

## THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

MRS DUGALD STEWART.

THE tears I shed must ever fall :  
 I mourn not for an absent swain ;  
 For thoughts may past delights recall,  
 And parted lovers meet again.  
 I weep not for the silent dead :  
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er ;  
 And those they loved their steps shall tread,  
 And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,  
 If certain that his heart is near,  
 A conscious transport glads each scene,  
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.  
 E'en when by death's cold hand removed,  
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb :  
 To think that e'en in death he loved,  
 Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears  
 Of her who slighted love bewails ;  
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers,  
 No pleasing melancholy hails.  
 Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,  
 Of blasted hope, of withered joy ;  
 The flatt'ring veil is rent aside ;  
 The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew  
 The hours once tinged in transport's dye ;  
 The sad reverse soon starts to view,  
 And turns the past to agony.

E'en time itself despairs to cure  
 Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due :  
 Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor,  
 To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,  
 Just what would make suspicion start ;  
 No pause the dire extremes between,  
 He made me blest—and broke my heart.\*  
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn ;  
 Neglected and neglecting all ;  
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn ;  
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

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### THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

TUNE—*The Souters of Selkirk.*

It's up with the souters o' Selkirk,  
 And doun wi' the Earl o' Hume !  
 And here is to a' the braw laddies  
 That wear the single-soled shoon !

Fye upon yellow and yellow,  
 And fye upon yellow and green ;  
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
 And up wi' the single-soled shoon.

It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal ;

\* The quatrain ending here was supplied by Burns, to make the stanzas suit the music. This beautiful poem first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV, 1792.

And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,  
And down with the Merse to the deil !\*

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O, MAY, THY MORN.

BURNS.

O, MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet  
As the mirk nicht o' December ;

\* The first and third verse of this strange rant are from Johnson's Musical Museum, [vol. v, circa 1798.] The second verse is supplied from a copy published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. There are various ways of accounting for the origin and occasion of the song ; but it seems probable that the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish of Selkirk is right, when he says that it refers to a match at foot-ball which took place at some remote period between the Hume and Philiphaugh families, and in which the shoemakers of Selkirk acted a conspicuous part. The colours execrated in the second verse are those of the Earl of Hume's livery.

The following is an expanded version of the song from Mr Allan Cunningham's Collection :

Up with the souters of Selkirk,  
And down with the Earl of Home !  
And up wi' a' the brave lads,  
Wha sew the single-soled shoon !

O ! fye upon yellow and yellow,  
And fye upon yellow and green ;  
And up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
And up wi' the single-soled shoon !

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—  
Up wi' the lingle and last !  
There's fame wi' the days that's coming,  
And glory wi' them that are past.

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—  
Lads that are trusty and leal ;  
And up with the men of the Forest,  
And down wi' the Merse to the deil !

O ! mitres are made for noddles,  
But feet they are made for shoon ;  
And fame is as sib to Selkirk  
As light is true to the moon.

There sits a souter in Selkirk,  
Wha sings as he draws his thread—  
There's gallant souters in Selkirk  
As lang there's water in Tweed.

For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
 And private was the chamber :  
 And dear was she, I darena name,  
 But I will aye remember ;  
 And dear was she, I darena name,  
 But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursell,  
 Can push about the jorum :  
 And here's to them that wish us weel :  
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them !  
 And here's to them we darena tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum ;  
 And here's to them we darena tell,  
 The dearest o' the quorum.

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## CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*Charlie is my darling.*

'TWAS on a Monday morning,  
 Richt early in the year,  
 That Charlie cam to our toun,  
 The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling ;  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,  
 The city for to view,  
 O there he spied a bonnie lass,  
 The window looking through.

Sae licht's he jumped up the stair,  
 And tirl'd at the pin ;  
 And wha sae ready as hersell,  
 To let the laddie in !

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
 All in his Highland dress ;  
 For brawly weel he kenn'd the way  
 To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathy mountain,  
 And down yon scroggy glen,  
 We daurna gang a-milking,  
 For Charlie and his men.\*



## STEER HER UP AND HAUD HER GAUN.

TUNE—*Steer her up and haud her gaun.*

O STEER her up and haud her gaun ;  
 Her mother's at the mill, jo :  
 But gin she winna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking ;  
 Cast thy cares of love away ;  
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking ;  
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,  
 How invitingly it looks !  
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't ;  
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books !

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. v, circa 1796.

Let's have pleasure, while we're able ;  
 Bring us in the meikle bowl ;  
 Place't on the middle of the table ;  
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer ; let him fill it  
 Fou as ever it can hold :  
 Oh, tak tent ye dinna spill it ;  
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.  
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,  
 Bacchus will begin to prove,  
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,  
 Drinking better is than love.\*

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### CLOUT THE CALDRON.†

TUNE—*Clout the Caldron.*

HAVE ye any pots or pans,  
 Or any broken chandlers?‡  
 I am a tinker to my trade,  
 And newly come frae Flanders,  
 As scant of siller as of grace ;  
 Disbanded, we've a bad run ;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† "A tradition is mentioned in 'The Bee,' that the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way, as to hear 'Clout the Caldron' played.

"I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune—

'Hae ye ony pots or pans,  
 Or ony broken chandlers ?

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the earlier times, and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of 'The blacksmith and his apron,' which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune."—BURNS, apud *Cromek's Select Scottish Songs*, I, 11.

‡ Candlesticks.

Gar tell the lady of the place,  
 I'm come to clout her ca'dron.  
*Fa, adrie, diddle, diddle, &c.*

Madam, if you have wark for me,  
 I'll do't to your contentment;  
 And dinna care a single flie  
 For any man's resentment;  
 For, lady fair, though I appear  
 To every ane a tinker,  
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,  
 I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan  
 Turned, for his loved Leda;  
 He like a bull ower meadows ran,  
 To carry off Europa.  
 Then may not I, as well as he,  
 To cheat your Argus blinker,  
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,  
 Thus hide me in a tinker?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man;  
 But this fine plot you'll fail in;  
 For there is neither pot nor pan,  
 Of mine, you'll drive a nail in.  
 Then bind your budget on your back,  
 And nails up in your apron;  
 For I've a tinker under tack,  
 That's used to clout my ca'dron.\*

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

## THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

JAMES TYTLER.

TUNE—*The bonnie brucket lassie.*

THE bonnie brucket lassie,  
 She's blue beneath the een;  
 She was the fairest lassie  
 That danced on the green.  
 A lad he loo'd her dearly;  
 She did his love return:  
 But he his vows has broken,  
 And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,  
 My face was fair and clean;  
 But now I'm bonnie brucket,  
 And blue beneath the een.  
 My eyes were bright and sparkling,  
 Before that they turned blue;  
 But now they're dull with weeping,  
 And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely;  
 My shape, they said, was neat:  
 But now I am quite changed;  
 My stays they winna meet.  
 A' nicht I slept soundly;  
 My mind was never sad;  
 But now my rest is broken  
 Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,  
 Or hide me in the sea,  
 Since my love is unfaithful,  
 And has forsaken me!



No ither love I suffered  
 Within my breast to dwell;  
 In nought I have offended,  
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,  
 As by he chanced to pass:  
 And pressed unto his bosom  
 The lovely brucket lass.  
 My dear, he said, cease grieving;  
 Since that you lo'ed so true,  
 My bonnie brucket lassie,  
 I'll faithful prove to you.\*

FIENT A CRUM O THEE SHE FAWS.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,  
 And bide where thou wast wont to be;  
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain,  
 For love of ane that loves not thee:  
 My heart, let be sic fantasie;  
 Love only where thou hast good cause,  
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agrée;  
 The fient a crum o' thee she faws.

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

"The idea of this song," says Burns, "is to me very original: the first two lines of it are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the Museum [*Johnson's Musical Museum*] marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of *Balloon Tytler*, from his having projected a balloon: a mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes and a sky-lighted hat; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopædia Britannica, which he composed at half a guinea a-week!"

To what effect should thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free will.

My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill.

At hame with me, then, tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws;

And let the filly fling her fill;

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not feinyie,\*

She's of a kind wi' mony mae;

For why, they are a felon menyie,†

That seemeth good, and are not sae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae,

For Meg, for Marjorie, or Mause;

But be thou blythe, and let her gae,

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

Remember how that Medea

Wild for a sight of Jason gaed:‡

Remember how young Cressida

Left Troilus for Diomede:

Remember Helen, as we read,

Brought Troy from bliss unto bare wa's:

Then, let her gae where she may speed,

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was sair,

But was beguiled; gae where she will,

Beshrew the heart that first taks care:

But be thou wary, late and air,

This is the final end and clause,

And let her feed and fu'ly fare;

For fient a crum o' thee she faws.

\* Feign.

† Company.

‡ Went.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,  
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,  
 Nor gie a sob although she sneist :  
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.  
 She gecks as gif I meanted her ill,  
 When she glaiks pauchty in her braws ;  
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,  
 For fient a crum o' thee she faws.\*

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## OH, WHAT A PARISH!

ADAM CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O, WHAT a parish, what a terrible parish,  
 O, what a parish is that of Dunkell !  
 They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor,  
 Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell !

Though the steeple was down, the kirk was still stannin ;  
 They biggit a lum where the bell used to hang ;  
 A stell-pat they gat, and they brewed Hieland whisky ;  
 On Sundays they drank it, and rantit and sang !

Oh, had you but seen how gracefu' it luikit,  
 To see the crammed pews sae socially join !  
 Macdonald, the piper, stuck up i' the poupit,  
 He made the pipes skirl sweet music divine !

\* Printed by Allan Ramsay, in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, with the mark of an old song. It is to a later and more accurate editor, Mr David Laing of Edinburgh, that we are indebted for the discovery of the author's name. Alexander Scott lived in the time of Queen Mary, and was one of the brightest of that constellation of Scottish poets which preceded the dark age of the Religious Troubles. On account of the amatory nature of the greater part of his poetry, he is usually called "the Scottish Anacreon."

When the heart-cheerin spirit had mountit the garret,  
 To a hall on the green they a' did adjourn;  
 Maids, wi' their coats kiltit, they skippit and lilgit;  
 When tired, they shook hands, and a' hame did re-  
 turn.

Wad the kirks in our Britain hand sic social meetings,  
 Nae warning they'd need frae a far-tinkling bell;  
 For true love and friendship wad ca' them thegither,  
 Far better than roaring o' horrors o' hell.\*

### MY WIFE SHALL HAE HER WILL.

If my dear wife should chance to gang,  
 Wi' me, to Edinburgh toun,  
 Into a shop I will her tak,  
 And buy her a new gown.  
 But if my dear wife should hain† the charge,  
 As I expect she will,  
 And if she says, The auld will do,  
 By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife should wish to gang,  
 To see a neebor or a friend,  
 A horse or a chair I will provide,  
 And a servant to attend.  
 But if my dear shall hain the charge,  
 As I expect she will,  
 And if she says, I'll walk on foot,  
 By my word she shall hae her will.

If my dear wife shall bring me a son,  
 As I expect she will,

\* Crawford, the inditer of this curious frolic, was a tailor in Edinburgh,  
 and the author of some other good songs.

† Save.

Cake and wine I will provide,  
 And a nurse to nurse the child.  
 But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,  
 As I expect she will,  
 And if she says, She'll nurs't hersell,  
 By my word she shall hae her will.\*

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**PUIR AULD MAIDENS.**

THERE are three score and ten o' us,  
 Puir auld maidens ;  
 There are three score and ten o' us,  
 Puir auld maidens ;  
 There are three score and ten o' us,  
 And nae a penny in our purse ;  
 Lame, blind, and comfortless,  
 Puir auld maidens.

It's very hard we canna get wed,  
 Puir auld maidens ;  
 It's very hard we canna get wed,  
 Puir auld maidens ;  
 It's hard that we canna get wed,  
 Or lie but in a single bed ;  
 Oh ! naething can be dune or said,  
 To comfort auld maidens.

O we are o' a willing mind,  
 Puir auld maidens ;  
 O we are o' a willing mind,  
 Puir auld maidens ;  
 O we are o' a willing mind,  
 Gin ony man wad be sae kind

\* This and the preceding song are copied from "the North Country Garland," 1824; a collection of old ballads almost as good as manuscript, since only thirty copies were printed.

As pity us that's lame and blind,  
Puir auld maidens.

It's very hard we canna get men,  
Puir auld maidens ;  
It's very hard we canna get men,  
Puir auld maidens ;  
It's very hard we canna get men,  
To satisfy a willing mind,  
And pity us that's lame and blind,  
Puir auld maidens.

But oh, gin we could hae our wish,  
Puir auld maidens ;  
But oh, gin we could hae our wish,  
Puir auld maidens ;  
But oh, gin we could hae our wish,  
We'd sing as blythe as ony thrush ;  
Something maun be dune for us,  
Puir auld maidens.

But we'll apply to James the Third,  
Puir auld maidens ;  
But we'll apply to James the Third,  
Puir auld maidens ;  
But we'll apply to James the Third,  
And our petition maun be heard,  
And for ilk dame a man secured,  
To puir auld maidens.\*

\* From Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs," 2 vols. 8vo, 1828. Mr Buchan is of opinion that this strange ditty must be of four hundred years standing, because James the Third is mentioned in it. But this is extremely improbable; as not only may "James the Third" mean the old Chevalier, who was always so entitled by his friends, but the style of the poetry is evidently modern.

## THE WIDOW.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 With courage attack her, baith early and late:  
 To kiss her and clap her ye maunna be blate:  
 Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 With, Naething but—draw in your stool and sit down,\*  
 And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courtesie dead,  
 Though stark love and kindness be all you can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
 With the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald;  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie. †

\* A proverbial phrase used in Scotland to describe the "otium sine dignitate," which a youthful adventurer generally experiences on marrying a well-jointured widow.

† From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO  
HIS MISTRESS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Deil tak the wars.*

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?  
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature  
 Waters wi' the tears of joy:  
 Now through the leafy woods,  
 And by the reeking floods,  
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;  
 The lintwhite in his bower  
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;  
 The laverock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' sangs of joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise, to bless the day.

Phoebus gilding the brow o' morning,  
 Banishes ilka darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning;  
 Such to me my lovely maid.  
 When absent frae my fair,  
 The murky shades o' care  
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;  
 But when, in beauty's light,  
 She meets my ravished sight,  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart;  
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, to joy.\*

\* Burns composed this song late in an evening of October 1794, as he was returning from a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, where he had seen at dinner one of his favourite heroines, Miss Philadelphia Macmurdo.



## MY AULD MAN.

TUNE—*Saw ye my Father?*

IN the land of Fife there lived a wicked wife,  
 And in the town of Cupar then,  
 Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,  
 Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,  
 She said, What's gude for an auld man?  
 O wheit-breid and wine, and a kinnen new slain;  
 That's gude for an auld man,

Cam ye in to jeer, or cam ye in to scorn,  
 And what for came ye in?  
 For bear-bread and water, I'm sure, is much better—  
 It's ower gude for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,  
 Into his cauld-grave he's gane:  
 Lie still wi' my blessing! of thee I hae nae missing;  
 I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three quarters of a year,  
 She was married to a young man then,  
 Who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer,  
 And spent more gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,  
 And cauld grew her pat and her pan:  
 And now she sighs, and aye she says,  
 I wish I had my silly auld man!\*

\* From Ritson's "Scottish Songs," 1793, into which the editor mentions that it was copied from some common collection, whose title he did not remember. It has often been the task of the Scottish muse to point out the evils of ill-assorted alliances; but she has scarcely ever done so with

## SAW YE MY PEGGY.

TUNE—*Saw ye my Peggy?*

SAW ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Coming ower the lea?  
 Sure a finer creature  
 Ne'er was formed by Nature,  
 So complete each feature,  
 So divine is she!

O! how Peggy charms me;  
 Every look still warms me;  
 Every thought alarms me;  
 Lest she loe nae me.  
 Peggy doth discover  
 Nought but charms all over:  
 Nature bids me love her;  
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,  
 To become a rover?  
 No, I'll ne'er give over,  
 Till I happy be.  
 For since love inspires me,  
 As her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her;

-so much humour, and, at the same time, so much force of moral painting, as in the present case. No tune is assigned to the song in Ritson's Collection; but the present editor has ventured to suggest the fine air, "Saw ye my father," rather as being suitable to the peculiar rhythm of the verses, than to the spirit of the composition.

Could I but obtain her,  
 Happy would I be !  
 I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
 With faint looks implore her,  
 Till she pity me.\*

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### THE BRIDAL O'T.

ALEXANDER ROSS.†

TUNE—*Lucy Campbell.*

THEY say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 For he grows brawer ilka day;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. L., 1787. "This charming song," says Burns, [*Cromek's Reliques*], "is much older, and indeed superior, to Ramsay's verses, 'The Toast,' as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, as follows—a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:

Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Linkin ower the lea?

High-kiltit was she,  
 High-kiltit was she,  
 High-kiltit was she,  
 Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,  
 What mark has your Maggie,  
 What mark has your Maggie,  
 That ane may ken her be? (by).

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth."

† Author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, a dramatic poem in the *Mecca* dialect.

For yesternight, nae farther gane,  
 The back-house at the side-wa' o't,  
 He there wi' Meg was mirdin' \* seen;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,  
 An we had but a bridal o't,  
 We'd leave the rest unto good luck,  
 Although there might betide ill o't.  
 For bridal days are merry times,  
 And young folk like the coming o't,  
 And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
 And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,  
 The lasses like a bridal o't;  
 Their brows maun be in rank and file,  
 Although that they should guide ill o't.  
 The boddom o' the kist is then  
 Turned up into the inmost o't;  
 The end that held the keeks sae clean,  
 Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,  
 The bangster at the threshing o't,  
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain,  
 And ilka day's a clashing o't:  
 He'll sell his jerkin for a goat,  
 His linder for another o't,  
 And ere he want to clear his shot,  
 His sark'll pay the tother o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
 The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
 Can smell a bridal unco far,  
 And like to be the middlers o't:

\* Chatting, with familiar dalliance.

Fan \*, thick and three-fauld they convene,  
 Ilk ane envies the tother o't,  
 And wishes nane but him alane  
 May ever see another o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 For dancing they gae to the green,  
 And aiblins to the beatin o't :  
 He dauces best that dances fast,  
 And louns at ilka reesing o't,  
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough,  
 And furls † about the feezings o't. ‡

---

### ROYAL CHARLIE.

TUNE—*The auld Wife ayont the fire.*

OUR gallant Scottish prince was clad  
 Wi' bonnet blue and tartan plaid,  
 And oh he was a handsome lad !  
 Nane could compare wi' Charlie.  
 The wale o' chiefs, the great Lochiel,  
 At Boradale his prince did hail ;  
 And meikle friendship did prevail  
 Between the chief and Charlie.

\* When—the vulgar dialect of the north-east coast of Scotland.

† Whirls.

‡ From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. III., 1790. The spirit of a vulgar Scottish wedding is here delineated with uncommon vivacity and force of expression. It may be noted, in particular, that nothing could be more correctly descriptive of the system of dancing which obtains at that and all other such assemblages than the last verse. It could only have been improved by some notice of the whoop, or *hoagh!* a wild, short cry which the male dancers utter at the more animated passages of the saltation—*dancing* it cannot be called—and which forms, perhaps, one of the most remarkable features in the performance.

O but ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,  
 O but ye've been lang o' coming ;  
 Welcome, royal Charlie !

Arouse, ilk valiant kilted clan,  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 And charge the foe, claymore in hand,  
 For sake o' royal Charlie.  
 O welcome, Charlie, ower the main ;  
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain ;  
 Thrice welcome to our isle again,  
 Our gallant royal Charlie !

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills,  
 Can, fearless, face the warst of ills,  
 For kindred-fire ilk bosom fills,  
 At sight of royal Charlie.  
 Her ancient thistle wags her pow,  
 And proudly waves ower hill and knowe,  
 To hear our pledge and sacred vow,  
 To live or die wi' Charlie.

We daurna brew a peck o' maut,  
 But Geordie aye is finding faut ;  
 We canna mak a pickle saut,  
 For want o' royal Charlie.  
 Then up and quaff, along wi' me,  
 A bumper crowned wi' ten times three,  
 To him that's come to set us free ;  
 Huzza for royal Charlie !

From a' the wilds o' Caledon,  
 We'll gather every hardy son,  
 Till thousands to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie.  
 Come let the flowing quech go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,

Till every glen and rock resound  
The name o' royal Charlie! \*

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE sun is sunk, the day is done,  
E'en stars are setting, one by one;  
Nor torch nor taper longer may  
Eke out the pleasures of the day;  
And, since, in social glee's despite,  
It needs must be, Good night, good night!

The bride into her bower is sent,  
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent;  
The lover's whispered words, and few,  
Have bid the bashful maid adieu;  
The dancing-floor is silent quite,  
No foot bounds there, Good night, good night!

The lady in her curtained bed,  
The herdsman in his wattled shed,  
The clansman in the heathered hall,  
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!  
We part in hope of days as bright  
As this now gone—Good night, good night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all;  
And if upon its stillness fall  
The visions of a busy brain,  
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,  
To warm the heart, and charm the sight:  
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

\* Copied, by Mr Thomson's kind permission, from his "Select Melodies of Scotland," (1822,) where it is stated to have been communicated to the editor in manuscript. The central part of the song was, however, printed several years before, as the composition of a gentleman of the name of Glen.

## I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

RAMSAY.

JOHNNY.

THOUGH, for seven years and mair, honour should reave  
me  
To fields where cannons rair, thou needsna grieve thee;  
For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented;  
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me!

NELLY.

Oh, Johnny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover  
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;  
And nought in the world would vex my heart sairer,  
If you prove inconstant, and fancy ane fairer.  
Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me,  
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me!

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye;  
For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:  
Your saft blooming beauties first kindled love's fire,  
Your virtue and wit mak it ay flame the higher.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me!

NELLY.

Then, Johnny! I frankly this minute allow ye  
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;  
And gin ye prove false, to yoursell be it said, then,  
Ye win but sma' honour to wrang a pair maiden.  
Reave me, reave me, oh, it would reave me  
Of my rest, night and day, if you deceive me!



JOHNNY.

Bid ice-shogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,  
 And fair summer mornings nae mair appear ruddy ;  
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey thee,  
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray thee.  
 Leave thee, leave thee ! I'll never leave thee !  
 The starns shall gae withershins ere I deceive thee !\*

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[OLD VERSES.]

TUNE—*The weary Pund o' Tow.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow ;  
 I thought my wife wad end her life  
 Before she span her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
 As good as e'er did grow,  
 And a' that she could mak o' that  
 Was ae weary pund o' tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Ayont the ingle low,  
 And aye she took the tither sook,  
 To drook † the stoury tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

For shame, said I, you dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow :

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† *Sic*, in orig. ; but the word, I believe, should be *drack*, which implies the act of making up a powdery, or other dry stuff, into a consistence by means of water. A woman, for instance, in baking oatmeal cakes, first *dracks* the meal with water.

She took the roke, and wi' a knock,  
 She brak it ower my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

At length her feet—I sang to see it—  
 Gaed foremost ower the knowe;  
 And ere I wed another jade  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.\*

.....

### JENNY'S BAWBEE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

TUNE—*Jenny's Bawbee.*

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang:  
 I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,  
 Wha's thae I see?  
 Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,  
 Thought he was cunning as the deil,  
 And here they cam, awa to steal  
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
 Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,  
 March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
 And papped on his knee:  
 Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
 Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"  
 But deil a beauty he had seen  
 But—Jenny's bawbee.

\* From Thomson's "Select Melodies of Scotland," 1822

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin gab,  
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
 In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
 And a' for a fee.

Accounts he owed through a' the town,  
 And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,  
 But now he thought to clout his gown  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup,  
 Cried, " There's my beast, lad, hand the grup,  
 Or tie't till a tree :  
 What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan' !  
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han' !"—  
 He thought to pay what he was *awn*  
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,  
 A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
 And jaupit a' was he.  
 He danced up, squinting through a glass,  
 And grinn'd, " I' faith, a bonnie lass !"  
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,  
 The Soger no to strut sae big,  
 The Lawyer no to be a prig,  
 The Fool he cried, " Tehee !  
 I kenn'd that I could never fail !"  
 But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
 And soused him in the water-pail,  
 And kept her bawbee.\*

\* Extracted, by Mr Thomson's kind permission, from his " Select Melodies of Scotland."

## WHEN GLOAMIN O'ER THE WELKIN STEALS.

TUNE—*Jenny's Bawbee*.\*

WHEN gloamin o'er the welkin steals,  
And brings the ploughman frae the fiel's,  
Oh, Jenny's cot, among the shiels,  
Is aye the hame to me.  
To meet wi' her my heart is fain,  
And parting gies me meikle pain;  
A queen and throne I would disdain  
For Jenny's ae bawbee.

Tho' braws she has na mony feck,  
Nae riches to command respec',  
Her rosy lip and lily neck  
Mair pleasure gie to me.  
I see her beauties, prize them a',  
Wi' heart as pure as new-blawn snaw;  
I'd prize her cot before a ha',  
Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.

Nae daisy, wi' its lovely form,  
Nor dew-drap shining frae the corn,  
Nor echo frae the distant horn,  
Is half sae sweet to me!  
And if the lassie were my ain,  
For her I'd toil through wind and rain,  
And gowd and siller I would gain  
Wi' Jenny's ae bawbee.†

\* To be sung slow.

† This song, the composition (as I have been informed) of a clergyman in Galloway, was never before printed.

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons ;  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons !

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky ;  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one ;  
 Come every steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one !

Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges ;  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadswords and targes.  
 Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter ;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended :  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded.  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster :

Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
 See how they gather :  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set ;  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Now for the onset !

~~~~~

## BONNY LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie.*

WHERE hae ye been a' day,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 Saw ye him that's far away,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 On his head a bonnet blue,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Tartan plaid and Highland trews,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

When he drew his gude braidsword,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Then he gave his royal word,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 That frae the field he ne'er would flee,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 But wi' his friends would live or die,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

\* Written for Mr Thomson's excellent Collection, on the return of the  
*Highland regiments from Waterloo.*

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wha took frae him the British crown,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 But blessings on the kilted clans,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 They fought for him at Prestonpans,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Deil cock him gin he bide there,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Weel ye ken it is his own,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 Cumberland's awa to hell,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 When he cam to the Stygian shore,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 The deil himsell wi' fright did roar,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Charon grim cam out to him,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ye're welcome here, ye deevil's limb,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 He towed him ower wi' curse and ban,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Whiles he sank and whiles he swam,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

On him they pat a philabeg,  
     Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

And in his lug they rammed a peg,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 How he did skip, and he did roar,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie!  
 The deils ne'er saw sic fun before,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They took him neist to Satan's ha',  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 There to hilt wi' his grand-papa,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 Says Cumberland, I'll no gang ben,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 For fear I meet wi' Charlie's men,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Oh, nought o' that ye hae to fear,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 For fient a ane o' them comes here,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 The deil sat girnin in the neuk,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Ryving sticks to roast the Duke,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They clapped him in an arm-chair,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 And fast in chains they bound him there,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;  
 And aye they kept it het below,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wi' peats and divots\* from Glencoe, †  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

They put him then upon a speet,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

\* Turfs.

† An allusion to the celebrated massacre.



And roasted him baith head and feet,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 They ate him up baith stoop and roop,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 And that's the gate they served the Duke,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

~~~~~

## DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT ?

BURNS.

[WRITTEN IN 1795.]

TUNE—*The Barrin o' the Door.*

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?  
 Then let the loons beware, sir,  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And volunteers on shore, sir.  
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,\*  
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,  
 Ere we permit a foreign foe  
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,  
 In wrangling be divided,  
 Till slap come in an unco loon,  
 And wi' a rung decide it.  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Among ourselves united ;  
 For never but by British hands  
 Must British wrongs be righted.

\* A high hill at the source of the Nith, in Dumfries-shire.

† A hill at the mouth of the same river, on the Solway Frith.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;  
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.  
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,  
 And who would dare to spoil it ?  
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it !

The wretch that would a tyrant own ;  
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,  
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne ;  
 May they be damned together !  
 Who will not sing, " God save the King !"  
 Shall hing as high's the steeple ;  
 But while we sing, " God save the King !"  
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

## BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The bottom of the Punch Bowl.*

O LEEZE me\* on my spinning-wheel !  
 O leeze me on my rock and reel !  
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
 And haps me feil† and warm at e'en !  
 I'll set me down, and sing, and spin,  
 While laigh descends the simmer sun ;  
 Blest wi' content, and milk, and meal—  
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
 And meet below my theekit cot ;

\* An exclamation of endearment.

† Covers me with a s:uff agreeable to the skin.

The scented birk and hawthorn white  
 Across the pool their arms unite,  
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
 And little fishes' caller rest ;  
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel,  
 Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :  
 The craik amang the clover hay,  
 The pairick whirring ower the lea,  
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel ;  
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
 Aboon distress, below envy,  
 O wha wad leave this humble state,  
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?  
 Amid their flaring idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrons, dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?

~~~~~

## ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,  
 How shall I leave thee ?  
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay ;  
 Why wilt thou grieve me ?

Alas ! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou should leave me :  
 I'll live and die for thy sake,  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
 Has Mary deceived thee ?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love, that has grieved thee ?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray ;  
 Thou may believe me.  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee ?  
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe ?  
 This breast shall receive thee.  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee ;  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee ?  
 Oh ! that thought makes me sad ;  
 I'll never leave thee !  
 Where would my Adonis fly ?  
 Why does he grieve me ?  
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

## LOVE INVITING REASON.

TUNE—" *Chami ma chattle, ne duce skar me.*"\*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,  
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,  
 Ere Annie became a fine lady in toun,  
 How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she !  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,  
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen ?  
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee ?  
 Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears frae these een,  
 That look with indifference on poor dying me ?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cantie,  
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah ! should a new manteau or Flanders lace head,  
 Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,  
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,  
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine ?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And dinna prefer your flageeries to me ;  
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be solid and cannie,  
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of newfangled Sawney,  
 Though gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,

\* I am asleep : do not waken me.

By adoring himself, be adored by fair Annie,  
 And aim at those benisons promised to me?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;  
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie;  
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Oh! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,  
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,  
 Ere squirrels, or beaux, or foppery, had power  
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,  
 And let thy desires a' be centred in me;  
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,  
 And love ane wha lang has been loving to thee.\*

~~~~~

## A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

[THE " RAUCLE CARLINE'S " SONG IN THE " JOLLY  
 BEGGARS." ]

BURNS.

TUNE—*O an ye were dead, guidman!*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn;  
 But he still was faithful to his clan,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman!

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman!

\* This clever old song appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, without a mark.

There's not a lad in a' the land,  
Was match for my braw John Highlandman !

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And gude claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And lived like lords and ladies gay ;  
For a Lawland face he feared none,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

They banished him beyond the sea ;  
But, ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my braw John Highlandman.

But, och ! they caught him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman !

And now, a widow, I must mourn  
Departed joys that ne'er return,  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.

~~~~~

## WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA ?

ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

WHA'S at the window, wha, wha,  
O wha's at the window, wha, wha ?  
Wha but blythe Jamie Glen,  
He's come sax miles and ten,

To tak bonnie Jeanie awa, awa,  
To tak bonnie Jeanie awa.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,  
O bridal maidens are braw, braw;  
But the bride's modest ee,  
And warm cheek are to me,  
'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a', an' a',  
'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',  
There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha';  
There's laughing, there's quaffing,  
There's jesting, there's daffing;  
But the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',  
But the bride's father's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava;  
It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,  
That my heart is sae wearie,  
When a' the lave's cheerie,  
But it's just that she'll aye be awa, awa,  
But it's just that she'll aye be awa.

---

### KATE O' GOWRIE.

TUNE—*Locherróch-side.*

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,  
O but she had twa coal-black een;  
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen;  
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.  
Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,  
Pate to her did his love explain,  
And swore he'd be, were she his ain,  
The happiest lad in Gowrie.



Quo' she, I winna marry thee  
 For a' the gear that ye can gie :  
 Nor will I gang a step ajie,  
     For a' the gowd in Gowrie.  
 My father will gie me twa kye ;  
 My mother's gaun some yarn to dye ;  
 I'll get a gown just like the sky,  
     Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

Oh, my dear Katie, say na sae ;  
 Ye little ken a heart that's wae ;  
 Hae there's my hand ; hear me, I pray,  
     Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.  
 Since first I met thee at the sheil,  
 My saul to thee's been true and leal ;  
 The darkest night I fear nae deil,  
     Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claes, nor nocht ;  
 Sic silly things my mind ne'er taucht.  
 I dream a' nicht, and start about,  
     And wish for thee in Gowrie.  
 I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,  
 Than a' my riggs and out-gaun gear ;  
 Sit down by me till ance I swear,  
     Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Syne on her mouth sweet kisses laid,  
 Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread ;  
 She sighed, and in soft whispers said,  
     O Pate, tak me to Gowrie !  
 Quo' he, let's to the auld fook gang ;  
 Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,  
 And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang,  
     But I'll hae thee to Gowrie.

The auld fook syne baith gied consent :  
 The priest was ca'd : a' were content ;

And Katie never did repent  
 That she gaed hame to Gowrie.  
 For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;  
 Mair strappin lads ye wadna see;  
 And her braw lasses bore the gree  
 Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

~~~~~

## AE HAPPY HOUR.

LAING.

TUNE—*The Cock Laird.*

THE dark gray o' gloamin,  
 The lone leafy shaw,  
 The coo o' the cushat,  
 The scent o' the haw,  
 The brae o' the burnie,  
 A' blumin in flour,  
 And twa faithfu' lovers,  
 Mak ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wife,  
 A clean cantie hame,  
 And smiling sweet babies,  
 To lisp the dear name;  
 Wi' plenty o' labour,  
 And health to endure,  
 Make time to row round ay  
 The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,  
 Whom avarice can move  
 To woo and to marry  
 For a' thing but love;

Awa wi' your sorrows,  
 Awa wi' your store,  
 Ye ken na the pleasure  
 O' ae happy hour!

~~~~~

O WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SWEET  
 ROBIN?

O WHERE are you going, sweet Robin?  
 What makes you sae proud and sae shy?  
 I once saw the day, little Robin,  
 My friendship you would not deny.  
 But winter again is returning,  
 And weather both stormy and snell:  
 Gin ye will come back, little Robin,  
 I'll feed ye wi' moulins\* mysell.

When summer comes in, little Robin  
 Forgets all his friends and his care;  
 Away to the fields flies sweet Robin,  
 To wander the groves here and there.  
 Though you be my debtor, sweet Robin,  
 On you I will never lay blame;  
 For I've had as dear friends as Robin,  
 Who often have served me the same.

I once had a lover like Robin,  
 Who long for my love did implore;  
 At last he took flight, just like Robin,  
 And him I ne'er saw any more.  
 But should the stern blast of misfortune  
 Return him, as winter does thee,  
 Though slighted by both, little Robin,  
 Yet both of your faults I'll forgie.†

\* Crumbs.

† This fine sentimental song is copied from an anonymous sheet of music. It may be sung to the tune of *The Ewe-bughts*.

## THE DEY'S SONG.\*

ROBERT JAMIESON, ESQ.

Pbroo, pbroo! my bonnie cow,  
 Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!  
 Ye ken the hand that's kind to you,  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

Your caufie's sleepin in the pen,  
 Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!

\* This is intended as a specimen of that kind of unpremeditated song, for which the Scottish Highlanders are so remarkable. The supposed scene being peculiar and characteristic, it will be proper to give some account of it, in order that the nature of the piece may be the better understood.

"On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling a-foot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort Augustus to Inverness; and when he came to the house where he was to have breakfasted, there was no person at home, nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Duris, which is eighteen miles from Fort Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect, he proceeded about three miles further, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale-looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman, spinning wool, with a pot on the fire, and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, though he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him, that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten, except cheese, a little sour cream, and some whisky. On being asked, rather sharply, how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him, that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some unreaped barley that stood dead-ripe and dry before the door; and if he could wait half-an-hour, he should have brose and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or any thing else that he chose. To this he most readily assented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking.—She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat;' if he wished for butter, he must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the time; for unless he sung to it, no butter would come. She then went to the croft; cut down some barley; burnt the straw to dry the grain; rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind, to separate it from the ashes; ground it upon a quern; sifted it; made a bannock of the meal; set it up to bake before the fire; lastly, went to milk her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage leaves 'ayont the hallan.' She sung like a lark the whole time, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile, a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage; two new-laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling pot; and in less than half-an-hour, the poor, starving, faint, and way-worn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast, that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince." Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, II, 358, 360.

He'll soon win to the pap again ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

The stranger is come here the day,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 We'll send him singin on his way ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

The day is meeth and weary he,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 While cozie in the bield were ye ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

He'll bless your bouk when far away,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 And scaff and raff ye ay shall hae ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

Sic benison will sain ye still,  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 Frae cantrip, elf, and quarter ill ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

The stranger's blessing's lucky ay ;  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 We'll thrive, like hainet girss in May ;  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

Pbroo, pbroo, my bonnie cow !  
 Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
 Ye ken the hand that's kind to you,  
 Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

## THE QUERN-LILT.\*

ROBERT JAMIESON, ESQ.

THE cronach stills the dowie heart ;  
 The jurram stills the bairnie ;  
 But the music for a hungry wame's  
 The grinding o' the quernie.  
 And loes me on my little quernie !  
 Grind the gradden,† grind it :  
 We'll a' get crowdie when it's done,  
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize,  
 The lover prize his arles ;  
 But gin the quernie gang na round,  
 They baith will soon be sar'less.  
 Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life  
 Drive merrily and rarely ;  
 But gradden is the ballast gars  
 It steady gang, and fairly.  
 Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,  
 And ower the ingle hings us,  
 Let but the little quernie gae,  
 We're blythe, whatever dings us.  
 Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,  
 And sets his heart-strings dirlin,

\* The quern is a little hand-mill, still used in remote parts of the Highlands, and which was in the fifteenth century so common as to be then forbidden by an act of the Scottish legislature, on account of its interference with the prosperity of the thirl-mills.

† Gradden is the name given to the rough coarse meal produced by the quern.

When, coming frae the hungry hill,  
 He hears the quernie birlin !  
 Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and strife, wi' young and auld,  
 And flytin but and ben be ;  
 Let but the quernie play, they'll soon  
 A' lown and fidgin-fain be.  
 Then loes me, &c.

~~~~~

### THE WREN.

TUNE—*Lennox' Love to Blantyre.*

THE wren scho lyes in care's bed,  
 In care's bed, in care's bed ;  
 The wren scho lyes in care's bed,  
 In meikle dule and pyne, O.  
 When in cam Robin Redbreist,  
 Redbreist, Redbreist ;  
 When in cam Robin Redbreist,  
 Wi' succar-saps and wine, O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,  
 Taste o' this, taste o' this ;  
 Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this ?  
 It's succar-saps and wine, O.  
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
 Robin, Robin ;  
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
 Though it were ne'er sae fine, O.

\* \* \* \* \*

And where's the ring that I gied ye,  
 That I gied ye, that I gied ye;  
 And where's the ring that I gied ye,  
 Ye little cutty-quean, O?  
 I gied it till a soger,  
 A soger, a soger;  
 I gied it till a soger,  
 A true sweetheart o' mine, O.\*

MY FATHER HAS FORTY GOOD SHIL-  
 LINGS.

My father has forty good shillings,  
 Ha! ha! good shillings!  
 And never had daughter but I;  
 My mother she is right willing,  
 Ha! ha! right willing!  
 That I shall have all when they die.  
 And I wonder when I'll be married,  
 Ha! ha! be married!  
 My beauty begins to decay;  
 It's time to catch hold of somebody  
 Ah, somebody!  
 Before it be all run away.

My shoes they are at the mending;  
 My buckles they are in the chest;  
 My stockings are ready for sending;  
 Then I'll be as brave as the rest.  
 And I wonder, &c.

My father will buy me a ladle;  
 At my wedding we'll have a good song;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.



For my uncle will buy me a cradle,  
 To rock my child in when it's young.  
 And I wonder, &c.\*



## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

TUNE—*Love will find out the way.*

OVER the mountains,  
 And over the waves,  
 Under the fountains,  
 And under the graves,  
 Under floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey,  
 Over rocks which are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie,  
 Where there is no space  
 For receipt of a fly ;  
 Where the midge dares not venture,  
 Lest herself fast she lay ;  
 If love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find his way.

\* From *Scottish Songs*, (2 vols. 1793,) collected by Ritson, who states that he copied it from an ordinary collection of which he did not preserve the name. He also states that he altered the word "it" in the last line of the first stanza, from "they," which was the original reading; adopting the former from an old English black-print ballad exactly resembling this, and of which the first verse ran as follows :

O when shall I be married,  
*Hogh, be married ?*  
 My beauty begins to decay :  
 'Tis time to find out somebody,  
*Hogh, somebody,*  
 Before it is quite gone away.

You may esteem him  
 A child for his might,  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward for his flight ;  
 But if she whom love doth honour,  
 Be concealed from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
 By having him confined ;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing, to be blind ;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that you may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist ;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phoenix of the east ;  
 The lioness ye may move her  
 To give over her prey ;  
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :  
 He will find out his way.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, with emendations from a copy printed in Percy's Reliques of English Poetry. There is a third and greatly different copy in Forbes's Cantus, (Aberdeen, 1666,) and which, moreover, contains the following two additional stanzas :

“ If th' earth doth part them, hee'l soon course it o're ;  
 If seas do thwart them, hee'l swim to the shore :  
 If his love become a swallow,  
 In the air for to stay,  
 Love will find wings to follow,  
 And swift flee out his way.

There is no striving, to cross his intent,  
 There is no contriving, his plots to prevent ;  
 For if once the message greet him  
 That his true love doth stay,  
 Though demons come and meet him,  
 He will go on his way.”

## THE COUNTRY LASS.

TUNE—*Although I be but a country lass.*

ALTHOUGH I be but a country lass,  
 Yet a lofty mind I bear, O ;  
 And think mysell as rich as those  
 That rich apparel wear, O.  
 Although my gown be hame-spun grey,  
 My skin it is as saft, O,  
 As them that satin weeds do wear,  
 And carry their heads aloft, O.

What though I keep my father's sheep,  
 The thing that maun be done, O ;  
 With garlands o' the finest flowers,  
 To shade me frae the sun, O ?  
 When they are feeding pleasantly,  
 Where grass and flowers do spring, O ;  
 Then, on a flowery bank, at noon,  
 I set me down and sing, O.

My Paisley piggy,\* corked with sage,  
 Contains my drink but thin, O ;  
 No wines did e'er my brains engage,  
 To tempt my mind to sin, O.†  
 My country curds and wooden spoon,  
 I think them unco fine, O ;  
 And on a flowery bank, at noon,  
 I set me down and dine, O.

Although my parents cannot raise  
 Great bags of shining gold, O,

\* A species of pipkin, manufactured, I suppose, at Paisley.

† It is a very common notion to this day, among the humbler orders of people in Scotland, that the greater degree of licentiousness which they think obtains amongst the upper ranks, is occasioned by their better food, and especially by the use of strong drinks.

Like them whase daughters, now-a-days,  
 Like swine, are bought and sold, O :  
 Yet my fair body it shall keep  
 An honest heart within, O ;  
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,  
 I value not a prin, O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,  
 Nor chains about my neck, O,  
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,  
 My fingers straight to deck, O.  
 But for that lad to me shall fa',  
 And I have grace to wed, O,  
 I'll keep a brow that's worth them a' ;  
 I mean my silken snood, O.\*

If canny fortune give to me  
 The man I dearly love, O,  
 Though we want gear, I dinna care,  
 My hands I can improve, O ;  
 Expecting for a blessing still  
 Descending from above, O ;  
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,  
 Repeating tales of love, O.†

~~~~~

## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—*Bannocks o' Barley.*

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley !  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !

\* The *silken snood*, which occurs so frequently in Scottish poetry, was a narrow ribbon worn in former times by maidens of the humbler rank. As it was always abandoned on the loss of maidenly reputation, and changed for a curch, or cap, in case of matrimony, it has come to serve in poetry as the emblem of maidenhood.

† From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it is marked as being an old song even at the time of the publication of that work.

Wha in a brulyie will first cry a parley?  
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!  
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley!  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!

Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.\*

~~~~~

### GO TO BERWICK, JOHNIE.

TUNE—*Go to Berwick, Johnie.*

Go to Berwick, Johnie;  
 Bring her frae the Border;  
 Yon sweet bonnie lassie,  
 Let her gae nae farther.  
 English loons will twine ye  
 O' the lovely treasure;  
 But we'll let them ken,  
 A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnie,  
 And regain your honour;  
 Drive them ower the Tweed,  
 And show our Scottish banner.  
 I am Rob the king,  
 And ye are Jock, my brither;  
 But, before we lose her,  
 We'll a' there thegither.†

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. V. circa 1798.

† This incomprehensible, though popular rant, is from Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. VI., 1803. Ritson, in his *Scottish Songs*, 1793, mentions, that he had heard it gravely asserted at Edinburgh, that "a foolish song, beginning,

Go, go, go to Berwick, Johnie!  
 Thou shalt have the horse, and I shall have the poney!

was made upon one of Wallace's marauding expeditions, and that the person thus addressed was no other than his *fidus Achates*, Sir John Graham."

## ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Robin shure in hairst.*

ROBIN shure \* in hairst ;  
 I shure wi' him :  
 Fient a heuk had I,  
 Yet I stack by him.  
 I gaed up to Dunse,  
 To warp a wab o' plaidin ;  
 At his daddie's yett,  
 Wha met me but Robin ?

Wasna Robin bauld,  
 Though he was a cottar,  
 Played me sic a trick,  
 And me the Eller's † dochter !

Robin promised me  
 A' my winter's vittle ;  
 Fient haet he had but three  
 Guse feathers and a whittle ! ‡

## THE AULD MAN.

TUNE—*The auld Man he cam o'er the lee.*

THE auld man he cam o'er the lee ;  
 Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him :

\* Pret. of *shear*, to reap.

† The Elder.

‡ Three pens and a penknife, a proper capital for a poor poet ! This ridiculous song, which Burns seems to have designed as a hit at his own character, was written for Johnson's Musical Museum ; from which work (Part VI. 1805) the present copy is extracted.

He cam on purpose for to court me,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother bade me gie him a stool ;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him :  
I ga'e him a stool, and he looked like a fool,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother she bade me gie him some pye ;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him :  
I ga'e him some pye, and he laid the crust by,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother she bade me gie him a dram ;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him :  
I ga'e him a dram o' the brandy sae strang,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mother bade me put him to bed ;  
Ha, ha, but I'll no hae him :  
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,  
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.\*

---

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

*TUNE—Here's a health to them that's awa.*

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
Here's a health to them that were here short syne,  
And canna be here the day.

It's gude to be merry and wise ;  
It's gude to be honest and true ;

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part V. circa 1798.

It's gude to be aff wi' the auld love,  
Before ye be on wi' the new.\*

~~~~~

### HEY, CA' THROUGH.

TUNE—*Hey, ca' through.*

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,  
And the lads o' Buckhaven,  
And the kimmers o' Largo,  
And the lasses o' Leven.  
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
For we hae muckle ado:  
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,  
For we hae muckle ado.

We hae tales to tell,  
And we hae sangs to sing;  
We hae pennies to spend,  
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days;  
And them that comes behin',  
Let them do the like,  
And spend the gear they win.†

~~~~~

### HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

HON. ANDREW ERSKINE.

*To a Gaelic air.*

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling  
Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt!

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part V. circa 1798

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV. 1792.



Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,  
A pause from keen anguish one moment is felt.

The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping ;  
Ah, near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb !  
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,  
And the sweets of the vale are all shaded with gloom.\*



### O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

TUNE—*Crowdie.*

O THAT I had ne'er been married !  
I wad never had nae care ;  
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
And they cry Crowdie evermair.  
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
Three times crowdie in a day :  
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,  
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,  
Glowrin by the hallan en' :  
Sair I fecht them at the door ;  
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.  
Ance crowdie, &c. †

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

† The first verse of this song, and the chorus, were corrected for the Musical Museum by Burns. The second verse was entirely the composition of the poet.

## IN YON GARDEN.

TUNE—*In yon garden fine and gay.*

IN yon garden fine and gay,  
Picking lilies a' the day,  
Gathering flowers o' ilka hue,  
I wistna then what love could do.

Where love is planted there it grows ;  
It buds and blows like any rose ;  
It has a sweet and pleasant smell ;  
No flower on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,  
And thought the sweetest rose to find ;  
But pricked my finger to the bone,  
And left the sweetest rose behind.\*

~~~~~

 FAIRLY SHOT O' HER.

TUNE—*Fairly shot o' her.*

O GIN I were fairly shot o' her !  
Fairly, fairly, fairly shot o' her !  
O gin I were fairly shot o' her !  
If she were dead, I wad dance on the top o' her !

Till we were married, I couldna see licht till her ;  
For a month after, a' thing aye gaed richt wi' her :  
But these ten years I hae prayed for a wright to her—  
O gin I were fairly shot o' her !

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Vol. VI. 1803.

Nane o' her relations or friends could stay wi' her :  
 The neebours and bairns are fain to flee frae her :  
 And I my ain sell am forced to gie way till her :  
 Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her !

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae muckle pride in her ;  
 There's no a gudewife in the haill country-side like her :  
 Wi' dress and wi' drink, the deil wadna bide wi' her :  
 Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her !

If the time were but come that to the kirk-gate wi' her,  
 And into the yird I'd mak mysell quit o' her,  
 I'd then be as blythe as first when I met wi' her :  
 Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her !\*

---

## GUDE ALE COMES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The happy Farmer.*

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes ;  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleuch,  
 And they drew teuch and weel eneuch :  
 I drank them a' just ane by ane ;  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hands me bare and busy,  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant bizzie,

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Vol. VI. 1805.

Stand i' the stool, when I hae done ;\*  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes ;  
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.†

~~~~~

## THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Collier's bonnie lassie.*

THE collier has a daughter,  
And O she's wondrous bonnie.  
A laird he was that sought her,  
Rich baith in lands and money.  
The tutors watched the motion  
Of this young honest lover :  
But love is like the ocean ;  
Wha can its depths discover !

He had the art to please ye,  
And was by a' respected ;

\* " Gars me work when I am dizzy :  
Spend my wage when a' is done."

*Variation in a stall copy.*

† This is not precisely an original composition of Burns's, but was only modified and trimmed up by him for the Musical Museum. The present version is from the Musical Museum, collated with one in Cromek's " Select Scottish Songs," where the following stanza is inserted instead of that beginning, " Gude ale hauds me bare and busy."

I had forty shillings in a clout,  
Gude ale gart me pyke them out :  
That gear should moule I thought a sin ;  
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

" The song," says Burns, " sings to the tune called the Bottom of the Punch Bowl, of which a very good copy may be found in M'Gibbon's Collection." Cromek's Reliques.

His airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The collier's bonnie lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,  
 Aye sweet, and never saucy,  
 Secured the heart o' Willie.

He loved, beyond expression,  
 The charms that were about her,  
 And panted for possession ;  
 His life was dull without her.  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held her ;  
 In softest flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus telled her :

My bonnie collier's daughter,  
 Let naething discompose ye ;  
 It's no your scanty tocher,  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :  
 For I have gear in plenty ;  
 And love says, it's my duty  
 To ware what heaven has lent me  
 Upon your wit and beauty.\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. We are informed by Burns that the first half stanza of this song is older than the days of Ramsay, and that the whole first verse of the original song runs thus :

The collier has a daughter, and O she's wondrous bonnie !  
 A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.  
 She wadna hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady ;  
 But she wad hae a collier, the colour o' her daddie.

Which was perhaps a wiser line of conduct on the part of "the Collier's Bonnie Lassie," than what we are led to suppose she adopted by Ramsay's song. A song somewhat similar is given in Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III. 1790. It is entitled,

#### MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—*The Collier's bonnie lass.*

Where live ye, my bonnie lass,  
 And tell me what they ca' ye?