 Alas! he was forced from thence to depart!  
 In Scotland he's deem'd, and highly esteem'd;  
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be;  
 Yet his fame shall remain in France and in Spain;—  
 All bliss to my black bird, wherever he be!

What if the fowler my black bird has taken!  
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;  
 But if he is safe I'll not be forsaken,  
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.  
 For him, through the fire, through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind, and noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be!

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor that like a pilgrim I wander forlorn;  
 I may meet with friendship from one is a stranger,  
 More than of one that in Britain is born.  
 I pray Heaven, so spacious, to Britain be gracious,  
 Though some there be odious to both him and me.  
 Yet joy and renown, and laurels shall crown  
 My black bird with honour, wherever he be.

~~~~~

JOHN OF BADENYON.

REV. MR SKINNER.

TUNE—*John o' Badenyon.*

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years, or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world
 would know;

In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay ;
 And here, and there, and every where, was like a morn
 in May.

No care I had, no fear of want, but rambled up and down ;
 And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town :
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went ; and, when I was
 alone,

I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself wi' John o' Ba-
 denyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find ;
 For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves
 the mind :

On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd mine
 eyes ;

Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became
 my choice.

To Cupid, now, with hearty prayer, I offer'd many a vow,
 And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other
 lovers do ;

But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her cold
 as stone—

I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish
 hopes and vain,

To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd
 at lovers' pain ;

A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something like
 divine ;

An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was
 mine.

And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.

A strait soon came ; my friend I tried—he laugh'd, and
 spurn'd my moan ;

I hied me home, and tun'd my pipe to John of Ba-
 denyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes, and cry up parson
 Horne ;
 Their noble spirit I admired, and praised their noble zeal,
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd the
 public weal.
 But, ere a month or two had pass'd, I found myself
 betray'd ;
 'Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they made.
 At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne ;
 I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe to John of Ba-
 denyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed ;
 I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to
 read :
 I bought and borrowed every where, and studied night
 and day,
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd
 in my way.
 Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
 And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after
 truth :
 A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was
 pleased with none ;
 I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John of Ba-
 denyon.

And now, ye youngsters every where, who wish to make
 a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name ;
 And girls, and friends, and books also, you'll find them
 all the same.
 Then be advised, and warning take from such a man
 as me ;
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high degree ;

You'll meet displeasure every where ; then do as I have
done—
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of
Badenyon.*

~~~~~

## WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNIE.†

TUNE—*Waly, waly.*

O WALY, waly up the bank,‡  
And waly, waly down the brae,  
And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
Where I and my love went to gae !  
I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree ;  
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak :  
Sae my true love did lightly me.

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

† This beautiful old song has hitherto been supposed to refer to some circumstance in the life of Queen Mary, or at least to some unfortunate love affair which happened in her court. It is now discovered, from a copy which has been found as forming part of a ballad, in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, (published in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," Glasgow, 1827,) to have been occasioned by the affecting tale of Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. This lady, who was married in 1670, was divorced, or at least expelled from the society of her husband, in consequence of some malignant scandals, which a former and disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, was so base as to insinuate into the ear of the Marquis. What added greatly to the distress of her case, she was confined in child-bed at the time when the base plot took effect against her. Lord Douglas never again saw her. Her father, on learning what had taken place, came to the house and conveyed her away. The line of the Douglas family has not been continued through her. Her only son died Earl of Angus, at the battle of Steinkirk, unmarried; and the late venerable Lord Douglas was grandson of her ladyship's husband by his *second* wife. It must be allowed to add greatly to the pathetic interest of the song, that it thus refers, not, as hitherto supposed, to an unfortunate amour, but to the more meritorious distresses of "wedded love."

‡ *Waly*, a Scottish exclamation of distress. The first verse may be thus paraphrased, for the behoof of the English reader: "Alas! what reason have I to bewail my walks with my lover up yon bank, down yon brae, and along yon river side!"

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new ;  
 But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk \* my heid,  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,  
 St Anton's Well † shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
 O, gentle death, when wilt thou come ?  
 For of my life I am wearie ?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry :  
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow toun,  
 We were a comely sicht to see ;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I wed, ‡  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

\* Dress, arrange.

† Arthur's Seat is a hill near Edinburgh, forming part of the chase which surrounds the royal palace of Holyrood. St Anton's, or St Anthony's Well, is a small crystal spring proceeding from the side of Arthur's Seat, and taking its name from a hermitage half way up the hill, which it formerly supplied with water.

‡ " Kissed," in orig.

Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I myself were dead and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me ! \*

~~~~~

THE WEE THING.

MACNEIL.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

SAW ye my wee thing ? saw ye my ain thing ?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea ?
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin ?
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree ?

Her hair it is lint-white ; her skin it is milk-white ;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee ;
 Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses :
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me ?—

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea ;
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin,
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

Her hair it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-white ;
 Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling ee ;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me !—

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree :
 Proud is her leal heart ! and modest her nature !
 She never loed onie till ance she loed me.

* This last line is substituted from an old nurse's copy, for one less delicate and pathetic, which has always hitherto been printed. The song appeared first in the Tea-Table Miscellany, marked with the signature Z, indicating that the editor did not know its age.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
 Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!—

It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was, then, your true love I met by the tree:
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.—

Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee!
 Ye'se rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your
 scorning:
 Defend ye, fause traitor! for loudly ye lie.—

Awa wi' beguiling! cried the youth, smiling:
 Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing—
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling ee!

Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
 Is it my true love here that I see!—
 O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!



OH! TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

OH tell me, oh tell me, bonnie young lassie,
 Oh tell me, young lassie, how for to woo?
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie sweet lassie,
 Oh tell me, sweet lassie, how for to woo?

Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
 Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
 Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo?

Far hae I wander'd to see thee, dear lassie!
 Far hae I ventured across the saut sea!
 Far hae I ventured ower muirland and mountain,
 Houseless and weary, slept cauld on the lea!
 Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luve to ony,
 For ne'er loved I ony till ance I loved you;
 Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonnie,
 Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo?

What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie!
 What care I for your crossing the sea!
 It was nae for naething ye left puir young Peggy;
 It was for my tocher ye cam to court me.
 Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gaudy?
 Ribbons, and pearlins, and breist-knots enew?
 A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie?
 Without this ye never need try for to woo.

I hae nae gowd to busk ye aye gaudy!
 I canna buy pearlins and ribbons enew!
 I've naething to brag o' house or o' plenty!
 I've little to gie but a heart that is true.
 I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' ony;
 I never loved Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow:
 I've wander'd, puir fule, for a face fause as bonnie!
 I little thocht this was the way for to woo!

Hae na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning?
 Hae na ye roosed my cherry-red mou?
 Hae na ye come ower sea, muir, and mountain?
 What mair, my dear Johnie, need ye for to woo?
 Far hae ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie!
 Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue;

Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gaudy :
I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom ;
The soft tear of transport fill'd ilk lover's ee ;
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,
And sweet sang the mavis abune on the tree.
He clasp'd her, he press'd her, he ca'd her his hinnie,
And aften he tasted her hinnie-sweet mou' ;
And aye, 'tween ilk kiss, she sighed to her Johnie—
Oh laddie ! oh laddie ! weel weel can ye woo !

~~~~~

O WHA IS SHE THAT LOES ME.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Morag.*"

O WHA is she that loes me,  
And has my heart a-keeping ?  
O sweet is she that loes me,  
As dew's o' simmer weeping,  
In tears the rose-bud steeping :  
O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie ever dearer ;  
O that's the queen o' womankind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;  
O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
And thy attentions plighted,

That ilka body talking,  
 But her, by thee is slighted ;  
 And if thou art delighted ;  
 O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,  
 When frae her thou hast parted ;  
 If every other fair one  
 But her thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken-hearted ;  
 Oh that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 Oh that's the queen of womankind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

~~~~~

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.*

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE—*Dumbarton's Drums.*

O ! WHY should old age so much wound us, O ?
 There is nothing in't all to confound us, O ;
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our eyes all around us, O.

* The author of this excellent song, of whose mild and well-regulated mind it is a most faithful reflection, was a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church at Longside, a village in Aberdeenshire, about six miles from Peterhead. For the last fifty or sixty years of a life protracted yond the usual span, this venerable man lived in a style of almost apostolic simplicity, in a lowly cottage, or farm-house of the old fashion, called *l' shart*, half a mile from the village where his little straw-clad chapel rears its modest form. The editor of this collection visited the place in 1811 when he had the satisfaction of finding the whole domicile in precisely the same order as when the poet lived in it. The primitive simplicity of whole details furnished a most admirable commentary on the humble circumstances of the Episcopal clergy during the period of their depression which succeeded the insurrection of 1745. The walls were, as the song lates, "not of stone and lime"—the floor was of earth—the chairs, tables and beds, were composed of plain fir, or oak—the chimneys, according to fashion still universal in the cottages of Buchan, were unprovided with grate. Around the walls of the principal room hung portraits, in a

We began in the world wi' naething, O,
 And we've jogged on and toiled for the ae thing, O ;
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
 When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

We have lived all our lifetime contented, O,
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O ;
 It's true we've been but poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
 Yet we never pined nor lamented, O.

We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O,
 By ways that were cunning or stealthie, O ;
 But we always had the bliss—
 And what farther could we wiss ?—
 'To be pleased wi' ourselves and be healthy, O.

What though we canna boast of our guineas, O,
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O ;
 And these, I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
 Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O.

We have seen many a wonder and ferlie, O,
 Of changes that almost are yearly, O,
 Among rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
 Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

colours, of the poet, his wife, and children,—taken seventy years ago by a wandering artist, and now almost smoked out of countenance. In that humble place, during the period when it was unlawful for an Episcopalian clergyman to perform divine service to above four persons, Skinner had often read prayers and preached, with his own family around him, and his little congregation arranged on the outside of an open window—an expedient to elude the terms of the penal act.

It is told of this venerable man, that when he died, in 1808, he had the satisfaction of seeing not only his " oyes around him," but the children of these oyes. Some time before his death, he paid a visit with some of his family, when it was found that there were four *John Skinners* in company, all in direct descent; namely, the poet himself—his son, the late Bishop of Aberdeen—the present bishop—and an infant son of the latter right *reverend gentleman*.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O?
A straitened life, we see, is no rarity, O;
Indeed, we've been in want,
And our living been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.

In this house we first came together, O,
Where we've long been a father and mother, O;
And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time;
And I hope we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation, O;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation, O.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't all to confound us, O;
For how happy now am I,
With my auld wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our eyes all around us! O.

'T WAS WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH
TOWN.

TUNE—*Within a mile of Edinburgh.*

'T WAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny, making hay,

The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cried "No, no, it
will not do ;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had followed the lass ;
Contented she earned and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily :
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "No, no, it
will not do ;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily :
At church she no more frowning cried, "No, no, it
will not do ;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."*

~~~~~

O ! JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO  
FEAR YE.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*

O ! MY lassie, our joy to complete again,  
Meet me again in the gloamin, my dearie :  
Low down in the dell let us meet again ;  
O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye :

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part I, 1787.

Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie ;  
 Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary.  
     Love be thy sure defence,  
     Beauty and innocence :  
 O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blows the haw and the rowan-tree,  
     Wild roses speck our thicket so brierie ;  
 Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be ;  
     O ! Jeanie there's naething to fear ye :  
 Note when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,  
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye ;  
     Then come with fairy haste,  
     Light foot and beating breast :  
 O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be ;  
     Beauty and truth they darena come near it.  
 Kind love is the tie of our unity ;  
     A' maun love it and a' maun revere it.  
 Love maks the song o' the woodland sae cheerie,  
 Love gars a' Nature look bonnie that's near ye ;  
     Love maks the rose sae sweet,  
     Cowslip and violet : 1  
 O ! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

~~~~~

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

TUNE—*Wha'll be King but Charlie?*

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
 That ships o' war hae just come in,
 And landed royal Charlie !
 Come through the heather, around him gather ;
 Ye're a' the welcomer early :
 Around him cling, wi' a' your kin ;
 For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

Come through the heather, around him gather,
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither ;
 And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,
 For wha'll be King but Charlie ?

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand,
 Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
 Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,
 And spier ye wha but Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late and early,
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 And be't complete and early ;
 His very name my heart's blood warms :
 To arms for royal Charlie !
 Come through the heather, &c.

~~~~~  
**KELVIN GROVE.**

JOHN LYLE.

TUNE—*Kelvin Grove.*

LET us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O ;  
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O ;

Where the rose in all its pride  
 Decks the hollow dingle's side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O ;  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the lofty waterfall,  
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Where so oft, beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,  
 With the songsters in the grove,  
 We have told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

Ah ! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the streamlet winding clear,  
 To the fragrant-scented brier,  
 E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O :  
 Ere the golden orb of day,  
 Wakes the warblers from the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Wilt thou, Helen, when you hear  
 Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie? O.\*

\* Kelvin Grove is a beautifully wooded dell, about two miles from Glasgow, forming a sort of *lovers' walk* for the lads and lasses of that city.

## BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale;  
 All the blue bonnets are over the Border.  
 Many a banner spread flutters above your head;  
 Many a crest that is famous in story:  
 Mount and make ready, then, sons of the mountain glen;  
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding;  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order.  
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

---

## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—*Gin a Body meet a Body.*

GIN a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry?  
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, hae I!

Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' through the rye.  
 Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysell ;  
 But whaur his hame or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body greet a body,  
 Need a body frown ?  
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, hae I !  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When coming through the rye.  
 Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysell ;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.\*

~~~~~

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

MR DUNLOP.†

TUNE—*The Year that's awa.*

HERE'S to the year that's awa !
 We will drink it in strong and in sma' ;
 And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
 While swift flew the year that's awa.
 And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
 And the sailor who bravely did fa' ;

* An improved and purified modern version of an old song, which Burns inserted, with some variations of his own, in the fifth volume of the *Musical Museum*.

† Late Collector at the Custom-house of Port Glasgow, and father of Mr Dunlop, author of *The History of Fiction*.

Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
 On the wings of the year that's awa.
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friend we can trust,
 When the storms of adversity blow ;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa.
 May they live, &c.



HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

TUNE—*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue.*

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 And wha winna wish for good luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'.
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true ;
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
 Although that his band be sae sma'.

Here's freedom to him that would read,
 Here's freedom to him that would write ;
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they whom the truth wad indite.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue !
 It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.*

~~~~~

M·LEAN'S INVITATION TO PRINCE  
 CHARLES.

HOGG.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
 Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' M'Lean ;  
 And, though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the track-deer, we'll bring down the  
 black steer,  
 The lamb from the bucht and the doe from the glen ;  
 The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,  
 The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-sheerly,  
 That stream in the star-light when kings dinna ken ;  
 And deep shall your meed be of wine that is ruddy,  
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the M'Lean.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
 Shall range o'er the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and  
 ten.

\* Altered by a modern hand, from a well-known song by Burns.

## OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

TUNE—*Gin a Body meet a Body.*

OH! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;  
 Troth, I darna tell:  
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;  
 Ask it o' yoursell.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,  
 For weel ye ken me true;  
 O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,  
 And bonnier lasses see,  
 O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
 Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass,  
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me;  
 And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,  
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

~~~~~

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

BURNS.

YE gallants braw, I rede ye right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimplly laced, her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man ;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.*

~~~~~

### JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—  
 Why weep ye by the tide ?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye shall be his bride ;  
 And ye shall be his bride, ladye,  
 Sae comely to be seen :”  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale :  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley dale ;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keën :”  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

\* Written in compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of the author's friend, Allan Masterton, the “ Allan” of “ Willy brewed a peck o' Maut.” Miss Masterton afterwards became the wife of John Derbyshire, Esq. surgeon in London.

“ A chain o’ gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;  
 And you, the foremost o’ them a’,  
 Shall ride our forest queen :”  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa’,  
 For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmered fair ;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight were there :  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha’ ;  
 The ladye was not seen !—  
 She’s o’er the border, and awa  
 Wi’ Jock o’ Hazeldean !\*

---

### THE LORD'S MARIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE Lord's Marie has keppit her locks  
 Up wi' a gowden kame ;  
 And she has put on her net-silk hose,  
 And awa to the tryste has gane.  
 O saft saft fell the dew on her locks,  
 And saft saft on her brow,  
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,  
 And I kissed it aff, I trow.

“ O whare gat ye that leal maiden,  
 Sae jimpy-laced and sma ?

\* The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The rest was written for Albyn's Anthology, a collection of Highland airs by Alexander Campbell.

O whare gat ye that young damsel,  
 Wha dings our lassies a' ?  
 O whare gat ye that bonnie bonnie lass,  
 Wi' heaven in her ee ?  
 O here's ae drap o' the damask wine,  
 Sweet maiden, will ye prie ?"

Fou white white was her bonnie neck,  
 Twist wi' the satin twine ;  
 But ruddie ruddie grew her hause,  
 When she sipped the blude-red wine.  
 " Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,  
 Wha wears the gowden kame :  
 This nicht will mony drink thy health,  
 And ken na wha to name !"

" Play me up ' Sweit Marie,' " I cried ;  
 And loud the piper blew :  
 But the fiddler played ay *struntum strum*,  
 And down his bow he threw :  
 " Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie-red wine,  
 Fair dame o' the stranger land,  
 For never a pair o' blue een before,  
 Could mar my gude bow-hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinnie-cherrie,  
 Sae temptin' to the sicht ;  
 Her locks, ower alabaster brows,  
 Fell like the mornin' licht.  
 And, O ! her hinnie breath lift her locks,  
 As through the dance she flew ;  
 While love lauched in her bonnie blue een,  
 And dwalt on her comely mou.

" Lowse hings your broidered gowd garter,  
 Fair lady, daur I speak ?"  
 She, trembling, lift her silky hand  
 To her red red flushin' cheek.

“ Ye’ve drapp’d, ye’ve drapp’d your broach o’ gowd,  
 Thou lord’s dauchter sae gay !”  
 The tears o’erbrimmed her bonnie blue ee,  
 “ O come, O come away !”

“ O maid, undo the siller bar ;  
 To my chamber let me win :  
 And tak this kiss, thou peasant youth ;  
 I daurna let thee in.  
 And tak,” quoth she, “ this kame o’ gowd,  
 Wi’ my lock o’ yellow hair ;  
 For meikle my heart forebodes to me,  
 I never maun meet thee mair.”



## BONNIE LADY ANN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THERE’S kames o’ hinnie ’tween my luv’e’s lips,  
 And gowd amang her hair :  
 Her breists are lapt in a holy veil ;  
 Nae mortal een keek there.  
 What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,  
 Or what arm o’ luv’e daur span,  
 The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,  
 Or the waist o’ Lady Ann ?

She kisses the lips o’ her bonnie red rose,  
 Wat wi’ the blobs o’ dew ;  
 But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
 Maun touch her ladie mou.  
 But a broidered belt, wi’ a buckle o’ gowd,  
 Her jimpy waist maun span :  
 Oh, she’s an armfu’ fit for heeven—  
 My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
 Tied up wi' siller thread ;  
 And comely sits she in the midst,  
 Men's langing een to feed :  
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
 Wi' her milky milky hand ;  
 And her every look beams wi' grace divine ;  
 My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,  
 Like my luv's broidered cap ;  
 And on the mantle that my luv wears,  
 Is mony a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie ee-bree's a holy arch,  
 Cast by nae earthly han' !  
 And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,  
 And I beet a hopeless flame !  
 To my luv, alas ! she maunna stoop ;  
 It wad stain her honoured name.  
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place  
 Where I daurna mint my hand ;  
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father's gardener lad,  
 And pair pair is my fa' ;  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My lady comes, my lady gaes,  
 Wi' a fou and kindly han' ;  
 O their blessin' maun mix wi' my luv,  
 And fa' on Lady Ann.

## THE LEA-RIG.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Lea Rig.*

WHEN o'er the hills the eastern star  
 Tells buchtin-time is near, my jo ;  
 And owsen frae the furrowed field  
 Return sae douff and weary, O ;  
 Down by the burn, where scented birks  
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

~~~~~

 YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS.

YOU'RE welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell brigs !
 Your malice is but zeal, boys ;
 Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys ;
 I must aver, ye cannot err,
 In breaking God's command, boys ;
 If ye infringe bishops or kings,
 You've heaven in your hand, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
 And steep the land with blood, boys ;
 If secretly your treachery
 Be acted, it is good, boys.
 The fiend himsell, in midst of hell,
 The pope with his intrigues, boys,
 You'll equalise in forgeries :
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
 To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys ;
 Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
 And bless, and not blaspheme, boys.
 Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
 In zealous ladies' closet ;
 Your wits convert by Venus' art ;
 Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
 Her members on the vail, boys ;
 For horned beasts the truth attest,
 That live in Annandale, boys.
 But if one drink, or shrewdly think,
 A bishop e'er was saved,
 No charitie from presbytrie,
 For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
 And act all kind of evil ;
 Your covenant makes you a saint,
 Although you live a devil.
 From murders too, as soldiers true,
 You are advanced well, boys ;
 You fought like devils, your only rivals,
 When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
 You kill'd more than you saw, boys ;

At Pentland hills you got your fills,
 And now you seem to crawl, boys.
 Let Websters preach, and ladies teach
 The art of cuckoldrie, boys ;
 When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
 Then welcome presbytrie, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
 You're decking with good speed, boys ;
 If you get leave you'll reach his sleeve,
 And then have at his head, boys.
 You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
 To drink your last confusion,
 That grace and truth you may possess
 Once more without delusion.*



MY LUVE'S IN GERMANIE.

TUNE—*My luve's in Germanie.*

My luve's in Germanie ;
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 My luve's in Germanie ;
 Send him hame.
 My luve's in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for royalty ;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see ;
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see ;
 Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be ;
 Send him hame, send him hame ;

* This severe tirade upon the Presbyterians, from several allusions, as to the skirmish at Dunkeld, and to Webster, who was a popular preacher in Edinburgh at the close of the seventeenth century, seems to have been written between the years 1690 and 1700.

Our faes are ten to three;
 Send him hame.
 Our faes are ten to three;
 He maun either fa' or flee,
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame.

Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
 Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,
 Winsome dame.
 Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,
 But he fell in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for loyalty,
 Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;
 Fighting brave for loyalty,
 Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
 He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's gane!
 He will ne'er come ower the sea,
 To his luv and ain countrie.
 This warld's nae mair for me;
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane;
 This warld's nae mair for me:
 Willie's gane!

BONNIE DUNDEE.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O WHARE did ye get that haver-meal bannock?
 O, silly auld body, O, dinna ye see,

I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie,
 Between St Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
 O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't !
 Aft has he dandled me upon his knee ;
 May heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me.

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie !
 My blessings upon thy bonnie ee-bree !
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye be the dearer and dearer to me !
 But I'll bigg a bowir on yon bonnie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimpling bye sae clear ;
 And I'll cleid thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak' thee a man like thy daddie sae dear.*

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

[EARLIEST VERSES.]

TUNE—*Jenny's Bawbee.*

AND a' that e'er my Jenny had,
 My Jenny had, my Jenny had ;
 And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
 Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack, and my plack,
 And your plack, and my plack,
 And my plack and your plack,
 And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup,
 The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,
 We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
 And birle 't a' three.†

* The second verse of this song is by Burns. The first is old.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

TUNE—*The Miller of Dee.*

THERE was a jolly miller once
 Lived on the river Dee;
 He wrought and sung from morn till night,
 No lark more blythe than he.
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be ;
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.
 And this, &c.

When spring began its merry career,
 O, then his heart was gay ;
 He feared not summer's sultry heat,
 Nor winter's cold decay.
 No foresight marred the miller's cheer,
 Who oft did sing and say,
 Let others live from year to year,
 I'll live from day to day.
 No foresight, &c.

Then, like this miller, bold and free,
 Let us be glad and sing ;
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And life is on the wing.
 The song shall pass from me to you,
 Around this jovial ring.
 Let heart, and hand, and voice agree :
 And so, God save our king.*
 The song, &c.

* From an old MS. copy. The song seems to have been first printed in Herd's Collection, 1776.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

DUDGEON.*

TUNE—*The Maid that tends the Goats.*

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,
 To the maid that tends the goats,
 Lilting o'er her native notes.
 Hark, she sings, Young Sandy's kind,
 And has promised aye to lo'e me ;
 Here's a broach I ne'er shall tine,
 Till he's fairly married to me :
 Drive awa, ye drone, time,
 And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep ;
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,
 Lammies list'ning darena bleat.
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 Hardy as the Highland heather,
 Wading through the winter snaw,
 Keeping aye his flocks thegither ;
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 He braves the bleakest norlan blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,
 Cantie glee, or Highland cronach ;
 Nane can ever match his fling,
 At a reel, or round a ring.
 Wightly can he wield a rung ;
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster :

* The son, we are informed by Burns, of a respectable farmer in Berwickshire.

A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 By the langest-winded sangster.
 Sangs, that sing o' Sandy,
 Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang.

~~~~~

### DONOCHT HEAD.

WILLIAM PICKERING.

KEEN blows the wind ower Donocht Head;\*  
 The snaw drives snelly through the dale;  
 The gabarlunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale:  
 "Cauld is the nicht; O let me in,  
 And dinna let your minstrel fa',  
 And dinna let his winding-sheet  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
 And piped where gorcocks whirring flew;  
 And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,  
 To liltis which frae my drone I blew."  
 My Eppie waked, and sune she cried,  
 "Get up, gudeman, and let him in;  
 For weel ye ken the winter nicht  
 Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet,  
 Ev'n though she bans and scaulds a wee;  
 But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,  
 Oh haith, it's doubly dear to me!  
 "Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire;  
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame.  
 Your blude is thin; ye've tint the gate;  
 Ye shouldna stray sae far frae hame."

\* A mountain in the north of Scotland.

" Nae hame have I," the minstrel said ;  
 " Sad party-strife owerturned my ha' ;  
 And, weeping, at the close o' life,  
 I wander through a wreath o' snaw."  
 " Wae's me, auld carle ! sad is your tale ;  
 Your scrip is toom, your claithing thin :  
 Mine's no the hand to steek the door,  
 When want and wae wad fain be in."

Wi' tottering step he reached the spence,  
 Whar sune the ingle bleezed fu' hie :  
 The auld man thought himsell at hame,  
 While the tear stood twinkling in his ee.  
 He took his pipes, and played a spring ;  
 But, oh, it was a strain of woe ;  
 It spoke of Scotland's chiefs and king,  
 And wailed a nation's overthrow.\*

---

### LASSIE, LIE NEAR ME.

DR BLACKLOCK.

TUNE—*Laddie, lie near me.*

LANG hae we parted been,  
 Lassie, my dearie ;  
 Now we are met again,  
 Lassie, lie near me.

\* The first three and a half stanzas of this poem were published, as a fragment, in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV, 1792 ; having been sent to the editor of that work in an anonymous letter, which bore, however, the Newcastle post-mark. They were at first attributed to Burns, but were afterwards discovered to be the composition of William Pickering, a poor North of England poet, who never wrote any thing else of the least merit. The additional lines have been presented to the editor of this work by their author, Captain Charles Gray, of the Royal Marines, author of the lively drinking song to the tune of " Andro and his Cutty Gun," inserted in another part of this collection.



Near me, near me,  
 Lassie, lie near me.  
 Lang hast thou lain thy lane;  
 Lassie, lie near me.

\* A' that I hae endared,  
 Lassie, my dearie,  
 Here in thy arms is cured;  
 Lassie, lie near me.\*

-----

### THOU'RT GANE AWA.

TUNE—*Haud awa frae me, Donald.*

THOU'RT gane awa, thou'rt gane awa,  
 Thou'rt gane awa frae me, Mary:  
 Nor friends nor I could mak thee stay;  
 Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary.  
 Until this hour I never thought  
 That ought would alter thee, Mary;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 That staw that heart o' thine, Mary,  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
 I spake sincere, nor flattered much,  
 Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such:  
 No, I loved only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,  
 I'll loe nae maid but thee, Mary.

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

Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.  
 So then, fareweel! Of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;  
 For a' the world I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.\*

~~~~~

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT.

TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,
 O when she cam ben she bobbit fu' law,
 And when she cam ben, she kissed Cockpen,
 And syne she denied that she did it at a'.

And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
 And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,
 And kissing a collier lassie an' a'?

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
 O never look down, my lassie, at a';
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',
 Though thou hae nae silk and holland sae sma',
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.†

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790.

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV, 1792. There is, however, an earlier and less delicate version in Herd's Collection, 1776. The present was probably improved for Johnson by Burns.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

TUNE—*The Campbells are coming.*

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay ;
 Upon the Lomonds I lay ;
 I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,
 And saw three perches play.
 The Campbells are coming, &c.

Great Argyle he goes before ;
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar ;
 With sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum ;
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,
 With banners rattling in the wind ;
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !*

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHING A HECKLE.

TUNE—*Lord Breadalbane's March.*

O MERRY hae I been teething a heckle,
 And merry hae I been shapin a spune ;

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790 ; where it is insinuated, as an *on dit*, that it was composed on the imprisonment of Queen Mary in Lochleven Castle. The Lomonds are two well-known hills, overhanging Lochleven to the east, and visible from Edinburgh. The air is the well-known family tune or march of the Clan Campbell.

O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
 And kissin my Katie when a' was done.
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 And a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
 A' the lang nicht I cuddle my kimmer,
 And a' the lang nicht as happy's a king.

Bitter in dule I lickit my winnins,
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
 Blest be the hour she cooled in her linens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings over her grave!
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 And come to my arms, my Katie again!
 Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
 And blest be the day I did it again!*

WHISTLE OWER THE LAVE O'T:

BURNS.

TUNE—*Whistle ower the lave o't.*

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III, 1790. The object of this song seems to be a delineation of the light sentiments which a gipsy or tinker may be supposed to entertain on the sacred subject of matrimony. That it is not overcharged, I can attest by an anecdote of a person in a similar rank in society—*Gingebread Ned*, who may be remembered by many of my readers as a noted figure at the south-country fairs, from thirty to forty years ago; it being his profession to deal in gingerbread. Ned had been married in his time to no fewer than seven wives, each of whom—at least scandal never asserted the contrary—had died before her successor came upon the carpet. Somebody asked the fellow one day what he thought of himself for having gone through such an immense number of spouses, or what was the chief impression of his mind on the subject. "Deed, sir," answered the man of gingerbread, "a' that I can say about it, is, that I aye got an auld kist wi' them, and they took away a new ane!" The first chest was that in which they brought their clothes, &c. (called in Scotland their *providing*); the second was the coffin which transported them to the grave.

Now we're married—speir nae mair ;
 But whistle ower the lave o't.
 Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
 Sweet and harmless as a child ;
 Wiser men than me's beguiled ;
 Sae, whistle ower the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we gree,
 I carena by how few may see ;
 Sae, whistle ower the lave o't.
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dished up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't ;
 Sae, whistle ower the lave o't.*

MARY'S DREAM.

LOWE.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

THE moon had climbed the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree ;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
 When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
 Saying, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be,

* Burns wrote this song for a very old and very popular Scottish air, which was formerly unprovided with verses that were fit for print.

And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow ee.
 " O Mary dear, cold is my clay ;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death.
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 We tossed upon the raging main ;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
 My heart was filled with love for thee :
 The storm is past and I at rest ;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more !"
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled :
 No more of Sandy could she see.
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !" *

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part I, 1787. The song is known, however, to have been written about the year 1772. The author, John Lowe, was the son of the gardener at Kenmure Castle, in Galloway (the seat of Mr Gordon, father of the present Viscount Kenmure). Having studied for the church, he was, when still a young man, employed as tutor in the family of Mr MacGhie, of Airds, an estate situated near the confluence of the Dee and the Ken. Here he fell in love with the daughter of his employer. He seems to have been a young man of a somewhat romantic turn of mind ; as the remains of a bower are shown among the woods in the peninsula formed by the junction of the two rivers, which he constructed with his own hands, as a retreat for poetical and contemplative recreation. While residing at Airds, the lover of his mistress's sister, a gentleman named Alexander Miller, was drowned at sea ; which gave occasion to the song. Mary's Dream is one of those poetical gems which, conceived in a moment of peculiar inspiration, sometimes procure a name for their authors, notwithstanding the inferiority or the paucity of their other productions. Lowe may have written other songs and even long poems ; but nothing is remembered besides this exquisite little ballad. His life was unfortunate. In pursuit of fortune, and neglecting his first passion at Airds, he went to America ; where, having married a lady for whom he felt no great affection, he was rendered miserable for the rest of his life by regret for his

THE LEA-RIG.

FERGUSSON.

TUNE—*The Lea-rig.*

WILL ye gang ower the lea-rig,*
 My ain kind dearie, O?
 And cuddle† there sae kindly,
 My kind dearie, O?
 At thorny dike‡ and birken tree,
 We'll daff§ and ne'er be weary, O;
 They'll scug|| ill een frae you and me,
 Mine ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herds, wi' kent or colly,¶ there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O,
 But laverocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
 While others herd their lambs and yowes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo;
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O!***

THE DAY RETURNS—MY BOSOM BURNS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The seventh of November.*

The day returns—my bosom burns—
 The blissful day we twa did meet.

own faithlessness to Miss MacGhie, and chagrin for his wife's infidelity to himself. He died about the year 1798, aged forty-eight.

* A ridge left fallow, between two others which bear grain.

† Caress mutually.

‡ Inclosure.

§ Disport.

|| Ward off.

¶ Shepherds, with staff and dog.

*** From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part 1, 1787.

Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line,
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 It gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.*

MY SODGER LADDIE.

[THE SOLDIER'S DOXY'S SONG IN "THE JOLLY
 BEGGARS."]

BURNS.

TUNE—*Sodger laddie.*

I ONCE was a maid, though I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,—
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;

* This song, which first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part iii, 1790, was written in compliment to Mr and Mrs Riddle, of Glenriddel, two of the poet's dearest and most valuable friends. The reader will observe that it is a sort of anniversary ode for the recurrence of the marriage day of this worthy couple.

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body ;
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more than a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair ;
His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

And now I have lived I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song ;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my herb, my sodger laddie.

~~~~~

## SEE THE SMOKING BOWL BEFORE US.

[THE BARD'S SONG IN "THE JOLLY BEGGARS."]

BURNS.

TUNE—*Jolly mortals, all your glasses.*

SEE the smoking bowl before us,  
Mark our jovial ragged ring !  
Round and round take up the chorus,  
And in raptures let us sing—

A fig for those by law protected,  
 Liberty's a glorious feast !  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title what is treasure,  
 What is reputation's care ?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter how or where.

Life is all a variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes ;  
 Let them cant about decorum,  
 Who have characters to lose.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !  
 Here's to all our wandering train !  
 Here's our ragged brats and callets !  
 One and all cry out, Amen !



## YOUNG JOCKIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Jockie was the blythest lad.*

YOUNG Jockie was the blythest lad,  
 In a' our town or here awa ;  
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lichtly danced he in the ha' !  
 He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,  
 He roosed my waist sae genty sma' ;  
 And ay my heart cam to my mou',  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,  
 Through wind and weat, through frost and anaw;  
 And ower the lee I look fu' fain,  
 When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.  
 And ay the nicht comes round again,  
 When in his arms he taks me a';  
 And ay he vows he'll be my ain  
 As lang as he has breath to draw.

UP AND WAUR THEM A', WILLIE.\*

TUNE—*Up and waur them a', Willie.*

WHEN we went to the braes o' Mar,  
 And to the weaponshaw, Willie,  
 With true design to stand our ground,  
 And chase our faes awa, Willie,  
 Lairds and lords cam there bedeen,  
 And vow gin they were braw, Willie!  
 Up and waur† them a', Willie!  
 Up and waur them a', Willie!

But when our standard was set up,  
 Sae fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,  
 The royal nit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie.  
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,  
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.‡  
 Up and waur, &c.

\* A Jacobite account of the rebellion of 1715, and in particular of the battle of Sheriffmuir. The tune, which, with the burden, may be older than the occasion of this song, is very popular, and has been applied to modern songs.

† Burns contends that this should be *warn*, in allusion to the Crantars, or warning of a Highland clan to arms. But I have preferred the word which is invariably used in the Lowlands. To *waur* is to worst or defeat.

‡ This is an historical fact.

But when the army joined at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king and a', Willie;  
 Pipers played frae richt to left,  
 "Fy, furich, Whigs, awa!"\* Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

But when we marched to Sherra-muir,  
 And there the rebels† saw, Willie,  
 Brave Argyle attacked our right,  
 Our flank and front and a', Willie.  
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,  
 Seaforth, St Clair, and a', Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

But brave Glengary, on our right,  
 The rebels' left did claw, Willie.  
 He there the greatest slaughter made  
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.  
 And Whittam turned about for fear,  
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

He had ca'd us a Highland mob,  
 Said he wad slay us a', Willie;  
 But we chased him back to Stirling brig,  
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie!  
 At length we rallied on a hill,  
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

But when Argyle did view our line,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,

\* A Jacobite pipe air.

† The army of King George, so called by the adherents of the Pretender.

He straught gaed to Dunblane again,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie;  
 And we to Auchterarder gaed,  
 To wait a better fa', Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
 I've telled ye what I saw, Willie;  
 We baith did fight, and baith did beat,  
 And baith did rin awa, Willie.  
 So there's my canty Highland sang  
 About the thing I saw, Willie.  
 Up and waur them a', Willie,  
 Up and waur them a', Willie.\*

## WANDERING WILLIE.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*Wandering Willie.*

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie!  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame!  
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee;  
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

\* A version of this song, apparently from some stall copy, is in Herd's Collection. But, in forming the present edition, recourse has been had for better readings to two other copies, one of which is printed in the second volume of Johnson's Musical Museum, and the other in Cromek's Select Songs; the latter being a version which Burns wrote down from the singing of an eccentric character of the name of Tam Neil, who was precentor in the High Church, Edinburgh, while Dr Blair was minister, and who had an exquisite knack at singing old Scottish songs with appropriate expression.†

† Tam was a sort of humourist on his own bottom, besides. Dr Blair having been in the country one Sunday, happened to meet his precentor next morning on the street, as he was proceeding homewards. "Well, Tom," said the minister, "how did they come on in the church yesterday?"—"Deed, I believe, no very weel," answered Tam; "I was na there, doctor, ony mair than yourself."

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie ;  
 Through the lang muir I have followed him hame.  
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;  
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie !  
 Here awa, there awa, here awa, hame !  
 Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases, when Willie's at hame.\*

~~~~~

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

TUNE—*Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.*

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
 Where Jocky speeled* the vessel's side.
 Ah ! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When Jocky's tossed abune the tide !
 Far aff to distant lands he gangs ;
 Yet I'll be true, as he has been :
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on Annie, his faithfu' ain !

I met our wealthy laird yestreen ;
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me.
 He praised my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
 What though my Jocky's far awa,
 Tossed up and down the awesome main,
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.
 † Climbed.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away.
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray.
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow.
 My heart to him shall true remain :
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still !
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What though my Jocky's far away ;
 Yet he will braw in siller shine.
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

SAW YE MY FATHER ?

TUNE—*Saw ye my father ?*

“ O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true love John ? ”

“ I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John. ”

“ It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong ;
 He's met with some delay, that causeth him to stay ;
 But he will be here ere long. ”

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
 And Johnie's face it grew red ;
 Yet, though he often sighed, he ne'er a word replied,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd at the pin.
 The lassie, taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she opened and let him in.

“ And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?
 And is my Johnie true?”
 “ I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,
 Sae lang sall I love you.”

“ Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
 And craw whan it is day:
 Your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gowd,
 And your wings of the silver grey.”

The cock proved fause, and untrue he was;
 For he crew an hour ower sune.
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink o' the mune.*

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

BURNS.

TUNE—*What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie;
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the penny, that tempted my minnie
 To sell her puir Jeanie for siller and land.

He's always compleenin, frae mornin to e'enin;
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

He's doilt, and he's dozent ; his blude it is frozen :
 Oh, dreary's the time wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers ;
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows :
 Oh, dule on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie, upon me taks pity ;
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I'll cross him and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

TUNE—*Farewell to whisky.*

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
 The man that played the fiddle weel ;
 I wat he was a canty chiel,
 And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O !
 And, aye sin he wore the tartan trews,
 He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose ;
 And wae was he, you may suppose,
 To play farewell to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
 And find my blude grow unco cauld ;
 I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O.
 Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
 That whisky's no the drink for me.
 Saul ! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
 Should they part me and whisky, O.

Though I can baith get wine and ale,
 And find my head and fingers hale,
 I'll be content, though legs should fail,
 To play farewell to whisky, O.
 But still I think on auld lang syne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind,
 Forbid like Highland whisky, O.

Come, a' ye powers o' music, come ;
 I find my heart grows unco glum ;
 My fiddle-strings will no play bum,
 To say, Fareweel to whisky, O.
 Yet I'll take my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,
 To make a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland whisky, O.

THE LAMMIE.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

TUNE—*Whar hae ye been a' day.*

WHAR hae ye been a' day,
 My boy Tammy ?
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courting o' this young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy Tammy ?
 I got her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a bonny knowe,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
 For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy Tammy ?
 I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou ;—
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow !—
 She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie !
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I've wealth o' plenishen and gear ;
 Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
 I maunna leave my mammy.
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,
 She's been my comfort a' my days :—
 My father's death brought monie waes—
 I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie.
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.
 The wee thing gies her hand, and says—
 There ! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy Tammy ?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee :
 For O ! she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Sator's Tochter.*

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasures of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
 Or if thou wilt not be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

TUNE—*Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'.*

THIS night is my departing night;
 For here nae langer must I stay:
 There's no a friend or fae of mine,
 But wishes that I were away.

My time is come ; I maun demit,
 And frae your company reca':
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet ;
 Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a' !

I've spent some time, I maun confess,
 In your sweet civil companie ;
 For ony offence that I hae dune,
 I needs that I forgi'en may be.
 What I hae dune for lack o' wit,
 I never never can reca' ;
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet ;
 Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.*

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*Somebody.*

For the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody,
 I could wake † a winter nicht,
 For the sake of somebody.

* The first four and the last four lines of this composition were found by Burns as a fragment, and were by him very much and very justly admired, as giving the hint of some disastrous tale. They were published in the *Border Minstrelsy*, under the title of "Armstrong's Goodnight," with a note, quoting a tradition, by which they were said to have been composed by one of that celebrated predatory clan, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warder of the middle marches, in the year 1600. Mr Buchan of Peterhead has latterly printed, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," these esteemed lines, in company with twice as many, which, he thinks, may be supposed to complete the song, though they are in an inferior style of poetry and feeling. By a selection from Mr Buchan's additional matter, and a collation of the whole with the copies published in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, and the *Border Minstrelsy*, the present editor has endeavoured to make up a song of the ordinary length.

The air is very popular, and has been adopted by more than one modern poet, as a vehicle for verses.

† Watch.

I am gann to seek a wife,
 I am gann to buy a plaidy;
 I have three stane o' woo';
 Carlina,* is thy daughter ready?
 For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say't thysel,
 Though thy dame be ill to shoe:
 First we'll buckle,† then we'll tell;
 Let her flyte, ‡ and syne come to.
 What signifies a mother's gloom,
 When love and kisses come in play?
 Should we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak nae hay?

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Though I try my luck wi' thee,
 Since ye are content to tie
 The half-mark bridal-band § wi' me.
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet, ||
 And steal on linens fair and clean;
 Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate.
 Then let us gang and get the grace;
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat; and lovers should embrace:
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte. ¶

* Old woman.

† Marry.

‡ Scold.

§ A runaway marriage is commonly called a half-mark bridal, in Scotland, from the sum, probably, which was formerly given as hire to the clergyman.

|| Considered in Scotland an indispensable preliminary to marriage.

¶ From the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is printed without any signature, being probably the production of the editor, of whose manner it bears many marks.

SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

TUNE—*Sandy o'er the lee.*

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy ower the lee,
 I winna marry ony man but Sandy ower the lee;
 I winna hae the dominie, for gude he canna be;
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy ower the lee:
 For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me;
 He's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for all his godly looks;
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks;
 I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, without a penny siller.
 For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier lad, for he gangs to the wars;
 I winna hae the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;
 I winna hae the lord, or laird, for a' their meikle gear,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.
 For he's aye a-kissing, &c.*

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

TUNE—*My Love is but a lassie yet.*

MY love, she's but a lassie yet;
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;
 I'll let her stand a year or twa;
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;

From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part III., 1790.

Wha gets her, needna say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will—
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And couldna preach for thinking o't.*

~~~~~

## TWINE YE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

TUNE—*Twine ye weel the Plaiden.*

OH! I hae lost my silken snood,  
That tied my hair sae yellow;  
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;  
He was a gallant fellow.  
And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,  
And twine ye weel the plaiden;  
The lassie lost her silken snood,  
In pu'in' o' the bracken.

He praised my een sae bonnie blue,  
Sae lily-white my skin, O;  
And syne he pried my bonnie mou,  
And swore it was nae sin, O.

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, Part III., 1790. This ditty affords a capital instance of the *mechant* spirit of Scottish song. The singer, during the first two or three verses, is apparently absorbed in the idea of holding a saucy fair one tight in comparison with the joys of drinking; when all at once, without the least temptation, he is seized with a fit of irreverence for the clergy, and ends with a sting at that body, not less *unjust than unprovoked*.



But he has left the lass he looved,  
 His ain true love forsaken ;  
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood  
 I lost among the bracken.\*

~~~~~

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—*The Ploughman.*

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
 And a' his wark's at leisure ;
 And, when that he comes hame at e'en,
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.
 Up wi't now, † my ploughman lad !
 Up wi't now, my ploughman !
 Of a' the lads that I do see,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring comes on,
 He takes his yoking early,
 And, "whistling o'er the furrowed land," ‡
 He goes to fallow clearly.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
 He's often wet and wearie ;
 Cast aft the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie.

* From the Scots Musical Museum, Part I., 1787. Ritson, however, who gives it in his "Scottish Songs," 1794, professes to have copied it from "Napier's Collection," which was probably published earlier than the Musical Museum, though not so early as Herd's Collection (1776,) in which this song does not appear.

† A Scottish phrase of high exultation, which seems to be only used in songs:

"Up wi't, Allie, Allie,
 Up wi't, Allie, now!"
Old Song.

‡ *Mitrow.*

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his owerlay,
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

Merry but, and merry ben,
 Merry is my ploughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
 Plough yon faugh and fallow;
 Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow! *

~~~~~

O, AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O, ay my Wife she dang me.*

O, AY my wife she dang me,  
 And aft my wife she banged me!  
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
 Gude faith, she'll soon ower gang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
 And, fool I was, I married;  
 But never honest man's intent  
 As cursedly miscarried!  
 O, ay my wife, &c.

Some sair o' comfort still at last,  
 When a' thir days are dune, man—

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. A different version is in the Musical Museum, Part II.; and there is another, very much corrupted, in Cunningham's Songs of Scotland.

My pains o' hell on earth is past,  
 I'm sure o' heaven aboon, man.  
 O, ay my wife, &c.\*

## ANNA.

BURNS.

*TUNE—Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na;  
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
 The raven locks of Anna.  
 The hungry Jew in wilderness,  
 Rejoicing ower his manna,  
 Was naething to my hinny bliss,  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savaanah!  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna.  
 There I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An empress or sultana,  
 While dying raptures, in her arms,  
 I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!  
 Awa, thou pale Diana!  
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.  
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';

\* From the Scots Musical Museum, Part VI.. 1693.

And bring an angel pen to write  
My transports with my Anna.\*

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

H. AINSLIE.

CAN ye loe, my dear lassie,  
The hills wild and free,  
Whar the sang o' the shepherd  
Gars a' ring wi' glee?  
Or the steep rocky glens,  
Where the wild falcons bide!  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And fy let us ride!

Can ye loe the knowes, lassie,  
That ne'er war in rigs?  
Or on the bonnie loune knowes  
Where the sweet robin biggs?  
Or the sang o' the lintie,  
Whan woin his bride?  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And fy let us ride!

Can ye loe the burn, lassie,  
That louns amang linnis?  
Or the bonnie green howmes  
Where it cannilie rins?  
Wi' a cantie bit housie,  
Sae snug by its side?  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And fy let us ride!

\* This song, like "Highland Mary," affords a strong proof of the power which poetry possesses of raising and subliming objects naturally mean and impure. Highland Mary was the dairy-maid of Coilsfield; Anna is said to have been something still meaner in the scale of society.