

## WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

TUNE—*Willie Winkie's Testament.*

My daddy left me gear eneuch,  
 A coatie and an auld beam-pleuch,  
 A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,  
 A fishing-wand, with hook and line ;  
 With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,  
 A jukenet, scarce worth a louse,  
 An auld pat, that wants the lug,  
 A spurtle and a sowen-cogg.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,  
 A tar-harn, and a wether's bell,  
 A muck-fork, and an auld peat creel,  
 The spokes of our auld spinning wheel ;  
 A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,  
 With our auld brunt and broken ladle,  
 A whang but and a sniffle bit ;  
 Cheer up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff, a timmer-spit,  
 An auld kirn, and a hole in it,  
 Yarn-winnles, and a reel,  
 A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,  
 A whistle, and a tup horn spoon,  
 Wi' an auld pair o' clouted shoon,  
 A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,  
 A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,  
 The pinnion of an auld car-saddle,  
 A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,  
 A mitten for the left hand,

With an auld broken pan of brass,

\* \* \* \* \*

An auld band, and a hoodling-how ;  
I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weel now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,  
With a' this riff-raff in my pack ;  
And it was a' for want o' gear,  
That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare :  
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,  
For ye hae naigs enough to plow,  
And hose and shoon fit for your feet ;  
Cheer up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysell I did advise,  
My daddy's gear for to comprise ;  
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see  
What gear my daddy left to me.  
They sat three quarters of a year,  
Comprising of my daddy's gear ;  
And when they had gien a' their votes,  
'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots \*

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## MY AIN COUNTRIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he ;  
But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
In my ain countrie.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

O ! gladness comes to many,  
 But sorrow comes to me,  
 As I look o'er the wide ocean  
 To my ain countrie.

O ! it's not my ain ruin  
 That saddens aye my ee,  
 But the love I left in Galloway,  
 Wi' bonnie bairns three ;  
 My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,  
 And smiled my fair Marie :  
 I've left my heart behind me,  
 In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,  
 And the blossom to the tree,  
 But I win back—oh, never,  
 To my ain countrie.  
 I'm leal to the high heaven,  
 Which will be leal to me ;  
 And there I'll meet ye a' sune,  
 Frae my ain countrie.

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## HALLOW FAIR.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*

THERE'S fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies  
 Comes weel-buskit into the fair,  
 With ribbons on their cockernonies,  
 And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.  
 Maggie she was sae weel buskit,  
 That Willie was tied to his bride ;

The pownie was ne'er better whisket  
Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wondrous jealous,  
To see Willie buskit sae braw ;  
And Sandy he sat in the alehouse,  
And hard at the liquor did ca'.  
There was Geordie, that weel looed his lassie,  
He took the pint-stoup in his arms,  
And hugged it, and said, Trowth they're saucie,  
That loes na a guid-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,  
That rides on the bonnie grey cowt,  
With sword by his side like a cadie  
To drive in the sheep and the nowt.  
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,  
It scarcely cam down to mid-thie,  
With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,  
And housing at curpen and tee.

But Bruckie played boo to Bassie,\*  
And aff scoured the cout like the wind :  
Puir Wattie he fell on the caussey,  
And birzed all the banes in his skin.  
His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,  
And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt ;  
The folk they cam round him in clusters ;  
Some leuch, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt ?

But cout wad let naebody steer him,  
He aye was sae wanton and skeigh ;  
The packmen's stands he overturned them,  
And garred a' the Jocks stand abeigh ;

\* The cow played boo to the horse.

Wi' sneerin behind and before him,  
 For sic is the mettle o' brutes,  
 Puir Wattie, and waes me for him,  
 Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the e'ening,  
 And boughting-time was drawing near ;  
 The lasses had stanchd their greenin'  
 Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.  
 There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,  
 And Ceicy on the spinale could spin,  
 Stood glowrin at signs and glass winnocks,  
 But deil a ane bade them come in.

Gude guide us ! saw ye ever the like o't ?  
 See, yonder's a bonnie black swan ;  
 It glow'rs as it wad fain be at us ;  
 What's yon that it hauds in its hand ?  
 Awa', daft gowk, cries Wattie,  
 They're a' but a ruckle o' sticks ;  
 See, there is Bill-Jock and auld Hawkie,  
 And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.

Quoth Maggie, come buy us our fairin' ;  
 And Wattie richt sleely could tell,  
 I think thou'rt the flower o' the clachan,—  
 In trowth, now, I'se gie thee mysell.  
 But wha wad ha' e'er thocht it o' him,  
 That e'er he had rippled the lint ?  
 Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,  
 Though she was baith scaulie and squint.\*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## SONG.\*

TUNE—*Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

FORGIVE me if I thought your looks  
 Did once some change discover ;  
 To be too jealous is the fault  
 Of every faithful lover.  
 My looks that keen resentment show,  
 Which you blame so severely ;  
 A'sign, alas, you little know  
 What 'tis to love sincerely.

The torments of a long despair  
 I could in silence smother ;  
 But 'tis a thing I cannot bear,  
 To think you love another.  
 My fate depends alone on you ;  
 I am but what you make me ;  
 Divinely blest if you prove true,  
 Undone if you forsake me.

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## SONG

IN BURLESQUE OF PRINCE CHARLES'S MANIFESTO.

MRS COCKBURN.

TUNE—*Clout the Caldron.*

HAVE you any laws to mend ?  
 Or have you any grievance ?

\* This song, and the six songs and eight fragments which follow, are from a manuscript collection, made, during the decade of 1770-80, by a lady residing at Edinburgh. I am only permitted to mention that the compiler was an intimate friend of Mrs Catherine Cockburn, author of the later set of words to the tune of "the Flowers of the Forest," and of the burlesque on the Young Chevalier's Declaration, which immediately follows.

I am a hero to my trade,  
 And truly a most leal prince.  
 Would you have war, would you have peace,  
 Would you be free of taxes,  
 Come chapping to my father's door,  
 You need not doubt of access.

Religion, laws, and liberty,  
 Ye ken, are bonnie words, sirs :  
 They shall be a' made sure to you,  
 If you'll fecht wi' your swords, sirs.  
 The nation's debt we soon shall pay,  
 If ye'll support our right, boys ;  
 No sooner we are brought in play  
 Than all things shall be tight, boys.

Ye ken that, by an Union base,  
 Your ancient kingdom's undone,  
 That a' your ladies, lords, and lairds,  
 Gang up and live at London.  
 Nae langer that we will allow,  
 For, crack—it goes asunder—  
 What took sic time and pains to do ;  
 And let the warld wonder.

I'm sure, for seven years and mair,  
 Ye've heard o' sad oppression ;  
 And this is all the good ye got  
 By the Hanover succession.  
 For absolute power and popery,  
 Ye ken it's a' but nonsense :  
 I here swear to secure to you  
 Your liberty of conscience.

And, for your mair encouragement,  
 Ye shall be pardoned by-ganes ;  
 Nae mair fight on the Continent,  
 And leave behind your dry-banes.

Then come away, and dinna stay ;  
 What gars ye look sae landart ?  
 I'd have ye run, and not delay  
 To join my father's standard !\*

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DEAR AND A-WALY, HINNIE.

DEAR and a-waly, hinnie,  
 Dear and a-waly, die,  
 Dear and a-waly, hinnie,  
 It's braw milking the kye.

I'll hae nae mair sour-milk suppers,  
 I'll hae nae mair lappers o' kail ;  
 But I'll hae the bonnie young lad  
 That drinks the berry-brown ale.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

I'll hae nae mair sour-milk suppers,  
 I'll hae nae mair lappers o' whey ;  
 But I'll hae the bonnie young lad  
 That's carried my heart away.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

Summer's a seemly season ;  
 There's claver in ilka cleuch ;  
 Sae merrily sings the mavis ;  
 The burn rins ower the heuch.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

Sell hawkie, minnie,  
 Sell hawkie, ye ;

\* An anecdote connected with this song is printed in the Historical Essay at the beginning of the collection.



Sell hawkie, minnie,  
 And buy the beets to me.  
 Dear and a-waly, &c.

I'd rather sell my petticoat,  
 Though it were made o' silk,  
 Than sell my bonnie brown hawkie,  
 That gies us the wee soup milk.

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LORD BINNING.\*

SOME cry up little Hyndy† for this thing and for that,  
 And others James Dalrymple, though he be somewhat  
 fat ;

But, of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do  
 tell,  
 Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell.

Some cry up Ranting Rothes, whose face is like the  
 moon ;

Nor Highlander nor minister can put him out of tune.  
 But of all, &c.

Some cry up Binning's father‡ for feehting at Dunblane ;  
 But Binning says it only was for fear of being taen.

But of all, &c.

\* This song must be just about a century old, as the Lord Binning to whom it alludes died in 1733, at the age of twenty-four. He was a youth of the greatest promise, and the author of the song of Robin and Nanny, which is included in this collection.

† The Earl of Hyndford, British Ambassador at the court of St Petersburg.

‡ John, sixth Earl of Haddington, who appeared as a volunteer on the King's side at the battle of Dunblane or Sheriffmuir, where he is said to have behaved with great gallantry.

Some cry up Earl Lauderdale, though he be grim and  
black ;  
For at the battle of Sheriffmuir he never turned his  
back.

But of all, &c.

Some cry up pretty Polwarth\* for his appearance great,  
For wi' his Orange Regiment the rebels he defeat.

But of all, &c.

Some cry up the Laird o' Grant, 'cause he came fore-  
most in ;

And others wee Balgony for naething but his chin.

But of all, &c.

Some cry up our great General† for managing the war,  
Though at the battle o' Dunblane he pushed the foe  
too far.

But of all, &c.

I have nae skill in politics ; therefore I haud my tongue ;  
But you'll think I hae gab enough, though I be some-  
what young.

But I'll tell you a secret, my fairy Binning elf,  
Emilius, Emilius, I swear it is yourself !

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## THERE'S A LAD IN THIS TOWN HAS A FANCY FOR ME.

*TUNE—The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.*

THERE'S a lad in this town has a fancy for me,  
There's a lad in this town has a fancy for me ;

\* Eldest son of the Earl of Marchmont.  
† John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich.

But they're nearer my heart that's farer frae me,  
And he's blacker that I loe better than he.

There's better and better providing for me,  
There's better and better providing for me,  
There's better and better providing for me;  
There's a coach and six horses a-riding for me.

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### THE MASON LADDIE.

*TUNE—Sandy ower the lea.*

LEANING ower a window, and looking ower a mound,  
I spied a mason laddie, wha gave my heart a wound ;  
A wound, and a wound, and a deadly wound gave he ;  
And I wad wash his apron an he wad fancy me.

I winna hae the minister, for a' his many books ;  
I winna hae the dominie, for a' his wylie looks ;  
I will hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me ;  
But my bonnie mason laddie he bears awa' the gree.

I winna hae the mautman, for a' his muckle sho'el ;  
Nor will I hae the miller, for a' his mity meal ;  
I wad hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me ;  
For my bonnie mason laddie he's up the scaffold hie.

I winna hae the ploughman, that gangs at the pleuch ;  
Nor yet will I the chaplain, though he has gear eneuch ;  
I wad hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me ;  
For my bonnie mason laddie has stown the heart frae me.

I winna hae the souter, that rubs upon the shoon ;  
Nor yet will I the weaver, that gingles on the loom ;

I wad hae nane o' thae twa, though they wad fancy me ;  
For my bonnie mason laddie he bears awa' the gree.

The smith that canna lay an axe is no a man o' craft ;  
The wright that canna seam a deal can scarcely lay a  
laft.

The lad that canna kiss a lass is no a lad for me ;  
But my bonnie mason laddie he can do a' the three.

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**GALA WATER.**

**TUNE—*Gala Water.***

OUT ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,  
Out ower yon bonnie bush o' heather !  
O all ye lads, whae'er ye be,  
Show me the way to Gala Water.  
Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,  
Bonnie lads o' Gala Water ;  
The Lothian lads maun ne'er compare  
Wi' the braw lads o' Gala Water.

At Nettle-flat we will begin,  
And at Halltree we'll write a letter ;  
We'll down by the Bower, and take a scour,  
And drink to the lads o' Gala Water.

There's Blindlie and Torwoodlee,  
And Galashiels is muckle better ;  
But young Torsonce he bears the gree  
Of a' the Pringles o' Gala Water.

Buckham is a bonnie place ;  
But Appletree-leaves is muckle better ;

But Cockleferry bears the gree  
 Frae ilka laird on Gala Water.

Lords and lairds came here to woo,  
 And gentlemen wi' sword and dagger ;  
 But the black-eyed lass o' Galashiels  
 Wad hae nane but the gree o' Gala Water.

Lothian lads are black wi' reek,  
 And Teviotdale lads are little better ;  
 But she's kiltit her coats abune her knee,  
 And gane wi' the lad o' Gala Water.

Though corn-rigs are gude to see,  
 Yet flocks o' sheep are muckle better ;  
 For oats will shake in a windy day,  
 When the lambs will play in Gala Water.

Adieu, sour ploods o' Galashiels,  
 Farewell, my father and my mother ;  
 For I'll awa' wi' the black herd lad  
 Wha keeps his flocks on Gala Water.  
 Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,  
 Bonnie lads o' Gala Water !  
 Let them a' say what they will,  
 The gree gaes aye to Gala Water.\*

\* If this song be (what it probably is) the first song written to the tune of Gala Water, we must conclude that the celebrity of that district of Scotland in song and music, has been entirely owing to the charms of one *bonnie lass*. So much may one person do for a country.

## Fragments.

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MAGGIE, my dow ; Maggie, my dow ;  
 John Abernethy is seeking you.  
 Gar steek the door, and let him stand,  
 Till I put on my curch o' lawn,  
 My curch o' lawn abune my hair ;  
 Syne Johnie will trow that I am fair.

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TUNE—*New Year's Day.*

I'd rather hae a piece \* as a kiss o' my joe,  
 I'd rather hae a piece as a kiss o' my joe,  
 I'd rather hae a piece as a kiss o' my joe,  
 And I'm easy whether I get him-or no.

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My love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,  
 My love's bonnie and fair to see ;  
 And aye when I think on her weel-faured face,  
 Then in her company I would be.†

\* What children and labourers in England understand by the phrase "a crust of bread," is, in Scotland, known by the abbreviated epithet, "a piece."

† I have myself heard this elegant little erotic sung by an old woman at Peebles.

*TUNE—Joy gaed down the loaning wi' her.*

JOY gaed down the loaning wi' her,  
 And joy gaed down the loaning wi' her ;  
 She wadna hae me, but she's taen another,  
 And a' man's joy but mine gaed with her.

*TUNE—The Deuks dang ower my daddie.*

THE nine-pint bicker's faun aff the bink,  
 And broken the ten-pint canny.  
 The wife and her cummers sat down to drink,  
 But ne'er a drap gae the goodmanny.  
 The bairns thay set up the cry,  
 The deuks hae dung ower my daddy !  
 There's nae muckle matter, quo' the gadewife,  
 For he was but a daidling bodie.

*TUNE—Galloway Tam.*

BONNEYNESS gaed to the water to wash,  
 And Prettyness gaed to the barn to thrash.  
 Gar tell my master to pay me my fee,  
 For Prettyness winna let Bonnyness be.

*TUNE—The Quaker's wife.*

THE quaker's wife sat down to bake,  
 And a' her bairns about her ;  
 Ilk ane got their quarter cake,  
 The miller gat his mou'ter.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
 Merrily danced the quakers ;  
 Merrily danced the quaker's wife,  
 And merrily danced the quakers.

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 TUNE—*The Quaker's wife.*

ON Saturday my wife she died ;  
 On Sunday she was buried ;  
 On Mononday I courted a wife,  
 On Tuesday I was married.  
 On Wednesday I stealt a horse,  
 On Thursday was apprehended ;  
 On Friday I was condemned to die,  
 On Saturday I was hanged.

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**WHEN THE SUN GAES DOWN.**

WILLIAM WILSON.

WHEN the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,  
 I'll meet thee, bonny Mary, when the sun gaes down ;  
 I'll row my apron up, and I'll leave the reeky town,  
 And meet thee by the burnie when the sun gaes down.

By the burnie there's a bower ; we will gently lean us  
 there,  
 And forget in ither's arms every earthly care ;  
 For the chiefest o' my joys in this weary mortal roun',  
 Is the burn-side, wi' Mary, when the sun gaes down.

There the ruined castle tower on the distant steep ap-  
 pears,  
 Like a hoary auld warrior faded wi' years ;



And the burnie, stealin' by wi' a fairy silver soun',  
Will soothe us wi' its music, when the sun gaes down.

The burnside is sweet when the dew is on the flower,  
But it's like a little heaven at the trystin' hour !  
And wi' pity I would look on the chiel that wears a  
crown,  
When wi' thee, by the burnie, when the sun gaes down.

When the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,  
I'll meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down ;  
Come in thy petticoattie and thy little druggat gown,  
And I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes  
down.

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### CALLUM-A-GLEN.

FROM THE GAELIC, BY JAMES HOGG.

Was ever old warrior of suffering so weary ?  
Was ever the wild beast so bayed in his den ?  
The Southron bloodhounds lie in kennels so near me,  
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.  
My sons are all slain and my daughters have left me ;  
No child to protect me, where once there were ten :  
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,  
And wo to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen.

The homes of my kindred are blazing to heaven,  
The bright sun of morning has blushed at the view ;  
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,  
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :  
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber ;  
It sprinkles the cot and it flows from the pen.

The pride of my country is fallen for ever!  
 Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has looked on our sorrow,  
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea:  
 Oh, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow  
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free?  
 Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion;  
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;  
 The day is abiding of stern retribution  
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

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### THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Captain O' Mine.*

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning;  
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the  
 vale;  
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning;  
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale.  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingerin' moments are numbered by care?  
 No flowers gaily springing,  
 Or birds sweetly singing,  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice—  
 A king and a father to place on his throne!  
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find  
 none.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn ;  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn :  
 Your deeds proved so loyal  
 In hot bloody trial ;  
 Alas ! can I make it no better return !

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### WILLIE WI' HIS WIG A-JEE.

O SAW ye Willie frae the west !  
 O saw ye Willie in his glee !  
 O saw ye Willie frae the west,  
 When he had got his wig a-jee !  
 There's " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
 He towers it up in sic a key ;  
 O saw ye Willie, hearty lad,  
 When he had got his wig a-jee !

To hear him sing a cantie air,  
 He liltis it ower sae charmingly,  
 That in a moment aff flies care,  
 When Willie gets his wig a-jee.  
 Let drones croon ower a winter night ;  
 A fig for them whoe'er they be ;  
 For I could sit till morning light,  
 Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.\*

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### MARY.

H. AINSLIE.

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,  
 At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,

\* By a gentleman of the name of Chalmers, resident at Paisley.

When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow bauld,  
 And the wuds are hingin' yellow ;  
 But oh, its dowier far to see  
 The wa'-gang o' her the heart gangs wi',  
 The dead-set o' a shinin' ee,  
 That darkens the wearie warld on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa—  
 Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder ;  
 And the thing on yerd was never made  
 That could hae gart us sunder.  
 But the way o' Heav'n's abune a' ken—  
 And we maun bear what it likes to sen—  
 It's comfort, though, to wearie men,  
 That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae—  
 Just kent and just forgotten—  
 And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,  
 Gin anither year lie rotten.  
 But the last look o' that lovely ee,  
 And the dying grip she gae to me,  
 They're settled like eternitie—  
 Oh, Mary ! that I were wi' thee.

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### YOUNG MAXWELL.

*AIR—Auld Maggie Sharp.*

O, WHERE gang ye, thou silly auld carle ?  
 And what do ye carry there ?  
 I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger-man,  
 To shift my sheep their lair.

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,  
 And a guid lang stride took he ;

I trow, thou be a feck auld carle ;  
Will ye shaw the way to me ?

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,  
Adown by the greenwood side ;  
Licht down and gang, thou sodger-man,  
For here ye canna ride.

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,  
And lichtly doun he sprang ;  
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,  
Whaur the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrawn aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,  
And his bonnet frae 'bune his bree ;  
And wha was it but the Young Maxwell !  
And his guid broun sword drew he.

Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron,  
And thou killed my brethren three,  
Whilk brak the heart o' my ae sister,  
I loved as the light o' my ee.

Draw out your sword, you vile Southron,  
Red wat wi' blude o' my kin ;  
That sword it crappit the bonniest flour  
E'er lifted its head to the sun.

There's ae sad stroke for my father dear,  
There's twa for my brethren three ;  
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,  
Whom I loved as the light o' my ee.\*

\* This ballad is stated, in Mr R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," to be founded on fact. A young gentleman of the name of Maxwell, being an adherent of the house of Stuart, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal home reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of a shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat.

## MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

O, I HAE seen great apes, and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords, and 'mang ladies, a' covered wi' braws ;  
 But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side.

My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
 As the bonnie blithe blink o' my ain fire-side.

Ance mair, heaven be praised ! round my ain heart-  
 some ingle,

Wi' the friends o' my youth, I cordially mingle ;  
 Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad,  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer ;  
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,  
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fire-side.

My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.



## OUR LADYE'S BLESSED WELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE moon is gleaming far and near,  
 The stars are streaming free ;  
 And cold comes down the evening dew  
 On my sweet babe and me.  
 There is a time for holy song,  
 An hour for charm and spell,

And now's the time to bathe my babe  
In our Ladye's Blessed Well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe  
As light e'er shone aboon,  
And fairer than the gowan is,  
Born in the April moon ;  
First, like the lily pale ye grew,  
Syne like the violet wan ;  
As in the sunshine dies the dew,  
So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind  
That harmed thee, lovely child ?  
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch  
That all thy bloom defiled ?  
I've watched thee in the mirk midnight,  
And watched thee in the day,  
And sung our Ladye's sacred song  
To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,  
The night is in its prime,  
The owl doth chase the bearded bat,  
The mark of witching time ;  
And o'er the seven sister-stars  
A silver cloud is drawn,  
And pure the blessed water is  
To bathe thee, gentle Ann.

On a far sea thy father sails  
Among the spicy isles ;  
He thinks on thee and thinks on me,  
And, as he thinks, he smiles ;  
And sings, while he his white sail trims,  
And severs swift the sea,

About his Anna's sunny locks,  
And of her bricht blue ee.

O blessed fountain, give her back  
The brightness of her brow !  
O blessed water, bid her cheeks  
Like summer roses glow !  
'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,  
To thing divine as thee,  
But, kingdoms to a mother's heart,  
Fu' dear is Ann to me.



## DUNT, DUNT, DUNT, PITTIE PATTIE.

TUNE—*The yellow-haired laddie.*

ON Whitsunday morning,  
I went to the fair ;  
My yellow-haired laddie  
Was selling his ware ;  
He gied me sic a blithe blink,  
With his bonny black ee,  
And a dear blink, and a fair blink,  
It was unto me.

I wist not what ailed me,  
When my laddie cam in ;  
The little wee sternies  
Flew aye frae my een ;  
And the sweat it dropt down  
Frae my very ee-bree,  
For my heart aye played  
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.

I wist not what ailed me,  
When I went to my bed,



I tossed and I tumbled,  
 And sleep frae me fled.  
 Now, it's, sleeping and waking,  
 He's aye in my ee,  
 And my heart aye plays  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.\*

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## THE SAILOR AND SHEPHERDESS.

SAILOR.

WHEN lightning parts the thunder-cloud,  
 That blackens all the sea,  
 And tempests sough through sail and shroud,  
 Ev'n then I'll think on thee, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

I wrap me in that keepsake plaid,  
 And lie down amang the snaw ;  
 While frozen are the tears I shed,  
 For him that's far awa, Willie !

SAILOR.

We sail past mony a bonny isle ;  
 Wi' maids the shores are thrang ;  
 Before my ee there's but ae smile,  
 Within my ear ae sang, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

In kirk, on every Sabbath-day,  
 For ane on the great deep,  
 Unto my God I humbly pray—  
 And while I pray, I weep, Willie.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

SAILOR.

The sands are bright wi' golden shells,  
 The groves wi' blossoms fair ;  
 And I think upon the heather-bells,  
 That deck thy glossy hair, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

I read thy letters sent from far,  
 And aft I kiss thy name,  
 And ask my Maker, frae the war  
 If ever thou'lt come hame, Willie.

SAILOR.

What though your father's hut be lown  
 Aneath the green hill-side ?  
 The ship that Willie sails in, blown  
 Like chaff by wind and tide, Mary ?

SHEPHERDESS.

Oh ! weel I ken the raging sea,  
 And a' the steadfast land,  
 Are held, wi' specks like thee and me,  
 In the hollow of His hand, Willie.

SAILOR.

He sees thee sitting on the brae,  
 Me hinging on the mast ;  
 And o'er us baith, in dew or spray,  
 His saving shield is cast, Mary.\*

\* From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 1832.

## WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME?

ALEXANDER ROSS.\*

I AM a young bachelor winsome,  
 A farmer by rank and degree,  
 And few I see gang out more handsome,  
 To kirk or to market, than me.  
 I've oversight, and insight, and credit,  
 And frae onie eelist I'm free;  
 I'm weel eneuch boarded and bedded—  
 What ails the lasses at me?

My bughts of good store are na scanty,  
 My byers are weel stocked wi' kye;  
 Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,  
 And two or three easements forbye.  
 A horse to ride out when they're weary,  
 And cock wi' the best they can see;  
 And then be ca't dauty and deary—  
 I wonder what ails them at me.

I've tried them, baith Highland and Lowland,  
 Where I a fair bargain could see;  
 The black and the brown were unwilling,  
 The fair ones were warst o' the three.  
 With jooks and with scrapes I've addressed them,  
 Been with them baith modest and free;  
 But whatever way I caressed them,  
 They were cross and were cankered \*wi' me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cranshanks,  
 And a' the wandoghts that I ken,

\* Author of an extended Scottish pastoral, entitled "The Fortunate Shepherdess." He was a contemporary and early friend of Beattie, who addressed a hobbling Scottish poem to him on the publication of his pastoral. He was schoolmaster of the wild parish of Lochlee, in Forfarshire, during the latter half of the last century.

Nae sooner they smile on the lassae,  
 Than they are taen far eneuch ben ;  
 But when I speak to them that's stately,  
 I find them aye taen wi' the gee,  
 And get the denial fu' flatly ;—  
 What think ye can ail them at me ?

I have a gude offer to make them,  
 If they would but hearken to me ;  
 And that is, I'm willing to take them,  
 Gin they wad be honest and free.  
 Let her wha likes best write a billet,  
 And send the sweet message to me ;  
 By sun and by moon, I'll fulfil it,  
 Though crooked or crippled she be !

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### THE WANTON WIFE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

NITH, trembling to the reaper's sang,  
 Warm glitter'd in the harvest sun,  
 And murmured down the lanesome glen,  
 Where a wife of wanton wit did won.  
 Her tongue wagged wi' unhaly wit,  
 Unstent by kirk or gospel bann ;  
 An' aye she wished the kirkyard mools  
 Green growing o'er her auld gudeman.

Her auld gudeman drapped in at e'en,  
 Wi' harvest heuk—sair toiled was he ;  
 Sma' was his cog and cauld his kail,  
 Yet anger never raised his ee ;  
 He blessed the little, and was blithe,  
 While spak the dame, wi' clamorous tongue,

O sorrow clap your auld beld pow,  
And dance wi' ye to the mools, gudeman.

He hang his bonnet on the pin,  
And down he lay, his dool to drie ;  
While she sat singing in the neuk,  
And tasting at the barley bree.  
The lark, 'mid morning's siller grey,  
That wont to cheer him warkward gaun,  
Next morning missed amang the dew  
The blithe and dainty auld gudeman.

The third morn's dew on flower and tree  
'Gan glorious in the sun to glow,  
When sung the wanton wife to mark  
His feet gaun foremost o'er the know.  
The first flight o' the winter's rime  
That on the kirkyard sward had faun,  
The wanton wife skiffed aff his grave,  
A-kirking wi' her new gudeman.

A dainty dame I wat was she,  
High brent and burnished was her brow,  
'Mang lint-locks curling ; and her lips  
Twin daisies dawned through honey dew.  
And light and loesome in the dance,  
When ha' was het, or kirn was won ;  
Her breasts twa drifts o' purest snaw,  
In cauld December's bosom faun.

But lang ere winter's winds blew by,  
She skirled in her lonesome bow ;  
Her new gudeman, wi' hazle rung,  
Began to kame her wanton pow.  
Her hearth was slokent out wi' care,  
Toom grew her kist and cauld her pan,  
And dreigh and dowie waxed the night,  
Ere Beltane, wi' her new gudeman.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,  
 Her cheek ne'er dimpled into mirth ;  
 Half-happit, haurling out o' doors,  
 And hunger-haunted at her hearth.  
 And see the tears fa' frae her een,  
 Warm happin down her haffits wan ;  
 But guess her bitterness of saul  
 In sorrow for her auld gudeman !



## QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

BURNS.

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
 On ilka blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
 Out ower the grassy lea.

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
 And glads the azure skies ;  
 But nought can glad the weary wicht,  
 That fast in durance lies.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
 The primrose doun the brae ;  
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
 And milk-white is the slae.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
 Aloft on dewy wing,  
 The merle, in his noontide bower,  
 Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis, mild wi' mony a note,  
 Sings drowsy day to rest ;

In love and freedom they rejoice,  
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
 May rove these sweets amang ;  
 But I, the Queen o' a' Scotland,  
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
 Where happy I hae been ;  
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
 As blithe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
 And mony a traitor there ;  
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
 My sister and my fae,  
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword,  
 That through thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast,  
 Was never known to thee ;  
 Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe,  
 From woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine ;  
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
 That ne'er would blink on mine.

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
 Or turn their hearts to thee ;  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me.

Oh, soon to me may summer suns  
 Nae mair licht up the morn !  
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death  
 Let winter round me rave ;  
 And the next flowers that deck the spring  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

~~~~~

**DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.**

TUNE—*The Smith's a gallant fireman.*

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 I'll tak a stick into my hand, and come again and see  
 thee.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang ; dark's the night and  
 eerie ;  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang ; dark's the night and  
 eerie ;  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang ; dark's the night and  
 eerie ;  
 O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang and  
 leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie ;  
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie ;  
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie ;  
 Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again  
 and see thce.



Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me ;  
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me ;  
 When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and eerie ;  
 And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my  
 dearie.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come again  
 and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea ; winds blaw loud and  
 fear me ;  
 Waves are rising o'er the sea ; winds blaw loud and  
 fear me.  
 While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and  
 drearie,  
 And gin ye loe me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee ;  
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee ;  
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee ;  
 E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at hame  
 and cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick ; I winna gang and  
 leave thee ;  
 Threw his plaid into the neuk ; never can I grieve thee ;  
 Drew his boots, and flang them by ; cried, My lass, be  
 cheerie ;  
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my  
 dearie.

## BONNIE MARY HAY.

— CRAWFORD.

BONNIE Mary Hay, I will loe thee yet;  
 For thine eye is the slae, and thy hair is the jet;  
 The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;  
 O, bonnie Mary Hay, I will loe thee yet!

O, bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi' me,  
 When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree,  
 To the hawthorn tree, and the bonnie berry den?  
 And I'll tell thee, Mary Hay, how I loe thee then.

O, bonnie Mary Hay, it is haliday to me,  
 When thou art couthie, kind, and free;  
 There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,  
 Bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

O, bonnie Mary Hay, thou mauna say me nay,  
 But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae;  
 But come to the bower, and I'll tell ye a' what's true,  
 How, bonnie Mary Hay, I can loe nane but you.\*

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## BEHAVE YOURSELL BEFORE FOLK.

TUNE—*Good morning to your night-cap.*

BEHAVE yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 And dinna be sae rude to me,  
 As kiss me sae before folk.

\* From an amusing series of Scottish traditional stories, entitled  
 "Tales of my Grandmother," 1825.

It wouldna give me meikle pain,  
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,  
 To tak a kiss or grant you ane ;  
 But gudesake ! no before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Whate'er you do when out of view,  
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,  
 And what a great affair they'll mak  
 O' naething but a simple smack  
 That's gien or taen before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young  
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free,  
 As ony modest lass should be,  
 But yet it doesna do to see  
 Sic freedom used before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—  
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;  
 It may be sae—I dinna care—  
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair  
 As ye hae done before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,  
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;  
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit :

At ony rate, it's hardly meet  
 To prye their sweets before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,  
 But surely no before folk.

But gin ye really do insist  
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,  
 Gae get a license frae the priest,  
 And mak me yours before folk.  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 Behave yoursell before folk,  
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,  
 Ye may tak ten—before folk.



## THE GOWAN O' THE WEST.

H. AINSLIE.

GAE bring to me a stoup o' wine,  
 Gae fill it to the ee,  
 That I may drink a deep deep health  
 To her my heart gangs wi'.

Gae bring to me a wooer youth,  
 That I, to ease my woes,  
 May brag my Gowan o' the West  
 Against his Southern Rose.

She may be gentle, thy heart's love,  
 She may be fair and fine,  
 But, by the heaven abune our head,  
 She canna be like mine.

Oh, her cheek's like the rosie glow  
 That maks the burdies chirl;  
 Her ee is like the lichtnin's lowe,  
 That gars the heart-strings dir.

Her lips are like the cherries twin  
 That grow upon ae shank;  
 Her breath—it beats the simmer win'  
 In the lowne o' a flowery bank.

Her neck is like the siller stoure  
 That oozes frae the linn;  
 Her breist—oh! it's a lillie bouir,  
 That ane wad fain lie in.

Awa, awa, ye wooer youth!  
 Yours may be fair and fine;  
 But, by the heaven abune our heads,  
 She canna be like mine.

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### SONG.

AIR—*Bide ye yet.*

DRINK it yet, drink it yet,  
 We're no just sae fou but we'll drink it yet;  
 To the name that is dear, though we winna *tell* here,  
 We'll tout aff a bumper, and *think* it yet.

It's never o'er late when sittin' wi' you;  
 The warst that can happen is only get fou;  
 But though we get fou, we'll never forget  
 Our Friend an' our Lassie—Sae drink it yet.  
 Drink it yet, &c.

They say whan drink's *in*, that wit it is *out*,  
 But he that says sae is a knave and a lout ;  
 For what gi'eth life to friendship an' wit  
 Like a fu' sparklin' glass?—Sae drink it yet.  
 Drink it yet, &c.

It is nae sae aften I meet wi' ye a' ;  
 Time enough to be sad when gangin' awa' ;  
 A *charm's* in the bowl round which gude friends sit,  
 An' the *spell* to awaken't, is " Drink it yet !"  
 Drink it yet, &c.

When Fate, fickle jade ! throws friends in our way,  
 'Tis a moment o' sunshine in life's winter day ;  
 Then, ere the clouds gather, and joy's sunset,  
 Let the pass-word to pleasure be—" Drink it yet."  
 Drink it yet, drink it yet,  
 We're no just sae fou but we'll drink it yet ;  
 To the name that is dear, though we winna tell here,  
 In a fu' flowin' bumper we'll think it yet.