

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

Glen 204

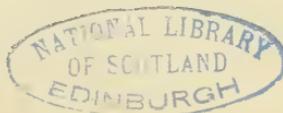
ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
THE LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

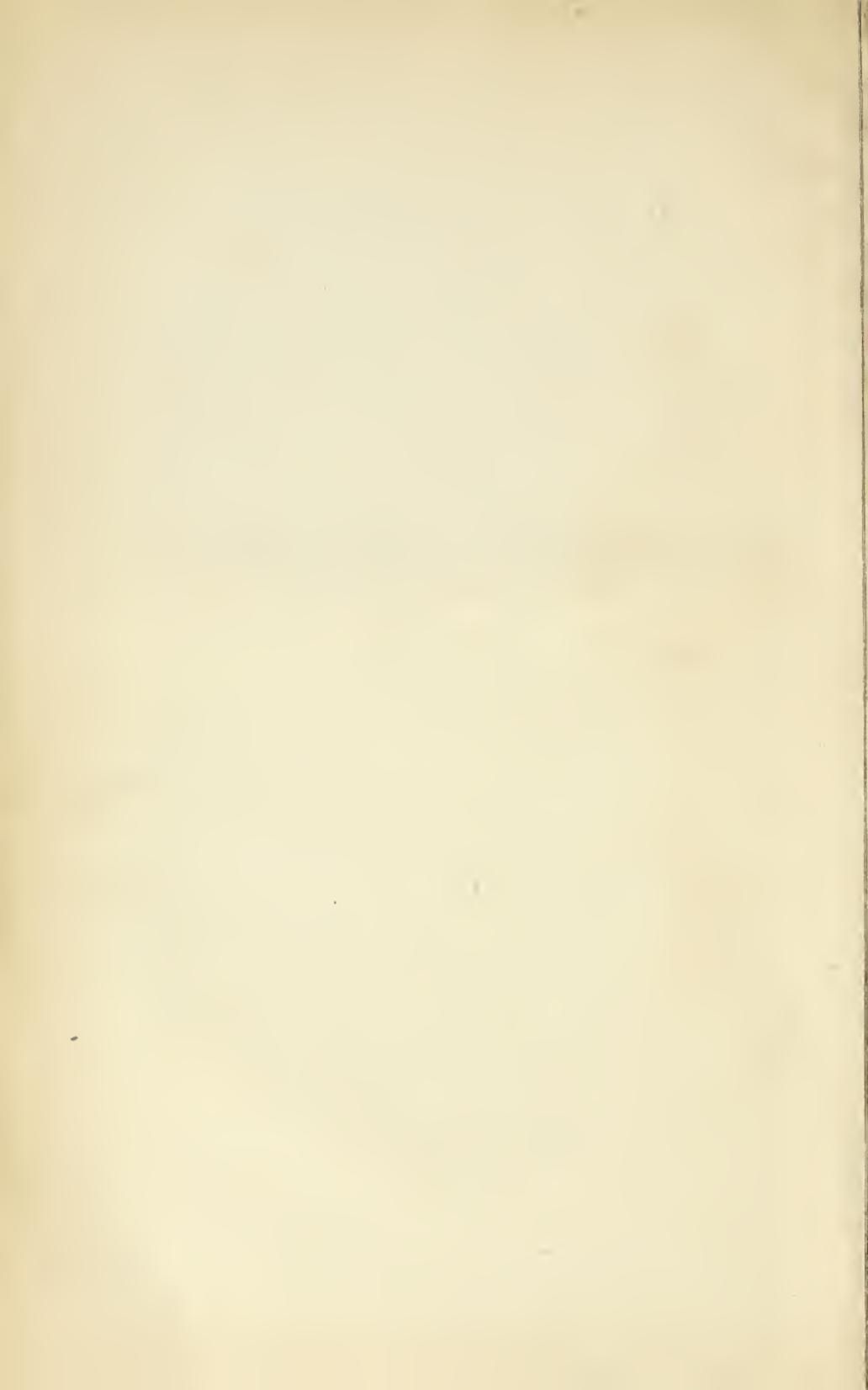
BY THE LATE
WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED TO ACCOMPANY THE "SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM,"
AND NOW PUBLISHED SEPARATELY, WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLIII





P R E F A C E.

IN bringing before the Public a new edition of Johnson's collection of Scottish Songs, entitled THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM, a few words of preface may be required, both in regard to the history of the work itself, and to the nature of the Notes or Illustrations with which it is now accompanied.

The original publisher and the ostensible editor of the work, was JAMES JOHNSON, a Musicseller and Engraver in Edinburgh. His object, as first announced, was, "in a portable form, to unite the Songs and Music of Scotland in one general collection;" and it was commenced in May 1787, by the publication of the First Part, or volume, containing One Hundred Songs, which appeared "under the patronage, direction, and review of a number of gentlemen of undisputed taste, who have been pleased to encourage, enrich, and adorn the whole literary part of the performance." Johnson has nowhere stated who these gentlemen were, nor does it appear that any one of them took a prominent share in the publi-

cation.¹ Dr Blacklock was an occasional contributor both of songs and airs; Dr Beattie has also been mentioned, along with Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, as persons who interested themselves in the progress of the work; but, whatever aid Johnson might have derived from these or other gentlemen “of undisputed taste,” it may be confidently asserted, that, unless for one fortunate circumstance, “The Scots Musical Museum” might never have extended beyond a couple of parts or volumes; or, at least, might never have acquired the reputation which it has enjoyed for half a century, and which it still promises to retain.

The circumstance to which we allude was the visit of BURNS the Poet to Edinburgh, in November 1786. Having become acquainted with the publisher before the first part was completed, he furnished Johnson with two original Songs, Nos. 77 and 78, *Green grow the Rashes*, and *Young Peggy blooms*, to the tune of *Loch Eroch Side*; and probably also rendered him other assistance. The Musical Museum was a work so congenial to the Poet’s mind, that it evidently had a decided effect in directing his efforts more exclusively to Song-writing. The early associations connected with his love of ballad-poetry, and the rustic strains familiar to the peasantry, were thus awakened, and his intimate

¹ The volumes of the Musical Museum, as originally published, were “Humbly dedicated to the Catch Club, instituted at Edinburgh June 1771.” On the completion of the Sixth and last volume, in 1803, Johnson substituted a new set of title-pages, dedicating the work “To the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.”

acquaintance with the older and more popular melodies with which such strains had long been happily united, enabled him, with a rare degree of felicity, thus to give vent to his feelings, by which he has attained the first rank as a Lyric Poet. The interest, or rather enthusiasm, which he felt in contributing to the success of Johnson's undertaking, appears very manifest in his correspondence; and Burns, from this period, ought to be considered not simply as a contributor, but as the proper and efficient editor of the work. He not only contributed a large number of original songs, expressly written for it, but he applied to every person likely to render assistance; and, while visiting different parts of the country, he diligently gleaned fragments of old songs, hitherto unpublished, which he completed with additional lines or stanzas, as might be required; and, at the same time, he frequently determined the airs to which the words should be set, besides writing the prefatory notices to the several parts or volumes of what he esteemed to be a national work.

The following are the terms in which Burns writes to some of his friends respecting Johnson's collection. To Mr Candlish, then at Glasgow, in June 1787, he says, "I am engaged in assisting an honest Scotch enthusiast, a friend of mine, who is an engraver, and has taken it into his head to publish a collection of all our Songs set to Music, of which the words and music are done by Scotsmen. This, you will easily guess, is an undertaking exactly to my taste. I have collected, begged, borrowed, and stolen, all the songs I could meet with." To the Rev. John Skinner,

author of *Tullochgorum*, in October 1787, he says, in reference to the *Museum*, "I have been absolutely crazed about it, collecting old stanzas, and any information remaining respecting their origin, authors, &c." In the same month, he informs another correspondent in the North, that "an engraver, James Johnson, in Edinburgh, has, not from mercenary views, but from an honest Scotch enthusiasm, set about collecting all our native songs, and setting them to music, particularly those that have never been set before. Clarke, the well-known musician, presides over the musical arrangement; and Drs Beattie and Blacklock, Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, and your humble servant, to the utmost of his small power, assist in collecting the old poetry, or sometimes, for a fine air, make a stanza when it has no words." To Johnson himself, in November 1788, he remarks, "I can easily see, my dear friend, that you will very probably have four volumes. Perhaps you may not find your account lucratively in this business; but you are a patriot for the music of your country, and I am certain posterity will look on themselves as highly indebted to your public spirit. Be not in a hurry; let us go on correctly, and your name shall be immortal." Johnson appears most wisely to have followed Burns's directions, and with such aid, he was enabled to give his collection a distinct original character, as well as greatly to extend his original plan; a Second, Third, and Fourth Part, each containing One Hundred Songs, having successively appeared in the months of March 1788, February 1790, and August 1792.

Shortly after the appearance of the Fourth Part, Burns had engaged with a like congenial spirit to assist MR GEORGE THOMSON in his projected collection of Scottish Songs. His correspondence with that gentleman, extending from September 1792, to July 1796 (the month in which the Poet died), has now been nearly forty years before the public. This correspondence included upwards of sixty songs, written expressly for Mr Thomson's select and elegant publication. That the progress of the Musical Museum was retarded in consequence of this engagement, need scarcely be remarked. Hitherto, an average interval of two years had intervened between the publication of each part; but five years elapsed, and the Poet himself died before the Fifth Part was completed, to which he had, however, furnished the chief portion of the contents; and the Sixth Part, with which the work terminates, did not appear till June 1803, or eight years after the death of the Ayrshire bard. *1803*

Although Burns's attention had been thus diverted into another channel for a space of nearly four years, while giving form and vitality to that collection, his original predilection in favour of the Musical Museum was unchanged, as appears from his letters addressed to Johnson while the Fifth Part was in progress; and more particularly from his last letter, which has no date, but which both Johnson and Cromek fix as having been written on the 4th of July 1796, or seventeen days before the Poet died. An accurate facsimile of that interesting and affecting letter is given at the end of this Preface, as

a suitable accompaniment to a work which the publisher might well acknowledge was indebted to him "for almost all of those excellent pieces which it contains." In this letter, Burns says, "You may probably think, that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but, alas! the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me! Personal and domestic afflictions have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia." And, in another part, he adds, "Your work is a great one; and now that it is near finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet, I WILL VENTURE TO PROPHECY, THAT TO FUTURE AGES YOUR PUBLICATION WILL BE THE TEXT-BOOK AND STANDARD OF SCOTTISH SONG AND MUSIC."

To enlarge, in this place, on the services which BURNS rendered to the Lyric Poetry of Scotland, might well be regarded as superfluous. It is but proper, however, to consider, in how far such services were influenced by his connexion with the present work. It has often been asserted, that all his best songs were expressly written for Mr Thomson's collection, thus virtually claiming for it a distinction to which it is in no respect entitled, that of having directed his mind to the subject of song-writing. It is with no wish to lessen the importance of that work, the merits of which rest on somewhat different grounds from that of Johnson's, that I conceive it necessary in this place to remark, that for six

years previous to its commencement, Burns had exclusively contributed songs to Johnson's Museum, written too in his happiest moods, when nothing had occurred permanently to depress his spirits; and that the original songs which it contains, not only exceed in number, but may fairly be put in competition in regard to merit, with those that were written for the later publication. In considering his contributions to these respective collections, there is likewise this marked difference, that while for the one the airs and subjects were generally suggested to the poet, for the other his fancy was altogether uncontrolled; and although he was frequently led to write with a degree of carelessness, and with less delicacy, than if such effusions had to undergo the ordeal of criticism, and to bear his name as the author, this want of polish is amply compensated by the greater freshness, spirit, and vivacity of his compositions. But, on this point, I cannot do better than quote Dr Currie's words, prefixed to his selection of the Songs by Burns contained in the Museum. "In his communications to Mr Johnson, to which his name was not in general affixed, our Bard was less careful than in his compositions for the greater work of Mr Thomson. Several of them he never intended to acknowledge, and others, printed in the Museum, were found somewhat altered afterwards among his manuscripts. In the selection [consisting of 47 Songs] which follows, attention has been paid to the wishes of the Author as far as they are known. The printed songs have been compared with the MSS., and the last corrections have been uniformly

inserted. The reader will probably think many of the Songs which follow, among the finest productions of his Muse.”²

Nor was it alone by his original productions that Burns enriched the Musical Museum and the literature of his country. The diligence which he used in collecting, from all quarters, the remains of old unpublished ballads and songs, and snatches of popular melodies, has been emulated by persons without one spark of genius, and possessed of more zeal than judgment ; but the skill and happiness with which, as with a master-hand, he imparted spirit and life to mutilated fragments, or remodelled those effusions unfit for ordinary society, attributed to the Scottish Muse as she went “high-kilted o’er the lea,” have never been surpassed. “Burns, who, of all poets that ever breathed (to use the fine words of a kindred spirit), possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of music, was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the rude conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life. He could glide like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance.”³ He himself says, “The songs marked Z in the Museum, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes ; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence.”⁴ In regard to this skill, Sir Walter Scott remarks : “The Scottish

² Burns’s Works, by Currie, vol. iv. p. 269.

³ Cunningham’s Songs of Scotland, vol. i. p. 66.

⁴ Letter quoted in Cromek’s Select Scottish Songs, vol. ii. p. 194.

Songs and Tunes preserved for Burns that inexpressible charm which they have ever afforded to his countrymen. He entered into the idea of collecting their fragments with all the zeal of an enthusiast; and few, whether serious or humorous, past through his hands without receiving some of those magic touches, which, without greatly altering the song, restored its original spirit, or gave it more than it ever possessed. So dexterously are these touches combined with the ancient structure, that the *rifacimento*, in many instances, could scarcely have been detected, without the avowal of the Bard himself.”⁵ It has indeed been questioned, by the same high authority, whether it were fortunate, or otherwise, that Burns, during the latter period of his life, should have exclusively confined himself to Song-writing. “Notwithstanding the spirit of many of the lyrics of Burns, and the exquisite sweetness and simplicity of others, we cannot but deeply regret that so much of his time and talents was frittered away in compiling and composing for musical collections. . . . Let no one suppose that we undervalue the songs of Burns. When his soul was intent on suiting a favourite air with words humorous or tender, as the subject demanded, no poet of our tongue ever displayed higher skill in marrying melody to immortal verse. But the writing of a series of songs for large musical collections, degenerated into a slavish labour, which no talents could support, led to negligence, and above all, diverted the Poet from his grand plan of Dramatic composition.”⁶

⁵ Quarterly Review, vol. i. p. 30.

⁶ *Ib.* p. 32.

That Burns in many instances overtasked himself while complying with continuous requests to furnish songs to suit particular airs, is undeniable, but that the proper bent of his genius tended more especially to lyric poetry, is equally certain. The instantaneous and lasting popularity of his songs can be ascribed to no fortuitous circumstance, but solely to the mode in which he expressed those feelings, so true to nature, which could be appreciated alike by all classes. How many collections of Songs before and since his time have appeared and been forgotten; and in the two works which owe their chief distinction to his aid, how immeasurably superior are the songs of Burns to the united contributions of the many distinguished names which are found standing in juxtaposition with his own. May we not therefore be justified in expressing a doubt, whether, if Burns had succeeded in writing one or two successful dramas, this would in any way have been comparable to the advantage which our literature has gained by his Songs, or would have outweighed the almost unequalled influence which they have exercised not among his countrymen only. Happy, indeed, had it been, could the mention of Burns's name only call up the vision suggested by the words of our great English poet, when he speaks of

Him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side.

But it is impossible to forget the depressing circumstances in which Burns was placed; his scanty annual income, which "was for some time as low as fifty,

and never rose to above seventy pounds a-year ;” his increasing cares, and his unremitting attention to the vexatious and harassing duties of his official situation, appointed “to guard ale-firkins ;” all these conjoined, left him neither time nor disposition for any such sustained literary efforts. It must always be a humiliating consideration to think, that some suitable occupation or place had not been found, which might have left him unharassed by pecuniary difficulties. From the date of publication of the subscription edition of his Poems at Edinburgh, to that of his decease, being a period of nine years, he may be said absolutely to have received no pecuniary advantage from his writings. This doubtless was in some degree owing to his own lofty but mistaken notions, which led him to reject any stipulated recompense, as if this implied a mere sordid or speculating inducement to literary enterprise. There is no distinct proof that he ever received any acknowledgment for his contributions to the present work,⁷ beyond the occasional donation of copies to be presented to his friends. All the world likewise, unfortunately knows the extent of benefit which he derived from his connexion with its more costly and ambitious rival collection. With no prospect of amended circumstances, need we wonder, therefore, (as Dr Currie remarks,) “that as his health decayed, his proud and feeling heart sunk under the secret conscious-

⁷ In a printed paper, dated 15th of March 1819, soliciting Subscriptions in favour of Johnson’s widow, it is stated, that her husband had “on more than one occasion befriended our favourite Scottish Poet in *his* pecuniary distresses ;” but I am not aware of any thing to justify such a statement.

ness of indigence and the apprehensions of absolute want. Yet poverty never bent the spirit of Burns to any pecuniary meanness ;”⁸ and the character of the Poet stands only the more nobly in having thus, in midst of poverty and personal distress, and the increasing cares of a rising family, earned such an enduring fame. All the lamented and unfortunate circumstances connected with his literary career are indeed long since past, and cannot be recalled ; but the recollection of them will remain indelible, as such incidents in the lives and fortunes of men of genius retain a peculiar and lasting degree of interest ; and these Songs, the fruits of his genius in matured life, for which he gained neither fee nor reward, “are likely to transmit the name of Burns to all future generations.”⁹—He died on the 21st of July 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

JAMES JOHNSON, the original publisher of the Musical Museum, survived the completion of the work nearly eight years. Of his personal history not much is known. From the few letters still preserved, or that have been published, it appears that Burns entertained for him a sincere personal regard. In his first letter, 3d of May 1787, before setting out on his Border Tour, he sends him a song received from Dr Blacklock, and says, “Farewell, my dear Sir! I wished to have seen you, but I have been dreadfully throng [busy], as I march to-morrow. Had my acquaintance with you been a little older,

⁸ Burns's Works, by Currie, vol. i. p. 229.

⁹ Edinburgh Review, vol. xiii. p. 263.

I would have asked the favour of your correspondence, as I have met with few people whose company and conversation gave me so much pleasure, because I have met with few whose sentiments are so congenial to my own." In a letter written in 1794, he says, "As to our Musical Museum, I have better than a dozen songs by me for the fifth volume to send with Mr Clarke when he comes. . . . If we cannot finish the fifth volume any other way, what would you think of Scots words to some beautiful Irish airs? In the mean time, at your leisure, give a copy of the Museum to my worthy friend Mr Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddell's, that [I may insert every anecdote I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs. A copy of this kind I shall leave with you, the editor, to publish at some after period, by way of making the Museum a book famous to the end of time, and you renowned for ever]." ¹ In another letter, about the same time, but without date, he says, "My dear Sir, I send by my friend Mr Wallace, forty-one songs for your fifth volume. Mr Clarke has also a good many, if he have not, with his usual indolence, *cast them at the cocks*. I have still a good parcel among my hands, in scraps and fragments, so that I hope we will make a shift for our last volume. You should

¹ The words within brackets, in consequence of the original letter being mutilated, have been supplied from Cromek's Reliques. He, however, has formed strange compounds, by gleaning sentences out of three distinct communications to Johnson, and printing them as one letter.

have heard from me long ago ; but over and above some vexatious share in the pecuniary losses of these accursed times, I have all this winter been plagued with low spirits and blue devils, so that I have almost hung my harp on the willow-trees." And in his last letter, already quoted (of which an exact fac-simile is afterwards given), he says to Johnson, "I am extremely anxious for your work, as indeed I am for every thing concerning your or you welfare. You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it."

Although numerous collections of Scottish Songs, with or without music, and in every possible form, have appeared during the last fifty years, the Musical Museum still keeps its ground. Such collections as those of Mr George Thomson, of the late R. A. Smith, and of Messrs John Thomson and Finlay Dun, possess each of them strong and individual claims; but the present work far exceeds these, or any others that have appeared, in the number of the genuine old melodies of Scotland. When the publication was first projected, Johnson's chief advisers, Dr Blacklock and Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, it has been remarked, "were of opinion that these wild yet pathetic and melodious strains, these fine breathings and heartfelt touches in our songs, which true genius can alone express, were bewildered and utterly lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. In their opinion, the full chords of a thorough bass

ought to be used sparingly and with judgment, not to overpower, but to support and strengthen the voice at proper pauses: that the air itself should be first played over, by way of symphony or introduction to the song; and at the close of every stanza, a few bars of the last part of the melody should be repeated, as a relief to the voice, which it gracefully sets off;" &c. . . . "The plan of publishing our Scottish songs in this simple, elegant, and chaste manner, was highly approved of by the late MR STEPHEN CLARKE. This celebrated organist and musician readily agreed to select, arrange, and harmonize the whole of the melodies; a task which, from his brilliant genius, fine taste, and profound scientific knowledge, he was eminently qualified to perform."² This want of every thing like florid accompaniments, has been held as a peculiar recommendation. In regard also to the Songs, the collection is unrivalled for the extent of the good old standard productions of the Lyric Muse, including so many of Burns's finest compositions.

Johnson died at Edinburgh on the 26th of February 1811.³ He left a widow in such indigent circumstances, that at a subsequent period, it has been

² Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, July 1817, p. 377.

³ "Died at Edinburgh [26th of February 1811], much regretted, Mr James Johnson, Engraver, Musicseller, and Copperplate Printer;—being the first who attempted to *strike* music upon pewter, whereby a great saving is made in the charge of that article. Mr Johnson will long be remembered in the musical world. He published several interesting pieces of late; and in none was more successful than in his elegant work, 'The Scots Musical Museum,' in six volumes, &c."—(Scots Magazine, 1811, p. 318.)

stated, she had nothing more to subsist on than "the occasional donations of a few of her husband's old friends and acquaintance;" and, after remaining for some time as an out-pensioner, she at length found shelter as an inmate of the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse.⁴

Three or four years after Mr Johnson's death, the original pewter plates and remaining copies of "The Scots Musical Museum," including the copyright, and such of Burns's manuscript communications⁵ as had been preserved, were exposed to sale, and became the property of the late MR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, bookseller. In the view of bringing out the work in a new and improved form, he was desirous to have it accompanied with notes or illustrations. This was indeed part of the scheme originally contemplated by Burns, as appears from passages in other letters, besides the one above quoted. Mr Thomson having informed him that he expected to receive from Dr Beattie, "an Essay upon the subject of our National music," to illustrate his own collection, Burns in his letter, dated 26th of January 1793, immediately replied: "Dr Beattie's essay will, of itself, be a treasure. On my part, I

⁴ This appears from a printed paper entitled "Notice respecting Mrs Johnson, widow of the late Mr James Johnson, Engraver in Edinburgh," dated March 15, 1819.

⁵ When Cromek was in Edinburgh collecting materials for his "Reliques of Burns," in the year 1808, he mentions having seen 180 Songs and Poems in Burns's autograph, which he had transmitted to Johnson for the Musical Museum. The greater portion of these interesting transcripts are still preserved.

mean to draw up an appendix to the Doctor's essay, containing my stock of anecdotes, &c., of our Scots Songs. All the late Mr Tytler's⁶ anecdotes I have by me, taken down in the course of my acquaintance with him, from his own mouth. I am such an enthusiast, that in the course of my several peregrinations through Scotland, I made a pilgrimage to the individual spot from which every song took its rise, 'Lochaber' and the 'Braes of Ballenden' excepted. So far as the locality, either from the title of the air or the tenor of the song, could be ascertained, I have paid my devotions at the particular shrine of every Scots Muse." Neither the Essay nor the Appendix was undertaken; but Burns, in an interleaved copy of the first four volumes of the Musical Museum, which belonged to Riddell of Glenriddell, had inserted a number of occasional notes and remarks regarding the songs. Mr Cromek⁷ having obtained the use of this copy, transcribed and published them in his volume of Burns's Reliques, 1808, and again in his collection of "Select Scottish Songs," 1810; and these notes usually form an integral part in the modern editions of the Poet's works.

In preparing, therefore, to publish an edition of the Musical Museum, with notes, illustrative of the

⁶ William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq., writer to the signet, and author of a Dissertation on Scottish Music, a Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, and other works. He died on the 12th of September 1792, in the eighty-first year of his age.

⁷ R. H. Cromek was an engraver in London. He died in 1812. See note respecting him in vol. v. p. 456*.

Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, Mr Blackwood applied, according to my recollection, to more than one individual supposed to be most competent, for such a task. It was finally intrusted to the late WILLIAM STENHOUSE, Esq., Accountant in Edinburgh, who, along with more than ordinary antiquarian research, and much general information, possessed a thorough practical knowledge of music, and who, moreover, had been personally acquainted with Johnson, the publisher of the work, and with Clarke,⁸ by whom the airs had been chiefly harmonized. To one of the earliest numbers of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," Mr Stenhouse, under the signature of "Scotus," communicated a notice of the projected edition, accompanied with two specimens of his illustrations to Songs 37 and 66; which shows that at the time, in July 1817, he must have made considerable progress in his undertaking. Having completed his series of Illustrations, the printing was commenced towards the close of 1820, and in the course of a few months was completed, extending in all to 512 pages. Some delay unfortunately occurred in regard to a general preface for the work, which eventually occasioned the publication to be laid aside. Whether this preface was intended to

⁸ STEPHEN CLARKE was a teacher of music, and organist of the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate, Edinburgh. He survived Burns little more than twelve months, having died at Edinburgh on the 6th of August 1797. "He was composer of many musical pieces of considerable merit;" and after his death, his son and successor, William Clarke, appears to have rendered Johnson the like service in harmonizing the airs for the concluding volume of the Musical Museum. Clarke died about the year 1820.

embrace a detailed historical essay on Scottish Song, and Mr Stenhouse's declining health or other avocations prevented its being completed, or whether such a preface was actually written, I cannot distinctly remember; but this point cannot now be ascertained, as no traces of such a preface were found among his papers; and in the lapse of time both the Editor⁹ and the Proprietor died, and the copies of the printed sheets remained in the printer's warehouse neglected as an imperfect work.

⁹ Although I knew Mr Stenhouse personally for many years, I regret my inability to furnish any particular details of his history. He was, I believe, a native of Roxburghshire, and was born in the year 1773. He was brought up as an accountant in Edinburgh, in the office of Charles Selkrig, Esq. His chief work was published under the title of "Tables of Simple Interest, and of Commission, Brokerage, or Exchange, at all the usual rates per cent, constructed on a plan entirely new, easy, and mathematically accurate. By William Stenhouse, accountant." Edinburgh, 1806, large 8vo. These Tables have always been highly esteemed.

In a MS. tour, written in 1816, by Mr Alexander Campbell (see the present work, vol iv. p. 373*), he thus describes, while waiting for the Jedburgh coach, his meeting with Mr Stenhouse's father: "Mr Scott of Maxpoffle (he says) accompanied me to New Elden, where, on entering the smithy, he kindly took an old gentleman by the hand, and calling him Mr Stenhouse, who turned out to be the father of my acquaintance Mr William Stenhouse, the accountant in Edinburgh. The old gentleman is above eighty, is still pretty active, has all his faculties, his sight excepted (being a little impaired), is sensible, conversable, and cheerful. He told me many entertaining anecdotes of my friend, his son William, who showed a very early turn for mental acquirements. The Blucher (a diligence coach) coming up, we nodding, parted."

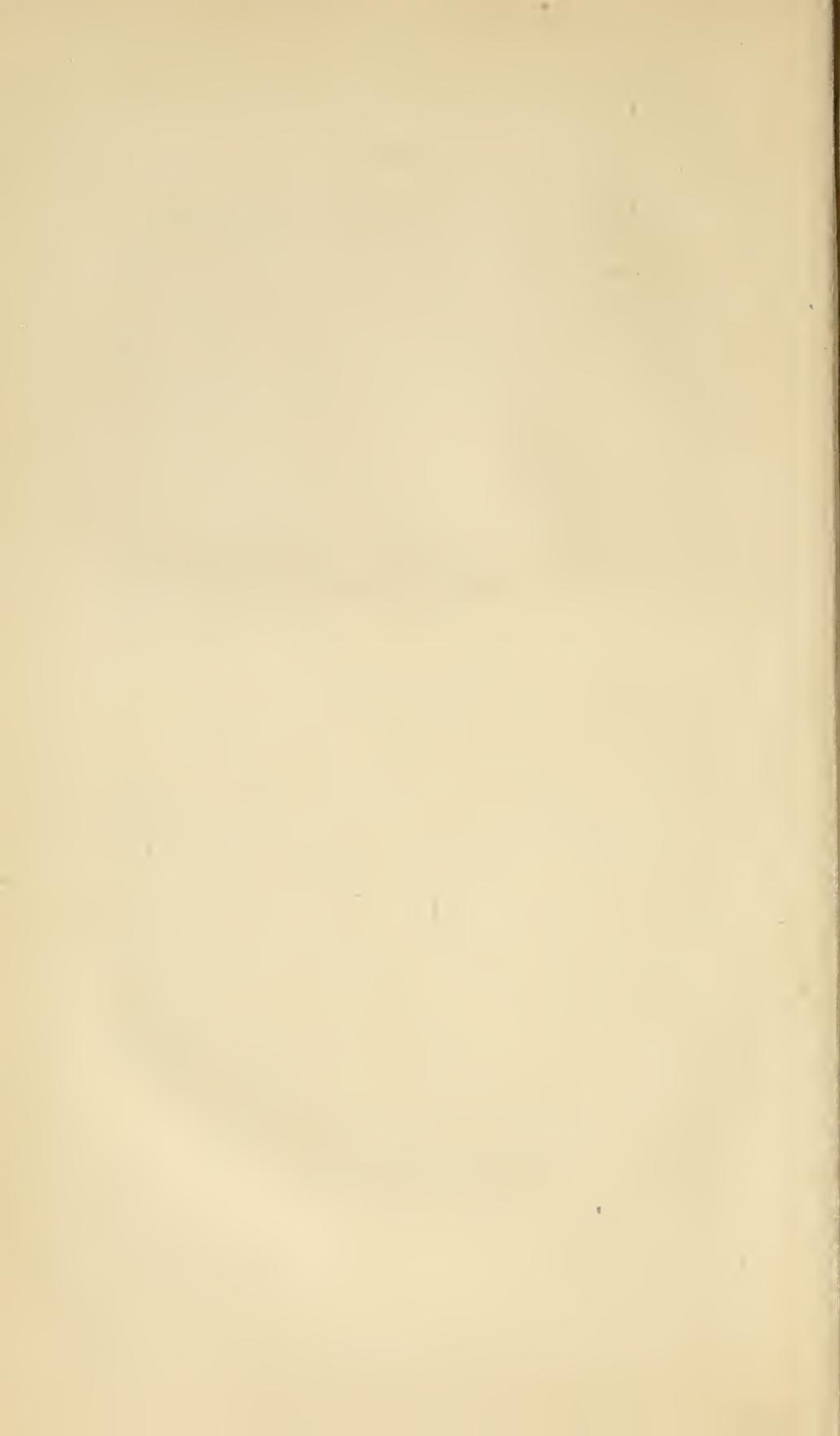
Mr William Stenhouse died at Edinburgh on the 10th of November 1827, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred in St Cuthbert's churchyard.

At this time, when the new edition of the Musical Museum appears after such a protracted interval, it may be stated, that the Publishers have brought it out in compliance with the request of several persons interested in such works, or who knew Mr Stenhouse, and were aware that his Illustrations contained a mass of curious matter regarding the poetry and music of the last century. In regard to this edition, therefore, I have only to remark, that the Work itself remains substantially the same as when originally published by Johnson, retaining the old title-pages and prefaces, most of which were written by Burns, as showing the progressive advancement of the work, and the information obtained or communicated regarding the names of the authors of the Songs; but the whole has been printed off, by a new process, in a superior style as to external appearance. To each volume is now added the portion of Mr Stenhouse's Illustrations that relates to the songs which it contains; and these are accompanied with a series of additions and corrections, distinguishing those which have been obligingly contributed by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., by having his initials subjoined. Mr Stenhouse's Notes, it will be observed, remain precisely as they were thrown off nearly twenty years ago. Had they been reprinted, I should have presumed to make various changes, by omission or correction. It will be remarked, that many of our old favourite Songs are the composition of persons who never appeared as professed authors; and although most of them flourished at so late a period as during the last century, the infor-

mation to be obtained respecting their personal history is far less satisfactory than could have been desired. In the Additional Illustrations, therefore, without entering too much into detail, our chief endeavour has been to ascertain some particulars respecting the history of the less known Song-writers, whose names appear in the pages of the Musical Museum, and more especially of those Ladies who have enriched our Lyric poetry with some of its finest compositions. If this attempt has not been successful, it was not from any want of research or direct application, where it could be made, to the relations or personal friends of the several authors; and I have availed myself of many obliging communications, which are duly acknowledged, as the surest mode of giving authenticity to the information thus recorded.

I cannot conclude this Preface without expressing my best thanks to JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., for the loan of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lutebook, written in 1627; to GEORGE FARQUHAR GRAHAM, Esq., for the very obliging manner in which he deciphered a variety of ancient airs from that manuscript, some of which, rendered into modern notation, have been introduced in the Additional Illustrations; to WILLIAM DAUNEY, Esq., Advocate, for frequent advice and assistance in regard to these old airs; and above all, to CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq., my coadjutor in what may be truly described as a labour of love.

DAVID LAING.



INTRODUCTION.

THE high estimation in which the National Music of Scotland has always been held, renders it a theme of more than ordinary interest. There is indeed so much beauty and unaffected simplicity in the modulation and general character of our native melodies, that they seldom fail to convey delight to persons of all classes, although uninfluenced by early or local associations. These melodies have likewise been long inseparably connected, or identified with the singularly varied effusions of the Lyric Muse of Scotland; and it is scarcely necessary to remark, how happily the words and airs are usually adapted to each other, whether it be in strains of tender passion and refined sentiment, or of comic humour and rustic festivity. It would have been singular, therefore, had there been no attempts made to ascertain the origin of such a style of national music; yet, notwithstanding the ingenious speculations of several learned writers, it must be confessed that the subject remains as obscure and uncertain as ever. What is it, at best, but idle conjecture, whatever view may be adopted? It has been imagined, for instance, that our native melodies, in their structure and succession of intervals, have preserved an affinity to the old Enharmonic scale

of the Greek Music; or assuming for Scottish Melody an Oriental origin, that it found a resting-place in this remote and barren clime, in the Westward progress of civilisation. While some persons have, in general terms, deduced the history of Scottish Music from the time of the Romans; others, without ascending to so remote a period, discover in our popular airs, what they consider a striking resemblance to the ecclesiastical modes, or the Canto-fermo of the Romish Church-service. The invention or improvement of our Melody has likewise been assigned to particular individuals,—to James the First, King of Scotland, (1424—1437;) or to David Rizzio, (1563—1566.) Such a distinction has also been claimed for certain nameless shepherds and shepherdesses, inhabiting at some undefined period (called a pastoral age) the secluded pastoral vales of the South of Scotland. Unfortunately, the absence of all historical evidence of any considerable antiquity, and the inability to produce any proofs, in a written form, of the existence of our present popular tunes of an older date than the close of the sixteenth century, is but poorly compensated for by uncertain traditions or conjectures, however ingenious and plausible.

It would be altogether foreign to the purpose of the present work, to attempt any thing like an Historical Inquiry into the origin and progress of Scottish Music. An eminent English antiquary, Joseph Ritson, whose accuracy and research deserve unqualified praise, suggested, that the previous step to any such inquiry would be, “to determine which of the airs now extant are to be considered as the original or most ancient;” and he himself, with great care, embodied in his “*Historical Essay on Scottish Song,*” the various dispersed and incidental notices that

he was able to glean from authentic writers. He was led, however, to conclude, that no direct evidence could be produced of the existence of scarcely any Scottish tunes now known, prior to the year 1660 ; and that not so much as one of these could be “ found noted, either in print or manuscript, before that period.”

Since Ritson’s time, more extensive research has thrown additional light on this head ; and the subject has been resumed in the Preliminary Dissertation to a volume recently published under the title of “ Ancient Scottish Melodies,” from the Skene MS. The author, Mr Dauney, has, with great zeal and diligence, retraced Ritson’s steps, and brought to light much new and interesting information, both respecting the history of music, and the musical instruments commonly used in Scotland prior to the seventeenth century ; and this work bears ample evidence, that to an accurate and enlightened acquaintance with musical science, he unites an enthusiastic antiquarian zeal, so requisite for the proper investigation of such a subject. This volume is further enriched by a valuable addition contributed by Mr Finlay Dun, an eminent professional musician, in the form of an Analysis of several of our old popular Melodies, which cannot fail to be highly esteemed by competent judges.— Still, it may be asserted, that the history of Scottish Music is yet in its infancy of illustration ; and although there is little probability that it ever can be completely elucidated, it may be suggested, whether it might not be the most effectual mode to remove in part the obscurity that surrounds the origin of our music, to institute a more profound and comprehensive inquiry into the affinities of the National music of other countries.

In this place, it occurred to the Editor, that however

humble the attempt, and but of limited interest, it might not be unsuitable to present a Chronological List of the various publications of Scottish Music, of a date prior to the completion of Johnson's Museum. The following list cannot pretend to be either complete, or the arrangement correct. The common absurd practice in all kinds of music, of omitting the dates of publication, and the frequent alteration of publishers' names on the title-pages, renders accuracy in such details a matter of some difficulty. Occasional biographical notices of the Composers or Collectors during the last century, are also added, to relieve a dry catalogue of title-pages.

Of the works described, the Editor possesses several of the earlier ones, but by far the greater number of those printed during the last century are in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

CHURCH MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.—1565.

THE work commonly but improperly known under the name of "Knox's Liturgy and Psalms," is here noticed from the circumstance, that the first edition of it, in 1565, is the earliest book printed in Scotland that contains musical notation. It is so extremely rare, that perhaps not two perfect copies are in existence. It has the following title:—"THE FORME OF PRAYERS AND MINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS, &c., vsed in the English Church at Geneua, approved and receiued by the Church of Scotland. whereunto besydes that was in the former bokes, are also added sondrie other prayers, with the whole Psalmes of Dauid in English meter. PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, BY ROBERT LEKPREVIK. M.D.LXV." Small 8vo.

The several Psalms are set to particular tunes, which are printed with music types, at the head of each; or a reference is made when the same tune was appropriated to more than one Psalm. It may be added, that nearly all the subsequent editions of this old version of the Psalms, previous to 1650 when its use in Scotland was superseded by the present version, also contain the tunes. This seems to show, that some knowledge of sacred music must have been very general; which may be easily accounted for, as music schools existed in different parts of the country. The following anecdote confirms such a supposition:—James Melvill, in his Diary, in 1582, noticing the return of John Durie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who had incurred the displeasure of the Court, says, “Within few days thereafter, Ihone Durie gat leive to ga hame to his awin flok of Edinbruche; at whase retourning thair was a great concours of the hail town, wha met him at the Nather Bow; and, going up the streit, with bare heads and loud voices, sang to the praise of God, and testifeing of grait joy and consolation, the 124th Psalm, ‘*Now Israel may say, and that trulie,*’ &c., till heavin and earth resoundit. This noyes, when the Duc [of Lennox] being in the town heard, and ludgit in the Hiegat [High street], luiked out and saw, he raue his barde for anger, and hasted him af the town.” (Diary, p. 95.) Such a procession, consisting probably of some thousand persons singing this tune, (still used in our churches as the ‘Old 124th,’) is characteristic enough of the good old Scottish Presbyterians.

WOOD’S MANUSCRIPTS—1566–1578.

THE oldest Manuscripts written in Scotland that have yet been discovered containing any specimens of secular music, are two volumes out of four, written and noted by

Thomas Wood, who styles himself Vicar of St Andrews, in 1566. It is, however, at the end of these volumes, and evidently written at a subsequent date, that the airs alluded to are contained.

In making an exception by noticing Wood's Manuscripts, it is partly because Mr Stenhouse, in his Notes, has more than once referred to these volumes, and has fallen into a mistake regarding their exact date; and also, because they have not elsewhere been described. It appears that Wood, in the year 1566, employed himself in writing four different volumes, each containing a distinct part of the music for the Psalms, Canticles, and Hymns of the Church used in this country after the Reformation. Wood himself records, that this task occupied him four years, and it seems to have been a laborious employment, from the care which he took to adorn the volumes with rude designs and ornamented capitals. One of the set, containing the Contra-tenor, is preserved in the University Library of Edinburgh, having been presented to the Library by Mr James Browne, in the year 1672. Another, the "Bassus," was purchased by the late Mr Blackwood, some twenty years ago, and, after his death, when part of his stock was disposed off by auction, the present Editor was lucky enough to secure it. The fate of the two other parts has not been ascertained.

On the blank leaves of the latter volume, some subsequent possessor has inserted the Bases of a number of secular airs, with the first words of the songs. The handwriting is evidently not earlier than 1620; yet Mr Stenhouse refers to this portion of the volume, as if written by Wood in 1566. Most of these airs are apparently English, and were no doubt taken from some of the printed collections of the time. The Christmas Carol, and the Medley which Mr S. quotes, must be considered as inserted in this

MS. nearly half a century after Wood's time; and they are also contained in the second edition of "Cantus, Songs, and Fancies," Aberdeen, 1666, 4to.

Being well acquainted with Wood's volumes, the Editor was surprised (in the autumn of 1835), while having the privilege of examining the manuscripts preserved in Trinity College Library, Dublin, to meet with a small volume in 4to (F. 5. 13,) lettered "Airs and Sonnets," and bearing the following title:—"This is the fyft Buke addit to the four Psalme Bukkis, for Songis of four or fyve pairtis, meit and apt for musitians to recreat their spirittis, when as they shall be overcum with hevines or any kynd of sadnes; not only musitians, but also euin to the ingnorant (sic) of a gentle nature hearing shal be comforted, and be mirry with us. 1569." 4to. pp. 112.

Wood's portion of this volume, however, extends only to page 33. This is followed by a great variety of "Airs and Sonnets"—"which are all notted heir with the Tennor or common pairt they ar sung with." The handwriting of this portion corresponds with the additional pages at the end of the "Bassus," and, indeed, presents the same airs, with the advantage of having, in most instances, the words of the songs added.

Wood, who uniformly styles himself Vicar of St Andrews, survived probably till the close of the sixteenth century. Some additions, at least, in his hand occur, as late as 1584, and 1592. It was not an uncommon name, and therefore we cannot be certain that he was the same person with Thomas Wood, who was admitted minister or rather vicar of Carnbee, in Fife, November 7th, 1576. That he was only vicar, is probable, for William Laing, in 1582, and Andro Huntar, in 1585, appear successively as ministers; while Thomas Wood is specially named as vicar of Carn-

bee, in 1585. Another Thomas Wood was admitted first minister of Dysart, in November 1584.

These manuscripts contain a few notices of persons distinguished during the sixteenth century as musical composers. It may not be uninteresting to collect such notices under one point of view.

ANGUS, JOHN, in Dunfermline. In Wood's MS. he is usually styled 'gude Angus,' or 'gude and meike Johne Angus.' The editor of the Psalms, in 1635, calls him Dean John Angus; and in one place, Wood says, "quod Angus in Dumfermling."

BLACKHALL, MR ANDREW. According to Wood's authority, he was a canon in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, before the Reformation. He afterwards became one of the Protestant ministers; and in 1567, and again in 1569, his name occurs as minister of Ormiston. He was translated before 1576, to the parish of Inveresk or Musselburgh, and here he spent the remainder of his life. In October 1592, the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, having inquired if any of their brethren were "greifit with the greit charge of their flock?" Mr Andro Blackhall declared, that he was "greifit with his greit congregation;" and in October 1593, the following entry occurs in the Minutes of the Synod:—"Anent the desyre of thair brother, Mr Andro Blackhall, minister of Mussilburgh, crauing, in respect of his adge [age] and greitnes of his flock, That the Assemblie wald causs the presbytery of Dalkeyth deal with the parochinaris of Mussilburgh for a secund minister to serwe in the cure of that kirk, and for sum prouisioun for him. The Assemblie, considering the greitnes of the said congregatioun, as also the adge of thair brother, Ordanis the presbytrie of Dalkeyth to trawell with the town."

In reference to the above commission, the Presbytery of Dalkeith, in October 1594, reported, that “they have bene deilling in that matter; Quhais declaratioun being considerit, the Assemblie ordanis, That thai insist in the samin.” The subsequent minutes have not been preserved; but it appears from the Books of the Thirds of Benefices, in 1601, in 1607, and 1608, that Adam Colt was Blackhall’s colleague, and that Edward Leyn was reidar at Inveresk or Musselburgh, at the same time. Blackhall probably died about 1610, when he must have attained a very advanced age.

FUTHY, SIR JOHN. The title of *Sir* denotes that he was a priest. A moral song, beginning, ‘O God abufe,’ in four parts, was composed by him, ‘baith letter and not,’—that is, both the words and notation. “This man (says Wood, in the Dublin MS.) was the first organeist that ever brought in Scotland the curious new fingering and playing on organs; and zit is mair nor threscore zeiris since he com hame: this is wreatin in I^m v^c foursecore & xij. (1592.)” He must thus have attained a very advanced age; for, according to Wood’s statement, he had returned before the year 1532, and, we may presume, that he was then upwards of twenty. In Bannatyne’s MS., written in 1568, there are two poems, signed ‘Fethy,’ and ‘Fethe,’ which no doubt were by the same person. (Memorials of Geo. Bannatyne, pp. 74 and 76. Edinb. 1830, 4to.)

HEGGIE, FRANCIS. See under Peblis, David.

JOHNSON, ROBERT. Wood calls him “Ane Scottis preist, borne in Dunse, his name Robert Johnson; fled for accusation of heresy: Thomas Hutson’s [Hudson’s] father knew him weill.” In another volume, Wood had added to the hymn, ‘*Dominus in virtute tua letabitur Rex,*’ in five

parts, "quod ane Inglishe man; and, as I have heard, he was blind quhen he set it." This he has erased, and says, "This was set in Ingland be ane Scottis preist baneist." Ben Jonson, when at Hawthornden, informed Drummond that he understood his grandfather had come from Annandale to Carlisle; and that his father was a minister, and had fled or was imprisoned for heresy during the reign of Queen Mary, he himself being a posthumous son. Query, could this Robert Johnson have been related to the great Dramatic Poet?

KEMP, ANDREW. Wood styles him a minister; but this probably was an error, as no such name occurs in the Registers of Scottish Ministers at that period; while it appears that Andrew Kemp was appointed by the Magistrates of Aberdeen, Master of their Music School, in the year 1570. (Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen, vol. ii. p. 135.) One of the airs contains this memorandum by Wood:—"Quod Kemp, and noted (or written) be his awin hand, and not myne."

LAUDER, JAMES, was Chaplain of St Catharine's Altar in the Collegiate Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, before the Reformation. This appears from the following entry in the Council Register, January 26th, 1552-3:—"The quhilk day the Provest, Baillies, Counsale, and Dekynes, sittand in jugement anent the Supplicatioun given in be James Lawder, Prebendar of thair queir, grantis license to the said James to pas furth of the realme to the partis of Ingland and France, thair to remaine for the space of ane year nixt efter the dait hereof, to the effect that he mon have and get better eruditioun in musik and playing nor he hes; provyding always that the said James caus ane Chaplain to keep his foundatioun of Sanct Kathyranis altar

be ane preist quhill the said year be done." In 1567, we find a James Lauder holding the office of Exhorter in the Church of Logybryde, in Stratherne; but whether he was the same person must be left to conjecture.—In one of Wood's volumes is inserted a tune, entitled "My Lord Marche Pauen. Set be Jamis Lauder, 1584."

PEBLIS, DAVID, styled an "honourable man," and one of the Canons of St Andrews before the Reformation, set the Canticle, '*Si quis diligit me,*' in five parts. In the MS. Bassus, Wood says, this was "Set be David Pablis in four pairtis, in the zeir of God 1530 or thairby; ane noueice FRANCY HEAGY, and wes this Dauid Pablis awin dissyple, set the Fyft [part] a lytill before Pinky—[1546], and that verray weill." In the Dublin MS., we find, "Quod David Pablis, sumtyme ane chanone in the Abbay of Sanctandrous, ane of the principal musitians in all this land, in his tyme. This sang was set about the zeir of God Im. v^c. xxx zeiris." Wood elsewhere mentions that David Peblis set in four parts the Psalm, '*Quam multi, Domine, sunt,*' at the desire of my Lord of March, in 1576.

The Editor of the edition of the Psalms, with the music, "Printed at Edinburgh by the Heires of Andrew Hart, 1635," 8vo, in a prefatory notice, after mentioning the pains he had taken to give the Psalm Tunes correctly, in all the four parts, has thus mentioned the names of some of the composers of Sacred Music in Scotland at the time of the Reformation, which corroborates Wood's notices. The Editor signs his name E. M. I regret that we should be so ignorant respecting this enthusiastic lover of sacred melody, as even not to know his name:—

"I acknowledge sincerely the whole compositions of the parts to belong to the primest Musicians that ever this kingdome had, as Deane JOHN ANGUS, BLACKHALL, SMITH, PEBBLES, SHARP, BLACK, BUCHAN,

and others, famous for their skill in this kind. I would bee most unwilling to wrong such Shyning-lights of this Art, by obscuring their Names, and arrogating any thing to myselfe, which any wayes might derogate from them: For (God is my witnes) I affect not popular applause, knowing how little soliditie there is in that shadow-like seeming substance, studying to approve myself to God in a good conscience; which testimonie finding in my soul, I contemne all worldly approbation, or opprobation. The first copies of these parts were doubtlesly right set down by these skilfull Authors, but have been wronged and vitiat by unskilfull copiers thereof, as all things are injured by tyme: And heerein consisted a part of my paines, that, collecting all the sets I could find on the Psalmes, after painfull tryal thereof, I selected the best for this work, according to my simple judgement."

PLAYFORD'S DANCING-MASTER—1657.

MR STENHOUSE, in the course of his Illustrations to the Musical Museum, has repeatedly mentioned this work, and has copied from it several Scottish airs. See, in particular, pages 129, 316, and 318. At the end of Playford's "Catch that catch can; or the Musical Companion," 1667, it is thus described in "A Catalogue of late printed Musick-books,"—"The Dancing-Master; or a Book of Rules for Dancing Country Dances, with the Tunes to each Dance; and other New Dancing Tunes for the Treble-Violin."—It passed through several editions, but the first, of 1657, is very rare, and is interesting, as perhaps the earliest printed work that exhibits several genuine Scottish airs.

THE ABERDEEN CANTUS—1662.

"Cantus, Songs and Fancies. To Thre, Foure, or Five partes, both apt for voices and viols. With a briefe Introduction of Musick, as is taught in the Musick-Schole of Aberdene, by T. D. Mr. of Musick. Aberdene, printed by Iohn Forbes, and are to be sold at his Shop. Anno Dom. M,DC,LXII." Small oblong 4to—leaves.

This collection, the earliest printed in Scotland, is un-

fortunately a set of English tunes, or of tunes composed in an English style, rather than of genuine Scotch melodies. The above title is printed within a rude wood-cut border, representing a lady with a lute on one side, and a gentleman with a music-book on the other. This cut is repeated in the two subsequent impressions. It usually passes under the printer's name, as "Forbes's Cantus;" although Mr T. D., or Thomas Davidson, may have been the editor; and it may be objected that the word "Cantus" is improperly used, as applied to a collection of airs, instead of to only one of the Parts.

THOMAS DAVIDSON succeeded his father Patrick Davidson, as Teacher of the Music-School at Aberdeen, in the year 1640. (Kennedy's Annals, vol. ii. p. 135.)—The first edition of the "Cantus" is of very great rarity, and contains sixty-one songs. The dedication, by Forbes, is in such a singular style of bombast, that it may amuse the reader to hear of the heavenly melody and the nightingales of Bon-Accord, or Aberdeen.

" Unto the Right Honourable William Gray, *L. Provost*; Alexander Alexander, Iohn Scot, Iohn Duncan, Charles Robertson, *Bailies*; Thomas Mitchell, *Dean of Guild*; Iohn Ross, *Treasurer*; and the rest of the Honourable Councill of the City of Aberdene.

" *Right Honourable,*—

SEEING it hath been the chief Honor and singular Praise of this famous CITY, to have been the Sanctuary of Sciences, the Manse of the MUSES, and Nurserie of all Artes; So that under you, and your Honors' Predecessors prudent patrocinie, vigilant care, and fatherly inspection, so little a Plate of Ground hath yeilded many Plants of renowne, who hath flourished as Trees of delight, both in Church and State, through out all the corners of Great BRITTAINE: Notwithstanding of many strange Stormes, dismall Disasters, and malicious Designes; endeavouring to blast the Beautie of BON-ACCORD, to spoile HER of all HER Decorements; and amongst the rest to rob Her of that famous Ornament of Vocall and Instrumentall MUSICK, which allwayes SHE

could have claimed, as the proper native and heritable Iewell of the PLACE; In which HER Excellency hath been so eminent, that to have been Borne or Bred in ABERDENE, hath been sufficient Argument, and Testimony, to advance any to the Profession of that Science elsewhere. Yea, How many have come of purpose from the outmost partes of this ILAND, to hear the cheerfull PSALMS and heavenly melody of BON-ACCORD? till of late, some who had monopolized Crotchets to their own Pates, dauncing to the Pype of these tratarous times, contrare to the express Command of the ALMIGHTY, and laudable practise of all Christian Churches in the world, that their Vocal-Worship might be consonant to the harsh howling of their Hell-hatched Common-wealths, would leuell and astrict the Praises of the MOST HIGH at all times to a Common-Tune. But now, seeing it hath pleased the grand Ruler of Heaven and Earth, with the greatest of Blessings, Our Dread SOVERAIGNE, CHARLES, by the Grace of GOD, KING OF GREAT BRITTAINE, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, Defender of the True Apostolicke Faith, &c. ; to bring all things to their ancient Order, put an end to these dismall Discords, string the HEARTS of BRITTAINE with true Loyalty; and turne them to their proper Tunes: Elevating and Rousing all loyall Spirits to see the royall Harpe blase in the royall Scutcheon: I who hath made it my resolute purpose and constant resolution, to saile all winds, and serve up the weake partes which God and Nature hath bestowed on me: that so, at least with the *Ephesian-BEE*, I might contribute my little Wax, and sillie Bumb, to the Hyve of BON-ACCORD's Common-well, that the paines of your Children in attaining the first elements of MUSICK may be lesned, and the Scarr-craw of difficultie taken off the Hinges of the School-doore, hath endeavoured with all the clearnesse I can, to make the entry so patent, that the feeblest be not afrighted to step in. I shall not weary your patience with the commendation of this heasty embrio, seeing it must owe its Life and Beeing to Your Honors. It's wealing in the Cradle; holding out its Hand for your assistance, suffer it not to perish, shine on it with a beninge Aspect; let it appeare to the World that the meanest Schrub in BON-ACCORD, can share of your Influence as well as the talest Cedar; who knowes? but this humble creeping Ivy, if suffered to lay hold on your Favour, and lean on your Goodness, may flowrish and winter its greenness with its growth, as the Summer Bowre, and Winter Bush of many sweet singing Nightingales: while either it answer the expectation of many, or get its stature and perfect period, from your Hs. ever acceptable commands. Accept of it as an Interlude to your more serious Effaires, and measure not the minde of the offerer, by the Leannesse and Leamness of the offering, whose Honor and Dignity depends on your gracious acceptance; which is onely able to cover its escapes, attonne its presumption, and shield it

from all the poysoned Dartes of back-byting envy: So posterity shall sing your Praises, and you shall be the soul of that, to which (if we shall beleve divine *Plato* and his followers) the Vniverse doth owe that heavenly soule, by which it is animate, and you and your children may make that your recreation in time, which most be the worke of all Saints throughout all Eternity: and that *BON-ACCORD* may resemble Heaven in an harmonious-Concord, and your Honors meet with the out-bearing and best blessings of the *ALMIGHTY*, on all your Designes and Enterprises, shall be the daily Prayer of

“ Your Honors’ most engaged Servant,

“ *JOHN FORBES.*”

THE ABERDEEN CANTUS, 2d edit.—1666.

“ Cantus, Songs and Fancies, to three, four, or five Parts, both apt for voices and viols. With a brief Introduction to Musick, as is taught by *Thomas Davidson*, in the Musick-School of *Aberdene*. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. *Aberdene*, printed by *John Forbes*, and are to be sold at his shop, Anno Domini, *M.DC.LXVI.*” Small oblong 4to. 50 leaves.

A perfect copy of this edition is very rare. It has on the title the same rude wood-cut border as in the first edition. The dedication to the Magistrates of 1666 is changed, but it is also in a similar strain of bombast. It contains only 55 songs; the six following songs, for some reason, not easily to be divined, having been omitted.

- 37th. The time of Youth sore I repent.
- 42d. Yee Gods of Love looke downe in pity.
- 47th. Now, O now, I needs must part.
- 55th. Martine said to his Man.
- 56th. A Shepherd in a shade.
- 60th. Come againe, sweet Love doth thee invite.

There are added, however, at the end of the volume, the

celebrated medley, entitled a “ Pleugh-Song. Cantus. Three voices,” beginning—

My hearty service to you, my Lord,
I recommend, as should accord ;
There is an Ox into your Pleugh, &c.

And two Carols, or Songs, for three voices, viz.—

All sons of Adam, &c.,
Trip and go, hey, &c.

The following is a portion of the dedication to this second edition.

“ Unto the Right Honble. Gilbert Gray, Lord Provost, &c. &c., and to the rest of the Honorable Counsel of the City of Aberdene.

Right Honorable,—

A FEW years ago, that I might approve myself no less an observant Citizen than a provident Parent, being invited by the desires of some, allured by the kindness of others, and encouraged by the expectation and good hopes of the usefulness of the thing itself to the Place, I did lay down my First-born as a fondling, at the feet of your Honorable Bench; solemnly engaging that, as it received its being from BON-ACCORD, and its growth from your goodness, so it should period its stature with your pleasure. This promise hath pressed me, that my Press might always bear the impress of your vertues; and express (though in a small type) my thankfulness, according to the laudable custom of votaries, in all ages, after a few years' growth, to represent the same to your Sanctuary, that it may be confirmed in your favour.

. And now, seeing it hath pleased Providence, in your Wisdom's Persons, to bless the Bench of Bon-Accord with such an harmonious Consort, of as many Musicians as Magistrats, that all under your Magistracie may descant on your labors, and posteritie sing your praises to coming ages; admit this poor present to your acceptance, its breath and being depends on your brow, being willing to receive its sentence from the same, whether it shall be smothered in the birth, or view the public under your patrocinie. However, that the best blessings and out-bearing of the Almighty may accompany your Wisdoms in all your honorable designs, shall be the daily prayer of your Honors' own servant,

“ JOHN FORBES.”

THE ABERDEEN CANTUS, 3d edit.—1682.

“Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, to three, four, or five Parts,” &c., ornamented title like the preceding editions—and a second title as follows :

“Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, to severall Musickall Parts, both apt for voices and viols. With a brief Introduction to Musick, as is taught into the Musick-School of Aberdeen. The Third Edition, exactly corrected and enlarged. Together also, with severall of the choisest Italian-Songs, and New English-Ayres, all in three parts, (viz.) Two Trebles and a Bass : most pleasant and delightfull for all humours. Aberdeen, printed by John Forbes, Printer to the Ancient City of Bon-Accord, Anno Dom. 1682.” Small oblong 4to, 58 leaves.

This edition is not uncommon. It contains only fifty-five Songs, like the second edition ; but the Plough Song and the two Cantus are omitted, to make room for “Severall of the choisest Italian Songs, composed by Giovanni Giacomo Castoldi da Carravaggio : together also, with some of the best new English-Ayres, collected from their chiefest authors, all in three parts.”

As the Printer still preserved his peculiar style of complimenting the Aberdeen Magistrates, a portion of his dedication, and his address to all true lovers of Musick, may be quoted. But, in taking leave of this collection, we cannot but regret that the publisher should have substituted ‘Choice Italian-Songs and new English-Ayres,’ instead of a series of the popular Scotch melodies of his time.

“Unto the Right Honorable Sir George Skene of Fintray, Lord Provost, &c. &c. &c., and to the rest of the Honorable Counsell of the City of Aberdeen.

Right Honorable,—

YOUR Honors’ servant having had the good opportunity some years

ago, at two severall occasions, to present your Honors' worthy predecessors with the patronage of this Musick Book, of which two impressions there are few extant; and he being again (of new) invited by the earnest desires of some, yea allured by the kindness of others, and encouraged by the expectation and good hopes of the usefulness and profitableness of the book itself, not onely to this famous city, but also to all lovers of musick within this nation, hath (according to his very bound duty) presented your Honors with the patronage of this third edition; especially seeing it hath ever been the chief honor and singular praise of this famous city, to be the sanctuary of sciences, the manse of the muses, and nurserie of all arts; so that under your (and your Honors' worthy predecessors) prudent patrocine, vigilant care, and fatherly inspection, so little a plate of ground hath yielded very many plants of renown, who have always flourished, as trees of delight, both in church and state, throughout all the corners of Great Brittain; yea, whose excellency hath ever been so eminent, that to have been born or bred in Aberdeen, hath been a great argument and ground to procure promotion for any, to places of any profession elsewhere: yea, the fame of this city for its admirable knowledge in this divine science, and many other fine enduements, hath almost overspread whole Europe, witness the great confluence of all sorts of persons from each part of the same, who, of design have come (much like that of the Queen of Sheba) to hear the sweet chearful Psalms, and heavenly melody of famous Bon-Accord, whose hearts have been ravished with the harmonious concord thereof. If then the Almighty hath bestowed such a grand blessing upon the same, sure the heavenly and divine use will much more redound to our eternall comfort, if with our voices we joyn our hearts, when we sing in His holy place.

Courteous Reader,—

“ To all Ingenuous and True Lovers of Musick.—The two former Impressions of this Musick-Book, finding so generall acceptance, hath encouraged me to adventure upon the printing of this Third Edition, in which I have not only made it my care to amend some defects which were into the former impressions, but indeed to new modell the whole, by adding a considerable number of choise Italian-Songs and English-Ayres, all in three parts, (viz.) two treebles and a bass, which were never printed with the former Impressions, and that for the severall humour of all persons, male and female, old and young; wherefore (I may truly say) this Musick-Book, (as it is now published,) for such sweet harmonious songs, hath never been extant in this nation. You have also herewith printed, for the encour-

agement of young beginners in vocall musick, the print of the hand, for teaching the Gam thereon, with the scale of the Gam, and parts thereof; as also a full exposition of the Gam, and eliefs, moods, degrees, concords, and discords, &c., and that into a plain and brief manner, for every one's capacity. I must confess, the work as to the musick is not mine, but for printing and publishing hereof, I am still ready, and most willing in my generation to improve my talent and parts (which the Almighty of his infinite goodness hath been pleased to bestow upon me,) both for the good of this City and of my Countrey; therefore, if these my labours prove pleasant and delightfull by your favorable acceptance, the same shall incite me very shortly to publish abroad, severall other Musicall Songs and Ayres of various kinds, both Catches, and Parts-Songs, which are not readily to be found within this kingdom, with a brieff and plain introduction to musick, conform to each severall book, all very pleasant for every humour, yea harmful to none: and that all my painfull labors may tend for this City and my Countrey's good, shall be the hearty prayer and earnest desire of

“ JOHN FORBES.”

D'URFEY'S COLLECTION—1720.

“ There are many fine Scots airs in the Collection of Songs by the well known Tom D'Urfey, intituled ‘ Pills to purge Melancholy,’ published in the year 1720, which seem to have suffered very little by their passing through the hands of those English Masters who were concerned in the correction of that book; but in the multiplicity of Tunes in the Scots style that have been published in subsequent collections, it is very difficult to distinguish between the ancient and modern.” (Hawkins' Hist. vol. iv. p. 6.)—The earlier volumes of this well-known collection passed through several editions, which was enlarged in 1720, by the publication of a sixth volume.

THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS—1725.

“ Orpheus Caledonius, or a collection of the best Scotch Songs, set to musick, by W. Thomson. London; engraved and printed for the Author, at his house, in Leicester Fields.

Enter'd at Stationers' Hall, according to Act of Parliament." Folio.

This volume is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and contains fifty songs, engraved on separate folios, followed by eight leaves, containing the airs of the songs "for the flute." This work may be considered as entitled to the distinction of being the first professed collection of Scottish Tunes. Although it bears no date, the year usually given to it is correct, as the Editor appeared, and entered his work in the books at the Stationers' Hall, 5th of January 1725.

In the index, Thomson affixes a (*) to the seven following Songs, as having been "composed by David Rezzio." "The Lass of Patie's Mill."—"Bessie Bell."—"The Bush aboon Traquair."—"The Bonny Boatman."—"An' thou wert my ain thing."—"Auld Rob Morris"—and "Down the Burn, Davie." In republishing this work, as the first volume of his *Orpheus*, in 1733, no such marks are affixed.

✓ THOMSON'S ORPHEUS—1733.

"ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS: OF a Collection of Scots Songs, set to musick, by W. Thomson. London; printed for the author, at his house in Leicester-Fields, 1733," 2 vols. 8vo.

The license granted by George I. for printing this work, to "our trusty and well-beloved William Thomson, of our City of London, Gent.," for the term of fourteen years, is dated 11th May 1733. Each volume contains fifty Songs. The 1st vol., as in the folio edition, is dedicated "To the Queen;" the 2d vol. "To her Grace the Dutchess of Hamilton."

WILLIAM THOMSON was the son of Daniel Thomson,

one of the King's Trumpeters, and when a boy made his appearance at the grand concert on St Cecilia's day, at Edinburgh, in November 1695.—“ Daniel Thomson (says Mr Tytler in his account of that concert) was one of the King's trumpeters, and was said to have understood music, and to have been a good performer of the obligato, or solo parts, in the trumpet songs of Purcell's Opera of Dioclesian, Bonduca, and other theatrical pieces then exhibited on the stage. . . . His son, William Thomson, was early distinguished for the sweetness of his voice, and the agreeable manner in which he sung a Scots song. He went to London; and at the time when the Opera, and the compositions of Handel, were at their height, the sweet pathetic manner of Thomson's singing a Scots song, which he accompanied with a thorough bass, became a fashionable entertainment at Court, where he often performed.”

“ In February 1722, there was a benefit concert for Mr Thomson, the first editor of a collection of Scots tunes in England. To this collection, for which there was a very large subscription, may be ascribed the subsequent favour of these national melodies south of the Tweed. After this concert, ‘ at the desire of several persons of quality,’ was performed a *Scottish Song*.”—(Burney's Hist. vol. iv. p. 647.)

Hawkins (vol. iv. p. 7) says of Thomson—“ The editor was not a musician, *but a tradesman*, and the collection is accordingly injudicious, and very incorrect.” I should think he must have been misinformed in making such a statement.

TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY—circa 1726.

“ Musick for Allan Ramsay's collection of Scots Songs: Set by Alexander Stuart, and engraved by R. Cooper, Vol. First. Edinburgh; printed and sold by Allan Ramsay.”

Sixty-nine

This is a small oblong volume of pp. 156, divided into six parts, and contains the music of seventy-one Songs, selected from the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, printed in 1724. It is very scarce, and no second volume ever appeared. There is a frontispiece to the volume, of a lady touching a harpsichord (on which is the name of the maker, Fenton), and a gentleman with a violin in his hand. Each part has a separate title,—“Musick for the Scots Songs in the Tea-Table Miscellany. Part First,” &c.

“Part First—inscrib’d to the Right Honourable Countess of Eglington,”—(Susanna Kennedy. To this lady Ramsay dedicated his Gentle Shepherd.)

“Part Second—inscrib’d to the Right Honourable Lady Somerville,”—(Anne Bayntun, grand-daughter of the witty Earl of Rochester.)

“Part Third—inscrib’d to the Honourable Lady Murray of Stanhope,”—(Grizzel Baillie, the lady who was the authoress of Memoirs of her Parents. See vol. ii. p. *100 of the present work.)

“Part Fourth—inscrib’d to the Honourable Lady Weir” (of Blackwood—Christian Anstruther, afterwards Countess of Traquair.)

“Part Fifth—inscrib’d to Miss Christian Campbell.”

“Part Sixth—inscrib’d to Mrs Young.”

BOCCHI’S SONATAS—1726.

“Signor LORENZO BOCCHI has published an Opera of his own composition, by Subscription, containing 12 Sonatas, or Solos, for different instruments, viz. a Violin, Flute, Violoncello, Viola de Gamba, and Scots Cantate; with instrumental parts, after the Italian manner, the words by Mr Ramsay; with a thorow Bass for the Harpsichord. Subscribers may have their copies at Mr John Steill’s any

time before the first of March ensuing. Any person that has not subscribed, may likewise be furnished, there being more copies cast off than will serve the Subscribers.”—*Caledonian Mercury*, February 22, 1726.

In Allan Ramsay's Poems, vol. ii. p. 271, is inserted “A Scots Cantata,—Music by L. Bocchi.” It begins, “*Blate Johnny faintly tald.*” Whether Mr John Steill was a Music-seller, is uncertain; but there was advertised for the 26th of February 1729, a “Sale by Auction, of the hail Pictures, Prints, Musick-books, and Musical Instruments belonging to Mr John Steill.”—(*Caled. Mercury.*)

WATTS'S MUSICAL MISCELLANY—1729—1731.

“The Musical Miscellany; being a Collection of Choice Songs, set to the Violin and Flute, by the most eminent Masters.

The man that hath no musick in himself,
And is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

SHAKESPEAR.

Volume First. London, printed by and for John Watts, at the Printing-office in Wild Court, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1729.” 2 vols. small 8vo.

“The Musical Miscellany; being a Collection of Choice Songs and Lyrick Poems; with the Basses to each Tune, and transpos'd for the Flute, by the most eminent masters. Vols. 3 and 4, London, &c., 1730: Vols. 5 and 6, London, &c., 1731, small 8vo.

This collection, forming six volumes, includes several Scottish airs and songs, evidently derived from Thomson's Orpheus, 1725, or the Tea-Table Miscellany.

✓ CRAIG'S COLLECTION—1730.

“ A Collection of the choicest Scots Tunes, adapted for the Harpsichord or Spinnet, and within the compass of the Voice, Violin, or German Flute. By Adam Craig. Edinburgh, 1730. R. Cooper, fecit. Entered in Stationer's Hall.” Oblong folio, pp. 45, besides the titles and dedication. It is thus dedicated “ To the Honourable Lords and Gentlemen of the Musical Society of Mary's Chappell :” “ As you are generous encouragers and great promoters of Musick, it is natural for me, on this occasion, to beg your patronage, which is my highest ambition. The following collection, being the first of the kind, and the nature and genuine product of the country, I flatter myself that the countenance and protection of so noble a Society will make it generally acceptable, and contribute much to the benefit of, my Lords and Gentlemen,

“ Your most dutiful and most obedient servant,

“ ADAM CRAIG.”

ADAM CRAIG was a leading performer at the Concert on St Cecilia's Day, in 1695, at Edinburgh. Mr Tytler, in the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society, vol. i. 1792, published an interesting paper, containing a programme, “ The Order of the Instrumental Music for the Feast of St Cecilia, 22d November 1695 ;” and giving the names of the performers. Mr T. says, “ Adam Craig was reckoned a good orchestra player on the violin, and teacher of music. I remember him as the second violin to M'Gibbon, in the Gentleman's Concert.” In the “ Catalogue of Musick, being the complete and curious Collection of the late Lord Colville, to be sold by auction, on the 26th day of November 1728,” 4to, pp. 70, are several manuscript articles, as well as printed works, some of which are noted

as “brought from Italy,” or “brought from Rome,” by Mr Michael Kinkaid. One article in the Catalogue is “Mr Adam Craig’s Works, in one book, folio MS.” Robert Lord Colville of Ochiltree, it may be added, was a celebrated musical amateur, as well as collector. Lord Colville succeeded his father in February 1671, and died unmarried 26th of March 1728. He is said to have been “a thorough master of Music, and to have understood counterpoint well.” He played on the Harpsichord and Organ; and he was one of the performers at “the Feast of St Cecilia,” in 1695.

The God of Musick joins when Colvil plays,
 And all the Muses dance to Haddington’s Essays;
 The charms are mutual, peircing, and compleat—
 This in his art excells, and that in wit.”

De Foe’s Caledonia, 1706.

According to Professor Mackie’s MS. Obituary, (see vol. iv. p. *384,) “Adam Craig, musician,” died in October 1741.

MUNRO’S COLLECTION—1730.

ALEXANDER MUNRO’S Collection, is thus quoted by Hawkins (Hist. of Music, vol. iv. p. 7):—

“About the year 1730, one Alexander Munroe, a native of Scotland, then residing at Paris, published a collection of the best Scotch Tunes fitted to the German Flute, with several divisions and variations; but the simplicity of the airs is lost in the attempts of the author to accommodate them to the style of Italian music.”

Riddell, in the preface to his Border Tunes, also mentions that this collection was printed at Paris; and that its chief excellency is the fine basses that accompany the

tunes. I regret not having had an opportunity to see this collection.

✓ AIRS FOR THE FLUTE—1735.

“Airs for the Flute, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord.” Small oblong 4to, pp. 27. Dedication.—“To the Right Honourable the Lady Gairlies (Lady Catharine Cochrane.) Madam,—The following airs having been composed by a Gentleman for your Ladyship’s use when you began to practice the Flute à Beque, I thought I could not chuse a better subject for my First Essay, as an engraver of musick, than these airs; as well because they were made for beginners on the Flute and Harpsichord, as that they were composed by a gentleman who first put a pencil in my hand, and then an engraver; but chiefly because they were originally made for your ladyship’s use, which gives me so fair a handle to send them into the world under the protection of your Ladyship’s name. I am, with the greatest respect, Madam,

Your Ladyship’s most obedient and most humble servant,

“ALEX. BAILLIE.

“*Edinburgh, December 1735.*”

Who the gentleman was that composed these Airs has not been stated.

JAMES OSWALD—1735–1742.

The earliest notices of this eminent collector and composer of Scottish Melodies, which I have been able to meet with, are the following advertisements in the Caledonian Mercury. From these it appears that Oswald was originally a dancing-master in Dunfermline, and that he afterwards came to Edinburgh, where he taught both dancing and music.

“ There is to be published by subscription, a Collection of Minuets, adapted for the Violin and Bass Viol, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord or Spinnet—most of them within the compass of the Hautboy or German Flute. Composed by JAMES OSWALD, Dancing-master. Each subscriber to give in two shillings at subscribing, and three shillings on receipt of the book. Subscriptions will be taken in at Edinburgh, by Mr Cooper, engraver; and at Dunfermline, by the author. 'Tis expected that such as do not incline their names should be prefixed, will signify it. The author desires they who have taken the trouble to get subscriptions will send the lists to him at Dunfermline, with first occasion.—*N. B.* The author has by him several Sonatas and Solos, one of which is to be published along with this collection: if it is well received, the rest, with some other pieces of Musick, may in time be published.”—(August 12th, 1734.)

“ MR OSWALD is to publish his book of Musick, against Friday the 16th of January inst. Therefore, all subscribers for said book, are desired to call at Mr Andrew Martin, Bookseller, at his Shop, in the Parliament Close; or at the Author's Lodgings in Skinner's Close (where he teaches Dancing, in company with Mr Jones), to receive their Copies, upon paying the full Subscription, being three shillings to those who have paid the first moiety, and five shillings to those who have not.”—(January 6th, 1736.)

“ Whereas MR OSWALD, musician in Edinburgh, is, at the request of several ladies and gentlemen, publishing by subscription a Collection of Scots Tunes before he sets out for Italy, which will consist of above 50 Tunes, many of which were never before printed, and all within the compass of the Hautboy and German Flute, with Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord and Spinnet; and amongst which there are several new Mason Songs, with words for three voices. Subscriptions taken in at his lodgings in Carrubber's Close; at Messrs A. Kincaid, G. Hamilton & Co., A. Martin, W. Miller, Booksellers; and at the Exchange Coffee-House, Edinburgh.—*N. B.* The Subscribers will please send in their names, as also those who have Subscription Papers, before the 1st of June next, by which time the book will be published. The Price to Subscribers is 5s., on delivery of the Book, and to others 6s.”—(May 8th, 1740; repeated on the 15th, 19th, and 22d of the same month.)

Whether Oswald visited Italy, and how long he remained are uncertain; but London appearing a wider field for his exertions than the Scottish Metropolis, he settled there in 1741 or 1742. See the Epistle in verse, addressed to

him on his leaving Edinburgh, in vol. iv. p. 405, of the present work; where some further notices respecting him are given.

✓ OSWALD'S SCOTS TUNES—1740.

“A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes, for a Violin, Bass Viol, or German Flute, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord; as also a Sonata of Scots Tunes, in three parts, and some Mason's Songs, with the Words, for three voices; to which is added a number of the most celebrated Scots Tunes, set for a Violin or German Flute. By James Oswald, Musician in Edinburgh.” No date; oblong folio, pp. 42.

This work is dedicated “To His Grace James Duke of Perth;” and it might be inferred, from the name of James Colquhoun, Esq., as “Lord Provost of Edinburgh,” appearing in a numerous list of subscribers, that it was published either in the year 1738 or 1739. The above advertisement proves that it did not appear till June 1740.

“A Collection of curious Scots Tunes, for a Violin, German Flute, or Harpsichord. By Mr James Oswald. London; printed for Charles and Samuel Thompson in St Paul's Churchyard.” The name of some former publisher has been erased. Folio, pp. 46. At the end, “Philips, Sculp.”

“A Second Collection of curious Scots Tunes for a Violin and German Flute, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord. By Mr James Oswald. London, &c. (as above.)” Folio, pp. 47.

These two collections originally appeared in 1742; they are included in the list of new publications in the Scots Magazine, November 1742.—The following tunes in the first part—“The Cock Laird”—“The Black Eagle”—

“Peggy, I must love thee”—“The Lowlands of Holland”—“William’s Ghost”—and “The last time I came o’er the moor,” are ascribed to “David Rizo.” The following MS. note, however, inserted in a copy of the work, contradicts this, and claims them as Oswald’s compositions.

“The airs in this volume, with the name of David Rizo affixed, are all Oswald’s. I state this on the authority of Mrs Alexander Cumming and my mother—his daughter and sister. (signed) H. O. Weatherley.”—“Died at Chester le Street, in the county of Durham, in her 80th year, Nov. 13, 1821, Mrs Weatherley, relict of the late Mr Edward Weatherley of Garden House in the same county, and sister of the late James Oswald, Esq., Chamber Composer to his late Majesty, and justly celebrated as the author of ‘Roslin Castle,’ ‘Tweedside,’ and numerous compositions of lasting eminence.”

MACFARLANE’S COLLECTIONS—1740.

“A Collection of Scotch Airs, with the latest Variations, written for the use of Walter M’Farlan of that ilk. By David Young, W. M. in Edinburgh, 1740.” MS. 3 vols. folio.

The Laird of Macfarlane, for whom this collection was compiled, was an eminent antiquary, who died in 17 . His manuscripts having been disposed of after his death, the chief portions were acquired for the Advocates’ Library. The above collection is chiefly curious from the number of tunes it contains. They are written with all the care of a person, who, from the initials W. M. added to his name, we may conclude, was a writing-master: The volumes were presented by the Honourable Henry Erskine (brother of the Earl of Buchan), to the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, 23d of July 1782. Unfortunately, the first

volume was borrowed from the Society many years ago, and has never been recovered. The second volume, dated 1740, contains pp. 288, and 250 airs. In the third volume, the date of which is torn off, there are pp. 288, and 292 airs. None of the airs have basses; and to some of them the names of the composers are given, viz., Oswald, M'Gibbon, [—Forbes of?] Disblair, and M'Lean. A few also have the initials of the compiler, D. Y[oung].

WALSH'S COLLECTION—circa 1740.

“A Collection of original Scotch Songs, with a thorough Bass to each Song, for the Harpsichord. London; printed for and sold by I. Walsh, servant to his Majesty, at the Harp and Hoboy, in Katharine Street, in the Strand.” Folio.

This is merely a collection of Songs which had been engraved and sold as single leaves, without any order or arrangement, and including English imitations of Scottish Songs, sung at Vauxhall Gardens, and other places of public amusement.

✓ WALSH'S COUNTRY DANCES.

“Caledonian Country Dances, being a Collection of all the celebrated Scotch Country Dances now in vogue, with the proper Directions to each Dance, as they are performed at Court and public entertainments. For the Violin, Hoboy, or German Flute, with their Basses for the Bass Violin or Harpsichord. Engraven in a fair character, and carefully corrected. London, printed for, and sold by J. Walsh, music printer and instrument maker to His Majesty, at the Harp and Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand.” Small oblong 8vo. Eight vols. Many of the dances are not Scottish.—There are later impressions of this work.

↳ BARSANTI'S COLLECTION—1742.

“ A Collection of Old Scots Tunes, with the Bass for Violoncello or Harpsichord, set, and most humbly dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady Erskine, (Lady Charlotte Hope,) by Francis Barsanti. Edinburgh, printed by Alexander Baillie, and sold by Messrs Hamilton and Kincaid; price 2s. 6d.” Folio, pp. 15.

This collection was published 14th of January 1742, (Caledonian Mercury, and Scots Magazine for January 1742.)

BARSANTI, a native of Lucca, was born about the year 1690. He commenced his studies of civil law at Padua, but afterwards chose music for his profession, and came to England in the year 1714. He continued many years a performer at the Opera house; but at length, with some favourable prospects, he settled in Scotland; “and, with greater truth than the same is asserted of David Rizzio, he may be said to have meliorated the music of that country, by collecting and making basses to a great number of the most popular Scots Tunes.” About the year 1750, Barsanti returned to England, (Hawkins, History of Music, vol. iv. p. 37.)—Barsanti had a daughter who made a considerable figure on the stage. Her portrait is prefixed to Bell's edition of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

↳ MACGIBBON'S COLLECTIONS—1746–1755.

“ Six Sonatos or Solos for a German flute or violin, composed by Willm. M'Gibbon. Edinburgh; printed by R. Cooper for the author. 1740.” Oblong folio.

“ A Collection of Scots Tunes, some with Variations for a Violin, Hautboy, or German Flute, with a bass for a Violoncello or Harpsichord. By William M'Gibbon. Book 1st.

—*N. B.* Where there is double notes, the highest is for the flute, and the lowest for the violin. Edinburgh; printed by Richard Cooper. 1742." Oblong folio, pp. 36.

"A Second Collection, &c. Edinburgh; printed by Richard Cooper, 1746." Oblong folio, pp. 36.

"A (Third) Collection, &c. Edinburgh; printed by Richard Cooper. 1755. Oblong folio, pp. 36.

A second edition of the first two collections (in 1755 or 1756) bears on the title, "Edinburgh; printed and sold by R. Bremner, at the Harp and Hautboy."

Another edition in 8vo, of the three books, bears "London; printed for D. Rutherford, in St Martin's Lane," &c.

An edition of M'Gibbon's Collection, in three books, with some additions, by Bremner, is advertised in the Scots Magazine, February 1762. There is also an edition, "With some additions, by Robert Bremner. London, printed and sold at the Music-shop of Robert Bremner, opposite Somerset-house." Oblong 4to, pp. 120. It contains 4 books.

WILLIAM MACGIBBON, was "well known and celebrated in his time for his great execution on the violin." His father, Matthew Macgibbon, was esteemed a good performer on the Hautboy; and was one of the performers at St Cecilia's Concert, in 1695. His son William (according to Mr Tytler) "was sent early to London, and studied many years under Corbet, then reckoned a great master and composer. Corbet's sonatas for two Violins and a Bass were esteemed good, and often played as act-tunes in the play-house. His scholar William M'Gibbon was for many years leader of the orchestra of the Gentlemen's Concert at Edinburgh, and was thought to play the music

of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, with great execution and judgment. His sets of Scots tunes, with variations and basses, are well known." This eminent composer, and editor of the above collections of Scottish tunes, between 1740 and 1755, died at Edinburgh the 3d of October 1756. According to the obituary notice in the Scots Magazine, 1756, p. 470, he bequeathed the whole of his estate and effects to the Royal Infirmary.

p 50 Fergusson the poet, in his "Elegy on Scots Music," pays the following compliment to Macgibbon. He was too young, however, to have had any personal recollection of the musician.

Macgibbon's gane: ah! wae's my heart!
 The man in music maist expert,
 Wha could sweet melody impart,
 And tune the reed,
 Wi' sic a slee and pawky art;
 But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,
 Ilk bonny lassie make great mane,
 Since he's awa', I trow there's nane
 Can fill his stead;
 The blythest sangster on the plain!
 Alake, he's dead.

There is a miniature portrait of Macgibbon introduced, as a vignette, in the title-page of "Flores Musicæ, or the Scots Musician," published by J. Clark, at Edinburgh, in 1773.

↳ BREMNER'S COLLECTIONS, &c.—1749.

"Thirty Scots Songs for a Voice and Harpsichord. The music taken from the most genuine sets extant; the words from Allan Ramsay. Price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh; printed for, and sold by R. Bremner, at the Harp and Hoboy." Folio, pp. 33. "Circa 1749. This is a genuine copy of

the first impression before Bremner went to London; it is extremely rare. The title page was afterwards altered."— (MS. note by Mr Stenhouse.)

✓ "A Second Set of Scots Songs for a Voice or Harpsichord. Price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh, printed, &c. (as above.)" Folio, pp. 33.

"Twelve Scots Songs, for a Voice or Guitar, with a thorough Bass adapted for that instrument. By Robert Bremner. Price 1s. 6d. Edinburgh, printed and sold at his music-shop," &c. [1760.] Oblong 4to, pp. 18; advertised in Scots Magazine, May 1760.

✓ "A Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Price 6s. London, printed and sold by Robert Bremner, at the Harp and Hautboy, in the Strand." [1764?] Oblong 4to.

✓ "A curious Collection of Scots Tunes, with Variations for the Violin, and a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Music, 2s. 6d. Bremner." Advertised in Scots Magazine, Aug. 1759.

✓ "The Songs in the Gentle Shepherd, adapted to the Guitar. Music 1s. 6d. Bremner." Scots Magazine, December 1759.

"Thirty Scots Songs, by Robert Bremner. The words by Allan Ramsay. London, printed and sold by R. Bremner, opposite Somerset House, in the Strand."

✓ "The Freemason's Songs, with Choruses, in three and four parts, and a Bass for the Organ or Violoncello. Music 1s. Bremner." Scots Magazine, June, 1759.

Bremner, as above stated, settled in London. This probably was about 1764, and he continued for a number of years to carry on an extensive business as a music-seller. "Mr Robert Bremner, Music-Printer in the Strand, died at Kensington, 12th of May, 1789."

✓ OSWALD'S POCKET COMPANION—1759.

“The Caledonian Pocket Companion, containing a favourite Collection of Scotch Tunes, with Variations for the German Flute or Violin. By James Oswald.”

This work was originally published in successive books or parts, at “London; printed for the Author, and sold at his musick shop in St Martin’s Churchyard in the Strand.” This imprint was afterwards altered to “London; printed for J. Simpson in Sweeting’s Alley,” &c. Later copies bear “London; printed for Straight and Skillern, St Martin’s Lane;” but all of them without dates. Oswald himself, on completing the 7th part, published them with the general title, “The Caledonian Pocket Companion, in seven volumes;” but the entire work extends to 12 parts, usually bound in two volumes.

Among Oswald’s miscellaneous compositions are the following:—

“Colin’s Kisses, set to musick by Mr Oswald. Printed in the year 1743.” (The Kisses, as appears from a MS. note, were written by Robert Dodsley). 4to.

“Six pastoral Solos for a Violin and Violoncello, with a thorough Bass for the Organ or Harpsichord, composed by James Oswald. Printed for the author, and sold at his music shop in St Martin’s Churchyard. Price 5s.” Ob-long folio, pp. 16.

“Airs for the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. By James Oswald. Printed for the author, and sold at his music shop, St Martin’s Churchyard.” 4 parts, folio, The same engraved frontispiece serves for all the Seasons, which were published separately.

At the end of “The Comic Tunes in Queen Mab, as they are performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane; set for the Violin, German Flute, or Hoboy, with a thorough

Bass for the Harpsichord, composed by James Oswald," is the following notice of an edition of Oswald's works. It has no date; but what publication was here meant is uncertain:—

"Some time before MR OSWALD'S death, he had fitted for the press a correct edition of his works, as well those that were known and acknowledged to be his, as those that were really such, but had formerly been published under the names of others, for reasons not difficult to guess. There are many excellent composers whose circumstances will not permit them to please themselves, by addressing their compositions to the heart, instead of the ear only. His fine taste, his elegant compositions, his pathetic performance, were well known and justly admired.

"In compliance with his own intentions, a genuine edition of his works is now presented to the public. For such a publication no apology is necessary. That they are his, is sufficient to justify their appearance, and recommend them to all good judges and true lovers of musick."

✓ BURK HUMOTH'S AIRS—circa 1760.

"Twelve Scotch and twelve Irish Airs, with Variations, set for the German Flute, Violin, or Harpsichord, by Mr Burk Humoth. London; printed for, and sold by John Simpson, at the Bass Viol and Flute, in Sweeting's Alley," &c. Royal 8vo, pp. 49.

GENERAL REID'S MINUETS, &c.—1770.

"A Sett of Minuets and Marches, inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Catharine Murray, by J[ohn] R[eid], Esq. London; printed and sold by R. Bremner, in the Strand." Price 5s. Oblong 4to, pp. 31. This contains, at the end of the minuets, three marches, and Athole House, ditto.

“ Six Solos for a German Flute or Violin, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord, by J[ohn] R[eid], Esq., a member of the Temple of Apollo. London; printed for J. Oswald, and sold at all the musick shops.” Oblong folio.
 “ A Second Sett of Six Solos,” &c.

“ Captain Reid’s Solos.” Sold also by Bremner, as appears from his catalogue of music.

The name of GENERAL REID, in regard to the “ Musical Museum,” is only connected with one air, (according to the note at page 202;) but as it is likely he will be long and gratefully remembered in this country, a more than casual notice in this place may be excused. In his Will, dated at London 19th of April 1803, he styles himself “ JOHN REID of Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, General in His Majesty’s Army, and Colonel of the 88th regiment of foot;” and states, that he was “ the last representative of an old family in Perthshire, which on my death will be extinct in the male line.”

General Reid was the son of Robertson, alias Reid of Straloch, a property near Strathardel, in Perthshire—a family whose head was anciently designated as Baron Reid.

He mentions that his birthday was the 13th of February, but he omits to say in what year. It must have been about 1720, or 1721. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh, and we find his name in the list of Professor Stevenson’s Classes, in 1734 and 1735. How long he continued at the University, where he says, “ I had my education, and passed the pleasantest part of my youth,” or what other classes he attended is uncertain, as the lists of students at that time have only been partially preserved. But this recollection of his earlier days had no doubt its influence, when he bequeathed the reversion of his property to the University. Having embraced a military profession, he

himself mentions his having been a lieutenant in the Earl of Loudon's regiment, raised in the year 1745.

By his will, General Reid bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to the Principal and Professors of the University of Edinburgh, with the special provision for endowing a Professorship of Music; and as his property (to the amount of nearly L.80,000) has now become available by the death of his relations, who had a liferent of the property, we may speedily expect this part of his will carried into effect; and there can be no doubt that the appointment of a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the history, theory, and practice of music, may be the means of raising the character, and giving an impetus to the progress, of that science in this country, that will tend to perpetuate the name and liberality of the founder. General Reid died at his house in the Haymarket, London, 6th of February 1807, aged 87. He directs in his will, that annually on his birthday, the 13th of February, there shall be a concert of music, including a full military band, and to perform some specimens of his own compositions, to show the style of music that prevailed about the middle of the last century.

CLARK'S FLORES MUSICÆ—1773.

“Flores Musicæ, or the Scots Musician, being a general Collection of the most celebrated Scots Tunes, Reels, Minuets, and Marches. Adapted for the Violin, Hautboy, or German Flute, with a Bass for the Violincello or Harpsichord. Published the 1st June, 1773, by J. Clark, plate and seal engraver, printer, &c., first fore stair below the head of Forrester's Wynd, Edinburgh.” Folio, pp. viii. 8vo.

From an advertisement in the Scots Magazine, May 1773, this collection was to be published in twenty numbers; but probably no second part ever appeared. The editor's name is

not mentioned. A small vignette portrait of “W. Macgibbon,” is engraved in the centre of the title page. In the preface, it is stated that “David Rizzio is now generally fixed upon as the composer of the best of those delicate songs; but how so gross a falsehood comes to be so universally believed, is not easy to determine. That the Scots music is of no older a date than two centuries ago, no one, we hope, will venture to assert, who is in the least acquainted with the history of the kingdom,” &c. The editor professes to have “examined a great variety of old manuscripts, and endeavoured with the utmost accuracy to trace out the errors that have of late but too frequently appeared in the editions of Scots tunes,” and to have “adhered as closely as possible to their primitive simplicity.” The number of tunes given is 22.

✓ LORD KELLY'S MINUETS, &c.—1774.

“The favourite Minuets, perform'd at the Fete Champetre, given by Lord Stanley at the Oaks, and composed by the Right Honourable the Earl of Kelly. Price 2s. London; printed for and sold by William Napier, the corner of Lancaster Court, Strand.” Oblong 4to, published 1774 or 5. Lady Betty Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, was married to Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, in 1774. This fete was given on occasion of their nuptials.

Some notice of Lord Kelly is given in a subsequent part of this work. (See vol. vi. pp. 529 and 532.) He died at Brussels, 9th of October 1781, in the fifty-first year of his age.

FRAZER'S COUNTRY DANCES—1774.

“The Dancer's Pocket Companion, being a Collection of Forty Scots and English figures of Country Dances, with two elegant copperplates, showing all the different

figures made use of in Scots or English Country Dancing. Properly explained, by William Frazer, Dancing-master. Edinburgh, printed in the year 1774." 12mo., pp. 16.

There is, however, no music to the figures.

✓ NEILL STEWART'S COLLECTION, circa 1775.

"Thirty Scots Songs, adapted for a Voice or Harpsichord. The words of Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh. Book 1st, price 3s. 6d. Printed and sold by N. Stewart and Co., No. 37, South Bridge Street. J. Johnson, sculpt." Folio, pp. 31.—The same, book second, price 3s., pp. 33. . Book third. Printed and sold by Neil Stewart, at his Shop, No. 37, South Bridge Street. J. Johnson, sculpt. Edinburgh, pp. 28.

✓ "A New Collection of Scots and English Tunes, adapted to the Guitar, with some of the best Songs out of the Beggar's Opera, and other curious Ballads, most of them within the compass of the common flute. Price 1s. 6d. Printed and sold by Neil Steuart, at the music-shop opposite the head of Blackfryers Wynd, Edinburgh." Oblong 4to, circa 1760.

"A Collection of the newest and best Minuets, adapted for the Violin or German Flute, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Edinburgh; printed for and sold by Neil Steuart, at his music-shop, opposite to the Tron Church." Oblong 4to, pp. 94, circa 1770.

This collection, which is almost entirely Scottish, contains some of Lord Kelly's compositions.

"A Second Collection of Airs and Marches for Two Violins, German Flutes, and Hautboys, all of which have Basses for the Violoncello or Harpsicord. Edinburgh; printed and Sold by N. Stewart, at his shop, Parliament

Closs. Where may be had, The first Collection of Marches and Airs. Price 6s."

✓ "A Collection of Scots Songs, adapted for a Voice or Harpsichord. Edinburgh; printed and sold by Neil Stewart, at his shop, Parliament Square." Folio, circa 1790, pp. 28.

✓ DOW'S MINUETS—circa 1775.

"Twenty Minuets, and sixteen Reels or Country Dances, for the Violin, Harpsichord, or German Flute. Composed by Daniel Dow. Edinburgh; printed for the author, and sold at the music-shops, in town and country. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 2s. 6d." Oblong 4to, pp. 36. Mr Sharpe mentions, that his mother told him that Dow was a teacher of music, particularly the guitar, when she was a young girl.

Collection of Ancient Scots Music, (Highland Airs,) by Daniel Dow, (title-page wanting,) about 1778. Oblong folio, pp. 44.

✓ PEACOCK'S AIRS—circa 1776. *1776*

"Fifty favourite Scotch Airs, for a Violin, German Flute, and Violoncello, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord. Dedicated to the Right Honourable James Earl of Erroll, Lord High Constable of Scotland, &c., by Francis Peacock. London; printed for the publisher in Aberdeen, and sold by Mrs Johnson in Cheapside; Thompson & Sons, St Paul's Churchyard; R. Bremner, N. Stewart, in Edinburgh; and A. Angus in Aberdeen." Folio, pp. 35, with Lord Errol's arms engraved on the title page. His Lordship died 3d of July 1778.

The preface contains this silly passage—"No species of

pastoral music is more distinguished by the applause and admiration of all good judges than the songs of David Rizzio. We cannot, indeed, certainly distinguish his compositions from those of his imitators, nor can we determine whether he formed the musical taste of the Scots, or only adapted himself to the musical taste established before his time ; but if we may believe tradition, it is to him that the Scots are indebted for many of their finest airs ; and custom has now affixed his name to this particular mode of musical composition.”—The book was published by subscription.

FRANCIS PEACOCK died on the 26th June 1807, aged eighty-four years, as is stated on a marble tablet, erected to his memory on the wall of Collison’s Aisle, on the north side of St Nicholas Church, at Aberdeen. The aisle has been lately taken down. There is a notice of him in *The History of Aberdeen*, by Walter Thom, vol. ii. p. 192. Aberdeen, 1811. 2 vols. 12mo. Mr Peacock died in pretty easy circumstances, leaving a considerable sum to the charitable institutions of the town. A lane on the north side of the Castlegate is called after him Peacock’s Close. His dancing-school was in an old house called Pitfoddell’s lodging, in the Castlegate, which was taken down about the year 1800, to make way for the office of the Aberdeen Banking Company.

I am indebted for the above information to Joseph Robertson, Esq., F.S.A. Scot. ; and for the following communication to William Daune, Esq., advocate.

Francis Peacock, the author of the *Collection of Scottish Tunes* published at Aberdeen, was a dancing-master in that place, where he died about the year 1806. He was well versed in the science of music, and an excellent player on the violin and violoncello, upon both of which instru-

ments he used to perform at the concerts of the Aberdeen Musical Society, an institution on the model of the St Cecilia Hall, and supported by the nobility and gentry of that part of the country, among whom were the father of the late Duke of Gordon, the grandfather of the present Earl of Kintore, Dr Beattie, &c. Dr Beattie himself was a tolerable performer on the violoncello. Another gentleman who distinguished himself as an amateur of this Society was Mr Littleton, a brother of Sir George Littleton, who lived for many years in Aberdeen. He had been a barrister, but had retired from public life, and selected Aberdeen for his residence, as a comparatively secluded part of the world, where he might enjoy the amusements of shooting, fishing, and music, free from the cares and bustle of society; and, to disconnect himself the more completely from his family, he changed his patronymic to Smith, and was usually known in that quarter under the name of ‘Fishing Smith.’ Some account of him will be found in Mr Pryse Gordon’s very amusing Memoirs, published a few years ago.”

FOULIS’S SOLOS—circa 1776.

“Six Solos for the Violin, with a Bass for a Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by a Gentleman.” Inscribed to the Honourable Francis Charteris, Esq. of Amisfield, (afterwards Earl of Wemyss.) In a copy that belonged to the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., the author’s name is given as “Foulis.” Folio, pp. 26.—The above date 1776, is perhaps a few years too recent.

✓ MACLEAN’S COLLECTION—circa 1776.

“A Collection of favourite Scots Tunes, with Variations for the Violin, and a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By the late Mr Charles M’Lean and other eminent masters.

Edinburgh; printed for, and sold by N. Stewart, at his music-shop, Parliament Square." Oblong folio, pp. 37.

✓ M'GLASHAN'S COLLECTION—circa 1778.

“A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By Alexander M'Glashan. Edinburgh; printed for A. M'Glashan, and sold by Neil Stewart, at his music-shop, Parliament Square." Oblong folio, pp. 34.

✓ “A Collection of Scots Measures, Hornpipes, Jigs, Allemands, Cotillons, and the fashionable Country Dances, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By Alexander M'Glashan. Edinburgh; printed for the publisher, and sold by Neil Stewart, Parliament Square." Price 5s. Oblong folio, pp. 36.

ALEXANDER M'GLASHAN, “better known by the appellation of King M'Glashan, which he acquired from his tall stately appearance, and the showy style in which he dressed; and who, besides, was in high estimation as an excellent composer of Scottish airs, and an able and spirited leader of the fashionable bands.”—(Chambers's Dict. vol. ii. p. 477.)

✓ CUMMING'S COLLECTION—1780.

“A Collection of Strathspey or old Highland Reels. By Angus Cumming, at Grantown in Strathspey.

Come and trip it, as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

MILT.

Edinburgh, 1780." Oblong folio, pp. 20.

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✓ M'DONALD'S HIGHLAND AIRS—1781.

“ A Collection of Highland Vocal Airs, never hitherto published. To which are added a few of the most lively Country Dances, or Reels, of the North Highlands and Western Isles; and some specimens of Bagpipe Music. By Patrick M'Donald, Minister of Kilmore in Argyleshire. Edinburgh; printed for the publisher, and to be had at the Music-shops of Corri and Sutherland, Bridge Street, and N. Stewart, Parliament Square.” [1781.] Folio, pp. 22 and 43. Dedicated “ To the Noblemen and Gentlemen who compose the Highland Society in London.”

The preface states, that “ this is the largest collection of the Vocal music of the Highlands of Scotland that has ever been offered to the public.” “ Almost the whole of the North Highland airs, which form the first and the largest division of the following work, were collected by the late Mr JOSEPH M'DONALD, the publisher's brother; whose musical genius and attainments, as well as the enthusiastic attachment which he had to the peculiar music of his native country, are still remembered by many. He was born in Strathnaver, the most northerly district of Scotland, and passed the first years of his life under the tuition of his father, who was a minister in that part of the country.” He afterwards completed his studies at Haddington and Edinburgh, where he had the benefit of professional musical instruction. Previous to his going to the East Indies, in 1760, “ he wrote out a copy of a number of the vocal airs which he had collected, and left it with a sister as a token of affection. All his other collections and papers relating to Highland music and poetry, he carried along with him. He did not live to accomplish his plan (of completing his collection of Highland airs.) A malignant fever cut him off, in the prime of life, before he had been much more than a

twelvemonth in the country. His premature death will be considered, by the lovers of Highland music, as a public misfortune; as, from the collection which he had made, from his abilities and zeal, there was reason to expect from him a large and correct publication."

His brother, the Rev. Patrick M'Donald, was settled as minister of Kilmore, Presbytery of Lorn, Argyleshire, 12th of May 1757; and, after holding the incumbency for the very lengthened period of sixty-eight years, he died 25th of September 1824.

Prefixed to this volume is a Dissertation "On the influence of Poetry and Music upon the Highlanders." It is anonymous, but was written by the Rev. Walter Young (afterwards D.D.), who composed the basses. Dr Young, who was profoundly skilled in the theory of music, was settled as minister of Erskine in Renfrewshire, in 1772, and died at an advanced age, 6th of August 1814.

✓ NEIL GOW'S REELS—1784.

"A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By Neil Gow, at Dunkeld, 5s. N. Stewart, Edinburgh."—(Scots Magazine, August 1784.)

NEIL Gow, so celebrated as a performer on the violin, and also as a composer of Scottish airs, was born in Perthshire on the 22d of March 1727. In the Scots Magazine for January 1809, appeared "A brief Biographical Account of Neil Gow," which has been attributed to the late Rev. Dr Macknight. A fuller account of Neil Gow, with a memoir of his son, Nathaniel Gow, and notices of their several publications, contributed by Joseph Macgregor, Esq., will be found in Chambers's Scottish Biography. Without attempting to give any analysis of these accounts, it may

be sufficient to add, that Neil Gow died at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the 1st of March 1807; and his son at Edinburgh, 17th of January 1831.

✓ AIRD'S COLLECTION—circa 1784.

“ Selection of Scots, &c. Airs, adapted to the Fife, Violin, or German Flute. 3 vols.—each containing 200 airs. Price of each vol. 3s. 6d.” Advertised in the title-page of Malcolm Macdonald's Strathspey Reels.

JAMES AIRD appears to have been settled in Glasgow, and to have carried on an extensive business as a Music-seller, during the latter half of the last century.

✓ JOHN RIDDELL'S COLLECTION—circa 1786.

“ A Collection of Scots Reels, Minuets, &c., for the Violin, Harpsichord, or German Flute. Composed by John Riddell, in Ayr. The second edition, greatly improved. Entered in Stationers' Hall. Glasgow; printed and sold by James Aird, at his music-shop in New Street.” Oblong 4to, pp. 60.

Riddell's Scots Reels for Violin or Pianoforte. Published by J. Aird, Glasgow, price 5s. Advertised in the title-page of Macdonald's Strathspey Reels.

Burns, referring to the Air, No. CCLXXI. in the present collection, considered it to be “ the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddell, of the family of Glencarnock, at Ayr.”

✓ MACDONALD'S REELS—circa 1786.

“ A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, dedicated to Mrs Baird of Newbyth. Composed by Malcolm Macdonald, Glasgow.

Printed and sold by J. Aird, and by the Author," &c. No date. Oblong 4to, pp. 24.

✓ CORRI'S COLLECTION—circa 1788.

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“ A New and Complete Collection of the most favourite Scots Songs, including a few English and Irish, with proper Graces and Ornaments peculiar to their character ; likewise the New Method of Accompaniment of thorough Bass. By Sig. Corri. Edinburgh, printed for, and sold by Corri and Sutherland.” Two thin vols. folio. The title-page was probably from a design by D. Allan, and contains a portrait of Neil Gow. Folio.

DOMENICO CORRI, in 1810, published “ The Singer’s Preceptor, or Corri’s Treatise on Vocal Music,” in 2 vols. folio. To this he prefixed a “ Life ” of himself, from which we learn, that he was born at Rome, 4th of October 1746. He early showed an inclination for Music, and was benefited by the instructions of several eminent masters. The Cardinal Portocaro, in whose establishment Corri’s father was confectioner, in his zeal for the religious orders, used all his endeavours to persuade young Corri to study for the priesthood ; but, after a few years, the Cardinal’s death left him at liberty to follow the natural bent of his genius, to which his father was in no way disinclined.

“ At Naples (he says) I lived and boarded with Porpora for five years, attended with great expense to my parents, and at his death returned again to Rome. The name of my preceptor, Porpora, was of great weight and service in my introduction to the first society in Rome, among whom were then residing many English noblemen and gentlemen, to whom I had soon the honour of becoming known ; namely, the Dukes of Leeds and Dorset, Messrs Harley, Jones,

Lighton, Hanbury, Sir William Parsons, &c., &c., and particularly my highly esteemed friend Dr Burney. These fortunate connexions contributed to place me in a situation consonant to my wishes and interest, being appointed to conduct the concert parties which then took place among the Roman and English nobility. This period was the pontificate of Ganganelli, who was the friend of Prince Charles, the Pretender, brother of Cardinal York. That prince frequently gave entertainments and concerts to the nobility, the conducting of which was also assigned to me. With Prince Charles I had, previously to this period, lived two years, during which time he had kept entirely private, not seeing any one whatever, it being in the reign of the preceding Pope, who had refused to acknowledge the title he assumed. In his retired life Prince Charles employed his hours in exercise and music, of which he was remarkably fond. I usually remained alone with him every evening, the Prince playing the violoncello and I the harpsichord, also composing together little pieces of music; yet these *tête à tête's* were of a sombre cast. The apartment in which we sat was hung with old red damask, with two candles only, and on the table a pair of loaded pistols, (instruments not at all congenial to my fancy,) which he would often take up, examine, and again replace on the table; yet the manners of this prince were always mild, affable, and pleasing."

Before leaving his native country he married Miss Bacchelli; and he gives the following account of his coming to Edinburgh:—

“About this time (in 1780) the Musical Society of Edinburgh, wanting a singer and conductor for their concerts, wrote to l'Abbé Grant at Rome, desiring him to obtain for them, if possible, either of the two persons mentioned by Dr Burney. At the arrival of this letter, l'Abbé

Grant found these two persons, namely Miss Bacchelli and myself, united in marriage. This circumstance being no impediment to the proposal from Edinburgh, on the contrary a favourable occurrence, he immediately concluded for us an engagement for three years, at Edinburgh, with a handsome provision for our journey. We accordingly left Italy about three months after, and arrived at Edinburgh, August 1781; and here I beg leave to make my most sincere and grateful acknowledgements for the liberal favour and support we received from the noble families of Buccleuch, Gordon, Hamilton, Lauderdale, Argyle, Athol, Elphinstone, Kelly, Elgin, Errol, Haddo, Hopetoun, Melville, Haddington, Selkirk, Breadalbane, and Lothian, also the Gentlemen Directors of the Musical Society, and the Scotch nation in general. The second year of our Edinburgh engagement, proposals were made to me from London by Mr Yates, to compose for the Opera House, and by Messrs Bach and Abel to Mrs Corri, to sing at the first opening of the Hanover Square Rooms. These proposals we were enabled to accept through the kind indulgence of the directors of the Edinburgh society. After this season in London we again returned to Edinburgh, which engagement we continued eighteen years."

During that period, he lived alternately at London and Edinburgh; but, unfortunately, he involved himself in difficulties by the multiplicity of his affairs, in his management of the Theatre, his Pianoforte manufactory, his Musicselling, &c. At length, finding it necessary on account of his family to settle in London, he thus concludes the sketch of his life.

"I now conclude this short sketch of my professional life, adding, that at the age of sixty-four, still blessed with good health, I am enabled to pursue my musical career,

and accustomed avocations of instructing in Vocal Music, the Pianoforte, thorough Bass, and Composition. I also continue to take young persons as apprentices, to qualify them as public professors, or private tutors.—N.B. Mrs Corri also instructs in Vocal and Instrumental Music.”

Domenico Corri, died at Hampstead, 22d of May 1825. His younger brother, Natale Corri, as early as the year 1790, had also settled at Edinburgh as a Teacher of Music and Musicseller. He died at Weisbaden, 24th of June 1822, in the 57th year of his age.

SHIRREFFS'S AIRS, &c.—1788.

✓ “The Overture, Airs, Songs, and Duets, in Jamie and Bess, by Andrew Shirreffs, A.M., 4s.”—(Advertised along with the following in the Scots Magazine, May 1788.)

“Forty Pieces of Original Music, by Andrew Shirreffs, A.M., containing his Address to his Crutch, &c., 6s. Sold by the Author at Aberdeen: Stewart and Co. Edinburgh.”

For some notice of Shirreffs, see vol. vi. pp. 479 and 525.

CLARKE'S SONATAS—circa 1790.

“Two Sonatas for the Piano-Forte or Harpsichord, in which are introduced favourite Scotch Airs, composed and respectfully dedicated to Mrs Erskine, jun^r. of Mar, by Stephen Clarke, Organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh. Price 5s. Printed for and sold by the author,” &c. Oblong folio, pp. 16.

Some account of STEPHEN CLARKE, who harmonized the airs in the present collection, is given in the Preface, p. xviii.

NAPIER'S COLLECTION—1790.

✓ “A Selection of the most favourite Scots Songs, chiefly Pastoral, adapted for the Harpsichord, with an accompani-

ment for a Violin. By eminent Masters. Respectfully inscribed to Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon. Price L.1, 6s. London; printed for William Napier, Musicseller to their Majesties, No. 474, Strand." [1790.] Folio.

This was published by subscription, and contains Mr Tytler's dissertation at the beginning. The sets are excellent. Napier printed a second volume, "A Selection of original Scots Songs, in three Parts, the harmony by Haydn. Dedicated to H. R. H. the Duchess of York. London," &c. [1792.] Folio, pp. 101.—A Third volume was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1794.

✓ CAMPBELL'S COUNTRY DANCES—circa 1790.

"Campbell's First Book of new and favourite Country Dances and Strathspey Reels, for the Harp, Piano-forte, and Violin. Printed and sold by Wm. Campbell, No. 8, Dean Street, Soho." This collection, in oblong 4to, was continued to Book 12th. Price each, 2s. 6d. Some of the tunes are marked as composed by W. Campbell.

BRYSON'S COLLECTION—1791.

"A curious selection of favourite tunes, with variations. To which are added upwards of fifty favourite Irish airs, for the German Flute or Violin; with a Bass for the Harpsichord or Violoncello, 5s. J. Bryson."—(Scots Magazine, June 1791.)

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY—1792.

✓ "The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany: a Collection of the most approved Scotch, English, and Irish Songs, set to Music. Selected by D. Sime, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, printed for W. Gordon, &c. 1792." The same, "Vol. II. Edinburgh, printed for John Elder, &c. 1793," 2 vols. 12mo.

The Editor speaks of "the professional abilities of the Compiler."—DAVID SIME also selected the Songs in

Haydn's Collection, published by Mr Whyte; see page lxxx. He was a teacher of Music in Edinburgh, and died many years ago.

✓ GEORGE THOMSON'S COLLECTION—1793, &c.

“ A Select Collection of original Scottish Airs for the voice, to each of which are added introductory and concluding Symphonies, and accompanyments for the Violin and Pianoforte, by Pleyel, with select and characteristic verses, by the most admired Scottish Poets, adapted to each air; many of them entirely new. Also suitable English verses to such of the Songs as are written in the Scottish dialect. Entered at Stationers' Hall. London, printed and sold by Preston and Son, at their wholesale warehouse, No. 97, Strand, for the Proprietor. First set, price 10s. 6d.” Folio. The preface dated “ Blair Street, Edinburgh, 1st May 1793.” *pub. Aug.*

This well-known collection was originally published at considerable intervals, in books, or half-volumes, each containing twenty-five Songs; and has passed through many editions. An edition, in 6 volumes, royal 8vo, was published in 1822; and another in five volumes folio, has appeared while this sheet is at press.

MACKINTOSH'S REELS, &c.—1793.

✓ “ Sixty-eight new Reels, Strathspeys, and Quick Steps; also some slow Pieces, with variations, for the Violin or Pianoforte, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by Robert Mackintosh, and dedicated by permission to the Hon. Mrs Campbell of Lochnell. Price to subscribers, 5s.; non-subscribers, 6s. Printed for the Author.” (Scots Magazine, April 1793.)

Mr Stenhouse, in his note at page 479, has given a short notice of Mackintosh, who, he says, died at London, in February 1807.

DALE'S COLLECTION, 1794.

✓ Collection of Scottish Songs, quoted by Mr Stenhouse. Three books of this Collection were entered at Stationers' Hall in 1794.

RIDDELL'S COLLECTION.—1794.

✓ “A Collection of Scotch, Galwegian, and Border Tunes, for the Violin and Piano-Forte, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Selected by Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, Esq. Price 7s. Edinburgh; printed and sold by Johnson & Co., Musicsellers, Lawnmarket.” Folio, pp. 37. Published in 1794, (*Scots Magazine*, 1st May 1794.)

✓ “New Music for the Piano-forte or Harpsichord, composed by a gentleman, (R. Riddell of Glenriddell;) consisting of a Collection of Reels, Minuets, Hornpipes, Marches, and two Songs in the old Scotch taste, with variations to five favourite tunes. Published by James Johnson, engraver, Bell's Wynd, Edinburgh.” Folio.

ROBERT RIDDELL of Glenriddell, Esq., was much respected, and obtained some celebrity as an antiquarian, although his researches were not very profound, and some of his theories fanciful.

“Mr Riddell was an excellent man, but no musician; as I have been assured by a competent judge, whose partiality to the author would have made him very sensible of any merit his compositions might possess.” Mr Sharpe, in addition to this note, says in reference to a poem, “The Bedesman of Nithside,” 1792, 4to, with a vignette, by Captain Grose,—“Sir Walter Scott told me that this production puzzled him—it was much too good for the one and much too bad for the other.”

Mr Riddell was member of several learned societies, and communicated various papers which were inserted in their

Transactions. He was a particular friend of Captain Grose; and was likewise a neighbour and friend of Burns, who honoured his memory by writing a Sonnet on his death, which took place at his house at Friar's Carse, near Dumfries, 21st of April 1794.

✓ RITSON'S COLLECTION—1794.

“*Scottish Songs*, in two volumes. London; printed for J. Johnston in St Paul's Churchyard; and J. Egerton, Whitehall, 1794.” 2 vols. 12mo.

An excellent collection, edited by JOSEPH RITSON, an eminent English antiquary, who has prefixed a very elaborate “*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*.” The music consists of the simple airs, without basses, and is chiefly taken from the collections already mentioned, with the assistance of William Shield, the well-known English Composer, who supplied some original airs. Ritson died in September 1803, and Shield in January 1828.

✓ URBANI'S COLLECTION—circa 1794.

“*A Selection of Scots Songs*, harmonised and improved, with simple and adapted graces. Most respectfully dedicated to the Right Honourable [Elizabeth Dalrymple] the Countess of Balcarras, by Peter Urbani, professor of music. Book I. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 12s. Printed for the author, and sold at his house, foot of Car-rubber's Close, and at all the music-shops, Edinburgh; M'Gown's, Glasgow; Longman and Brodrip, London; Mrs Rhimes and Mr Lee, Dublin.” Folio, pp. 51. Book II. is dedicated to Lady Katharine Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Selkirk.—Of this Collection, vol. i. (perhaps a new edition,) was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1797; vol. ii. in 1794; and vol. iii. in 1799.

In vol. iv. p. 318–19, of the present work, Mr Stenhouse has given a short notice of Urbani. The following ex-

tract is from the Obituary in the Scots Magazine, December 1816.

“Died lately, in South Cumberland Street, Dublin, aged 67, after a painful and tedious illness, which he bore with Christian resignation, PETER URBANI, professor of music, a native of Milan, in Italy, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Music. The celebrated Rontzini and Urbani were the only remaining two of that great school of science. They finished their studies nearly about the same time, quitted their native home together, and arrived in London. After some years, Rontzini went to Bath, Urbani to Edinburgh, where he resided for many years with distinguished eclat. He has left an aged widow behind, a foreigner, now deprived of every thing, even the means of subsistence.”

THE VOCAL MAGAZINE—1797.

“The Vocal Magazine, containing a Selection of the most esteemed English, Scots, and Irish Songs, ancient and modern, adapted for the Harpsichord or Violin. Edinburgh; printed by C. Stewart & Co., 1797;” Vol. II. 1798; and Vol. III. 1799; royal 8vo. Each volume price 10s. 6d. bound.

The editor of this collection is said to have been James Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh. It was published in Nos. every second month, at 1s. 6d. After it had reached No. 19, being the first No. of vol. IV., it terminated, without any cause being assigned.

A new series of the Vocal Magazine was afterwards commenced, including a number of foreign airs. It is also in large 8vo. but only a few numbers appeared, containing 79 airs; the publication apparently terminating abruptly, when its publisher, James Sibbald, died, in the year 1803.

ROSS'S COLLECTION.

“ A Select Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Airs, adapted for the Voice, with introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte, composed by John Ross, Organist, St Paul's, Aberdeen. Vol. I. Price 12s. Edinburgh ; printed and sold by John Hamilton, No. 24, North Bridge Street, &c.” Folio pp. 62.

“ MR JOHN ROSS, late organist of St Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, was born in the town of Newcastle, Northumberland, on the 12th of October 1763. He was called to St Paul's when very young ; and arrived in Aberdeen on the 18th of November 1783. He studied under Mr Handen seven years, who recommended him to the managers of St Paul's Chapel. He continued to do the duty of organist in the above chapel for 53 years. He died at Craigie Park, near Aberdeen, on the 28th July 1837, in his 74th year. He was married to Miss Tait, eldest daughter of Mr Tait, who was 44 years organist of St Paul's, and Mr Barber's predecessor when Mr Ross succeeded. On his retiring from the duties of St Paul's, he was presented with an elegant piece of plate, in testimony of esteem, by the congregation, and also with a splendid edition of Bagster's large Bible, by the Rev. John Brown, senior clergyman of St Paul's Chapel. Two notices of him appeared in the Aberdeen Journal of the 9th August 1837, bearing testimony to his private virtues. In the one it is said, ‘ He possessed eminent talents both as a performer and as a composer of music ;’ and in the other that he was ‘ celebrated as a musical composer, at once chaste and original in his style.’ The last was written by the Rev. John Brown of St Paul's.”—(MS. communication by Joseph Robertson, Esq.)

HAYDN'S COLLECTION.

“ A Collection of Scottish Airs, harmonized for the

Voice or Pianoforte, with introductory and concluding Symphonies; and accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello. By Joseph Haydn, Mus. Doct. (Vol. I. and II.) Edinburgh, published by the proprietor, William Whyte, No. 1, South St Andrew's Street; and sold by Clementi and Co. 26 Cheapside." Folio, two thin volumes, pp. 67; the first containing 40, the second 25 *Airs*.

In the advertisement to this Collection, dated 1st March 1806, the Publisher says, "The Harmonies of the Songs, in all existing editions of *Scottish Airs*, are the productions of Composers of various descriptions and degrees of genius and talent. The Harmonies of the present are composed exclusively by HAYDN; confessedly the first of modern masters. From this circumstance it is, that while the genius of the composer, indulging in all the varieties of its luxuriance, has accommodated itself to the specific characteristics of each different air, there yet arises a general uniformity, which can hardly fail to give pleasure to the classical ear.

"The selection of the melodies, it is hoped, will be found to comprise the most beautiful of the different classes to which they belong. The proprietor has, in this respect, to acknowledge his obligations to the taste and professional abilities of Mr Sime, by whom the selection was made, and who has exerted himself to conduct the work to its completion, with so much industry and care, as must, in a great measure, be considered as a pledge for its accuracy."

✓ JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

The present work, extending to six parts or volumes, was commenced in 1787, and completed in 1803. See the Preface to this new edition.

APPENDIX TO THE INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS WOOD'S MANUSCRIPTS—1566—1578.

(See page xxvii.)

ON the 21st March 1575-6, Thomas Wod, having obtained from "my Lord Regent's Grace, a presentation to the vicarage of Sanctandrois, Mr John Wynrame, Superintendant of Fyfe, was charged to admit him to the said vicarage."—(Registrum Secreti Sigilli.)

After the paragraph at p. xxviii., ending "the fate of the two other parts has not been ascertained," I might have added, that one of these, which belonged to the late Archibald Constable, Esq., afterwards came into my possession; but having, several years ago, given the loan of it to a friend, it was unfortunately lost. The following note was written at the foot of one of the pages:—"Thir four bukkis was only pennit be me, Thomas Wod, Vicar of Sanctandrois, [after] four yeiris labours." Like the other volumes, we may presume it had also secular airs added at a subsequent period; but the volume happened to be imperfect both at the beginning and end.

Of the Composers of Sacred Music at the period of the Reformation, whose names occur in Wood's Manuscripts, as detailed at pp. xxx.-xxxiii., some additional particulars have since been discovered.

ANGUS, JOHN. He was one of the Conventual brethren of the Monastery of Dunfermline. Besides some similar deeds of a later date, I have one in which his name, "Et ego Johannes Anguss," occurs, in a discharge granted by George, Commendator of Dunfermline, "with assent and consent of the Convent of the samyn chaptourlie convent," to Master Hew Rig and his spouse, "of our landis of Carberry," dated at "our said Abbey, May 22, 1543." After the Reformation, Angus, having joined the Protestants, was appointed to one of the livings attached to the Chapel-Royal of Stirling. On the 24th December 1584, he received the Confirmation "of the preceptorie and eleemozinarie of St Leonardis in Dunfermling,"—"as he has bene thir dyvers yeiris bypast preceptor and eleemosinar of the Hospitalle of St Leonardis besyd Dunfermling."—(Register of Presentations to Benefices). Pensions of £10 each were assigned out of the Abbey of Dunfermline, "to his lovit daylie oratouris, John Angus (and seven others), Conventual brether of the said Abbey of Dunfermling," 22d December 1584, and were confirmed 27th May 1587.—(*Ib.*) He died probably in 1596, as, on the 2d March 1596–7, Mr David Drummond, Minister of Crieff, was presented "to the personage of Creif, callit *Creif Secundo*, vacand be deceis of umquhile Deane John Angus, last person and possessor thereof."—(*Ib.*) This presentation, it seems, was not confirmed, as the same living was granted, on the 9th March 1598–9, to Mr Thomas Gray, "to use and exerce of ane musician in His Hienes Chappell-Royall of Stirling;" and on the 4th of January 1602, the parsonage and vicarage of Kirkcowen (one of the livings attached to the Chapel-Royal) was granted to Mr Andrew Lamb, Minister of the King's House; both livings being said to be vacant "be deceis of umquhile Deane John Angus, ane of the Conventuall brether of the Abbacie of Dunfermling."

BLACKHALL, MR ANDREW. In Wood's Manuscripts, the CI. Psalm, set in five parts, is said to have been composed "by Maister Andro Blakehall in Halyrudehous, 1569 (now minister of Musselburgh), and giffin in propyne to the Kyng."

On the 22d July 1582, James the Sixth granted a confirmation "of a pension to Mr Andro Blackhall, Minister, ane of the Conventuall brether of the Abbay of Halyrudhous, and to Andro Blackhall his son." In October 1593, he applied to the Synod of Lothian, craving, in respect of his advanced age, and the greatness of the congregation, that a Second Minister be provided for the parish. According to the following inscription, he was born in 1536, became minister of Inveresk or Musselburgh in 1574, and died in 1609. When Inveresk church was rebuilt in 1805, a large slab was built into the wall near the south porch of the church, with this inscription:—

"Here lyes Mr Andrew Blackhall, Pastor of this Church 35 years. Who dyed 31 January 1609, aged 73." His son, of the same name, became minister of Aberlady.

BUCHAN, ANDREW. The editor of the Psalms, in 1635, has named him among "the prime musicians" of his age connected with the Chapel-Royal. He was probably related to Alexander Buchane, clerk and singer in the King's College within the Castle of Stirling, who obtained a grant of £20 yearly, 11th November 1500.—(Privy Seal Register). He died before 1584, as "Our Soverane Lord ordanis ane letter disponand to Johne Buchane, Maister of the Sang Scule of Hadington, all and hail the prebendarie of the Chapell Royall of Striveling callit the Parsonage of Dalmelington, in Kingis Kyle, with all the ruites, &c., vaikand be deceis of umquhile Andro Buchan, last possessour thair-of."—(Register of Presentations to Benefices, 13 March

1583-4.) This presentation was superseded by another grant of the same parsonage, "vaikand be deceis of umquhile Andro Buchan," to John Gib, "ane of the vallettis of his Majesteis chalmer," which was confirmed 4th January 1585-6.—(*Ib.*)

HAGIE, ANDREW. On the 29th January 1582-3, the vicarage of Martoun was "vacant be deceis of umquhile Sir Andro Hagie."—(Register of Presentations to Benefices).

HENRYSON, EDWARD, "Maister of the Sang Schole of Edinburgh, and Prebendare of St Geilis Queir," died on the 15th of August 1579.—(Register of Confirmed Testaments).

PEBLIS, DAVID, "sumtyme ane of the Conventuall brether of the Abbay of Sanctandris," died in December 1579.—(Register of Confirmed Testaments.)

At page xxxiii., in mentioning "E. M." the editor of the Psalms in Four Parts, published in 1635, I expressed regret "that we should be so ignorant respecting this enthusiastic lover of Sacred Melody, as even not to know his name." It is some satisfaction, therefore, now to be able to identify him with Mr EDWARD MILLAR, a Prebendary of the Chapel-Royal, who resided in Edinburgh as a teacher of music.

This appears from the "Register of Presentations to Benefices," in which we find that "Mr Edward Millar, musitiane, indwellar in Edinburgh," was presented, in 1634, to the parsonage and vicarage of St Mary Kirk of the Lowis. The presentation is in the following terms:—

"CHARLES R.—Oure Soverane Lord ordaines ane letter to be maid under His Hienès Privie Seal in dew forme, makand mentioun, That His Maiestie being credible in-

formed of the qualificatioune and abilitie of Mr Edward Millar, musitiane, indwellar in Edinburgh, to undergoc the functione and charge of ane prebendar within His Hienes Chappell Royall of Stirling, and of the said Mr Edward his experience and skill in the airt of Musick, Thairfoir nominating and presenting, likeas be the tennour hereof nominatis and presentis the said Mr Edward Millar, during all the dayes of his lyftyme, in and to the personage and vicarage of the kirk and parochine of Sanct Marie Kirk of the Lowis, lyand in Atrik Forrest, the whole fruittis, rentis, emolumentis, and duties of the same as being ane of the kirkes belonging to His Hienes said Chappell Royall of Strivieling and prebendaries of samyn, now vacand in his Majesties handis, and at his Hienes presentatioune be deprivatione of Edward Kellie, last prebendar thairof, &c. Requiring heirby ane Reverend father in God, Adame Bishope of Dunblane, and Deane of the said Chappell Royall, to tak tryall of the literature, qualificatioune, lyfe, and conversatioune of the said Mr Edward Millar; and he being fund meitt and abill to use and exerce the chairge and functione of ane prebendare within the said Chappell Royall, to admit him thairto; to tak his aith for acknowledging of his Hienes autoritie and prerogative royall, and dew obedience to the said Bishope his Ordinar, &c. Gevin at Qulhythall, the 15th day of February 1634."—(Vol. vii. f. 24.)

The reference by "E. M." to his brethren of the Chapel-Royal leaves no doubt in regard to his identity. It may therefore be added, that Millar pursued his studies at the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of A.M. in August 1624. Previously, however, to the above presentation, he had been connected with the Chapel-Royal. In some MS. lists, dated in 1627, the name occurs of "Mr Edward Millar, in Blackfriars Wynd, [who] teaches bairns."

Also of "James Crichtone, blind : Mr Edward Millar stays with him."—(Balcarres Papers, vol. vii.) But how long he survived has not been ascertained.

THE SKENE MANUSCRIPT—circa 1620.

The original proprietor or compiler of this manuscript was probably "Mr John Skene of Halyairds, one of the Ordinar Clerks of Session," who died in 1640, and whose testament was confirmed 1st June 1650. See the additional note, p. 110. The MS. bears internal evidence of having been written between the years 1614 and 1620; and the publication by Mr Daunev, referred to, in which his zeal and research—aided by his learned friend George Farquhar Graham, Esq.—was so signally displayed, appeared in a handsome volume, 4to, in 1838. The Editor, WILLIAM DAUNEY, Esq., was born in Aberdeen in the year 1800. He received his early education under Dr Glennie, at Dulwich, near London; and having completed his studies at the University of Edinburgh, he was called to the Scottish Bar in 1823. Soon after the publication of his volume of "Ancient Scottish Melodies," from the Skene MS., he went to Demerara, where he practised successfully as a Barrister, and rose to be Solicitor-General in British Guiana, but died at Demerara on the 28th of July 1843.

SIR WILLIAM MURE'S LUTE-BOOK, MS.—circa 1625.

This manuscript is now in my possession. It was given to me by Mr Lyle, surgeon in Airth, in place of another volume of Mure's, which I happened to purchase at the sale of Mr Motherwell's library, but which Mr Lyle was desirous to have restored to Mr Andrew Blaikie of Paisley, from whom, it appeared, he obtained it, and having lent it to Mr Motherwell, it had remained in his possession at the time of

his lamented decease. I do not know who is now the possessor of Mr Blaikie's manuscripts.

PLAYFORD'S DANCING-MASTER—1651.

Although Mr Stenhouse quotes this work as first published in 1657, it is by no means certain that he actually made use of that, which is the second edition; and being a very popular work, the successive editions were constantly altered, and numerous additions made, so that scarcely any two of the editions are found to correspond. In the third edition, as announced in "Playford's Musick's Delight," 1666, there were "an 100 new Tunes added, to be played on the Treble Violin."

The first edition bears the following title: "The English Dancing Master: or, Plaine and easie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tune to each Dance (small engraving, W. Hollar, fecit). London: printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by John Playford, at his Shop in the Inner Temple near the Church doore." Oblong 4to, pp. 104, containing a separate tune on each page.

Of this volume a copy is preserved in the British Museum; and another, marked as a Museum duplicate for sale, was bought for a small sum at Heber's sale, and is now in the Britwell Library. The second edition of "The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and choice Country Dances," was printed in 1657. There is a copy of this edition in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge. According to a list of editions kindly furnished by Dr E. F. Rimbault, the 3d edition appeared in 1665, the 4th in 1670, the 5th in 1675, the 6th in 1680, the 7th in 1686, the 8th in 1690, and the 9th in 1695. In the 10th edition, 1698, and five subsequent editions, bearing the respective dates 1700, 1703, 1706, 1711, and 1713, a Second Part was added. The 16th, 17th, and 18th

editions, in the years 1716, 1721, and [1725], consist of two volumes; and in 1728, Young printed a third volume of the "Dancing Master."

The 17th edition, containing 358 Tunes, the whole revised, &c., was published at London, printed by W. Pearson, 1721, in oblong 8vo. The 18th edition has no date. Of this work William Chappell, Esq., editor of the valuable "Collection of Ancient English Melodies, with illustrations," possesses the 5th edition, 1675; the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th; also the 15th, 16th, and 17th, with the above dates, and the 18th, without date, but printed in the year 1725.

JOHN PLAYFORD'S MUSICK'S DELIGHT—1666.

"Musick's Delight on the Cithren, restored and refined to a more easie and pleasant Manner of Playing than formerly; And set forth with Lessons *A la Mode*, being the choicest of our late new Ayres, Corants, Sarabands, Tunes, and Jiggs. To which is added several New Songs and Ayres to Sing to the Cithren. By John Playford, *Philomusicæ*. London, printed by W. G., and are sold by J. Playford, at his shop in the Temple, 1666." Small oblong volume, with an engraved frontispiece, "R. Gaywood, fecit." In this volume there are some tunes, with at least Scottish titles, such as "Gen. Leshley's March," p. 31; "Highlander's March," p. 66; "Montrosses March," p. 67.

In a note to the Hon. Roger North's interesting "Memoirs of Musick," Dr Rimbault has given a notice of the editions of Playford's popular collections of Catches, Songs, and Gleees, under the title of the "Musical Companion," (p. 109, Lond. 1846, small 4to.)

"Apollo's Banquet, or the Violin Book, containing New Ayres, Theater Tunes, Horn-pipes, Jiggs, and *Scotch Tunes*. The Second part of this Book contains a collection of French

Dance Tunes, used at Court, and in Dancing-Schools ; as several new Brawls, Corants, Bores, Minuets, Gavots, Sarabands, &c., most of which are proper to play on the Recorder or Flute, as well as on the Violin. Newly printed, with large additions, price 1s. 6d." The same is advertised in Vol. 2d of the Theater of Music, published 1685.

As Playford's name is connected with so many curious works on music, it may be noticed that he was born in the year 1623. This appears from one of his engraved portraits, marked "A.D. 1663, ætat. 40." According to the Ashmole MS., quoted in Busby's "History of Music" (vol. ii. p. 206), Playford was Clerk of the Temple Church, near the door of which his music-shop was situated. His dwelling-house was in Arundel Street, in the Strand. In 1659, he styles himself "A faithfull servant to all Lovers of Musick;" and was highly esteemed by most persons of distinction in his time. His "Introduction to the Skill of Music" was a very popular work. It was first published in 1655, and he lived to superintend the 10th edition in 1683, which is enlarged with An Introduction to the Art of Descent, in place of Campion's treatise under a similar title. Sir John Hawkins, in mentioning Playford, is mistaken when he says, "he lived to near the age of fourscore, dying, as it is conjectured, about the year 1693."—(Hist. of Music, vol. iv. p. 473.) The 11th edition of the "Introduction to the Skill of Music" was printed for his son and successor, Henry Playford, 1687; and in this volume there is "An Ode on the Death of Mr John Playford."

✓ HENRY PLAYFORD'S SCOTTISH TUNES—1700.

"A Collection of Original Scotch-Tunes (full of the Highland Humours) for the Violin: Being the first of this kind yet Printed: most of them being in the compass of the Flute. London: Printed by William Pearson, in Red-

1630
1623
62

Cross Alley in Jewin-street, for Henry Playford, at his shop in the Temple-Change, Fleet-street, 1700." Oblong 4to, pp. 16.

Henry Playford, the publisher of this Collection, as above mentioned, was the second son of John Playford. The eldest son, John Playford, also was a music-seller, "at his shop near the Temple Church, 1699."

As Henry Playford's seems to be the earliest collection in a substantive form of Scottish Tunes, and is so rare that no second copy is known, a list of the Tunes may be added:—

ORIGINAL SCOTCH TUNES.

<p>Mr Mc.Laine's Scotch-measure, Mr Mc.Clauklaine's Scotch-measure. I love my Love in seacreit. Madam Mc.Keeny's Scotch-measure. Cronstoune. Keele Cranke. The Berkes of Plunketty. Good night, and God be with you. The Laird of Cockpen's Scotch-measure. My Lord Sefoth's Scotch-measure. Ginleing Georde. The Collier's Lass. Sir William Hope's Scotch-measure. Stir her up, and hold her ganging. Oreck's Scotch-measure. My Lady Hope's Scotch-measure. Peggy was the pretiest Lass in aw the Town. Bride next. The comers of Largo, A reell. Bess-Bell.</p>	<p>Dick a Dollis. A new Scotch-measure. Wappat the Widow my Lady. If Love is the cause of my mourning. The Berks of Abergelde. For old long Gine my Joe. Allen Water. Madam Sefoth's Scotch-measure. Wallis' Humour in Tapping the Ale. The Lard of Cockpen's Scotch-measure. A New Scotch-measure. Widow, gin thou be waking. Always my Heart that we mun sunder. The Lass of Leving-Stone. I fix my Fancy on her, a Round O. Quoth the Master to the Man. Cosen Cole's Delight. Holy Even, a Scotch-measure. The Deal stick the Minster. Finis.</p>
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ADAM CRAIG.—(Page xlvi.)

From the Confirmed Testaments, we find that Adam Craig, Music Master in Edinburgh, and Ann Montire his relict, both died at Boroughmuirhead, near Edinburgh, the said Adam in [the date blank, but in October 1741, see p. xlvii.], and the said Ann Montire 3d February 1763, leaving a daughter, Helen Craig, married to James Craighead,

Teacher of English in Leith.—(Conf. Test. Commiss. of Edinb. 6th March 1766.)

WALSH'S MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

✓ “The British Musical Miscellany; or, the Delightful Grove: Being a Collection of Celebrated English and Scotch Songs. By the best Masters. Set for the Violin, German Flute, the Common Flute, and Harpsicord. Vol. 1. Engraven in a fair Character, and Carefully Corrected. London: Printed for and sold by J. Walsh, Musick printer and Instrument Maker to his Majesty, at the Harp and Hoboy in Cathrine Street in the Strand.” In 6 volumes small 4to, 145 pages in each volume, and nearly one-sixth of the collection are Scotch airs.

MUNRO'S COLLECTION—1732.

This collection, noticed at p. xlvii., is curious on account of its having been published in France. It is of importance only for its scarcity. Mr A. J. Wighton, Dundee, possesses a copy, from which the following note was taken. It has two title-pages, viz.: (1.) “A Collection of the best Scots Tunes, fitted to the German Flute, with several Divisions, and Variations, by A. Munro. Dumont, sculpsit. At Paris.” (2.) “Recueil des Meilleurs Airs Ecossois, pour la Flûte Traversière, et la Basse. Avec plusieurs Divisions, et Variations, par Mr Munro. Gravé par Dumont. A Paris, avec Permission,” folio, pp. 45; besides the royal warrant for printing, dated at Paris, 18th July 1732. It contains only the following twelve tunes:—Wallace March, Mary Scott, The Bush aboon Traquair, The Boatman, Bonny Christy, Nancy's to the Greenwood gane, Bonny Jean, Tweedside, Galla Sheils, The Souters of Selkirk, Corn Riggs, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS—1733.

Among the MS. collections of George Chalmers, I find it stated, from Dodsley's Receipt Books, that, on the 3d of March 1753, Thomson received from Dodsley, the well-known London bookseller, the sum of £52, 10s. for the copyright, with the plates of his *Orpheus Caledonius*. The booksellers, Hicks, Millar, and Rivington, it is added, were equally concerned in this purchase. Copies of the work itself remained in quires, till a comparatively recent period, in the warehouse of the Messrs Rivington.

AIRS FOR THE FLUTE—1735.

There was a small treatise, on Thorough Bass, "by A. B.," printed in 1717; whether it should be ascribed to Alexander Baillie can only be conjectured. The title is, "An Introduction to the Knowledge and Practice of the Thoro' Bass. Humbly Inscríb'd to the Right Honourable the Lord Colvill. By A. B. Edinburgh: Printed in the year M.DCC.XVII." Folio, pp. 11. The dedication copy, having an inscription on the title-page, "To my Lord Colvill," is in the possession of James Maidment, Esq., advocate. In the same volume there is a neatly-written MS., "Institutions of Musick, wherein are sett forth the Practicall Principles of Musicall Composition, in Two Parts," pp. 22.

MACLEAN'S COLLECTION—1737.

"Twelve Solos or Sonatas for a Violin and Violoncello, with a Thorough Bass for the Harpsicord. Dedicated to the Honourable the Governour and Members of the Musical Society. Composed by Charles Macklean. Opera Prima. N.B.—The four last Solos are adapted for the German

Flute. Edinburgh, printed by R. Cooper for the Author, and sold by him and Mr And. Martin, bookseller in the Parliament Closs, 1737." This title, within a narrow engraved border, is followed by a list of Subscribers. Folio, pp. 46.

"A Collection of Favourite Scots Tunes, with Variations for the Violin, &c. And a Bass for the Violoncella and Harpsichord, by the late Mr Chs. M'Lean, and other Eminent Masters. Edinburgh, printed for and sold by N. Stewart, at his music shop, opposite the Tron Church. J. Johnson, sculpt. Edinr." Oblong folio, pp. 37. Another edition, with the imprint slightly varied, is noticed at page lxxv.

MACFARLANE'S COLLECTION—(See page li.)

Walter Macfarlane, of Macfarlane, in Dumbartonshire, was "descended in a direct male line from the old Earls of Lennox." An account of the family is contained in Douglas's Baronage of Scotland, pp. 93-97. He was esteemed the best genealogist of his time; and his collections, made at great expense, have proved highly useful to antiquaries and other persons engaged in historical investigations. He married Lady Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Kelly, and died at his house in Canongate, Edinburgh, on the 5th of June 1767.

OSWALD'S COLLECTIONS.

✓ "A Collection of Scots Tunes, with Variations, particularly adapted for the Violin and Harpsichord: Most humbly Dedicated to the Right Hon^{ble}. the Earl of Bute (arms of Lord Bute). By James Oswald. London, printed for the Author, at his music shop on the pavement in St Martin's Churchyard; of whom may be had, the Caledonian Pocket Companion, in seven volumes, for the German Flute, with variety of New Musick printed abroad." Folio, pp. 37.

In a later edition, the number of Tunes, 43, is added on the title; and the imprint is thus altered, "London, printed and sold by J. Bland, at his music warehouse, No. 45 Holborn."

✓ "A Collection of the best Old Scotch and English Songs set for the Voice, with accompaniments and Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord: Most humbly Dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, by James Oswald, Church Composer to his Majesty. London, printed for J. Oswald, and sold at his music shop on the pavement in St Martin's Churchyard, where may be had a variety of New Music, &c. J. Phillips, sculpt." Folio, pp. 36. Oswald's appointment as Church Composer to George the Third is dated 31st January 1761; the Princess Dowager (mother of George the Third) died in 1772.

It may be noticed, that after the imprint is added, "*Where may be had*, Two Collections of all the most favourite old and new Scotch Tunes, several of them with Variations entirely in the Scotch taste, set for the German Flute, Violin, or Harpsichord; in two Books, the First Book now engrav'd the size of the Second Book, with addition of several new Airs, with Variations. Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr James Oswald."

A Collection of Scottish Airs, &c., wanting the title-page, in royal 8vo. This was probably by Oswald, and published before the year 1760. It begins on page 1 with Mary Scott and the Broom of Cowdenknows; ending, on page 48, with Pattie and Peggy. The music consists of the Air and the Bass; and may be the First Book above mentioned.

Sir Walter Scott, in "Redgauntlet," mentioning "the favourite air," Roslin Castle (No. viii.), introduces the blind fiddler Willie Steenson, who says of it, "Here's another;

it's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane. Oswald made it himsell, I reckon—he has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie." It is proper, however, to add, that Oswald has not claimed this air as his own composition, whilst, as Mr Stenhouse has pointed out, it occurs in M'Gibbon's Collection under the name of "The House of Glams." 1728 -

5 or 6 4 be. in collection
 M'GIBBON'S COLLECTIONS—1746-1762.

The following is a note of the titles of two of the editions mentioned at p. liv.:—"A Collection of Scots Tunes, some with Variations for a Violin, Hautboy, or German Flute: With a Bass for a Violoncello or Harpsichord. By William M'Gibbon. Book First. London; printed for D. Rutherford, at the Violin and German Flute, in St Martin's Court, near Leicester Fields, where may be had all the most favourite Minuets and Country Dances, likewise Books of Instructions for all Instruments," pp. 21. Book II., same title, pp. 21. Book III., same title, pp. 21.

TUNES IN BOOK FIRST.

Sae merry as we have been.
 The bonniest Lass in a' the World,
 and 2 variations.
 The Bush aboon Traquair.
 I love my Love in secret.
 Steer her up, and haud her gaun.
 Polwart on the Green.
 Mary Scot.
 An thou were my ain thing.
 Tweedside.
 The Highland Laddie.

Love is the cause of my moaning.
 Mucking of Geordy's Byer.
 The Lass of Patie's Mill.
 I wish my Love were in a myre.
 Peggie, I must love thee.
 Alloa House.
 Leith Wynd.
 If e'er you do well, it's a wonder.
 Green grows the rashes.
 Robin Cushie.
 I'll never leave thee.

"A Collection of Scots Tunes for the Violin, or German Flute, and a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By William M'Gibbon. With some additions by Robert Bremner. Book I., price 1s. 6d. London; printed and sold at the Music shop of Robt. Bremner, opposite Somerset House." Oblong 4to. Along with Books II., III., and IV., pp. 120.

The First Book contains 32 Tunes; the Second, 36; the Third, 44; and the Fourth, 41—in all, 153 Tunes or Airs.

Six Sonatas for two German Flutes, compos'd by Mr Wm. M'Gibbon of Edinburgh. London; printed for J. Simpson, in Sweeting's Alley, opposite the East door of the Royal Exchange. Royal 8vo, pp. 22.

BARSANTI'S COLLECTION—1742.

Before leaving Scotland, Barsanti dedicated a set of Six Anthems to the Right Hon. Lady Catharine Charteris, expressing the obligations he was under to her Ladyship and her Noble Family. The title bears, "Sei Antifone composte, da Francesco Barsanti. Opera Quinta." No date. Folio, pp. 32.

BREMNER'S COLLECTION—1749-1789.

Additions to M'Gibbon's Collection. See pp. liv. and xcv.

The later impressions of the "Thirty Scots Songs," and "A Second Set of Scots Songs," with a portrait of Allan Ramsay, were published at London. "Printed and sold by Preston and Son, at their warehouses, 97 Strand, and Exeter Change," price 3s. each.

"A curious Collection of Scots Tunes, &c. (see p. lvi.) Edinburgh; printed and sold by R. Bremner, price 2s. 6d. James Read, sculpt., Edinburgh." Oblong folio, pp. 20.

"Twelve Scots Songs, for a Voice or Guitar, &c. By Robert Bremner. London, printed and sold at his Music shop in the Strand." (Circa 1785). Oblong 4to, pp. 18. This is a later edition of the small work, published in 1760. See p. lvi.

"A Collection of Scots Reels, &c." (See p. lvi.) This work is an oblong 4to, pp. 96.

✓ "A Second Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances,

with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, and proper Directions to each Dance. London: Printed by R. Bremner in the Strand, and at his Music shop in Edinburgh, &c." Oblong 4to, from page 97 to page 112 inclusive. This Collection is advertised in the Scots Magazine for April 1761. He also published a Collection of Minuets in numbers; and No. 4 is advertised along with the above 11th and 12th No. of Reels.

"A Collection of Catches, for Three and Four Voices, by different Authors. Price 6 pence. Edinburgh; printed for R. Bremner, at his Music shop," &c. Oblong 4to, pp. 8.

✓ "Miscellany for the Harpsichord or Spinnet, by R. Bremner, London." 3s., and advertised in Scots Magazine for August 1761. Oblong folio, pp. 26.

"Instructions for the Guitar, with a Collection of Airs, Songs, and Duets, fitted for that Instrument. By Robert Bremner, London. Printed for the Author, and sold at his Music-shop, facing Somerset-House in the Strand." Oblong 4to, pp. 28. Price 1s. 6d.

✓ "A Collection of Airs and Marches, for Two Violins or German Flutes. Printed for, and sold by Rob^t. Bremner, at the sign of the Harp and Hautboy, Edinburgh. Where may be had, the Rudiments of Music, price, bound and gilt, 3s. As also all Sorts of Music and Musical Instruments, at the London price." Oblong 4to, pp. 8. Bremner's "Rudiments of Music" is a small volume, Edinburgh, 1756; a second edition, "with considerable additions, printed for the Author, and sold at his Music shop," appeared in 1762; and a third edition, London, 1763, 12mo.

ANONYMOUS COLLECTION—circa 1760.

"The Land of Cakes. Book the first, containing Six Songs set to Musick in the True Scots Taste. To which is

added, *The Tears of Scotland*. London; printed for R. Williams, price 1s. T. Kitchen, sculpt." Folio, 8 leaves.

BURK THUMOTH'S AIRS—circa 1760.

By a typographical mistake, his name, at p. lviii., is printed "Humoth."

GENERAL REID'S SOLOS.

"Six Solos for a German Flute or Violin, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord. Inscribed to the Countess of Ailsbury, by J. R., Esq., a Member of the Temple of Apollo. London, printed for William Randall, successor to the late Mr Walsh, in Catharine Street, Strand. Price 3 sh. J. Shuter, Sculpt. John Shuter." Oblong folio, pp. 17.

"Three Grand Marches, and Three Quick-steps, for a full Military Band, by an Eminent Master [query, General Reid?] Price 6s. London, printed for William Napier, Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty, &c. Lisle Street, Leicester Square." Oblong 4to, in separate sheets for the different instruments.

GILSON'S COLLECTION—1769.

"Twelve Songs for the Voice and Harpsichord, composed by Cornforth Gilson. Edinburgh; printed for, and sold at Mr Gilson's lodgings, and at Mr Bremner's music-shop, Edinburgh and London. 1769." Folio, pp. 14.

Gilson was a teacher of music, and had previously published "Lessons on the Practice of Singing, with an Addition of the Church Tunes, in four Parts, and a Collection of Hymns, Canons, Airs, and Catches, for the improvement of beginners. By Cornforth Gilson, Teacher of Music in Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1759." 4to, pp. vi. 40. In the *Scots Magazine*, May 1759, it is advertised as published, price 2s. 6d. In his Introduction he says, "I need not trouble

the Public with any Preface to a performance of this kind. The utility of such performances is now well known; especially since the introduction of the late improvement in Church Music, which now so happily prevails in this country."

In the Scots Magazine for May 1755, April and December 1756, various notices are given of the improvement which took place in singing in the different Edinburgh congregations. Bremner, in the second edition of his "Rudiments of Music," 1762, also makes special reference to such improvement in congregational singing. By an Act of the Town Council, "for improving the Church Music in this City," candidates for the office of "Master of Music" were invited to come forward, among whom was Gilson from Durham, who, being tried and approved by the Musical Society, was elected to the said office in 1756.

CLARK'S FLORES MUSICÆ—1773.

Clark republished, or rather completed, this work, under the same title, containing 126 Tunes, on 82 pages, folio. The 22 Tunes in the separate Number, mentioned at pp. lx. lxi., are interspersed.

EARL OF KELLY'S MINUETS, &c.—1774.

Robert Bremner, musician and musicseller in Edinburgh, obtained a Royal license for the sole printing and publishing of the Earl of Kelly's compositions in music, for the space of nineteen years, on the 17th of July 1761. He accordingly published at that time "Six Overtures in eight parts, and a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord, composed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Kelly." A list of other compositions of this very eminent musical genius, with a biographical notice, is given in the Introduction of a volume of "Minuets, &c., composed by the Right Hon. Thomas Earl

of Kelly." Edinburgh, 1836. 4to. Edited by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and embellished with an engraved title and vignette, and a portrait of Lord Kelly.

In mentioning this volume, which was printed for private distribution, it will not be considered out of place to add, that Mr SHARPE, who with a singular amount of antiquarian taste, skill, and knowledge joined the accomplishments of a musical amateur, and who so cheerfully contributed to the Notes and Illustrations in the present collection in 1839, was the second son of Charles Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddam, Dumfriesshire. He was educated at Christ's Church, Oxford, but spent the latter period of his life at Edinburgh, where he died, October 1851, aged 71, and was interred in the family burying-vault, in the churchyard of Hoddam.

The chief portion of Mr Sharpe's musical collections was purchased, after his death, by the Right Hon. Lady John Scott.

ANGUS CUMMING.

The original copies have no printer or publisher's name, but the title is followed by two leaves of letterpress, containing a long list of upwards of 340 subscribers (of whom the half were of the name of Grant), several of them subscribing for two and four copies of the work. In the Preface Cumming says, "The Publisher follows the profession of his forefathers, who have been for many generations Musicians in Strathspey;" and states that he had spent several years in forming this collection.

In another edition, bearing the following title, the list of subscribers and preface are suppressed:—

"A Collection of Strathspeys, or Old Highland Reels. By Angus Cumming, at Grantown in Strathspey. With a Bass for the Violoncello, Harpsichord, or Piano Forte. Glasgow, printed and sold by James Aird, at his music shop in New

Street. Where may be had, a Collection of Scots Reels, Minuets, &c. by John Riddell, Musician in Ayr, price 5s. A Selection of Favourite Scots, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs, Adapted to the Fife, Violin, or German Flute, in a Neat Octavo Voll., price 3s. Clagget's 6 Easy Duets for 2 Ger. Flutes or Violins. Op. 6th, 3 sh. Favourite Scots Medleys, each 6d. With great variety of Music or Musical Instruments at the London prices. Musical Instruments repaired or lent out per month or quarter. Graved by J. Johnson, Edinburgh." Oblong folio, pp. 20.

DANIEL DOW.

"A Collection of Ancient Scots Music, for the Violin, Harpsicord, or German Flute, never before printed, consisting of Ports, Salutations, Marches or Pibrachs, &c. By Daniel Dow. Edinburgh: Printed for and sold by the Publisher, and to be had at the Music shops in Town and Country. Price 10s. 6d." James Johnson, sculpt. Edinr. Oblong folio, pp. 46, with list of subscribers, and dedication to the Duchess of Athole.

✓ "Thirty-seven New Reels and Strathspeys, for the Violin, Harpsichord, Pianoforte, or German Flute. Composed by Daniel Dow. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 2s. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by N. Stewart, at his music shop, Parliament Square, where may be had, Scots Songs with Symphonies; each Book 2s. 6d." (J. Johnston, sculpt.) Oblong 4to, pp. 26. *Circa 1780*

JOHN RIDDELL, AYR—circa 1776.

"A Collection of Scots Reels, or Country Dances and Minuets, with two particular Slow Tunes, with a Bass for the Violin, Violincello, or Harpsichord. Composed by John Riddle at Ayr, and Sold by Himself there; likewise by Mr

Robt. Bremner in Edin^r., also at his shope at the Harp and Hautboy, opposite Sumersset House, in the Strand, London. Price 5s. Enter'd Stationers Hall.

Wm. Edward, Sculpt^r. }
Dun. Cameron Prints it. } Edin^r."

Oblong 4to, pp. 45. This is the first edition of the Collection described at page lxix.

According to a note by the Editor of the Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, "old John Riddell" had a small salary from some gentlemen of note in the county, and had several pupils who obtained local celebrity. In stating that "Riddell was blind, it is believed, from infancy," (p. v.), this probably is not correct.

ANONYMOUS COLLECTION—circa 1776. ✓

"A Collection of Airs, &c. for the Violin or German Flute, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, taken from the best Masters, and published in Six numbers. Each number consists of sixteen pages, price One Shilling. To be had at the shop of Tho^s. Phinn, Engraver, Luckenbooths.

"N.B.—As the Person who has collected the above Numbers has avoided inserting any one Air found in other Collections of the kind, and has been carefull of his choice, only adding a few Scots tunes in his own taste, with some Airs of his Composition, it is hoped this Collection will meet with a favourable reception."

Oblong 4to. Query, by General Reid? The copy I have extends only to page 48, or equal to three numbers; and I cannot ascertain whether it was ever completed.

x *edition of 1776 has MS^t of 1776. 4to.*

STEWART'S COLLECTION OF CATCHES—1780.

"A Collection of Catches, Canons, Glees, Ducttos, &c. Selected from the works of the most eminent Composers,

antient and modern. Edinburgh; printed for N. Stewart, and sold at his music shop, Parliament Close. Where may be had,

✓ 3 books of Scots Songs, with Symphonies, each 2s. 6d.

A New Collection of Strathspey Reels, 5s.

M'Lean's Scots Tunes, with Variations, 5s."

In oblong 4to, pp. 112. The dedication, "To the Catch Club, instituted at Edinburgh June 1771," by the publisher, N. Stewart, is dated Edinburgh, June 1780.

NIEL GOW'S COLLECTIONS—1782-1809.

"A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, most humbly dedicated to her grace, the Dutchess of Athole. By Niel Gow, at Dunkeld. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and sold by Corri and Co., Music sellers to Her Majesty." Folio, pp. 36.

"A Second Collection, &c. Dedicated (by permission) to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt." Edinburgh, printed for Corri and Sutherland, &c. Pp. 36.

"A Third Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c., for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Dedicated to the Most Noble, the Marchioness of Tweeddale. By Niel Gow, at Dunkeld. Price 6s. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and to be had of him, at Dunkeld; Nath. Gow, Baillie Fyffe's Close, Edinburgh; John and Andrew Gow, No. 60 King's Street, Golden Square, London." Pp. 36.

William, John, and Andrew Gow, all sons of Niel Gow, gave early indications of musical talent, but were eclipsed by their younger brother Nathaniel, who was born at Inver, 28th May 1766. John and Andrew, it appears from the above title, had settled in London as music-sellers; and it will be seen, from some of these publications, that Nathaniel also carried on business in Edinburgh for some years. An-

other edition of this Third Collection has "Edinburgh, printed and sold by N. and M. Stewart, Music sellers, 37 South Bridge, &c. Where may be had M'Glashan's First and Third Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c."

"A Fourth Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c., for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of Eglintown, by Niel Gow, at Dunkeld. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 6s. Edinburgh, printed by Gow and Shepherd, Music sellers, No. 41 North Bridge Street; to be had of the author at Dunkeld, and John Gow, No. 31 Carnaby Street, Golden Square, London, where all the author's Reels may be had. J. Johnson, sculpt., Edinburgh." Folio, pp. 36. On the last page is this intimation, "And [I] add, for the information of those who wish to possess themselves of my Reels, or what is called GOW'S REELS, that the books I have published are five in number, and are as follows:—

A Collection (my first) of Strathspey Reels, dedicated to the Dutchess of Athole. Price 6s.

A Second Collection of Strathspey Reels, dedicated to the Caledonian Hunt. 6s.

A Third Collection of Strathspey Reels, dedicated to the Marchioness of Tweeddale. 6s.

A Complete Repository of the Original Scotch Slow Strathspeys and Dances, dedicated to the Dutchess of Gordon. 7s. 6d.

And the Fourth Collection, dedicated to the Earl of Eglintown. 6s."

Another edition of this Fourth Collection has on the title, "Edinburgh, printed by Gow and Sutherland, 16 Princes Street."

A Fifth Collection, by Neil Gow and Sons, "Edinburgh, printed for Gow and Sutherland," appeared subsequently to 1808. The date is ascertained by the reference on the title-page to CROMEK'S *Reliques of Burns*, which was published in the year 1808.

"Sixth Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. Dedicated

to the Marchioness of Huntly." Price 8s. Published 1822. Pp. 36.

"Part Second of the Complete Repository of Original Scots Slow Tunes, Strathspeys, and Dances. Dedicated to the Duchess of Buccleuch." Price 8s. Pp. 38.

"Part Third of Ditto. Dedicated to the Countess of Loudoun and Moira." Price 8s. Pp. 38.

"Part Fourth of Ditto. Dedicated to the Nobility and Gentry of Scotland." Price 8s. Pp. 38.

Being in all Six Collections and Four Repositories, published by Neil Gow & Sons.

"The Beauties of Neil Gow, being a Selection of the most favourite Tunes from his First, Second, and Third Collections of Strathspeys, Reels, and Jigs, chiefly comprising the Compositions of Neil Gow & Sons. (The Dances arranged as Medleys). All of which are adapted for the Harp, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Respectfully dedicated to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, by Nathaniel Gow. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 6s. Edinburgh: Published and sold by Alex. Robertson, 39 Princes Street," &c. Part 1st, pp. 38; part 2d, pp. 38; part 3d, pp. 38—all folio.

"The Vocal Melodies of Scotland. Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry. Arranged for the Pianoforte, or Harp, Violin, and Violoncello, by Nathaniel Gow. Entd. Stat. Hall. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by A. Robertson, 39 Princes Street." In three parts, at 8s. each, and 36 pages each.

1823 "The Ancient Curious Collection of Scotland, consisting of Genuine Scotch Tunes, with their Original Variations, with Basses throughout for the Pianoforte, or Harp, Violin, and Violoncello. Dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by Nathaniel Gow. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 8s. Edinburgh:

Published by Robertsons, 39 Princes Street." 1823. Folio, pp. 36.

"A Select Collection of Original Dances, Waltzes, Marches, Minuets, and Airs. Respectfully dedicated to the Most Noble the Marchioness of Queensberry. Many of which are composed, and the whole arranged for the Pianoforte and Harp, by Nath. Gow. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 8s. Edinburgh: Published by Alexander Robertson & Co., 39 Princes Street." Folio, pp. 36.

"A Collection of Airs, Reels, and Strathspeys, being the Posthumous Compositions of the Late Neil Gow, Junr. Arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Violin, and Violoncello. Gratefully dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dalhousie, by his much obliged servant, Nathaniel Gow. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 6s. Edinburgh: Published and sold by Alex. Robertson & Co., 39 Princes Street." Folio, pp. 22. Published 1849. There is a Memoir of Neil and Nathaniel that accompanies the work.

The Works of Neil Gow and Sons, and Nathaniel Gow, consist of—

- 6 Collections of Reels, &c.
- 4 Parts of the Repositories.
- 3 Parts of the Beauties of Neil Gow.
- 3 Parts of the Vocal Melodies of Scotland.
- 1 Ancient Curious Collection of Scotland.
- 1 Select Collection of Original Dances.
- 1 The Posthumous Compositions of Neil Gow, jun.

In all 19 Parts, goes under the name of Neil Gow & Sons Works.

The following Collections were published by Nathaniel Gow towards the close of last century:—

"A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, containing the most approved

Old and the most fashionable New Reels, some of which are composed, and others with additions, by Nathl. Gow. To which are added, a few favourite Irish Airs. Price 6s. Printed by Corri Dussek & Co., Music-sellers to the Royal Family, No. 69 Dean Street, Soho, No. 28 Haymarket, London; No. 8 South St Andrew Street, and 37 North Bridge, Edinburgh. N.B.—All the original tunes in this Collection are entered in Stationers' Hall, according to act of Parliament. J. Johnson, sculpt." Folio, pp. 36.

"New Strathspey Reels for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Composed by a Gentleman, and given with permission to be published by Nathl. Gow. Price 5s. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by N. Stewart & Co." Folio, pp. 24. (On Mr Wighton's copy is written "Composed by the Earl of Eglintoun.")

"A Collection of much-admired Marches, Quick-steps, Airs, &c. Composed by a Lady, and very generously given (with permission to be published) to her much obliged and very humble servant, Nath. Gow. Price 2s. 6d. Entd. Stat. Hall. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by N. Stewart & Co., Music-sellers, No. 37 South Bridge, where may be had all the different Collections of Reels, by Gow, M'Glashan, &c." Johnson, sculpt. Folio.

"A Collection of entirely Original Strathspey Reels, Marches, Quick-steps, &c. for the Pianoforte, Violin, German Flute, &c. &c., by Ladies resident in a remote part of the Highlands of Scotland. N.B.—Corrected by Nath. Gow. Pr. 5s. To be had of Gow & Shepherd, and of the principal Music-sellers in Town and Country." Johnson, sculpt. Folio, pp. 24.

"A Complete Collection, of Originall German Valtz, for the Pianoforte or Violin and Violoncello, with a Second Violin Accompaniment. Dedicated to Lady Charlotte Camp-

bell, by Nath. Gow. Price 6s. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Edinr., printed for Gow & Shepherd, No. 16 Princes Street. Where may be had, Petrie's New Reels, Miss Sitwell's Reel, and every Foreign and London publication, &c. &c. J. Johnson, sculpt. N.B.—A Second Collection will be published soon." Folio, pp. 24.

"A Complete Repository of Old and New Scotch Strathspey's, Reels, and Jigs, adapted for the German Flute. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by Gow & Shepherd, No. 40 Prince's Street." Oblong 4to, pp. 48, including two pages with Index. Price 5s.

Book Second, same title-page, pp. 50. 5s.

MALCOLM M'DONALD'S REELS.

The Collection, mentioned at the foot of page lxix., in other copies has this imprint: "Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and sold by all the Music shops in Town and Country. Price 2s. 6d." It was followed by three others, viz. :—

"A Second Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c. With a Bass, &c. Dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of Breadalbane. By Malcolm M'Donald, corrected by Niel Gow, at Dunkeld. Edinburgh, printed by Corri and Sutherland, where may be had Gow's First and Second Set of Reels." Folio, pp. 13.

"A Third Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c. (same as first and second collections). Dedicated by permission to Miss Drummond of Perth, by Malcolm M'Donald, at Dunkeld. Price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh, printed for the author, and sold by Corri and Co., Johnson and Co., R. Bryson, and all the Music sellers in Town and Country. J. Johnson, sculpt." Some copies have in the title, "Edinburgh, printed for J. Brysson, &c. Price 3s." Folio, pp. 12.

“ A Fourth Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c. (same as above). Dedicated to the Right Honble. the Countess of Breadalbane, by Malcolm M'Donald, at Dunkeld. Price 3s. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and to be had at Gow & Shepherd's.” Folio, pp. 13.

CORRI'S COLLECTIONS.

One of Corri's most important publications is, “ A Select Collection of the most admired Songs, Duets, &c., from Operas of the highest esteem, and from other works, in Italian, English, French, Scotch, Irish, &c. In Three Books. By Dominico Corri. Edinburgh, printed for John Corri, sold by him, and by C. Elliot, Parliament Square.” 3 vols. folio.

“ A Select Collection of Forty of the most favorite Scots Songs. With introductory and concluding symphonies, proper graces peculiar to their character, and accompaniments for the Pianoforte. By D. & N. Corri. The fourth Edition, with additions and improvements, price 7s. 6d., folio. Edinr., printed and sold by N. Corri, &c., at his Concert Room, head of Leith Walk.”

M'INTOSH'S REELS, &c.—1793.

The Collection, described at page lxxv., folio, pp. 39, was continued by the publication of “ A Second Book of Sixty-eight new Reels and Strathspeys.”

✓ And by “ A Third Book of Sixty-eight new Reels and Strathspeys, &c., compiled and composed by Robert M'Intosh, and dedicated to Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive. Price 7s.” Folio, pp. 39.

✓ “ Airs, Minuetts, Gavotts, and Reels. Mostly for two Violins, and a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by Robert Macintosh. Opera first. Price 7s. 6d. To which is added a Solo, intended as a Specimen of a set

of Solos for the Violin, which the Author purposes to publish afterwards. Edinburgh; printed for the Author, and sold at his house in Advocate's Close, and at Corri & Sutherland's, and the other Music shops. J. Johnson, sculpt., Edinburgh." Folio, pp. 40.

"Sixty-eight New Reels, Strathspeys, and Quick Steps; also some Slow Pieces, with Variations, for the Violin and Pianoforte, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by Robert Mackintosh, and Dedicated, by permission, to the Honourable Mrs Campbell of Lochnell. Entd. in Stationers' Hall. Price 6s. Where may be had, at the undermentioned places, the Author's first Book of Airs, Minuets, Reels, &c. Printed for the Author, and to be had at his house, Skinner's Close, & of all the Music sellers in Edinburgh; A. Macgowan, Glasgow; & Longman & Brodrip, London." Folio, pp. 39.

"A 3rd Book of Sixty-Eight New Reels and Strathspeys, also above forty old Famous Reels. For the Violin and Pianoforte, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Compiled & Composed by Robert Mackintosh. Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive. Entd. in Stationers' Hall. Price 7s. May be had at the undermentioned places the Author's 1st & 2nd Book of Airs, Minuets, Reels, &c. Printed for the Author, and to be had at his house, Skinner's Close, & of all the Music sellers in Edinburgh; A. Macgowan, Glasgow; & Longman & Brodrip, London." Folio, pp. 39.

"A Fourth Book of New Strathspey Reels, also some Famous old Reels, for the Pianoforte or Harp. Dedicated, by permission, to her Grace the Dutchess of Manchester. Compiled and Composed by Robert Mackintosh. Entd. at Stationers' Hall. Price 8s. London; printed for the Author, 3 Little Vine Street, Piccadilly, by Lovenu and Mitchell,

Music Sellers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, No. 29 New Bond Street."

Robert M'Intosh, or "Red Rob," as he was familiarly called, settled in London, where he died in 1807.

NAPIER'S COLLECTIONS—1790—1792.

It may be added, that the first volume of this Collection, published in February 1790 by William Napier, music-seller in the Strand, contains 81 Songs, the Airs harmonised by four professional Musicians—Dr S. Arnold, William Shield, Thomas Carter, and F. H. Barthelemon. The Harmony consists of a figured bass for the Harpsichord, with a Violin Accompaniment. The second volume contains 100 Songs, the whole of the Airs harmonised by Joseph Haydn; but in neither volume are there any Symphonies. This Second volume, "Printed for William Napier, Music seller to their Majesties, No. 9 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields," [1792], has an engraved frontispiece by Bartolozzi, from a design by W. Hamilton, R.A.

"A Selection of Original Scots Songs, in Three Parts. The Harmony by Haydn. Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty. Vol. III., price 26s. London; printed for Wilhm. Napier, Music seller to their Majesties, No. 49 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Neele, sc. Strand. The above vol. may be had, in four separate Numbers, at 7s. each. Entered at Stationers' Hall."

✓ "Napier's Selection of Dances and Strathspeys, with new and appropriate Basses, adapted for the Pianoforte, Harp, &c., price 10s. 6d. Entd. Stationers' Hall. Printed for Wm. Napier, Music Seller, and Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty, Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Where may be had, Napier's Three Volumes of Scots Songs. The Harmony by Haydn and other eminent Composers." Folio, pp. 36.

“Died lately at Somerston, Mr William Napier, in the 72d year of his age. He was distinguished for his musical skill, and for the beautiful selections of Scotch Ballads which he edited. For many years he belonged to his Majesty’s Band, and to the professional concert, but was obliged to retire on account of the gout in his hands, to which he became a victim.”—See Scots Magazine, August 1812, pp. 648.

URBANI’S COLLECTIONS—1792, &c.

The notice of Urbani’s works, at page lxxvii., is by no means complete; and the publication of Book I. should be referred to 1792, or the beginning of 1793. In a letter, dated 2d May 1793, a request is made to a lady, by a friend of the writer, to purchase for her “a copy of Urbani’s new publication of Songs, at Corri’s or any other Music shop.” Book II., dedicated to Lady Catherine Douglas, has a portrait of Allan Ramsay and the same imprint as the first, and contains pp. 50. Book III. is dedicated to the Hon. Lady Carnegie. Edinburgh, printed and sold by Urbani and Liston, 10 Princes Street, pp. 54. Book IV. is entitled “A Selection of Scots Songs,” &c., and is dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Ramsay, with the same imprint as Book III. Books V. and VI., completing the work, were published together, as “A Select Collection of Original Scotch Airs; with Verses, the most part of which were written by the celebrated Robert Burns.” The imprint is the same; and the dedication, to the Duchess of Bedford, is dated from Edinburgh, February 1, 1804. The Words and the Music are printed on opposite pages, and each extend to pp. 59.

A new edition of this Collection bears “Edinburgh, printed and sold by John Sutherland,” as four volumes in three, the first corresponding with Books I. and II.; the

second with Books III. and IV. ; the third and fourth in one, with Books V. and VI., retaining, in this volume, the original dedication to the Duchess of Bedford. In this Collection, as Mr Graham remarks, "The Melodies were harmonised by Urbani, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte, the Harmony filled up in notes for the right hand ; and the first four volumes have, besides, Accompaniments for Two Violins and a Viola, all printed in score, along with the Voice part. Each song has introductory and concluding Symphonies. Urbani's Selection is remarkable in three respects—the novelty of the number and kind of instruments used in the Accompaniments ; the filling up of the Pianoforte Harmony ; and the use, for the first time, of introductory and concluding Symphonies to the Melodies."

"A Favourite Selection of Scots Tunes, properly arranged as Duettos, for Two German Flutes or Two Violins, by P. Urbani. Book 1st, price 5s. N.B.—The first part arranged to play as Solos, price 3s. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by Urbani and Liston. Entd. Stat. Hall." Oblong 4to, pp. 24.

Book Second (same title as above), from page 25 to 48 inclusive.

Books First and Second, for Second Violin or Flute, separately, same size and number of pages.

THE EDINBURGH COLLECTION OF CATCHES.

"A Collection of Catches, Canons, Glees, Duettos, &c. Selected from the Works of the most eminent Composers, Antient and Modern. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Printed for J. Sibbald, Parliament Square, and Messrs Corri and Sutherland, Music sellers to Her Majesty. J. Johnson, sculpt., Edin^r." 4 vols. oblong 4to, each volume containing pp. 112. The first volume of this Collection is a republication of that

of Stewart, in 1780, described *supra*, p. xcv. The imprint in some copies was changed to "Edinburgh, printed for J. Sibbald & Co., and sold at their Circulating Library, Parliament Square." A still later edition of the same Collection has this imprint: "Edinburgh, printed and sold by Gow & Shepherd, Music sellers, No. 41 North Bridge, price 8s. 6d." There is also an edition of the first two volumes: "Printed and sold by John Watlen, Music seller, 34 North Bridge. Price 8s. 6d."

EDINBURGH COLLECTION OF DUETTS. *entre 1792-7*

"A Collection of Duets for Two German Flutes or two Violins. Selected from the best Authors, and containing many scarce and valuable pieces. By a Society of Gentlemen. Price 4s. 6d. Edinr.: Printed and sold by J. Brysson, Music seller, Cross, where may be had, The Scots Musical Museum in Four Volumes, each Volume consisting of 100 Scots Songs, each Vol. 6s.—24s." In oblong 4to, pp. 60.

AIRD (JAMES).

"A Selection, &c." See p. lxix. This collection, in place of three, consists of six volumes. It was twice republished by Aird's successor, under the following titles:—

"A Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs, adapted for the Fife, Violin, or German Flute. Vol. I. Humbly dedicated to the Volunteer and Defensive Bands of Great Britain and Ireland. (Glasgow Musical Circulating Library.) Printed by J. McFadyen, Glasgow. Price 3s. 6d. Where may be had the other Five Volumes."

The same engraved title serves for each of the six volumes, the number of the volume being filled in with the pen. In small oblong 8vo. Vol. I., pp. 74; Vol. II., pp. 80; Vol. III., pp. 155 to 233; Vols. IV., V., and VI., each pp. 80.

Except the last volume, which ends with 181, the other volumes have each 200 Airs.

“Aird’s Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs, adapted to the Fife, Violin, or German Flute. Glasgow, printed and sold by J. M’Fadyen.” Volumes First to Fifth, small oblong 8vo.

“Aird’s 6th and Last Volume of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs, adapted for the Fife, Violin, or German Flute. Glasgow, printed and sold, with the other 5 volumes, by J. M’Fadyen, Music seller and stationer, Willson Street, &c. G. Walker, sculpt.” Pp. 80.

ANDERSON (JOHN).

✓ “A Selection of the most approved Highland Strathspeys, Country Dances, English and French Dances, with a Harpsichord & Violoncello Bass. Dedicated to the Gentlemen of the Musical Society of Greenock. By John Anderson. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author, and sold by Corri and Sutherland, Music-sellers to her Majesty, and by all Music and Booksellers in Scotland. Price 6s. J. Johnson, sculp.” Folio, pp. 36, and 105 tunes.

BOWIE (JOHN).

✓ “A Collection of Strathspey Reels and Country Dances, with a Bass, &c. Dedicated to the Countess of Kinnoul. By John Bowie, at Perth. Edinburgh, printed for the Author.” Folio, pp. 35.

BUTLER (T. H.)

✓ “A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, arranged for one and two voices. With Introductory and Concluding Symphonies, for the Flute, Violin, and Pianoforte. By T. H. Butler.” (Entd. Stationers’ Hall. Folio, price 8s.) Most

respectfully Dedicated to the Right Hon^{ble}. the Earl of Cassilis. (His Lordship's arms engraved on the title-page.) Printed and sold by Muir, Wood, & Co., Music-sellers, Edinburgh, and A. Macgown, Glasgow. 25 pages with music, 25. with words, 25 Airs, and 49 Songs.

CAMPBELL (ALEXANDER).

“Sangs of the Lowlands of Scotland, carefully compared with the original editions, and embellished with characteristic designs composed and engraved by the late David Allan, Esq., Historical Painter. Edinburgh: printed and sold by Andrew Foulis, Strichens Close, High Street, 1799.” 4to, pp. 222.

This collection, which scarcely comes within the scope of the present List, is connected with a work entitled “An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland; together with a Conversation on Scottish Song, by Alexander Campbell.” Edinburgh, 1798, 4to. At the end of the volume is advertised “Twelve Songs set to Music,” by the same author. He was employed by the Highland Society to collect Highland Airs, and the result of his Tours for that purpose appeared in two volumes in folio, under the title of “Albyn's Anthology,” 1816 and 1818.—Campbell was born in 1764, and died at Edinburgh in 1824. A notice of his life is contained in Chambers's Scottish Biography, vol. i. p. 463.

CAMPBELL (JOSHUA).

✓ “A Collection of New Reels and Highland Strathspeys, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, by Joshua Campbell. A number of which are his own Composition. Glasgow, printed for the Author, and sold at the Music shops in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Price 5s. 6d. J. Johnson, sculpt. Edin.” Folio, pp. 48.

✓ "A Collection of Favourite Tunes, with New Variations, adapted for the Violin and German Flute, with a Bass for the Violoncello, and Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord, by Joshua Campbell. Glasgow, printed for" (the rest cut off in the binding). Oblong 4to, pp. 81.

CLAGGET (WALTER). 1795

✓ "A New Medly Overture, consisting entirely of Scots Tunes and Thirty-Six of the most favorite Scots Airs, to which is added the favorite air of Chivey Chase, all with Variations for two Violins or two German flutes and a Violoncello, also adapted to the Pianoforte. The Airs selected and the Variations composed by Walter Clagget. Entd. Stat. Hall. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and to be had at all the Music shops." (Engraved by George Walker). Folio, pp. 28.

The Part for the Second Violin or Flute is published separately, with title-page same as above; folio, pp. 12.

Clagget's Scots Tunes for the Pianoforte or Flute, price 6s.

In a list of favourite music, sold by J. M'Fadyen, at the Glasgow Musical Circulating Library, we find "Six Solos and Six Scots Airs, with Variations for the Violin or Violoncello, with a Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord. Composed by Walter Clagget. Opera, 2do. London, printed for the Author, and sold by him at the Sedan Chair, Great Hart street, Covent Garden, and Messrs Thompson & Sons in St Paul's Church yard." Folio, pp. 39.

CLARK (JOHN).

✓ "A Collection of New Strathspey Reels and Country Dances, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Dedicated to the Musical Society of Perth. Composed by John Clark, Perth. Entd. Stat. Hall." Folio, pp. 21.

CLARKSON (JOHN).

✓ “Clarkson’s Musical Entertainment, being a Selection of various Tunes and Pieces of Music, adapted for the Piano-forte or Harpsichord. London: Published for the Author; to be had at his House, Carrubber’s Close, Edinburgh. Price 3s. 6d.” Folio, pp. 20.

Died at St Andrews, 20th January 1812, “Mr John Clarkson, many years an eminent Teacher of Dancing there, and at Kirkaldy, Cupar, and Dunfermline.”—(Scots Mag. 1812, p. 158.)

CLARKSON (JOHN), JUNIOR.

✓ “A Complete Collection of much-admired Tunes, as Danced at the Balls & Public’s of the late Mr Strange. Purchased and arranged for the Pianoforte, and respectfully Dedicated to his Scholars, by John Clarkson, Junr., Teacher of Dancing, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by J. Hamilton, 24 North Bridge street, opposite the Post Office.” Folio, pp. 50. Price 10s. 6d.

COOPER (ISAAC).

✓ “A Collection of Reels, by Isaac Cooper of Banff.” Published about 1783; advertised on the last page of Aird’s third Glasgow Collection. Price 3s.

DALE (JOSEPH).

“Dale’s Collection of Sixty favourite Scotch Songs, taken from the Original Manuscripts of the most celebrated Scotch Authors and Composers, properly adapted for the German Flute. Book II., price 5s. London; printed for J. Dale, No. 19 Cornhill, and the corner of Holles Street, Oxford Street.” Oblong 4to.

“Dale’s Collection of Duets for two performers on one Piano Forte, by the most celebrated Composers.” Folio, in four books, and containing six tunes. A list of “Music published by Joseph Dale, Piano Forte maker to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,” prefixed to one of these books, has the date 1809.

DANIEL (JAMES).

“A Collection of Original Music, consisting of Slow Airs, Strathspeys, Reels, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Hornpipes, &c. Adapted for the Pianoforte, or Violin and Violoncello. By a Citizen. Aberdeen: Engraved and printed and published by James Daniel, Engraver, &c.” Folio, pp. 39.

DING (LAWRENCE). *1789.*

“The Anacreontic Museum, or, Thirty Select Catches, Canons, Glees, &c. (from the works of the most eminent Masters). Inscribed to all Catch Clubs and Practitioners of Music; by Lawrence Ding, Φιλο-ἄρμονια, Editor of the Songster’s Favourite and Scholar’s Assistant. Edinburgh: printed for and sold by the Editor, at his house, first entry within the Netherbow, north side, and at the Music Shops of Messrs R. Bremner, Stewart and Co., &c.” Oblong 8vo, pp. 16.

DUFF (CHARLES).

✓ “A Collection of Strathspey Reels, Jigs, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. To which is added Four Minuets, Four Marches, in 3 Parts. Dedicated (by permission) to his Grace the Duke of Athole. By Charles Duff, Dundee. Price 6s. Edinburgh: N. & M. Stewart & Co., Corri & Co., Johnson & Co., R. Ross, and J. Brysson; and by A. M’Gowan, Glasgow; and Longman & Broderip, London. J. Johnson, sculpt. N.B.—The Tunes marked

J. M'D. are composed by Mr Jno. M'Donald, late Dancing-Master, Dundee." Folio, pp. 36.

ELOUIS (J.)

"First Volume of a Selection of Favorite Scots Songs, with Accompaniments for the Harp or Pianoforte, which may be performed on these Instruments either with the Voice or without it, as Familiar Lessons; to which are added Several Airs, with Variations. Composed and Respectfully Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honorable Lady Montgomerie, by J. Elouis. Ent^d. at Sta. Hall. Price each vol. One Guinea. Edinburgh: Sold by Messers Gow & Shepherd; Messers Muir, Wood, & Coy., Music-sellers; and by Robt. Birchall, at his music warehouse, No. 133 New Bond Street, London. The music is engraved by J. Johnson, and the letterpress by Oliver & Co. Every copy is signed by the Author and Proprietor, J. Elouis." Folio. The words and music are printed on opposite pages. The former, pp. 49; the latter, 51; also pp. 11, with 3 Airs (without the words) repeated with Variations, and a Glossary. In the preface it is said,—“There is *not one* Edition of *Scottish Songs* in which lines with two, three, and sometimes four syllables *too much or too little* are not frequently to be met with. The troublesome and ungrateful task of restoring the verses to their proper measure, by retrenching or adding words to the defective lines (without encroaching upon the sense), was undertaken by Mrs Elouis, the author's wife. It can now be safely asserted that there is *no other* selection of *Scottish Songs* but this, in which the verses, from being uniformly correct, *always* suit their respective airs.”

“Second” Volume of a selection of Favorite Scots Songs, &c. “Dedicated to the Right Honorable the Earl of Eglington,”—in other respects the title same as the first vol. Pp.

50 with words, and 50 music; and 7 pp. with 3 tunes with variations. Each vol. contains 50 *Airs* with the words, besides the *Airs* with variations. Published by subscription. The Queen and thirteen others of the Royal Family are amongst the subscribers. The advertisement to the second volume is dated 1807.

GOW (JOHN AND ANDREW).

✓ "A Collection of Slow *Airs*, *Strathspeys*, and *Reels*, with a Bass for the *Violoncello*, *Harpichord*, or *Pianoforte*. Dedicated by permission to the Highland Society of London, by Jno. and Andw. Gow. London; printed and sold by Wm. Campbell, No. 8 Dean Street, Soho; and to be had of the Authors, No. 60 King Street, Golden Square, price 7s. 6d." Folio, pp. 36.

GRANT (DONALD).

✓ "A Collection of *Strathspey Reels*, *Jigs*, &c., for the *Pianoforte*, *Violin*, and *Violoncello*. Dedicated to Mrs Col. Grant. By Donald Grant. Price 8s. 6d." (Folio, pp. 38; 121 Tunes, 76 original.) "Edinburgh, printed for the Author at Elgin, and Mr Gow, Edinburgh, and Mr Davie, Aberdeen."

GUNN (JOHN).

✓ "Forty favorite Scotch *Airs*, adapted for the *Violin*, *German Flute*, or *Violoncello*, with the phrases mark^d., and proper fingering for the latter instrument; being a Supplement to the Examples in the Theory and Practice of fingering the *Violoncello*. By John Gunn." Ent. Stat. Hall. Price 7s. 6d. Folio. London.

Gunn was the author of other works—"The Art of playing the *German Flute* on new principles, price 10s. 6d.;"

also, "The School for the German Flute, Part. I., 5s.," are advertised along with his Forty Scotch Airs, on the title-page of "The Theory and Practice of fingering the Violoncello, &c., by John Gunn, Teacher of the Violoncello. The second edition. London, printed for the Author, and sold by him, at No. 1 Bennet Street, Rathbone Place, and by Preston, &c." Folio, pp. 64.

Another work which he published was, an "Historical Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland, from the earliest times until it was discontinued, about the year 1734. Drawn up by desire of the Highland Society of Scotland, and published under its patronage, by John Gunn, F.A.S.E., &c." Edinburgh, 1807, large 4to, pp. 112, with three engravings of Queen Mary's Harp and the Caledonian Harp. The Author announces, in a postscript, his intention of publishing a much more detailed work; but it never appeared.

HAMILTON (JOHN).

"A Choice Collection of Scots Reels, or Country Dances, and Strathspeys, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Edinburgh, printed and sold by J. Hamilton, North Bridge. Price 3s." Oblong 4to, pp. 40.

✓ "The Caledonian Museum, containing a favorite Collection of Ancient and Modern Scots Tunes, adapted to the German Flute or Violin. Book III. Price 3s. Edinburgh: J. Hamilton, 24 North Bridge Street." Oblong 4to. From page 52 to 75 inclusive, containing 100 Airs.

Hamilton died in 1814. See note to Song 592, p. 537.

JENKINS (GEORGE).

"Eighteen Airs for Two Violins and a Bass, dedicated (by permission) to her Grace the Duchess of Athol, by George

Jenkins. Price 3s. N.B.—To render this work useful for Harpsichord performers, the first Violin and Bass are put in Score. Printed for and sold by J. Brysson, at his Music shop, Edinburgh." Oblong folio, pp. 9.

✓ "New Scotch Music, consisting of slow Airs, Strathspeys, quick Reels, Country Dances, and a Medley on a new plan, with a Bass for a Violoncello or Harpsichord. Dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Composed by George Jenkins, Teacher of Scotch Dancing. Price 10s. 6d. To be had of the Author, No. 125 High Holborn, Bloomsbury." Folio, pp. 70.

In the list of New Music, published by George Goulding, (upon the last page of Sir Adam Gordon's Psalms, with music by Drs Arnold and Calcott, in 1791), we find "Jenkins's Thirty Highland Airs, price 5s."

LEBURN (ALEXANDER).

✓ "A Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs Moncrieff of Reedie, by Alex. Leburn, Auchtermuchty. Price 2s. 6d. Edinr., Johnson & Co." Folio, pp. 12.

MACDONALD (JOHN).

"Nine Minuets for the Harpsichord or Pianoforte. Composed by John M'Donald, Teacher of Dancing in Dundee. Dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Athole." Oblong 4to, pp. 11.—See under Duff (Charles), p. cxix.

M'FADYEN (JOSEPH).

✓ "The Repository of Scots and Irish Airs, Strathspeys, Reels, &c. Part of the Slow Tunes adapted for two Violins and a Bass, others with variations. The whole with improved

Bass for the Harpsichord or Pianoforte. Most respectfully Dedicated to the Right Hon^{ble}. Lady Montstewart. Vol. 1st, price 6s.; bound, 7s. 6d. Glasgow; J. M^cFadyen." Oblong 4to. 64 pages with Slow Airs, and 64 of Strathspey Reels, &c.; in all 128 pages.

MACINTOSH (ABRAHAM).

✓ "Thirty New Strathspey Reels, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by Abrm. Macintosh. Price 3s. Edinr., printed for and sold by the Author, and by J. Brysson, at late Bremner's. A. Macintosh, sc." Folio, pp. 11. Advertised in the Scots Magazine, December 1792.

MACINTYRE (D.)

✓ "A Collection of Slow Airs, Reels, Strathspeys. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon^{ble}. Lady Charlotte Campbell. Composed by D. Macintyre. Price 8s. London, John Gow & Son." Folio, pp. 40, and 79 Tunes.

MACKAY (ALEXANDER).

✓ "A Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, and Slow Tunes, arranged for the Pianoforte. Chiefly composed by Alexr. Mackay, Musician, Islay. (Subscribers, 5s.; non-sub., 6s.) Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon^{ble}. Lady Elinor Campbell of Islay and Shawfield. Glasgow, published by J. M^cFadyen." Folio, pp. 36.

MACLEOD (H. P.)

"A New Selection of the most approved Pieces, properly arranged as Duetts for two German Flutes, by H. P. Macleod, Teacher of Music. Book I. Edinburgh: Printed by the Author, and sold at all the Music Shops. Price 5s. Book II. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by the Author, at

his house, Richmond Court. J. Johnson, Sculpt^t." Oblong 4to, the two books pp. 96, and Index.

MARSHALL (WILLIAM).

- ✓ "A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by Wm. Marshall. Price 2s. 6d. Printed for Neil Stewart, and sold at his Music shop, Parliament Square, Edinburgh. Where may be had—3 Books of Scots Songs, with Symphonies, each 2s. 6d.; M'Glashan's Strathspey Reels, 5s.; M'Lean's Scots Tunes, with Variations, 5s.; M'Gibbon's Scots Tunes, 3 Numbers, each 2s. 6d.; Marches and Airs, 1st and 2d Books, 6s. Johnson, sculpt^t." Oblong folio, pp. 12, and 36 tunes.
- ✓ "Marshall's Scottish Airs, Melodies, Strathspeys, Reels, &c., for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, with appropriate Basses. Dedicated to the Most Noble the Marchioness of Huntly. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 12s. 6d.; to non-subscribers, 15s. Edinburgh: Published for the Author, and sold by Alex. Robertson, 47 Prince's Street, &c." Folio, pp. 60, and 176 Tunes. 1822.
- ✓ "Volume 2d of a Collection of Scottish Melodies, Reels, Strathspeys, Jigs, Slow Airs, &c., for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, being the Genuine and Posthumous Works of William Marshall. All the Airs in this Collection are now published for the first time. This work is Copyright. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 6s. Edinburgh: published by Alex. Robertson, 39 Princes Street," &c., [1847]. Folio, pp. 35, and 81 Tunes.

MORRISON (WILLIAM).

- ✓ "A Collection of Highland Music, consisting of Strathspeys, Reels, Marches, Waltzes, and Slow Airs, with Variations, original and selected, for the Pianoforte, Violin, and

Violoncello. Dedicated to the Right Hon^{ble}. Lady Seaforth, by William Morrison. Price 7s. 6d. Printed for, and sold by J. Young & Co., Inverness, &c. Entd. Stat. Hall." Folio, pp. 36.

PEACOCK (FRANCIS).

To the notices given at page lxiv. it may be added, that he was the author of a volume entitled "Sketches relative to the History and Theory, but more especially to the Practice of Dancing, as a necessary accomplishment to the youth of both Sexes, &c. By Francis Peacock, Aberdeen." Aberdeen: printed by J. Chalmers & Co. Sold by Angus and Son, &c. 1805, 8vo. It is dedicated to the Duchess of Gordon; and in the list of subscribers may be found the names of all the leading persons in Aberdeenshire. It also marks the estimation in which the author was held, to find added to this list, "By order of the Town Council of Aberdeen, 20 copies." In his advertisement, dated April 1805, he refers to "the experience of upwards of sixty years, during which he has been a teacher of Dancing;" and states that if any emolument should be derived from the publication, it would be appropriated towards the Lunatic Asylum, then lately established in Aberdeen.

PETRIE (ROBERT).

✓ "A Collection of Strathspey Reels and Country Dances, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, humbly dedicated to Mrs Farquharson of Monaltrie, by Robert Petrie, at Kirkmichael, Perthshire. Price 4s. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author, and sold by Stewart & Co., Johnston & Co., Lawnmarket, and all the Music-sellers in Town and Country. J. Johnson, sculpt." Folio, pp. 22.

- ✓ "A Second Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c., for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, humbly dedicated to Mrs Garden of Troup, by Robert Petrie at Kirkmichael. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and sold by all the Music sellers in Town and Country." Later copies have, "Edinburgh, printed for Gow and Shepherd, 41 North Bridge Street. George Walker, sculpt^r." Folio.
- ✓ "A Third Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Pianoforte, humbly dedicated to Francis Garden, Esq., junior, of Troup, by Robert Petrie, at Kirkmichael. Price 6s. London: Printed for the Author, and to be had at all the Music-sellers in Town and Country." Folio, pp. 26.
- ✓ "A Fourth Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, Jiggs, and Country Dances, for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Composed and respectfully dedicated to Mrs Garden Junr., of Troop and Glenlyon, by Robert Petrie. Price 5s. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and to be had of him at Kirkmichael, Perthshire, and at all Music shops. Engraved by W. Hutton, High Street, Edin." Folio, pp. 24.

PORTEUS (JAMES).

- ✓ A Collection of Reels and Strathspeys, &c. Edinburgh. Folio, pp. 40. Wants title-page, &c.

PRINGLE (JOHN).

- ✓ "A Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, and Jigs, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Pianoforte, dedicated by permission to the Hon. Miss Elliot, by John Pringle. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 5s. Edinburgh, printed for the author, to be had of him, No. 16 Rose Street, and at all the Music shops." Folio, pp. 19.

ROBERTSON (DANIEL).

✓ “A Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, Jigs, Waltzes, &c., for the Pianoforte, Harpsichord, and Violin, with a Bass for the Violoncello. Composed and dedicated, by permission, to Miss Georgina Scott of Seabank, by Daniel Robertson. Price 6s. Edinr., printed by Muir, Wood, & Co., No. 7 Leith Street. Entd. Stat. Hall.” Folio, pp. 26.

ROSS (JOHN).

“A Complete Book of Instructions for beginners on the Harpsichord or Piano-Forte. To which is added, a select set of Airs, Scots Songs, and Lessons, composed by John Ross, Organist of St Paul’s Chapel, Aberdeen. Price 8s. 6d. London, printed for the Author, by Broderip & Wilkinson, No. 13 Haymarket.” Oblong folio, pp. 67.

A notice of Ross is already given at page lxxix.

SHEPHERD (WILLIAM).

✓ “A Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Dedicated by permission to Miss Abercromby of Tullibody. Composed by William Shepherd. Edinburgh, printed for the Author, and to be had at all the Music shops in town and country. Price 5s. George Walker, Sculp^t., Edinburgh.” Folio, pp. 26.

✓ “A Second Collection of Strathspey Reels, &c., for the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Dedicated to Lady Carmichael of Castlecraig. Composed by William Shepherd. Entd. Stat. Hall. Price 6s. Edinburgh, printed and sold by Gow & Shepherd, Music-sellers, No. 16 Princes Street. (J. Johnson, sculp^t.)” Folio, pp. 26.

William Shepherd, musician, in 1793 resided in Hamilton’s Close, Bristo; and having entered into partnership

with Nathaniel Gow in 1796, they carried on business as music-sellers in Edinburgh, under the firm of Gow and Shepherd, on an extensive scale. Shepherd died at Edinburgh on the 19th of January 1812.

STEWART (CHARLES).

✓ “A Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, Giggs, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Hon^{ble}. Lady Mary Hay. By Charles Stewart, Musician to the late Mr Strange. Price 5s. N.B. A few New Hornpipes, Minuets, and Cotillions, by the most esteemed Composers. Edinr., printed for the Author, and to be had at Muir, Wood, & Co. Entd. Stat. Hall.” Folio, pp. 25.

✓ “A Collection of a few New Hornpipes, Minuets, Cotillions, Jigs, &c. By Charles Stewart.” Folio, pp. 25.

THOMSON (GEORGE).

A list of the dates of publication of the several volumes or books of Thomson's Collection, as entered in Stationers' Hall, was communicated to Mr G. F. Graham, and is printed in “The Songs of Scotland,” vol. i. p. vi. Mr Thomson, for many years Principal Clerk of the Board of Trustees, Edinburgh, died at Leith Links, on the 18th February 1851, at the very advanced age of 94.—It may be noticed as a singular fact that he should never have seen Burns, or at least have had any personal intercourse with him, notwithstanding the aid so liberally awarded by the Poet, during the four years of their correspondence. The series of the original letters and songs addressed by Burns to Thomson, arranged and bound in one volume, were exposed to sale by auction in November 1852, at the upset price of £210, and fetched Two Hundred and Sixty Guineas.

WALKER (ARCHIBALD).

“A Collection of the most approved Church Tunes now used in the Church of Scotland. To which is added, a few Catches and Songs, by Archd. Walker. Price 1s. Edinburgh, printed and sold at J. Brysson’s Music shop, Southside Cross Well. Third edition, with additions. J. Johnson, sculpt.” 12mo, pp. 40.

v A Collection WALKER (JAMES).

v “A Second Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, Jigs, &c., with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Dedicated to Lady St Clair of Sinclair, by James Walker, Dysart. Printed for the Author, and to be had at his house in Dysart. Sold also by Jas. Johnson, Music-seller, Lawnmarket, and at all the other dealers of Music in Edinburgh. J. Johnson, sculpt.” Folio, price 4s.

WILSON (WILLIAM).

“Twelve Original Scotch Songs, for the Voice and Harpsichord, with an Accompaniment for the Violin or Flute, dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Composed and adapted by William Wilson. Entered at Stationers’ Hall. Op. III. Price 10s. 6d. London, printed for the author, No. 2 Camden Place, Hampstead Road, by Longman and Broderip, No. 26 Cheapside, and No. 13 Haymarket,” &c. Folio, pp. 29, besides title and printed list of Subscribers. One of these “Original Scotch Songs,” is “Roy’s Wife of Auld Wallach.”

Of the preceding Collections, some are no doubt posterior to the period which this Catalogue was intended to comprise. Others again are purposely omitted, when the dates of publication were well ascertained not to fall within that period—such, for instance, as the later publications of George Thomson; the *British Minstrel*, by R. A. Smith; the *Melodies of Scotland*, by Finlay Dun; the *Dance Music of Scotland*, by J. T. Surenne; the *Caledonian Repository*, by James Davie, Aberdeen; the *Complete Repository*, by Malcolm Keith; with many others, of more or less importance.

To this list might be added the principal collections of Highland Airs, such as *Albyn's Anthology*, by Alexander Campbell; *Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles*, by Captain Simon Fraser; the *Ancient Martial Music of Caledonia*, called *Piobaireachd*, by Donald Macdonald; and the *Ancient Piobaireachd or Highland Pipe Music*, by Angus Mackay.

But before concluding these Notices, it may not be out of place to mention a volume entitled "*Musical Memoirs of Scotland, with Historical Annotations, and numerous illustrative Plates*," by the late Sir John Graham Dalyell, Edinburgh, 1849, 4to. The title of this volume furnishes no very distinct notion of its contents, which exhibit the result of a long-continued and laborious investigation into the History of Music in Scotland, "selected from copious collections on the subject of Scottish history, the accumulation of many years;" and accompanied with plates of the various Musical instruments in use from the earliest times.

Another work, published by Messrs Wood, and edited by Mr Farquhar Graham, may also be mentioned, as the information contained in the Notes to *JOHNSON'S MUSICAL MUSEUM* has been copiously employed by the Editor, and

duly acknowledged in the following terms:—"The kind liberality of the Messrs Blackwood has enabled the publishers of this work to avail themselves of those valuable Notes and Illustrations above referred to; and thus to render this new Collection much more interesting than it could otherwise have been." The work referred to contains an extensive and judicious selection, with interesting notices and remarks by the Editor, under the title of "The Songs of Scotland adapted to their appropriate Melodies, arranged with Piano-forte Accompaniments, by G. F. Graham, T. M. Mudie, J. T. Surenne, H. E. Dibdin, Finlay Dun, &c. Illustrated with Historical, Biographical, and Critical Notices, by G. F. Graham. Wood and Co., 12 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, 1848." 3 vols. royal 8vo.

As reference is made in the previous Introduction to some of the early composers of Sacred Music, I may also be permitted here to specify a recent publication, containing a very extensive and elaborate Collection of Church Tunes, from the earliest and most authentic editions of the English, Scottish, and German Psalters, skilfully harmonised. The volume is entitled "The Standard Psalm-Tune Book, containing upwards of 600 specimens, comprising all the available Tunes in the English, Scotch, and Geneva Psalters, with many others from the German 'Choral Bucher,' and other authentic sources, many of them rare, the whole faithfully compiled from the original editions, and arranged for 4 Voices, with an Organ accompaniment, by Henry Edward Dibdin, Organist of Trinity Chapel, Edinburgh." 1852. Folio.

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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART I.

I.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE words and air of this song were composed by Mr Macvicar, when purser of the Solbay man of war. It was originally published as a half-sheet song, and Oswald afterwards inserted the music in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book xi, in 1750. The late Mr D. Herd inserted the words in the first volume of his Scottish Songs, in 1776. The Highland King, intended as a parody on the former, was the production of a young lady, the friend of Charles Wilson of Edinburgh. It first appeared in a collection of songs, edited by this Wilson, in 1779, entitled, St Cecilia, or the Lady and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion.

II.

AN' THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

THE late Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, was of opinion, that this beautiful air must have been composed between the period of the Restoration and the Union. Mr William Thomson, editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, on the other hand, supposed it to have been a composition of David Rizzio. Both opinions, however, are equally fanciful, and unsupported by evidence. That the air, and first verse, including the chorus, of this

song are ancient, there can be no doubt, because, in 1725, Thomson printed it as an ancient song; but neither the name of its composer, of the tune, nor that of the poet who wrote the original words to which it is adapted, are now known. It is remarkable, that the old verse, beginning with, "I would clasp thee in my arms," is not to be found in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, although it appears in the Orpheus Caledonius. The four additional stanzas, beginning, "Of race divine," are generally attributed to Ramsay, but he himself annexes the letter X to the song, to denote that the author was unknown.

III.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

MR J. STAFFORD SMITH, in his "Musica Antiqua," vol. iii. p. 183, gives this beautiful air as the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell, because John Playford had printed it as such in his "Musick's Handmaid," published at London in 1689. The old Irish air called, "Lillibulero," is likewise given by Smith as Purcell's composition. But neither the Scotch nor the Irish air were composed by Purcell, (although he might have put a bass to them for his old friend Playford) nor have either of them the smallest resemblance to any of the other compositions of this truly eminent master. The Scottish air appears in a very old manuscript music book, now in the possession of the editor, written in square or lozenge shaped notes, under the title of, "Peggie, I must love thee," in all probability, long before Purcell was born. Of this ancient song nothing remains but the tune and the title, for the verses to which the air is adapted, both in the Orpheus Caledonius, and in the Scots Musical Museum, were the production of Allan Ramsay. His friend, Crawford, likewise wrote a song to the same air, beginning, "Beneath a beech's grateful shade," inserted in Mr George Thomson's collection of Scots songs, vol. iii. p. 124, where it is beautifully harmonized and arranged as a duet for two voices, by the celebrated Dr Haydn. It may also be noticed *en passant*,

that Henry Playford adapted an English song to the same Scottish air, beginning, "Tom and Will were shepherd swains," which was printed in his first volume of "Wit and Mirth," printed at London in 1698.

LILLIBURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH were the pass words used by the Irish papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The song of Lilliburlero was written in 1686, on the king's nominating General Talbot, a furious papist, (newly created Earl of Tyrconnel) to the lieutenancy of Ireland. This song contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. It is inserted in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 365.

IV.

BESS, THE GAWKIE.

THIS song is the production of the late Rev. James Muirhead, minister of the parish of Urr, in the province of Galloway. Burns justly remarks, that "*it is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.*"—See his *Reliques* by Cromek. This song appears in Herd's collection in 1776.

V.

LORD GREGORY.

THIS is a very ancient Gallowegian melody. The two verses adapted to the air in this collection, were compiled from the fine old ballad, entitled, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which was first published in a perfect state by Sir Walter Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 411. Burns remarks, that "it is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, '*The Lass o' Lochroyan,*' which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway."—*Reliques*, p. 196.

VI.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

* BURNS says, "this song is one of the many attempts that the English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of *Anglo Scottish* productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt."—See *Burns's Reliques*.

If any resemblance can be traced between this melody and those of Scotland, it does not, at all events, appear to be very striking. For to what genuine Scottish air has there ever been a regular recitative prefixed? The English composer, Mr Hook, certainly never meant it should pass for a Scottish production, else he would not have displayed his name on the original title-page. This song was very popular during Mr Tenducci's residence in Scotland, and Johnson, at the request of several of his subscribers, was induced to give it an early place in his work. The greater part of the first volume of the Museum was engraved before Burns and Johnson became acquainted.

VII.

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS Border melody was communicated to the editor by Mr Stephen Clarke. Burns mentions, that when he was a boy it was a very popular song in Ayrshire, and he has heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignified with the name of hymns, to this air. These itinerant visionaries were so denominated from their leader, *Elizabeth Buchan*, the wife of one of the proprietors of the Delft manufactory at Glasgow, by whom she had several children. About 1779 she began to prophecy, that the day of judgment was at hand, and that all Christians ought to abandon their worldly affairs, and be in readiness to meet Christ. She soon gathered a number of proselytes, and journeyed with them through several parts of Scotland. Whilst in Nithsdale the Buchanites resided in a barn, where the women span flax during the day, and re-

ceived their male visitors at night. The prophetess had asserted, that she was to be translated alive into heaven; but she died in 1791, and her infatuated disciples, after hiding her body in a peat-moss, gradually dispersed. In Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vi. p. 663, there is a very interesting account of these singular enthusiasts.

VIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

“THESE beautiful verses (says Burns) were the production of Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr Blacklock (to whom I am indebted for the anecdote) kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the same tune. Tytler, in his amusing History of Scottish Music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own Collection of Scots Tunes, wherein he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.”

We have only to add, that Oswald was not the composer of the air of Roslyn Castle. The same tune, note for note, appears in a prior publication, namely M'Gibbon's Collection of Scots Tunes, under the title of the “House of Glams.” The old words which had been adapted to this air, however, are now lost. The words of both the songs to this air appeared in Herd's Collection, printed in 1776, and afterwards in the collection entitled, St Cecilia, at Edinburgh, in 1779.

IX.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'.

“THIS song, for genuine humour, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.”—*Burns's Reliques.*

This observation had been hastily made, for the air, either when played or sung slowly, as it ought to be, is exceedingly pathetic, not lively. Burns afterwards became sensible of this; for, in one of his letters to Thomson, inserted in Currie's edition of his works, he says, “I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible, in singing, to give it

half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement.

I.

“Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever ;
Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou hast left thy lass for ay,
I must see thee never, Jamie,
I will see thee never.

II.

“Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou canst love another maid
While my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary eyes I'll close
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.”

Mr Thomas Fraser, to whom Burns alludes, was an intimate acquaintance of the poet, and an excellent musician. He still lives, and is at present (1820) the principal oboe concerto player in Edinburgh, of which city he is a native. His style of playing the melodies of Scotland is peculiarly chaste and masterly.

X.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'.

THIS humorous old song was omitted by Ramsay in his Tea-table Miscellany, in 1724, although it was quite current in the Border long before his time. Oswald inserted the tune, and Herd the words, in their respective collections. The following verses to the same air, in the genuine spirit of the original, were written by Mrs Scott of Dunbartonshire.

I.

The grass had nae freedom o' growing,
As lang as she was nae awa ;
Nor in the town could there be stowin,
For wooers that wanted to ca :
Sic boxin, sic brawlin, sic dancin,
Sic bowin and shakin a paw,
The town was for ever in brulzies,
But now the lassie's awa.

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and awa',
 The dandelie toast o' the parish,
 Is woo'd and carried awa'.*

II.

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

Woo'd and married, &c.

III.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And O she was bonnie and brow ;
 She cried on her gudeman to gie her
 An ell o' red ribban or twa :
 He took and he set down beside her
 A wheelie and reelie to ca' ;
 She cried, " was he that way to guide her,"
 And out at the door and awa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

IV.

The road she took was to her mither,
 Wha said, " Lassie, how gaes a' ?"
 Quo she, " Was it for nae ither
 That I was married awa,
 But to be set down to a wheelie,
 And at it for ever to ca' ?
 An' syne to ha'et reel'd by a cheelie,
 That's everly crying to draw ?"

Woo'd and married, &c.

V.

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

Woo'd and married, &c.

VI.

" Sae, swith ! awa hame to your haddin,
 Ye're the mair fool for comin awa,
 Ye manna be ilka day gaddin,
 Nor gang sae white finger'd and brow ;

For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
 And wi' him should cannily draw ;
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit ;
 So that's an answer for a'."

Woo'd and married, &c.

VIII.

Young luckie thus fand hersel' nither'd,
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa ;
 At length wi' hersel' she consider'd
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,
 And e'en tak her chance o' the landing
 However that matters might fa',
 Folks manna on frets aye be standing,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Mrs Grant of Laggan wrote an English parody of Mrs Scott's song, which Mr G. Thomson has inserted in his Collection, vol. iii.

XI.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

THIS charming song (says Burns) 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 ; but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading. The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, are still older, and are familiar, from the cradle, to every Scottish ear.

Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Linkin o'er the lea ?
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 Her coat aboon her knee, &c. &c.

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. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his Collection.—*Burns's Reliques*.

In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany we find his song, called "The Toast," to the same tune, "*Saw ye my Peggy?*" but he left out both of the old songs under this title, to which Burns alludes. The first of these two songs is still extant, but the words are not fit to be sung in a drawing-room. The other, which is likewise older than Ramsay's time, was not inserted in any regular collection of Scottish songs till that of David Herd in 1769, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum. The melody, however, is inserted in the old manuscript music-book, in the editor's possession, before alluded to, and was also printed in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725.

XII.

THE BONNIE SCOTSMAN.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, who calls it "THE BONNY SCOT, to the tune of the Boatman." The old verses, which had been adapted to this original Scottish melody, are now however supposed to be lost. There is a striking coincidence in several bars, between this air and that of "Nancy's to the Greenwood gane." Perhaps they were both composed by the same minstrel. Thomson published Ramsay's verses to the tune of "The Boatman," in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. The same melody appears in Craig's Collection, A. D. 1730, and several subsequent musical publications.

XIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

THIS song, from intrinsic evidence, is not very ancient. It is neither to be found in Ramsay's Miscellany, the Orpheus Caledonius, nor in Craig or Macgibbon's Collections; but both of them are inserted in a collection of songs called, "*The Muses' Delight*," printed and sold by John Sadler, Liverpool, 1754. In this work it is entitled, "The Flower

of Edinburgh, set by Signor D. Rizzio." Oswald has a copy of the air in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, vol. iii. printed in 1742; and the words appear in Herd's collection, who has used some liberty with the original, though his alterations are neither numerous nor important. The Liverpool editor is unquestionably erroneous in ascribing the melody to Rizzio, for there is reason to believe, that it was composed subsequent to the year 1700. Indeed the editor is creditably informed, that the tune only became a fashionable Scottish measure (a sort of hornpipe so called) about the year 1740; and that it was subsequent to this period when the verses appeared by an anonymous hand.

Burns says, that this song "is one of the many effusions of Jacobitism. The title, *Flowers of Edinburgh*, has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains."—*Vide his Reliques*.

The grounds our poet had for conjecturing that this song was a Jacobite effusion, do not appear to be sufficiently plain. No such song as the one alluded to is known to exist. Subsequent to the year 1745, indeed, there was a Jacobite ballad, which was frequently sung to this air, beginning,

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads!
 To your arms, to your arms at the touk o' the drum!
 The battle-trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,
 For Charlie, the great Prince Regent, is come.

But this ballad, which may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, has no allusion whatever to *The Flowers of Edinburgh*. It seems more likely that the composer of this Scotch measure had given it the name in compliment to the young ladies of the Scottish metropolis, who were then attending the dancing schools.

Burns further observes, that "it is singular enough, that the Scottish muses were all *Jacobites*. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single

My love's to me when she smiles and I see

stanza, nor even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyric reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head; and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than * * * *

Our poet's heart certainly hurried him, on some occasions, too fast for his head; for there were many songs composed in Scotland at the time, diametrically opposite to Jacobitism. The three following, excerpted from a MSS. collection of loyal songs, composed for the use of the Revolution Club, part of which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh, by A. Donaldson and J. Reid, in 1761, may not be unacceptable as counter specimens.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

I.

When you came over first frae France,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 You swore to lead our king a dance,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 And promis'd on your royal word,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 To mak the Duke dance o'er the sword,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

II.

Whan he to you began to play,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 You quat the green and ran away,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 The dance thus turn'd into a chace,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 It must be own'd you wan the race,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

III.

Your partners that came o'er frae France,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 They understood not a Scots dance,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;

Therefore, their complaisance to shew,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Unto our Duke they bow'd right low,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

IV.

If e'er you come to dance again,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 New dancers you must bring frae Spain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And, that all things may be secure,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 See that your dancers be not poor,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

V.

I think insurance you should make,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Lest dancing you should break your neck,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 For he that dances on a rope,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Should not trust all unto the Pope,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

VI.

For dancing you were never made,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Then, while 'tis time, leave off the trade,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Be thankful for your last escape,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And, like your brother,* take a cap,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

O BROTHER SANDIE.

To the Tune of "*Lilli Bullero.*"

I.

O BROTHER Sandie, hear ye the news ?
Lilli bullero, bullen a la,
 An army's just coming without any shoes.
Lilli bullero, bullen a la.

To arms, to arms, brave boys to arms !
 A true *British* cause for your courage doth call ;
 Court, country, and city, against a banditti.
Lulli bullero, bullen a la.

II.

The Pope sends us over a bonny young lad,
Lilli bullero, &c.

* Cardinal York, brother of Charles, and second son of James, denominated "the Pretender."

Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

III.

A protestant church from Rome doth advance,

Lilli bullero, &c.

And, what is more rare, it brings freedom from *France*,

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

IV.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,

Lilli bullero, &c.

He brings *Highland* money to pay British debt.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

V.

You must take it in coin, which the country affords,

Lilli bullero, &c.

Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad swords.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

VI.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore?

Lilli bullero, &c.

For who once is thus paid, will never want more.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

GREAT WILLIAM OF NASSAU.

TUNE.—“The Nun and Abbess.”

I.

GREAT William of Nassau, who sav'd us from Rome,

Being born to make happy the ages to come,

First, by his sword, he rescu'd our cause,

And thereafter, for ever, secur'd it by laws.

II.

To prevent the surrender of Sovereign pow'r

To one who had sworn it away to the whore,

He settled the crown on the *Hanover* line,

And defeated that right which some rogues call divine.

III.

May the *Palatine* race, who have ventur'd and lost,

For their country and God, be repaid their cost,

In a vast long train of generous blood,

On our throne, till 'tis ask'd where *London* has stood.

Many similar anti-jacobite songs might be quoted, but these may suffice. Before concluding this long article, it

may be proper to state that Burns himself wrote two pretty stanzas to the tune of the Flowers of Edinburgh. They are as follow :

I.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village bell has toll'd the hour,
 O what can stay my lovely maid !
 'Tis not *Maria's* whispering call ;—
 'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

II.

It is *Maria's* voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,—
 At once 'tis music—and tis love !
 And art thou come, and art thou true !
 O welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew
 Along the flowery banks of *Cree*.*

XIV.

JAMIE GAY.

THE author of the words of this song is unknown, but the music is the composition of Mr Berg. This song was originally entitled, "The Happy Meeting," and was frequently sung at Ranelagh, with considerable applause. It is printed in the "London Songster," for W. Nicoll, St Paul's Church-yard, London 1767, and afterwards by Herd in 1776. Burns, in his Reliques, observes, "that it is a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece." 1769 p. 28

XV.

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

THIS song was collected and published by Charles Wilson in his "St Cecilia, or Harmonious Companion," published in 1779. The melody is uncommonly pretty, and is much in the style of Mr James Hook's Anglo Scottish productions. We do not know, however, that it is actually his. Mr Jo-

* The name of a small river on the west coast of Scotland.

seph Dale published the same song with introductory and concluding symphonies, under the title of "Absent Jockey," in the second volume of Scottish songs; but he has not favoured us with the name either of the author or of the composer.

XVI.

FYE GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

THIS air is very ancient, but the precise era of its composition is unknown; but it is at least as old as the reign of Queen Mary, as it is inserted in a MS. music book written in the old notation or tabletture for the lute, about the beginning of the reign of her son and successor James VI. This fine old tune had remained very long a favourite in England, for about the beginning of last century, it was adapted to an English song beginning, "*How can they taste of joys or grief; Who beauty's powers did never prove.*" Mr Gay also selected it as a melody for one of his songs in his "Musical Opera of Achilles," beginning, "Think what anguish," which was performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's decease. This song was sung by Miss Norsa, in the character of *Deidamia*. Thomson published this tune to Ramsay's verses in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, and Watts reprinted both in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. v. London, 1731. Burns observes, "it is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song far more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to then. As music is the language of nature, and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb), by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by. To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that I ever heard:—

"GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae ;
 And gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae."

Burns's Reliques.

The song, as it is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius, Johnson's Museum, and other collections, is an abridgment of Ramsay's spirited imitation of the "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum,*" of Horace, which Lord Woodhouselee considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius. The reader is here presented with a complete copy of this elegant poem.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
 Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw,
 O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and slap,
 As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
 There are nae gowfers to be seen ;
 Nor dowsser fowk wysing a-jee
 The byass-bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals and ripe the ribs,
 And beek the house baith butt and ben ;
 That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
 And drives away the winter soon ;
 It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care ;
 If that they think us worth their while,
 They can a rowth of blessings spare,
 Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do should we gang wud ;
 If they command the storms to blaw,
 Then upo' sight the hailstones thud.

But soon as ere they cry, "Be quiet,"
 The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, and wait
 The high command of supreme Jove.

Let niest day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours :
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 And laugh at Fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then lads and lasses, while its May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minute of delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say ;
 "Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;"
 Syne frae your arms she'll run away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness you want,
 And plainly tells you to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss ;
 Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods' indulgent grant ;
 Then, surly carles, whist, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

The ingenious reader will easily perceive, that the song of "Fye gar rub her o'er wi' strae" is composed of the first four old lines mentioned by Burns, and the seven concluding verses of Ramsay's spirited and elegant Scottish version of Horace's 9th Ode. *Ad Thaliarchum*.

The other verses to the same tune in the Museum, beginning, "Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck," are likewise by Ramsay, and were introduced as one of the songs in his *Gentle Shepherd*.

Edinburgh 1710

XVII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THIS tune is inserted in Mrs Crockat's Music Book, with many other old Scottish airs, in 1709; but, in all probability, it is fully a century older; for Ramsay, who was born in 1684, gives it as an ancient tune. Ramsay wrote new verses to it, beginning, *Pained with her slighting Jamie's love*, and published them in 1724. They afterwards appeared with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The original verses to this air, in three eight-line stanzas, are well known—they have merit as to humour, but they are, as Burns justly remarks, *rather unfit for insertion*. The old song begins,

The bonnie lass of Livingston,
 Her name ye ken, her name ye ken;
 And she has written in her contract
 To lie her lane, to lie her lane.
 &c. &c. &c.

XVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THIS air is of undoubted antiquity. Burns says, that "Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. When old titles of songs convey any idea at all, they will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air."—*Burns's Reliques*.

This conjecture of Burns turns out to be amazingly correct. In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, there are six MSS Collections of old Scottish tunes, which had belonged to Sir John Skene, who published the Acts of the Scots Parliament, with a treatise *De verborum significatione*, in 1597. These MSS, now bound in one volume, bear Sir John's signature, and were probably compiled when he was a very young man. They were presented a considerable time ago to that Library, along with several other MSS, by one of Sir John's descendants. In these Collections, the identical tune

of “The last time I came o'er the moor” occurs no less than twice, and one of the sets commences with the two first lines of the old song.

“Alace! that I came o'er the moor
“And left my love behind me.”

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr Thomson concerning this song, says, “there are several lines in it which are beautiful, but, in my opinion—pardon me, revered shade of Ramsay! the song is unworthy of the divine air.” Burns, although he did not altogether like Ramsay's song, seems, nevertheless, to have felt an aversion to alter it. In another letter, addressed to the same gentleman, he proceeds, “Ramsay, as every other poet, has not been always equally happy in his pieces; still I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author as Mr W. proposes doing with *The last time I came o'er the moor*. Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another, and work it into a piece of his own; but to mangle the works of a poor bard, whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house—by Heaven, 'twould be sacrilege! I grant that Mr W's version is an improvement, but let him mend the song as the Highlander mended his gun—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel.”

XIX.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

THIS elegant song, beginning, *How blest has my time been, what joys have I known*, is not a Scottish production. It was written by Mr Edward Moore, author of *Fables for the Female Sex*, *The Gamester*, a tragedy, and other esteemed works. In this song, Mr Moore has not only exhibited a charming picture of real domestic happiness, but has likewise paid a delicate compliment to the amiable virtues of his wife. This lady, whose name was Janet Hamilton, was a daughter of Mr Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses. She had also a poetical turn, and is said to have assisted her husband in writing his tragedy. One specimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and afterwards appeared

in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, page 192. It was addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, and begins with the following stanza :

You will think it, my Duck, for the fault I must own,
Your Jessy, at last, is quite covetous grown ;
Though millions if fortune should lavishly pour
I still should be wretched if I had not MORE.

After playing on his name with great delicacy and ingenuity through half a dozen of other stanzas, she thus concludes :

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me ;
But you shan't know his name, though I told you before
It begins with an M ; but I dare not say MORE.

Mr Moore's works were printed in one volume, 4to. in 1756. He died a few months thereafter, viz. on 28th February 1757.

XX.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

HER maiden name, as we learn from the Statistical Account of Scotland, was Anderson, the only daughter and legitimate child of John Anderson, Esq. of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, and county of Aberdeen. Her father, who generally went by the name of *Black John Anderson*, was likewise proprietor of the estates of Tullikearie in the parish of Fintray, and Standing-stones in the parish of Dyce. From her uncommon beauty, accomplishments, and prospect of a large fortune, she had many admirers. Mr Sangster, then Laird of Boddom, in attempting clandestinely to carry the young lady off about the year 1550, was discovered by a dog, and received a very rough chastisement from her father. The disappointed lover, in revenge, wrote an ill-natured song, of which her great-grandson, born in 1703, and now living (in 1791) remembers these words,

Ye'll tell the gowk that gets her,
He gets but my auld sheen.

A more favoured lover composed a song to her praise, the air of which only is now preserved. His name, likewise, was Anderson. On this gentleman she bestowed her fair hand,

and had several children by him. Having survived her first husband, she was afterwards married to a Mr James George, to whom she also bore a family. Like many other beauties, she was latterly very unfortunate. Her father having killed a man in the burgh of Inverurie, fled to Orkney, where his maternal uncle was bishop. His flight—the derangement of his affairs during his absence—and the expence of procuring a pardon, ruined his estate. Several of the descendants of this celebrated beauty reside in the parish of Keith-hall, and the adjacent districts of that part of the country.

Allan Ramsay adapted his modern words to the old melody, and transferred the heroine of his muse to the parish of Galston in the county of Air, where a mill with a similar name was existing. Burns gives us the following account of this translocation, upon the authority of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, Baronet, to whom the anecdote was communicated by the late John, Earl of Loudon. “The then Earl of Loudon, father of Earl John before-mentioned, had Ramsay at London, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine-water, near New-mills, at a place yet called Patie’s Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed, that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon-castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.”—*Burns’s Reliques*.

Ritson says, that Ramsay’s Lass of Patie’s Mill, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even, in point of pastoral simplicity, superior to most lyric productions, either in the Scottish or any other language. The second verse is omitted in Mr George Thomson’s Collection, probably from an idea that the imagery was somewhat too warm. Ramsay’s verses appear in the Orpheus Caledonius; but the air, as has been shewn, is at least as old as the middle of the sixteenth century.

XXI.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE two songs in the Museum, viz. the first beginning, *The Lawland lads think they are fine*, and the other, *The Lawland maids gang trig and fine*, were both written by Ramsay, and published by him in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724. With regard to the tune, it is very ancient; a set of it appears in a manuscript collection of airs in 1687. It originally consisted of no more than one strain of eight bars, and was copied in this primitive state, adapted to Ramsay's verses, in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The ancient words to the tune are now lost, and the second part or strain of this tune is a modern interpolation.

XXII.

THE NEW HIGHLAND LADDIE.

X THIS beautiful melody was composed, by the celebrated Dr Arne, to an English version of Ramsay's *Highland Lassic*. Both words and music are printed in the *Muses' Delight*, p. 66, Liverpool, 1754. The second set of verses, beginning, *Ah! sure a pair was never seen*, also adapted to Dr Arne's tune, was written by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. and introduced as a song in his musical opera of the *Duenna*, acted at Drury Lane in 1775.

XXIII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THIS truly comic ballad, beginning, *Hersell be Highland shentleman*, by an anonymous author, does not appear either in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* or the *Orpheus Caledonius*. It is preserved, however, in Herd's Collection of 1769, with another ballad in the same style to the tune of, "Had awa frae me, Donald," probably by the same hand. From its excellent broad humour, and the ludicrous specimen of a Highlander's *broken* English, it has long been a popular favourite in the lower districts of Scotland. It is adapted to the ancient air of "Clout the Caldron," of which tradition relates, that the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, no-

thing would sooth him so much as to hear this tune played by the way.

In the Museum one stanza has been left out, apparently from want of room. It should be placed between the 9th and 10th stanzas. It is as follows :

Tey tak the horse ten by the head,
And tere tey make her stand, man ;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had nae sic command, man.

The old song, beginning, "Have you ony pats or pans," may be seen in the Tea-table Miscellany, and the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Burns observes, that "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 same tune."—*Reliques*.

XXIV.

BLYTHE JOCKEY.

BOTH the air and words of this Anglo-Scottish song, beginning, *My Jocky is the blythest lad*, are comparatively modern. It came out about the year 1769, and was inserted in the first edition of Horsfield's Songster's Companion, 2 vols 12mo. London, 1770. The first set of verses in the Museum are slightly altered from the copy in Horsfield's Collection, and in Wilson's Cecilia, published in 1779. The other verses to the same tune, beginning, *To fly like bird from grove to grove*, are pretty; but their author is yet anonymous. They were also taken from Horsfield's Songster, Vol. II. p. 220.

XXV.

AULD LANG SYNE.

THESE verses, with the exception of the first line, which is the title of the old tune, are wholly by Ramsay. They appeared in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and again in 1725, along with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius. About the year 1790, Burns was so fortunate as to recover some fine original verses of the older ballad, as he himself informs us, from an old man's singing them to him. He afterwards communicated them to the editor of the Museum,

to Mrs Dunlop, and to Mr George Thomson. Burns speaks with rapture of this recovery. In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, he says, "light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians." The reader will find this fine old fragment in the fifth volume of the Scots Musical Museum, p. 426, where it is set to the original Lowland air of *Auld lang-syne*. It has since been published by Mr George Thomson, in his Collection of Scottish Songs, adapted to a very beautiful and more modern air, now generally known by the name of *Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey*. This latter tune has nearly superseded the old air, as the verses are now seldom, if ever, sung to any other. The history of this air is somewhat curious. Mr William Shield, in his overture to *Rosina*, acted at Covent Garden in 1783, introduced into this overture two strains of an old Scottish strathspey, slightly altered, entitled, "The Miller's Daughter." Some years thereafter, Mr Gow published Shield's copy of the tune in his Collection of Reels and Strathspeys; and, in compliment to the late worthy Baronet of Newton Don, gave it the name of *Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey*. The late Sir Alexander Don was an excellent musical amateur, and some persons, from this circumstance, have been erroneously led to imagine that he was the composer of the air.

XXVII.

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

THERE are two sets of verses in the Museum, both of which are adapted to the tune of *Jockey's gray breeks*. With regard to the melody, Burns observes, that "though it has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune in the north of Ireland, called the '*Weaver and his Shuttle, O*,' which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune."—*Reliques*.

The old slow Scottish air, which is in *triple time*, is preserved in Oswald's Collection, Vol. II. p. 32. Oswald him-

self, although he lays no claim to it, it is believed, composed the more modern tune *in common time*, and inserted it in the same collection, which first appeared in 1742, consequently the *tune* adapted to the verses in the Museum, as well as to the song of “The Weaver and his Shuttle,” cannot be many years anterior to that date. Oswald, however, borrowed the *subject* of his air from the older melody. Every musician knows how easy a matter it is to change a tune from triple to common time, and *vice versa*, though, to an unexperienced ear, the air might seem totally different.

This tune appears to have been highly relished by our poet, for in a subsequent part of his remarks, he says, that “to sing so beautiful an air to such execrable verses is downright (prostitution) of common sense. The Scots verses,” he adds, “are indeed tolerable.”—*Reliques*. Burns, however, is certainly too severe in his strictures on the harmless effusions of this anonymous “Gentle Swain,” whose verses indeed, though far short of sublimity, do not seem to merit the harsh epithet of *execrable*. The other set of verses, to which the poet alludes, beginning, “Jenny’s heart was frank and free,” and which, he admits, are tolerable, was written by Mr Mayne, formerly of Glasgow, who likewise composed some beautiful verses to the tune of “Logan Water.” Mr Mayne is also the author of the *Siller Gun*, and several other pieces of considerable poetical merit.

As this melody was a particular favourite of Burns, he did not permit it to slip away unwedded to his muse. The following beautiful stanzas were accordingly composed by him, which are admirably suited to the air. They appear in Mr Thomson’s Collection, p. 108, under the title of

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

I.

’Twas even,—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung ;
The zephyr wanton’d round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along !

In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

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

III.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
 But woman, nature's darling child,
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

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

V.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine,
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine:
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day has joys divine
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

The older set of verses to the same air, which Johnson, from an unaccountable fastidiousness, had rejected, are not destitute of merit. These artless strains are still sung in Scotland at every country fire-side, and it now becomes a matter of justice to restore them.

JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

I.

WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year
 I was baith blythe and bonnie, O ;
 The lads loo'd me baith far and near,
 But I loo'd nane but Johnny, O.
 He gained my heart in twa three weeks,
 He spak sae blythe and kindly, O ;
 And I made him new grey breeks
 That fitted him most finely, O.

II.

He was a handsome fellow,
 His humour was baith frank and free ;
 His bonny locks, sae yellow,
 Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee ;—
 His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face so fair and ruddy, O ;
 And then a' day his grey breeks
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

III.

But now they are quite thread-bare worn,
 And wider than they used to be ;
 They're a' tash'd-like and unco torn,
 And clouted sair on ilka knee :
 But gin I had a simmer's day,
 As I hae had right mony, O,
 I'll make a web o' new grey,
 To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

IV.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
 And better than I hae to gie ;
 But I'll take pains upo' them,
 And strive frae faults to keep them free.
 To clead him weel shall be my care,
 And please him a' my study, O ;
 But he maun wear the auld pair
 Awee, tho' they be duddy, O.

I have seen two additional stanzas to the song, but they appear to be the production of a different and very inferior pen ; they are likewise coarse, and inadmissible on the score of delicacy.

XXVIII.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

“ THIS song, says Burns, is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.”—*Reliques*. This beautiful melody, to which the verses are set, is the composition of

Sig. Thomaso Giordani, a native of Italy. It was originally adapted to a French song, beginning, *Lison dormoit dans un boccage*, of which the stanzas in the Museum are an English version, and possess no small share of elegance and pastoral simplicity. This fine air was arranged as a lesson for the piano-forte or harpsichord, by the celebrated Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and it has been very much and very deservedly admired by all who have heard it.

XXIX.

BLYTHE JOCKEY YOUNG AND GAY. *See Vol. 1*

THIS song is of considerable antiquity. It is inserted in a musical manuscript, written about 1680. An imperfect copy of the tune and words afterwards found their way into Henry Playford's *Mirth and Wit*, first edition, in 1698. The two middle stanzas are omitted in Playford's copy, and he has also taken some liberties with the air. Both of these, however, are restored to their original state in the Museum. In 1773, Mr James Hook of London set the same verses to an air of his own composition, which was sung at Vauxhall Gardens that year with applause. *H. H. 1773*

XXX.

BONNY BESSY.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and published by him in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, to the old tune of *Bessie's haggis*, which, from the title, would seem to have been a very humorous old Scottish song, now supposed to be lost. Ramsay's words, adapted to the music, appear in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. About the year 1745, a Jacobite parody of the old song came into vogue. It began,

KEN ye wha supped Bessy's haggies?
 Ken ye wha dinner'd on our Bessy's haggies?
 Four good lords and three bonny ladies,
 A' to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.
 Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie,
 Lords on the bed and Dukes in the aumrie;
 There was a king's son cover'd o'er wi' raggies,
 A' for to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.

This song is inserted at large in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 191, *et seq.*

XXXI.

TWIN WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

I REMEMBER an old lady who sang these verses to a very plaintive and simple air in slow treble time, a copy of which, but corrupted with embellishments, appears in Oswald's Collection, No 12, under the title of "The lassie lost her silken snood." Napier, who first published the song, being unacquainted, perhaps, with the original melody, adapted the verses to the same air which is inserted in Johnson's *Museum*. This song, though undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, is neither to be found in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, nor in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

XXXII.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

BURNS observes, that "it is too bare-faced to take Dr Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer it to pass for a Scots song. I was not unacquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity"—*Reliques*. These remarks are equally true and candid; yet it may not be improper to observe, that even Bishop Percy, when he wrote these elegant verses, might have had in view the Scottish song inserted in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, "*The young Laird and Edinburgh Kate*." The structure of the stanza in both songs is exactly alike, and one cannot but remark, that the Bishop's song commences in words nearly similar to the second stanza of the other.

Old Song, verse 2d.

O Katy wiltu gang wi me,
 And leave the dinsome town awhile;
 The blossom's sprouting from the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gawn to smile.

The Bishop's song begins,

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

But, be this as it may, it must be admitted that the Bishop's verses, which were adapted to a beautiful air, composed by Mr Thomas Carter, and sung by Mr Vernon at Vauxhall in 1773, form one of the most successful imitations of the Scottish pastoral ballad which has ever yet appeared on the south side of the Tweed. This beautiful Anglo-Scottish song is here presented to the reader.

OH, NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

Words by Bishop PERCY. Music by Mr THOMAS CARTER. 1773.

Oh, Nan-cy, wilt thou go with me, Nor sigh to leave the

flaunting town? Can si-lent glens have charms for thee, The

low-ly cot and rus-set gown? No long-er drest in

silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare ;

Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where thou wert

fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each

courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? Where

thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where
! ! ! ! !

thou wert fair - est of the fair.

XXXIII.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

THIS artless melody of one strain, in the *minor mode*, carries with it every mark of antiquity, and the pretty verses in the Museum are admirably adapted to the air. Kelly, who published his *Scottish Proverbs* in 1721, tells us, it was then an old song. In Yair's *Charmers*, however, printed 1749, there appears another version of the same song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of "Dunbarton Drums." As the latter version has been copied both by Herd and Ritson in their respective collections, it is here annexed.

I.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myself;
I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

II.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he wasna worth a groat,
And shame fa', &c.

III.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire;
And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat,
And shame fa', &c.

IV.

Yet a' this shall never daunton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May the deil tak the gear and the bagrie o't.*

Burns says, "the following is a *set* of this song, which was the earliest I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing."

I.

O WILLIE weel I mind I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot,
That you called it the gear and the blathrie o't.

* "Shame fu the gear and the bladry o't," says Kelly, is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man upon account of his wealth.—*Scots Proverbs*, page 296. It would, therefore, seem, that the version in the Museum is the older of the two.

II.

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride ;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear and the blathrie o't.

III.

Tho' my lassie has nae scarlets nor silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne ;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she came in her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blathrie o't.

IV.

Tho' we hae nae horses nor menzie at command,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand ;
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

V.

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent ;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will aye be content ;
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a groat,
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blathrie o't.

VI.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen,
They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim ;
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,
Sae tak this for the gear and the blathrie o't.

Vide Reliques.

As the last stanza speaks of *meddling with the affairs of the kirk or the queen*, it is probable that the verses recovered by Burns were written in the time of Queen Anne, perhaps about the year 1710.

Oswald added a second strain to this very ancient tune, which is printed in the fifth volume of his *Pocket Companion*, page 23, under the title of "Deil take the gear;" but it is quite unsuitable for the ordinary compass of the human voice, being almost a repetition of the first strain, set an octave higher.

XXXIV.

LUCKY NANCY.

IN Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* these truly comic verses are directed to be sung to the old air of "*Dainty Davie*." They are accordingly adapted to this tune in the *Museum*. The tune of *Dainty Davy* is inserted in Play-

10th ed. of 1698

ford's Dancing-Master, first published in 1657. It is clear, therefore, that there was a song under this title, long before the well-known story about the Rev. David Williamson and the daughter of the Laird of Cherrytrees.

From the letter Q being affixed to this song in Ramsay's work, (by which, he tells us, is meant, *old songs with additions*) Burns was induced to conjecture, that nothing but the chorus was old, and that Ramsay himself was the author of the song. In a communication, however, by Lord Woodhouselee to Mr R. H. Cromek, his Lordship says, "I have good reason to believe, that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed, by good authority, that the words, as printed in Ramsay's Collection, were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session."—*See Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, with critical observations and biographical notices, by Robert Burns, vol. ii. p. 188.*

XXXV.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THIS song was written by the late Mr John Cunningham, the poet and comedian, about the year 1766, and set to music by Mr Jonathan Battishill, a celebrated English composer, who obtained the gold medal in 1770 for his well-known glee for three voices, *Underneath this myrtle shade*. This song was printed without the music in the *London Songster*, in 1767, and was frequently sung by Miss Polly Young at Vauxhall Gardens, with great applause. Burns says, that "Kate of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player, of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital.—"A fat dignitary of the church, coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his

reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, *as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool.* This, Mr Woods the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true."—*Reliques.*

The late Mr William Woods, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, was incorrect when he told Burns that Durham was the place of Cunningham's nativity. He was born in the year 1729 in Dublin, where his father, an eminent wine-merchant, (who was a descendant of the Cunninghams of Enterkine in Ayrshire) then resided. At the age of twelve he wrote several little poems, which are still admired, and he produced the only dramatic performance he left, viz. *Love in a Mist*, before he was seventeen. Although both his voice and figure were rather against him, his passion for the stage obtained so strong a power over him, that he secretly left his parents, and embarked for England. After experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune as an itinerant player, he was, in 1761, engaged as a performer at the Edinburgh Theatre, at that time under the direction of Mr Love. Here he wrote some of his best pieces, and, as a poet, began to emerge from obscurity. He afterwards repaired to London, in hopes of obtaining a more comfortable, as well as a more respectable subsistence in the literary world; but the bookseller, by whom he was employed, in a short time became bankrupt, and he once more returned to Scotland. At this period he was engaged by Mr Digges, who had now become manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, who treated our author with uncommon respect and kindness. Mr Cunningham resided in Edinburgh during the whole of Mr Digges' management of the Theatre. He then went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which had formerly been his residence for several years, and which, to his last breath, he used emphatically to call his home. At this place, and in the neighbouring towns, he earned a moderate subsistence, and was much esteemed by several of the most respectable characters in the country. Mr Cunningham

died at Newcastle on the 18th September, 1773, and was buried in St John's Church-yard.

XXXVI.

TWEED-SIDE.

IN the *Muses Delight*, printed at Liverpool in 1754, this beautiful old Scottish melody is erroneously attributed to Signor David Rizzio, a musician in the service of Mary, Queen of Scots. The real name of the composer is unknown. Prior to the birth of Ramsay, in 1684, it was adapted to the following verses, which are said to have been written by Lord Yester.

WHEN Maggie and I were acquaint,
 I carried my noddle fu' hie ;
 Nae lint-white on all the gay plain,
 Nor gowdspink sae bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
 I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.
 To Maggie my love I did tell,
 Saut tears did my passion express ;
 Alas ! for I loo'd her o'er well,
 And the lasses loe sic a man less :
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed,
 Therefore I will wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

The beautiful song, beginning, *What beauties does Flora disclose*, was written prior to 1724, as it was printed in Ramsay's Collection that year, and again in 1725, with the music, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. The author was Mr William Crawford, of the house of Auchinames, in the county of Renfrew, an intimate friend and correspondent of Hamilton of Bangour.—See Lord Woodhouselee's *Life of Lord Kaims*, vol. i. According to the testimony of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. the lady who is celebrated in Crawford's song was a Miss Mary Lillias Scott, one of the daughters of Walter Scott, Esq. of Harden, an estate delightfully situated on the north side of the Tweed, about four miles below Melrose. This lady was a descendant of another celebrated beauty, Mary Scott, daughter of Mr Scott of Dryhope,

in Selkirkshire, famous by the traditional name of "*The Flower of Yarrow*." Miss M. L. Scott of Harden was certainly, in her youth, one of the greatest beauties in Scotland. She, as well as her elder sister, who was rather plain than handsome, were both excellent singers. The youngest sister, in particular, frequently sung the ballad of *Lochaber* with such feeling and effect, as to draw tears from those who heard her. The Duke of Hamilton, who was a great admirer of this lady, had her picture painted by Ramsay, the poet's son. It was esteemed a good likeness. Pennant takes notice of this picture; but the editor is uncertain if it still remains in Hamilton Palace. In Burns's Reliques, it is said that the Christian name of the poet was *Robert Crawford*, and that the Mary he celebrated was a Mary Stewart, of the Castlemilk family, afterwards married to a Mr John Ritchie. As to both these points, the information which Burns received appears to have been incorrect. Mr Gay selected this beautiful air for one of his songs in the opera of "*Polly*," beginning, *The stag, when chac'd all the long day*—printed in 1729.

XXXVII.

MARY'S DREAM.

THIS beautiful song, as well as the first set of the tune, are the composition of Mr John Lowe, who was born at Kenmore in Galloway, in the year 1750. His father was gardener to the Hon. Mr Gordon of Kenmore, son of that unfortunate nobleman who paid the forfeit of his life and titles for his adherence to the House of Stewart in 1715. Lowe was the eldest son of a numerous family, and received a pretty liberal education at the parish-school of Kells. At the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a respectable weaver of the name of Heron, father of the late Robert Heron, author of the *History of Scotland*, in six volumes, and other works. This profession, though dictated by the necessity of a parent, was neither congenial to the feelings nor genius of young Lowe. By his own industry, however, he was afterwards enabled to place himself under the tuition

of Mr Mackay, then schoolmaster of Carsphairn, an eminent master of the languages. Lowe at this time employed his evenings in teaching church-music, as he possessed a very just ear, sung well, and played with considerable skill upon the violin. These qualities, added to a happy temper and a fine flow of animal spirits, soon gained him many friends, through whose assistance our poet was, in 1771, enabled to enter himself a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. On his first return from college, he became tutor in the family of Mr M'Ghie of Airds, an amiable country gentleman, who had several beautiful daughters. In this romantic abode, so favourable to the descriptive muse, Lowe composed many little pieces, of which, it is to be regretted, few copies are now to be found, though there are some songs of his composition still sung by the common people of the Glenkens in Galloway. He also composed a pretty long pastoral, entitled, "Morning, a Poem," which is still preserved in his own hand-writing, and another fine song, Pompey's Ghost. He likewise attempted to write a tragedy, but no part of it is now to be found. About this time Mr Alexander Miller, a surgeon, who had been engaged to MARY, one of the young ladies of Airds, was unfortunately lost at sea, an event which would probably now have been forgotten but for the exquisitely tender and pathetic song of Mary's Dream, which has given to it immortality. It is presumed, that our poet was sensibly alive to the misfortunes of a young lady, whose sister had inspired him also with the tenderest passion; but it was not their fate to be united.

After finishing his studies at the Divinity-hall, and seeing no prospect of obtaining a living in his native country, Mr Lowe, in 1773, embarked for America. For sometime he acted as tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington, a situation which supplied some hopes of advancement. He next opened an academy for the education of young gentlemen in Fredericksburgh, Virginia,[†] which was given up upon his taking orders in the church of England. After this event he married a Virginian lady, who unfortu-

nately proved his ruin. She was not only regardless of his happiness, but even unfaithful to his bed. Overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and sorrow, the vigour of his constitution was broken, and he fell into an untimely grave, in 1798, in the 48th year of his age. His remains were interred under the shade of two palm-trees, near Fredericksburg, without even a stone to write, "Mary, weep no more for me."

This truly elegant and popular ballad, however, Mr Cromek informs us, was originally composed by Lowe in the Scottish dialect, before he gave it the polished English form. As the older ballad may be interesting to some readers in original Scottish garb, it is here subjoined.

I.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill,
Where eagles big aboon the Dee;
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every body's ee.
A' but sweet Mary deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;
A voice drapt softly on her ear,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

II.

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Pale-bending on her his hollow ee!
O Mary dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thraws aneath the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

III.

The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it wak'd and rais'd the main,
And God, he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' Him, but strave in vain!
He stretch'd his arm and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang *but* thee;
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

IV.

Take off thae bride-sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet in heaven, aboon, wi' thee.

Three times the grey cock flap his wing,
 To mark the morning lift his ee,
 And thrice the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !

XXXVIII.

NEW SET OF MARY'S DREAM.

THIS second set of the air to Lowe's song, is, I believe, the composition of my friend Mr Schetky, the celebrated Violoncello player in Edinburgh.

Mary M'Ghie, the heroine of both songs, was afterwards married to a very respectable gentleman, and died in England about two years ago.

XXXIX.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

WE are indebted both for the words and music of this fine English song to that eminent composer, Thomas Augustine Arne, Mus. Doc. It was originally sung by Mr Tenducci in the English opera of Artaxerxes, first performed at Covent Garden in February 1762. Dr Arne was the brother of Mrs Cibber, the celebrated singer and actress, and the father of Michael Arne, who likewise became an excellent musician. Many of Dr Arne's ballads were professed imitations of the Scottish style, and, in his other songs, he frequently dropped into it, though perhaps without design. He is generally supposed to have been the *Dr Catgut* of Foote's comedy of "The Commissary," acted at Hay-market in 1765. Dr Arne was born at London in March 1710, and died there of a spasmodic complaint, on 5th of March 1778.

XL.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

THIS fine pastoral song was written by Mr Robert Dudgeon, farmer at Preston, near Dunse, in the county of Berwick. Some elegant poetical compositions (still unpublished) are likewise attributed to this modest and unassuming writer. The air of this song is said to be of Gaelic origin, and that it is called, "*Nian down nan gobhar*," See Fraser's Highland Melodies. The editor never met with this Highland song,

neither did he ever hear the tune, until it was published with Mr Dudgeon's verses.

XLI.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

THIS old melody is inserted in a manuscript music-book, which, from an inscription, appears to have belonged to a "Mrs Crockat in 1709," now in the editor's possession. The old song began—

I wish my love were in a myre
That I might pu' her out again.

The remainder of this ditty, I believe, is lost. The verses in the Museum, beginning, "Blest as th' immortal Gods is he," were adapted to the old melody, and published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. They are a translation of an Ode of Sappho of Mitylene, the celebrated Greek poetess, who, for her excellence, is sometimes styled the *Tenth Muse*. She flourished about six hundred years before the Christian era. It is said, that being unable to conquer her own passion for Phaon, or to gain his affections, she cast herself headlong from the promontory of Leucas, and perished in the sea. The translator was Ambrose Philips, Esq. the English dramatic writer and poet, who is allowed to have done every possible justice to his Grecian model. This spirited translation has been set to music by Mr Stubbley, as well as by Mr Exeter, both doubtless in their best styles. It still, however, continues to be more usually sung to the old Scottish air.

The second set of verses to the same air, beginning, "O lovely maid, how dear's thy power," appears in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* with the initial L; but Ramsay has left no clue for ascertaining the author.

XLII.

LOGAN WATER.

THIS beautiful old tune appears in Mrs Crockat's manuscript book in 1709. Though the song originally adapted to this air may have been pathetic, or of a melancholy cast, corresponding to the nature of the melody itself, which is slow,

plaintive, and in the minor mode ; nevertheless, it is certain, that it was adapted at an early period to a song of a very different cast ; it began

AE simmer night, on Logan braes,
 I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claise,
 First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon,
 But she gied me the glaiks when a' was done.
 But had I ken'd what I ken now,
 I would, &c. &c.

The rest of the song is rather exceptionable on the score of delicacy. The verses in the Museum, beginning "For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove an unrelenting foe to love," written by our admired poet James Thomson, author of the Seasons, first appeared, adapted to the air of Logan Water, in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725: 1733.

About the year 1783, a new song, to the tune of Logan Water, written by Mr John Mayne, a native of Glasgow, became very popular in the south west of Scotland. It was published along with the old air, not long thereafter, by the music-sellers, and soon became a favourite at Vauxhall and other parts of the kingdom. It was afterwards printed in the Star Newspaper of London, signed with *the initial letter* of the author's surname, on 23d May 1789.

LOGAN WATER.

By MR JOHN MAYNE.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;
 Herded sheep or gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes :
 But, waes my heart ! thae days are gane,
 And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane ;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
 Atween the preachings, meet wi' me,
 Meet wi' me, or, when its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing—thae days are gane !
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Mr Burns imagined that this delightful composition of Mr

Mayne was of considerable antiquity. In a letter to a correspondent, dated 7th April, 1793, he says, “I remember the two last lines of a verse in some of the old songs of *Logan Water*, which I think pretty.”

“Now my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.”

These two lines Burns has incorporated into his elegant stanzas to the same tune, composed in one of his pensive moods, as he himself informs us in the following letter addressed to Mr George Thomson, and afterwards published in Dr Currie’s edition of our poet’s works.

“Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of *Logan Water*; and it occurred to me, that its querulous melody had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country’s ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour’s meditation in my elbow chair, ought to have some merit.”

LOGAN WATER.

By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my WILLIE’S bride;
And years sinsyne hae o’er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow’ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

II.

Again the merry month o’ May
Has made our hills and valleys gay,
The birds rejoice in leafy bow’rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow’rs.

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While WILLIE's far frae Logan braes.

III.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile.
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While WILLIE's far frae Logan braes.

IV.

O wae upon you, men of state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the Orphan's cry ;
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And WILLIE hame to Logan braes.

In Duncan's Pocket Encyclopedia of Scottish, English, and Irish Songs, printed at Glasgow, in two neat vols, 18mo. 1816, *four* additional stanzas are annexed to Mayne's song. They possess considerable merit, and bring matters to a happy issue between the disconsolate shepherdess and her dear lad, who had returned "free from wars alarms," and agreeably surprised her while weeping his absence on Logan braes. He leads her immediately to the altar of Hymen, and all's well. These additional verses, however, render the song too long and tedious.

This Logan Water, celebrated by so many Scottish bards, rises in the hills which separate the parishes of Lismahagoe and Muirkirk, and, after running eastward for a course of eight miles, falls into the river Nethan.

XLIII.

ALLAN WATER.

THIS tune is inserted in a very old manuscript in the possession of the Editor, written in square-shaped notes. It has no title prefixed to it, so it is uncertain what it was called

prior to the year 1724. There is some reason to believe that the old song began, *My love Annie's very bonnie*, as the song of *Allan Water*, in Ramsay's Collection, has both these titles, though no such line as *My love Annie's very bonnie* occurs in the whole of Crawford's song. The verses in the Museum, beginning, "What numbers shall my muse repeat," were written by William Crawford, Esq. author of the fine pastoral song of Tweedside. They were first adapted to the old air of Allan Water, in the Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725.

The Allan Water here celebrated, is a small river in Perthshire, which takes its rise at Gleneagles, in the parish of Blackford, and, passing by Dunblane, discharges itself into the river Forth, about two miles above Stirling bridge.

XLIV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE author of this inimitable ballad was William Julius Mickle, Esq. a native of Langholm, and well known as the elegant and inimitable translator of the "Lusiad and other poetical works." The sixth stanza alone, as it stands in the Museum, is not the composition of Mickle; neither is it in Herd's copy. It was supplied by Dr Beattie, subsequently to 1776. "This (says Burns) is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." These two lines,

"And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones,

"His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair."

are unequalled by almost any thing I ever heard or read; and the lines,

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."*

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or '72, it came first on the

* These are the two last lines of the sixth stanza, which was supplied by Dr Beattie.

streets as a ballad, and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period." Thus far Burns. Mr Cromek, the editor of his *Reliques*, was at considerable pains to discover the author of this incomparable ballad. At first he seems to have been inclined to ascribe it to a Miss Jean Adams, who formerly taught a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, and who died in the Town Hospital of Glasgow, on 3d April 1765. The reasons which induced Mr Cromek to form this conclusion were, *1mo*, That Mrs Fullerton, who was a pupil of Jean Adams, frequently heard her repeat it, and affirm it to be her composition. *2do*, Mrs Crawford, a daughter of the above Mrs Fullerton, in a letter to Mrs Fletcher, dated Ratho-house, January 24, 1810, says, "You may assure Mr Cromek, that the ballad, 'There's nae luck about the house,' was written by Jean Adams on a couple in Crawford's-dyke, the town where her father lived. I do not recollect that I ever heard her repeat it; but since I can remember any thing, I have always heard it being spoken of as being her composition by those she depended much upon. My aunt, Mrs Crawford of Cartsburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adams.'" *3tio*, The song was published before Mr Mickle was known as an author.

The grounds which had been adduced by Cromek, for supposing Jean Adams to be the author of the ballad, at once appear vague, inconsistent, and altogether inconclusive. Mrs Fullerton says, she frequently heard Jean Adams repeat it as her own composition. Her daughter, on the other hand, declares, she does not recollect she ever heard her repeat it, but has always heard it spoken of as being her composition. This proves nothing with respect to Mr Cromek's own assertion, that the ballad was published before Mr Mickle was known as an author, and that Jean Adams repeatedly declared it to be her's at a time when Mr Mickle was living to disprove her title to it; it can now only be matter of sincere regret, that he should have hazarded such unguarded assertions,

or shown himself so little acquainted with the particulars of Mr Mickle's public life. The ballad was neither seen in print, nor heard of in any shape whatever, before Mr Mickle was known as an author. So early as 1755, some of Mickle's poems were sent to Lord Lyttleton, who was so delighted with them, that he dissuaded Mickle from entering the marine service, to which the young man's views were at that time directed, and encouraged him to persevere in the paths of poetry. The idea of Mr Mickle, contradicting poor Jean Adams' assertion of being the author, is really too absurd to require a serious refutation. Mickle never, in all probability, heard of her name, nor the story of her claiming his ballad as her own composition, in the whole course of his life. The following important discovery, by the Rev. Mr Sim, which was in 1810 communicated to Mr Cromek himself, at once swept away his former cobweb theory, and restored the true author of this inimitable ballad to his proper and now indisputable right. It is here introduced into Mr Cromek's own words :

“ As the editor, on claiming the ballad ‘ There's nae luck about the house’ as the property of Jean Adams, had nothing in view but truth, he hastens to lay the following letter before the readers of these volumes, written by the Rev. John Sim, A. B. editor of Mr Mickle's works, and his intimate friend, and *received since the above account was printed.*

“ The contents of Mr Sim's letter, and the poetical sketch it incloses, warrant *the editor* (Mr Cromek) *in conceding the ballad to Mr Mickle.*”

“ *Pentonville, April 14, 1810.*

“ DEAR SIR,—Since I received Mr Mudford's letter, (a copy of which you will see in the Universal Magazine for this month, page 265) I have been so very fortunate as to discover among Mr Mickle's MSS. what I have every reason to believe, from its inaccuracy and other evident marks of haste, to be the very first sketch of the ballad, ‘ There's nae luck about the house,’ a copy of which I have inclosed. Besides

the marks of haste which I have noticed in the margin, you will find Colin spelt once with two and twice with a single *l*; the verb *mun* (must) spelt with an *u* and an *a*, at the distance of only two lines; and the word *make* spelt twice with and thrice without the letter *e*. One stanza contains twelve, two stanzas eight, and the others only four lines a-piece; by which he seems undetermined whether the first four or the last four lines should form the chorus. Other inaccuracies and blunders you will perceive on comparing the MSS. with the printed copy in my edition of Mickle's poetry.

“ Since I wrote to Mr Mudford, Mrs Mickle has informed me, without being asked, that she now perfectly recollects, that Mr Mickle gave her the ballad as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases; and she repeated to me, with very little assistance, the whole of the song, except the eight lines, which I have, and I think with justice, ascribed to Dr Beattie.* When I asked her why she hesitated at first; she said, that the question, coming unexpectedly upon her, flurried her, and the flurry, together with the fear that she might be called upon to substantiate what she then said upon oath, made her answer with diffidence and hesitation. This struck me at the time to have been the case; and I believe such a behaviour to be very natural to persons labouring under a disorder so depressive as a paralysis.

“ I shall only add, that Mickle had too high an opinion of his own poetical powers, to have adopted the compositions of but very few of his contemporaries; and certainly too much

* On the authority of the Rev. Patrick Davidson of Rayne, in the county of Aberdeen.

The eight lines omitted in Mr Mickle's copy are likewise not to be found in Mr Herd's early edition of this song. They are as under—

“ The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw !”

XLVI.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

IT is difficult now to determine, whether this air be originally Irish or Scottish. In Scotland the old tune, "Will ye go to Flanders," which may be seen in the second page of M'Gibbon's first-Collection, is almost, note for note, the same as "Gramachree." In the Museum there are three *sets* of verses adapted to the air, all of them excellent. The *first* beginning, "One morning very early, one morning in the spring," is attributed to George Syron, a negro; and it is said, that this poor maniac actually composed the song during his confinement in Bedlam. The *second*, "As down on Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in May," is the composition of Mr Poe, a counsellor in Dublin. "This anecdote," says Burns, "I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the 'Molly' who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than,

"How can she break that honest heart,
That wears her in its core."

RELIQUES.

For the *third* and last set of verses, beginning, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," we are indebted to the elegant pen of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who introduced it as one of the songs in his musical opera of "The Duenna," written in 1775, and performed at Drury-lane that year. Mr Herd has preserved two verses of the old song of, "Will ye go to Flanders," in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 223, but they are of little interest.

XLVII.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THIS old song, which appears to have been retouched about the beginning of last century, is printed along with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. It was also selected by Mr Gay, for a tune to one of his songs, in his mu-

sical opera of "Polly," beginning, "When right and wrong's decided." Mr Gay selected a considerable number of other Scottish airs for his songs in the opera of Polly, intended as a second part to the Beggar's Opera, which is partly incomplete without it. Though the author seems to have written the second part to atone for any mischief his first might occasion among the lower orders of the people, the Duke of Grafton, who was then Lord Chamberlain, not only refused to license it, but likewise commanded it to be suppressed, through the intrigues of Walpole and his party; but from what motives it is not easy to discover. It was, however, printed by subscription, at the desire of Gay's numerous patrons and friends, in 1729, both in quarto and octavo; and the author cleared four times as much money as he could have expected from a very tolerable run of it at the theatre.

Burns judiciously remarks, that the first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began thus—

“ THE collier has a dochter,
 And, O, she's unco bonny;
 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.”

Burns himself wrote another set of verses to this air, which may be seen in Mr George Thomson's Collection; but they are not in his happiest style.

XLVIII.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

THERE is an old Anglo-Scottish song, entitled, " 'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town," which, there is reason to believe, was a production of Thomas Durfey, published in Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth," in 1698. The air is also preserved in Oswald's Collection; it is in the key of G *minor*. The words in the Museum, beginning,

“Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,” are only a modern, though improved, version of the old verses, adapted to a new air, composed by Mr James Hook of London, well known for several successful imitations of the Scottish style.

XLIX.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

THE old melody, together with a “jig” on the same subject, appear in Oswald. The verses in the Museum, beginning, “Will ye gang o’er the lea rig,” were written by Robert Fergusson in one of his merry humours. There is an excellent song under the same title, however, which is much older than that of Fergusson. It begins,

I’LL rowe thee o’er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O ;
I’ll rowe thee o’er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Altho’ the night were ne’er sae wat,
And I were ne’er sae weary, O,
I’ll row thee o’er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The following additional stanzas, grounded on the old verses, were written by Mr William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow, who has composed several very fine songs.

AT gloamin, if my lane I be,
Oh, but I’m wondrous eerie, O ;
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
When absent frae my dearie, O :
But, seated ’neath the milk-white thorn,
In e’ning fair and clearie, O ;
Enraptur’d, a’ my cares I scorn,
Whan wi’ my kind dearie, O.
Whare thro’ the birks the burnie rows,
Aft ha’e I sat fu’ cheerie, O ;
Upon the bonny greensward howes,
Wi’ thee, my kind dearie, O :
I’ve courted till I’ve heard the crow,
Of honest chanticlerie, O ;
Yet never mist my sleep ava,
Whan wi’ my kind dearie, O.
*For tho’ the night were ne’er sae dark,
And I were ne’er sae wearie, O,
I’d meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.*

While in this wearie warld of wae,
 This wilderness sae drearie, O :
 What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae ?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

L.

NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

THIS is one of the fine old and exquisitely humorous Scottish Songs, which has escaped the polishing file of Ramsay, and happily reached us in its simple and native garb. It appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany with the signature Z, by which letter Ramsay denotes such genuine old songs as had been composed *time out of mind*, but whose authors were unknown, even in his day, or that of his father before him. Ramsay was born in 1684; and, from the structure of the language and other intrinsic circumstances, it may fairly be conjectured, that the song itself is at least as ancient as the union of the crowns in 1603. This song appears in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius along with the music, in 1725. Mr Gay selected this charming old Scottish air for one of his songs, beginning, "In war we've nought but death to fear," in his Musical Opera of Achilles, performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's death.

LI.

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

THE verses adapted to this tune in the Museum, beginning, "Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty," were written by Mr Joseph Mitchell, a Scotchman. He was the son of a stone-mason, and born in the year 1684. At an early period he had the happiness to be introduced to the Earl of Stair and Sir Robert Walpole, on the latter of whom he was for the greater part of his life almost entirely dependent. So zealous was Mitchell for the interest of his patron, that he was frequently distinguished by the title of Sir Robert Walpole's poet. Mitchell was the author of "Fatal Extravagance," a tragedy, published in 1720; Poems, in two volumes octavo, 1729; and the opera of "The Highland Fair," 1731. This author died, 6th February 1738, in the 53d

year of his age. Mitchell lived in good correspondence with several eminent poets of his time, particularly Aaron Hill, James Thomson, David Mallet, and Allan Ramsay.

In the Orpheus Caledonius the two following verses of another song, but in a different measure, are prefixed to Mitchell's words,

As the gentle turtle dove
By cooing shews desire ;
As ivys, oaks do love,
And twining round aspire :
So I my Betty love,
So I my Betty woo ;
I coo as coos the dove,
And twine as ivys do.

Her kiss is sweet as spring,
Like June her bosom's warm ;
The autumn ne'er did bring,
By half so sweet a charm.
As living fountains do
Their favours ne'er repent,
So Betty's blessings grow,
The more, the more they're lent.

The measure of these stanzas is similar to that of the "Lass of Patie's Mill," to which air it is probable their author had intended them to be sung. But Thomson, in adapting the old air to these two stanzas, in his Orpheus Caledonius has taken some liberties with the melody ; and, by blending these stanzas with those of Mitchell, the song became a confused medley. These blunders were rectified in the Museum. The original words of the song, however, were written long before Mitchell's time, and are as follow :

BLINK o'er the burn, sweet Betty,
It is a cauld winter night ;
It rains, it hails, and it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light :
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That ever I tint my way ;
O lassie let me creep ayont thee,
Until it be break o' day.

It's Betty shall bake my bread,
And Betty shall brew my ale ;

And Betty shall be my love,
 When I come over the dale ;
 Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
 Blink over the burn to me ;
 And while I hae life, my dear lassie,
 My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

LII.

JENNY NETTLES.

MR CHALMERS, the biographer of Allan Ramsay, attributes this comic song to Ramsay himself. He is so far right ; but some of the lines belong to a much more ancient, though rather licentious song, which for that reason is here inadmissible. This old air is uncommonly pretty ; and, when played, makes a very lively and excellent dancing tune.

LIII.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.

THIS delightful air was formerly called, " O Jean, I love thee ;" but the words of this ancient song are supposed to be lost. The song to which this old air is adapted in the Museum, beginning, " When absent from the nymph," was written by Ramsay, and printed in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius. Ramsay certainly must have seen the English song, which was written by Thomas Southerne and set to music by Thomas Farmer, introduced in the comedy called, " The Disappointment, or Mother of Fashion," acted at London in 1684. This English song is printed in Henry Playford's " Theater of Musick," Book I, p. 5. London, 1685. It consists of the following stanzas :

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain resolve to love no more ;
 Tho' reason would my flame remove,
 My love-sick heart will still adore.
 My weak endeavours are in vain,
 They vanish soon as they return ;
 I by one look relapse again,
 And in a raging fever burn.

To rocks and trees I sigh alone,
 And often do my passion tell ;
 I fancy that they hear my moan,
 And echo back, *You love too well !*

Forbear your passion to pursue,
 Or it will end in misery ;
 The nymph's in love, but not with you—
 If this wont do, despair and die.

The English air by Farmer is in treble time, but greatly inferior to the old Scotch tune, in common time, called, “ O Jean I love thee,” to which William Thomson adapted Ramsay's verses in 1725. Ramsay's song is entitled, “ The Complaint,” to the tune, *When absent from the nymph I love*. From this circumstance it would appear, that he had known both the words and music of Southerne's English song.

LIV.

BONNY JEAN.

THIS fine pastoral melody was in former times called “ My bonny Jean of Aberdeen,” the last line of the chorus of a very old song which Ramsay had deemed inadmissible in his Collection. This poet, however, wrote the song in the Museum, beginning, “ Love's goddess in a myrtle grove,” in 1723, and Thomson adapted it to the old tune in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Watts reprinted both the words and music in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany in 1729, and the song has since appeared in various collections. Adam Craig, who was one of the principal violin players at the concert held at Edinburgh on St Cecilia's day the 22d of November 1695, published a Collection of Old Scottish Airs in 1730, one of which is “ Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.” The reader will find a plan of this concert, with the names of the professional and amateur performers, inserted in the first volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and likewise in the Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany for February 1792, communicated by the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.

Mr Charles Coffey selected this air of “ My bonny Jean” for one of his songs, beginning, “ Long have I been with grief oppressed,” in his musical opera of “ The Female Parson, or Beau in the Sudds,” acted at Haymarket Theatre in London 1730. This opera was very justly condemned by

the audience on the first night of its representation, but the author published it with the songs set to music (among which there are several Scottish melodies), in the course of the same year.

LV.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

THIS old air of one strain (for the second strain is only a slight variation of the first,) was united to some verses which Ramsay very properly rejected in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and substituted one of his own composition, which is that in the Museum, beginning, "And I'll o'er the muir to Maggie." Thomson did not insert Ramsay's song in his Orpheus Caledonius. It appeared however in a monthly musical publication, called, "The British Miscellany, or the Harmonious Grove," printed for Daniel Wright, Brook Street, London, in November 1733. It is here entitled, "O'er the moor to Maggie, within the compass of the Flute, never before printed."

A second strain to the old tune appears in this publication, as well as in the subsequent Collection of Scottish Tunes by Oswald; but both of them are merely the old tunes slightly varied.

LVI.

PINKY HOUSE.

THE air of Pinky House was anciently called "Rothe's Lament." Of this old song, the melody and title are all that remain. It was printed in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, adapted to the following ballad, one of the earliest compositions of Mr David Mallet.

I.

As *Sylvia* in a forest lay
To vent her woe alone;
Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

II.

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;

In shades you may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove :
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To every oath you swore ?
 But ah ! it seems they most deceive
 Who most our charms adore.

III.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 My love hath made me blind.
 For you delighted I could die ;
 But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that cred'ulous constant I
 Should by yourself be kill'd.

IV.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt :
 But ere the word was given,
 The hoary hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

The song in Johnson's *Museum*, beginning, "By Pinkie House oft let me walk," is said to have been written by Mr Joseph Mitchell, of whom mention has already been made. Mitchell seems to have been very partial to this old air, for he wrote another song to the same tune, beginning, "As love-sick Corydon beside a murmur'ing riv'let lay," which is printed in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. v. London, 1731.

LVII.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

THIS charming little air, with the three first stanzas, each of four lines, were recovered by James Oswald, who printed the tune with variations in the seventh book of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. Old David Herd afterwards published the words in his *Collection* in 1769. The last four silly lines, which are attached to them in the *Museum*, have no earthly connexion with the preceding stanzas ; they belong to a still more ancient but inadmissible version of the song. Burns always felt a particular delight in hearing this beautiful old air ; and he composed the following verses for it

in March 1793, which are certainly inferior to nothing almost that he ever wrote.—

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, had awa hame ;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

II.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting ;
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my ee ;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

III.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers ;
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

But oh ! if he's faithless, and minds na his *Nannie*,
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main ;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my *Willie's* my ain.

Burns, I believe, sent the first transcript of these verses to Mr George Thomson, to be inserted in his Collection of Scottish Songs. In the opinion of this gentleman, however, as well as that of William Erskine, Esq. advocate, the verses in some instances did not exactly correspond with the musical notes, and they suggested several amendments for the poet's approbation. The greater part of these Burns refused to adopt. "Give me leave," says he, in his letter to Mr Thomson, "to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge ; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad, I mean simplicity. Now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

LVIII.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

THIS ancient and uncommonly humorous song appears in Watson's "Choice Collection," printed at Edinburgh in

1706. It is there titled "The blythsome Wedding," and placed next to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with which it is probably coeval. This is another of the old Scottish songs, which has fortunately been handed down to us in its primitive state. It is valuable both as a curious specimen of the ancient language of Scotland as well as of the coarse but lively manners of our peasantry in the olden times, circumstances which too frequently escape altogether the notice of the historian. A genuine copy of the music and words of this song is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius. The copy in the Museum is likewise a correct one, with the exception of the last line of stanza 4th. In the original, the words are, "And bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg*," which Johnson thought proper to change for the sake of delicacy, though the line he has substituted is nearly as coarse as well as defective in point of measure. It would appear that the writer of the song had been a native of the northern side of the river Forth, from his sarcastic allusion of "Kirsh" having gone *south* to Edinburgh for her education.

LIX.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

THIS air appears in Skeine's MS. written prior to the year 1598. It is there titled, "Sae mirrie as we hae bein," the first line no doubt of a song, or of its chorus, which is now lost. In the Orpheus Caledonius, the music is adapted to some stanzas beginning, "Now *Phoebus* advances on high, nae footsteps of winter are seen," which were written by Ramsay, and published in his Tea-Table Miscellany.

* Mons-Meg was the name given to a huge cannon which formerly lay in the castle of Edinburgh. In the accounts of the grand Chamberlain of Scotland, the following entries, relative to this piece of ordnance, occur, "1497, July 21. To the pyonouris to gang to the castell to help with Mons down, 10 sh. Item to the menstrallis that playit before Mons down the gait, 14 sh. I am informed that she burst during the reign of Charles II. On the 19th day of April 1754, Mons-Meg was removed from the castle of Edinburgh to Leith to be shipped for the tower of London, where she afterwards arrived in safety, and is still preserved there as a national curiosity. Her *calibre* is about two feet, and her weight has been computed to be upwards of five tons.

The verses in the Museum, however, in which part of the ancient chorus seems to be retained, are certainly preferable. They were copied from Herd's Collection, but he has left no key for ascertaining who wrote them. Burns, alluding to this song, says, it "*is beautiful; the chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn any thing of its author.*"

RELIQUES.

LX.

BONNY CHRISTY.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and it is supposed to have been one of the earliest productions of his muse. It is the first song in point of order in his Tea-table Miscellany, 1724. In the year following, Thomson adapted it to the old air of "Bonny Christy," in his Orpheus Caledonius, but the original words of the ancient song are now lost. The editor is credibly informed, that the bonny Christy of Ramsay's song was Dame Christian Dundas, daughter of Lord Arniston, and wife of Sir Charles Erskine of Alva, Bart. This old tune is to be found in the Collections of M'Gibbon, Oswald, and several others.

LXI.

JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

THIS humorous picture of a rustic courtship, is another little poetic gem of some ancient though now forgotten minstrel. It appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany with the signature Z; which denotes that the song had been composed time out of mind, as Ramsay expresses it, but that even in his days, the author was unknown. It is likewise inserted with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany this song is entitled "For the love of Jean." This title however does not appear to have any sort of relation to the old comic verses. Perhaps there was another song sung to the same tune in the days of Ramsay.

LXII.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

THE title of this old pipe tune is "O'er the hills and far awa," of which a manuscript copy of considerable antiquity is

in the possession of the editor. It is probable that this, with many other Scottish melodies and songs, were introduced into England about the year 1603, when James VI. left his native country to ascend the English throne. In the Pepysian Collection, there is an humorous poetical dialogue, which seems to have been composed about this time, called "A proper new ballad, entitled, The wind hath blown my plaid awa, or a discourse betwixt a young maid and the Elphin Knight. *To be sung to its own new pleasant tune.*" It consists of twenty stanzas, of which the first may serve as a specimen.

THE Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba;
He blows his horn both loud and shrill,
The wind has blown my plaid awa.

From the peculiar structure of the stanzas, and the broad dialect of the burthen line, the author of this ballad must have heard both the tune and words of the silly old Scottish ditty; it begins,

IT'S o'er the hills and far awa,
It's o'er the hills and far awa,
It's o'er the hills and far awa,
The wind has blawn my plaid awa.

The song in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, "O'er the hills and far away," beginning, *Jockey met with Jenny fair*, is not a genuine Scottish production. It was made by one of the Grub-street poetasters about the year 1700, and afterwards inserted with the music in the fourth volume of the "Pills to purge Melancholy," a second edition of which, by Mr John Lenton, was printed in 1709. It is there called "Jockey's Lamentation." Ramsay only altered some of the words, and struck out the last stanza of the English song, which runs thus:

THERE by myself I'll sing and say,
'Tis o'er the hills and far away
That my poor heart has gone astray,
Which makes me grieve both night and day.
Farewell, farewell thou cruel She,
I fear that I shall die for thee;
But if I live this vow I'll make,
To love no other for your sake.
'Tis o'er the hills, &c.

Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, acted at London in 1728, beginning, "Were I laid on Greenland coast." It was also chosen as the air to a loyal and patriotic ballad, written and printed in the reign of Queen Ann, entitled, "The Recruiting Officer, or the Mer-ry Volunteers," beginning,

HARK! now the drums beat up again,
 For all true soldier gentlemen:
 Then let us list and march, I say,
 Over the hills and far away.
 Over the hills and over the main,
 To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
 Queen Ann commands, and we'll obey,
 Over the hills and far away.
 &c. &c. &c.

This latter ballad was inserted in Lenton's second edition of the Pills, vol. iv. printed at London in 1709.

LXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THE battle of Flodden-field, between James the IV. King of Scots, and Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, commander in chief of the English forces, was fought on the 9th of September 1513. On that fatal day, this gallant Monarch, with many of his nobles and the greater part of his army, composed of the flower of the Scottish youth, were left dead on the field. Of the old ballad, commemorating this melancholy catastrophe, a broken stanza or two, I believe, are all that remain; but the ancient air is preserved in Skene's MS. with the title of "The flowres of the Forrest." It is also printed in Oswald's Collection, and in many other musical works.

OLD FRAGMENT.

I'VE heard a liltin'
 At the ewes milking,
 * * * * *

The flowres of the forrest are a' wede awa.

The loss of the old ballad, however, judging from the foregoing specimen, is the less to be regretted, since it has been supplied by three of the finest lyrical compositions, of which the English or Scottish language can boast; all of them, too, by ladies no less distinguished for the brilliancy of their talents than their respectability in private life.

The earliest of these compositions was written by Miss Rutherford, daughter of Mr Rutherford of Fairnalie, in the county of Selkirk. This lady was afterwards married to Mr Cockburn* of Ormiston, son of the then Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, and eminent for his useful and extensive improvements in agriculture. The production of this lady's song was occasioned by the following incident. A gentleman of her acquaintance, in passing through a sequestered but romantic glen, observed a shepherd at some distance tending his flocks, and amusing himself at intervals by playing on a flute. The scene altogether was very interesting, and, being passionately fond of music, he drew nearer the spot, and listened for some time unobserved to the attractive but artless strains of the young shepherd. One of the airs in particular appeared so exquisitely wild and pathetic, that he could no longer refrain from discovering himself, in order to obtain some information respecting it from the rural performer. On inquiry, he learnt that it was "The Flowers of the Forest." This intelligence exciting his curiosity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain possession of the air. He accordingly prevailed on the young man to play it over and over, until he picked up every note, which he immediately committed to paper on his return home. Delighted with this new discovery, as he supposed, he lost no time in communicating it to Miss Rutherford, who not only recognised the tune, but likewise repeated some detached lines of the old ballad. Anxious, however, to have a set of verses adapted to his favourite melody, and well aware that few, if any, were better qualified than Miss Rutherford for such a task, he took the liberty of begging this favour at her hand. She obligingly consented, and, a few days thereafter, he had the pleasure of receiving the following pretty stanzas from the fair author.

* Mr Cockburn was one of that literary society of Edinburgh, so distinguished in point of manners and accomplishments, of which the fathers were Hamilton of Bangour, Sir William Bennet, &c. who were succeeded by still abler men, David Hume, John Hume, Lord Elibank, Henry Mackenzie, and others.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By MRS COCKBURN.

I.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

II.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay ;
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede away.

III.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
 And the red storm roaring, before the parting day ;
 I've seen *Tweed's* silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
 Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

IV.

O fickle Fortune! why thus cruel sporting ?
 Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The next beautiful elegy, adapted to the same air, and which made its appearance several years subsequent to that of Mrs Cockburn, was written by Miss Jane Elliot, a sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. one of the senators of the College of Justice, father of the late, and grandfather of the present, Earl of Minto. The worthy Baronet had also a fine genius for poetry ; two of his songs are inserted in the Museum.

Miss Elliot's ballad was published anonymously about the year 1755. From its close and happy imitation of ancient manners, it was by many considered as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. It did not, however, deceive the eagle eye of Burns. "This fine ballad," says he, "is even a more palpable imitation than *Hardiknute*. The *manners* are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered."—*Reliques*. It was so ; and to Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Sheriff-depute of Selkirk-

shire, and the Rev. Dr Somerville of Jedburgh, we are indebted for the discovery.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By Miss JANE ELLIOT of Minto.

I.

I've heard them liltin at the ewe-milkin,
Lasses a-liltin before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green-loaning;
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

II.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighin and sabbin;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

III.

In har'st, at the shearin, nae youths now are jearin;
Bandsters are runkled and lyart or gray;
At fair or at preachin, nae wooing, nae fleechin,
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

IV.

At e'en, in the gloamin, nae younkers are roamin
'Bout staks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits eerie, lamentin her deary,—
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

V.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the Forest that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

VI.

We'll hear nae mair liltin at the ewe-milkin,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin and moaning on ilka green loaning,
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The third set of verses adapted to the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning *Adieu ye streams that smoothly glide*, inserted in the Museum, was composed by Miss Home, afterwards married to the celebrated Mr John Hunter, surgeon, brother of the founder of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. This ladylikewise wrote the fine songs which are adapted to the airs of "Queen Mary's Lamentation—The Cherokee Indian's death-song—My mother bids me bind my hair," and many

other beautiful lyric compositions. Her poetical works, edited by herself, and dedicated to her son, were published in a neat volume, 12mo.

LXIV.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

THIS delightful air was formerly called, "The Braes of Yarrow." Some fragments of the old song still remain; but that which is inserted in the Museum was wholly written by Ramsay, with the exception of the first four lines, which form part of the ancient ballad. Hamilton of Bangour also composed a fine poem in imitation of the ancient ballad, which is printed in his poetical works; it commences with the identical four old lines which Ramsay had previously adopted. Thomson published Bangour's ballad, adapted to the old air, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The Rev. Mr Logan, formerly one of the ministers of Leith, likewise composed a very pretty ballad to the same tune, which is printed in his works. Both of these ballads, however, are too long to be inserted in the present compilation.

The subject of the old ballad had been a great favourite, and, of course, was subsequently modelled into a variety of forms. Fragments of these appear in Burns' *Reliques*, and Herd's printed and MSS. Collections. The most perfect of them, however, is to be found in the "*Minstrelsy of the Border*," vol. ii. under the title of the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, which consists of seventeen stanzas of four lines.

Tradition affirms, that the hero of the ancient ballad was one of the ancestors of the present Lord Napier, who was treacherously slain by his intended brother-in-law, Scott of Tushielaw, at a place called Annan's-Treat, in Selkirkshire. The alleged cause of this atrocious act, it is said, originated from a proposal made by old Tushielaw to divide his estate equally between his son and daughter, in the event of her marrying so renowned a warrior.

THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILÉ THEE.

THIS ancient Scottish melody formerly consisted of one strain. It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius of 1725 in this simple garb, with the same verses that are inserted in the Scots Musical Museum, beginning, " Betty early gone a Maying." It was afterwards printed in the fourth volume of Watt's Musical Miscellany in 1730. There are some verses to the same air in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, beginning " My sweetest May let love incline thee," in stanzas of eight lines each. From this circumstance it is evident that a second strain had about this time been added to the tune, though unknown to the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius. The verses to which the tune was originally adapted are supposed to be now irrecoverably lost.

The ceremony of confirming a bargain, or contracting any solemn engagement, by each party licking his right hand thumb, and afterwards pressing it against that of the other, is of great antiquity. Decrees are yet extant in the Scottish records, prior to the institution of the College of Justice, sustaining sales upon summonses of *thumb-licking*, the fact of the parties having licked thumbs at finishing the bargain being first established by legal proof. Traces of this custom too are discoverable not only in the ancient history of eastern nations, among whom it probably originated, but likewise in that of the Scythian and Celtic tribes, the Goths, the Armenians, the Romans, the Iberians, and other nations. It has been conjectured by some persons, that Adonibezeck cut off the thumbs and great toes of threescore and ten kings, to punish them for breaking a covenant that had been ratified by this symbol.—*See Judges, chap. i. verse 7th.*

We likewise learn from Tacitus, that the Iberians tied their right hand thumbs together by a strait cord; and when the blood diffused itself to the extremities, it was then let out by slight punctures, and mutually licked by the parties to the contract.—Vide Tacit. Ann. lib. xii. The Moors of

India at this day frequently conclude bargains with one another, by licking and joining thumbs, in the very way which is still practised among the boys and some of the lower orders in Scotland. To this custom the last line, or burden of the old Scottish song, alludes, *There's my thumb, I'll never beguile thee.*

LXVI.

GILDEROY.

THIS song is improperly titled in Johnson's Museum. It should have been called, "Ah, Chloris, to the tune of *Gilderoy*." The tender and pathetic stanzas in the Museum were composed by the Right Hon. Duncan Forbes, Esq. Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, about the year 1710. They were addressed to Miss Mary Rose, the elegant and accomplished daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock. To this lady, with whom he had been acquainted from infancy, he was afterwards united in marriage. She bore him one son, who was his heir and successor, but Mrs Forbes did not long survive this event. His Lordship, however, remained a widower from that time till his decease, which happened on the 10th of December 1747, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were interred at Edinburgh, in the Grayfriar's Church-yard. It may safely be affirmed, that a worthier man, a better lawyer, a more discerning and upright judge, or a more clear-headed, steady, and patriotic statesman than Duncan Forbes of Culloden, never existed in any country or age. A chaste and masterly marble statue, reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated sculptor Roubilliac, has since been erected in the Parliament-house at Edinburgh, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to the memory of this truly great and good man.

Ritson places Lord President Forbes's elegant stanzas at the head of his Collection of English Songs, in 3 vols 8vo. London, 1783, and says, that he never heard of its being set to music. It would therefore seem, that he never thought of looking for the song amongst the productions of the sister

kingdom, for it appears in the first volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, published at Edinburgh on the 1st day of January, 1724, where it is directed to be sung *To the tune of Gilderoy*. The late editor of the Culloden papers has, with great justice, attributed the song to its proper author.

With respect to the *hero* of the ballad, called "GILDEROY," we learn the following particulars from Spalding and other historians: "Gilderoy was a notorious free-booter in the highlands of Perthshire, who, with his gang, for a considerable time infested the country, committing the most barbarous outrages on the inhabitants. Seven of these ruffians, however, were at length apprehended through the vigilance and activity of the Stewarts of Athol and conducted to Edinburgh, where they were tried, condemned, and executed, in February 1638. Gilderoy, seeing his accomplices taken and hanged, went up, and in revenge burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts in Athol. This new act of atrocity was the prelude to his ruin. A proclamation was issued offering £1000 for his apprehension. The inhabitants rose *en masse*, and pursued him from place to place, till at length he, with five more of his associates, were overtaken and secured. They were next carried to Edinburgh, where, after trial and conviction, they expiated their offences on the gallows, in the month of July 1638.

If we may place any reliance on traditional report, it would seem that Gilderoy belonged to the proscribed "Clan, Gregor," and that the ballad was composed, not long after his death, by a young woman of no mean talent, who unfortunately became attached to this daring robber, and had cohabited with him for some time before his being apprehended. That the ballad was well-known in England in 1650, is evident from a black-letter copy of it printed at least as early as that date. There is another copy of it, with some slight variations, in Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, first edition of vol. iii. printed in 1703. Both these copies, however, though possessing several stanzas of real poetical merit, contained many

at p 320 it is stated 1636. Robert Chambers in Songs of Scotland says 1636.*

indelicate luxuriances that required the aid of the pruning-hook. This was performed by a lady in every respect qualified for such an undertaking, namely, Miss Halket of Petferan, afterwards married to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire, the well-known authoress of *Hardicannute*. In Lady Wardlaw's amended copy, which did not appear till after her death, some of the old stanzas are retained, others retouched or expunged, and several from her own pen are added. The ballad, in its present shape, is now excellent and unexceptionable. It is rather long for insertion here, but it may be seen in the Collections of Herd, Ritson, Gilchrist, and many others.

LXVII.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE music adapted to the same stanzas, inserted in the Museum, beginning, "By smooth winding Tay," appears in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. The verses are generally attributed to Allan Ramsay; but, from the circumstances about to be mentioned, they would rather seem to be the production of an older and somewhat inferior poet. *First*, Though the verses in the Tea-table Miscellany were only printed in 1724, yet the music made its appearance in London in a few months thereafter, viz. in 1725, and again in Craig's Collection, 1730. Now, it is a fact well known, that neither William Thomson, nor Adam Craig, published any tunes in their collections, but such as were old, and universally sung in Scotland at the time. *Secondly*, It is a received opinion, that Hay's Bonnie Lassie was a daughter of John Hay, Earl of Tweeddale, afterwards Countess Dowager of Roxburgh; and Burns says, that this lady died at Broomlands, near Kelso, sometime between the years 1720 and 1740. Can we then for a moment suppose, that Ramsay could commit such anachronism as to represent this dowager as a "dear maid, fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora," in 1724? This seems rather improbable. The tune, as well as the verses (if written by Ramsay) must have been known

long before the period of his publishing the Tea-Table Miscellany. This song was afterwards published with the music, in Watt's Musical Miscellany, vol. iv. London 1730.

LXVIII.

THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

THIS Air appears in Oswald's first Collection, published in 1741. The verses in the Museum, with exception of the two first lines which belong to the old song that was rejected by Johnson on the score of delicacy, were written by Mr James Tytler, a very clever but eccentric character, commonly called Balloon Tytler, from the circumstance of being the first person who projected and ascended from Edinburgh in one of these aerial machines.

Tytler was the son of a clergyman in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother of Dr Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. His attainments in almost every department of literature and science were in no small degree eminent. He was not only the principal editor, but likewise the composer of three-fourths of the *second edition* of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. He was engaged, on still more liberal principles, to conduct the *third* edition of that work, and wrote a larger share in the earlier volumes than is ascribed to him in the general preface. But, unfortunately, he embarked in the wild and irrational schemes of the British Convention, and published a hand-bill, written in so inflammatory a style, that a warrant was issued to apprehend him. He, however, escaped to America, and fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the province of Massachusetts. Here he established a newspaper, in connection with a printer, which he continued to his death in 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

LXIX.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

THIS is a very ancient and beautiful little air of one strain. The song, to which the tune was originally united, with the exception of the chorus, is supposed to be lost. The old chorus consists of the following four lines :

O THE broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of the Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were at hame again,
 Milking my daddy's ewes.

This is, in all probability, one of the Scottish tunes that were introduced into England, not long after the union of the crowns in 1603, for there is an ancient black-letter English ballad, "To a pleasant Scotch tune, called the Broom of Cowdenknows," with the following burden,

WITH, O the broom, the bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 Fain would I be in the north country,
 To milk my daddy's ewes.

The first set of verses in the Museum, beginning "How blyth ilk morn was I to see," was copied from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is subscribed with the letters "S. R." which probably were the initials of its author. The second set, beginning "When summer comes, the swains on Tweed," was written by William Crawford, Esq. and first printed in Ramsay's Miscellany.

Mr Gay selected the tune of the Broom of Cowdenknows for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning "The miser thus a shilling sees," acted in 1728. In Mrs Crokatt's Manuscript Music Book, dated 1709, a second strain or part is added to the old air ; but by whom this was done it does not appear. It is a manifest interpolation, and has seldom, if ever, been sung. The estate of Cowdenknows is situated on the east bank of the River Leader, about five miles north-east of Melrose. It presently belongs to Dr John Home, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh. Some of this gentleman's predecessors are probably alluded to in the old ballad, written by a minstrel named Burn, entitled "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." It is inserted in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and concludes thus,

FOR mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth folk kend nae sorrow ;
 With *Homes* that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And *Scotts* that dwelt on Yarrow.

LXX.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

THESE three pretty stanzas in the Museum, beginning *O see that form that faintly gleams!* were written by Miss Ann Keith. The tune, which is a successful imitation of the Gaelic style, is the composition of Mrs Tough.

LXXI.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

THIS is the fine old air to which Thomson adapted Ramsay's song, beginning "When absent from the Nymph I love," in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. In the Museum this song is set to the tune of "O Jean I love thee." —See No 53. The original song is lost, but the old verses could hardly have surpassed those elegant stanzas in the Museum, beginning "Tho' distant far from Jessie's charms," now adapted to the tune, and which, I believe, made their first public appearance in this work. Johnson, the original proprietor, could not recollect who wrote them. The ideas of the last stanzas, however, beginning "For conquering love is strong as death," are evidently borrowed from Scripture.—See *Song of Solomon, chap. viii. v. 6. and 7.*

LXXII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THIS is one of the finest pastoral melodies of Scotland. Mallet wrote the two first stanzas of the song, beginning *The smiling morn, the breathing spring,* and directed them to be sung *To a Scotch tune, The Birks of Endermay.* Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, accordingly adapted them to this tune, which he also calls "the Birks of Endermay." Ramsay inserted Mallet's song in the third volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*; but he took the liberty of altering the last line of Mallet's two stanzas, both of which end with *the shades of Endermay,* into *the birks of Invermay.* Ramsay likewise published three additional stanzas,

written, it is said, by Dr Bryce of Kirknewton, as a supplement to Mallet's song. The first of these stanzas begins *The lav'ricks now and lint-whites sing*; but it is very faulty, particularly with regard to the metre. The two remaining stanzas, beginning *Behold the hills and vales around*, are very beautiful, and worthy of being placed beside those of Mallet. Johnson, therefore, gave them a place in his Museum.

The locality of this song is a subject of some dubiety. The river May, it is known, falls into the Erne nearly opposite to the pleasure-grounds of Lord Kinnoul, at Duplin Castle. The banks of the May are covered with wood, both native and planted, amongst which the *birk*, or birch, holds a conspicuous appearance, and here stands the house of *Invermay*, the residence of the ancient and respectable family of Belches. This, in all probability, is the scenery alluded to in that part of the song which was published by Ramsay. It is also said, that there can be no doubt of the word being *Invermay*, which has a meaning, viz. the conflux of the *May* and the *Erne*. *Endermay* could have none. If the river was *Ender*, the last syllable would signify nothing, which is quite contrary to the practice of Gaelic compounds, and the *Ender* is in the very heart of the Highlands. These facts certainly carry a considerable degree of force and conviction with them.

It must be admitted, however, that Mr William Thomson, the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, who was a professional musician, and played the second hautbois at the concert held at Edinburgh on St Cecilia's day, in 1695, spells the word *Endermay*. Both Mallet and Oswald write it the same way. Now there is a river called the *Ender*, in Blair Athol, Perthshire, which falls into the Garry, at Dalmeen. Without plunging into the depths of Celtic etymology, therefore, we all know that Wyntoun, and other Scottish poets, use the word *May* for a maid or young unmarried lady. Is it im-

McGillivray 1778
 Abercrombie 1784
 B. J. Mackintosh 1784
 Mackintosh 1784

possible, therefore, that there might have been older verses to the same tune, in which the beauties and accomplishments of some fair native of the banks of the Ender were celebrated in the song of the Lowland bard? We have in our days, a *Maid of the Clyde*, a *Lady of the Lake*, Why then, in older times, might there not be a fair one, whose residence was among the birks of the river Ender? The *Ender May*?

LXXIII.

MARY SCOTT.

THIS ancient border-air originally consisted of one simple strain. The second, which, from its skipping from octave to octave, is very ill adapted for singing, appears to have been added about the same year, 1709, and was printed in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, adapted to the song written by Ramsay, beginning "Happy's the love that meets return," consisting of three stanzas of eight lines each, which is very far from being in his best style. I have frequently heard the old song, in my younger days, sung on the banks of the Tweed. It consisted of several stanzas of four lines each; and the constant burden of which was, "Mary Scott's the flow'r o' Yarrow."

This celebrated fair one was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, in the county of Selkirk. The old tower of Dryhope, where Mary Scott was born, was situated near the lower extremity of Mary's lake, where its ruins are still visible. She was married to Walter Scott, the laird of Harden, who was as renowned for his depredations as his wife was for her beauty. By their marriage-contract, Dryhope agrees to keep his daughter for sometime after the marriage, in return for which, Harden binds himself to give Dryhope the profits of the first Michaelmas moon. One of her descendants, Miss Mary Lilius Scott of Harden, equally celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, is the Mary alluded to in Crawford's beautiful song of "Tweedside."—See *Notes on Song*, No 36.

Sir Walter Scott says, that the romantic appellation of the “Flower of Yarrow,” was in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on the Miss Mary Lilius Scott of Crawfurd’s ballad. It may be so, but it must have been confined to a very small circle indeed, for though born in her neighbourhood, I never once heard of such a circumstance, nor can I see any justice whatever in transferring the appellation of the “Flower of Yarrow” to her descendant, who was born on the banks of the Tweed.

The old air of the Flower of Yarrow, as has been said, consisted originally of one strain, to which a second had been annexed, not earlier than the beginning of last century. The same subject was afterwards formed into a reel or dancing tune, to which my late esteemed friend, Hector M’Niel, Esq. wrote a very pretty song, beginning “Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I’m gaun to leave you.” But, in the first number of Mr Gow’s Repository, which was published a few years ago, this tune is called “Carrick’s Rant,” a strathspey; and the compiler of this Collection asserts, that “the old Scotch song (he must certainly mean the air) of Mary Scott, is taken from this tune.” The converse of this supposition is the fact; for Carrick’s Rant is nothing else than *Clurie’s Reel*, printed in Angus Cumming’s Collection. But the tune of Mary Scott was known at least a century before either Clurie’s Reel, or Carrick’s Rant, were even heard of.

LXXIV.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

MR BURNS says, “I have been informed, that the tune of *Down the burn Davie*, was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddell in Tweeddale.” RELIQUES. But he was probably misinformed; for the tune occurs note for note in the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1725. The verses beginning *When trees did bud, and fields were green*, are also in the Orpheus Caledonius. They were written by Crawfurd, but not in his usual elegant and chaste manner.

Burns wrote the three following verses, which unite very happily with the air.

I.

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks, how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings ;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherd's as to kings.

II.

Let skilful minstrels sweep the string,
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw ;
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn,
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn.

III.

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
In homely phrase will woo ;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast of thine ;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

Burns, in writing this song, had a very elegant model before him, though in a different sort of stanza. It was the following.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD,

Written by JAMES THOMSON, *Esq. Author of the Seasons.*

If those, who live in shepherd's bow'rs,
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new mown hay and breathing flow'rs,
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste by wanton art ;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those, who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast,
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those, who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

LXXV.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

THIS air was composed by Mr James Oswald, and published in the first volume of his *Pocket Companion*, 1741. The verses in the *Museum*, beginning *Ye Sylvan powers that rule the plains*, are selected from a song by an anonymous author, printed in Herd's Collection, consisting of six stanzas of eight lines, of which only the first, fourth, fifth, and sixth, are copied into the *Museum*, the entire song having been deemed too long for insertion. In the same Collection, we likewise meet with the following stanzas. They appear to have been the original words to which the air had been adapted, but I have not yet learnt who wrote them.

BANKS OF FORTH.

I.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows,
 The trees retain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And *Forth* in dimples glides along.

II.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing
 Those pleasures wait, on waiting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

It will probably occur to the reader, that there is a striking similarity between the two stanzas last quoted, and those writ-

ten by Mallet to the tune of “The Birks of Invermay,” beginning “The smiling morn, the breathing spring.” But both of these poets are evidently indebted to an inspired author for the principal imagery of their songs. “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”—CANT. ii. ver. 10—13.

LXXVI.

SAW YE MY FATHER.

THIS simple and pathetic melody is not to be found in any very early musical publication; and even the verses, so far as I have been able to discover, do not appear in any collection prior to that of Herd. It is a certain fact, however, that the song has been a great favourite in Scotland for a long time past. An English version of the ballad, with the music, appears in the second edition of Horsfield's *Songster's Companion*, 8vo. London, 1772; and also in Dale's *Collection of Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. The copy in the Museum is taken verbatim from Herd's edition. We have another version in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. In a note prefixed to which, he says, that Pinkerton published the spurious verses, beginning, *Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother*, six-and-twenty years ago, (viz. in 1784), and that though he pronounced even them to constitute an excellent song of superlative beauty, yet from that time to the present (1810) no exertions have been made to recover the original glowing verses now presented to the reader.

1.

I'LL clip, quo' she, yere lang grey wing,

An' pouk yere rosie kame,

If ye daur tak' the gay morn star

For the morning's ruddie leam!

But if ye craw na till the day,

I'll make your bauk o' silk,

And ye shall pickle the red cherries,

And drink the reeking milk!

F

II.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
 An' craw whan it is day ;
 An' I'll make ye a kame o' the beaten gowd,
 An' yere wings o' the siller gray !
 But fause, fause proved the bonnie grey cock,
 An hour owre soon crew he ;
 He clappit his wings owre the auld guid wife,
 And an angry wife raise she.

III.

Wha's that, quo' she, at our door latch ?
 Is it some limmer loon ?
 Na, mither, it is the pawky tod
 That howls again' the moon.
 What step is that by our ha' en',
 Which treads sae light o' spauld ?
 O, mither, it is the herd laddie
 Gaun by to look the fauld !

Cromek tells us, that the above verses were communicated by Mr Allan Cunningham, and that he had them from his father, whose memory was richly fraught with old songs and notices regarding them. Any person in the least conversant with Scottish song, must at once see that Pinkerton might justly have retorted the charge on Cromek ; for if Cunningham's song be not his own composition, it is at least a modern, and a very silly fabrication by another. But why attack Pinkerton, and leave David Herd and Horsfield out of the question, both of whom had published the song long before 1748. 1784

LXXVII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THE air of this song is old ; a bad set of it occurs in Oswald's first Collection, 1740 ; but he seems to have forgot that the tune had been used as a reel as well as a song, in Scotland, time out of memory. Some fragments of the ancient song are still preserved. It begins,

WE'RE a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
 The parson kist the fiddler's wife,
 And cou'dna preach for thinking o't.
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 A feather-bed is nae sae soft,
 As a bed amang the rashes, O.

The remaining lines are quite unfit for insertion, but the song seems to have been one of those burlesque and sly satires on the real or supposed profligacy of the priests prior to the reformation. The tune, however, appears to have been also known by the title of "Cow thou me the Rashes green," quoted in the Complaint of Scotland, in 1549. The verses in the Museum were written by Burns, and, if I rightly remember, it was the first song which he contributed to that work.

LXXVIII.

LOCH EROCH SIDE.

THERE are two songs in the Museum adapted to this tune. The first beginning *As I came by Loch Eroch Side*, was written, I believe, by *Balloon* Tytler. The other, beginning *Young Peggy blooms, our bonniest Lass*, by Burns. Both songs are adapted to the well known modern strathspey, called "Loch Eroch Side;" the subject of which, however, was taken from the air of an old Scottish song and dancing tune, called, *Im o'er young to marry yet*. The words of this humorous old song are well known, but they possess more wit than delicacy. Loch Erocht, or Ericht, is the name of a lake in Perthshire, the largest in the county except Loch Tay.

LXXIX.

THE BONNY GREY-E'YD MORN.

THE editor of the "Musical Biography," (2 vols. London, 1814,) says, that Jeremiah Clark, organist of St Paul's, composed, for Dufey's comedy of the Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters, that sweet ballad air, "The bonny grey-ey'd Morn," which is introduced into the Beggar's Opera, and sung to the words, *'Tis woman that seduces all mankind*. This information does not appear to be well authenticated. The "Fond Husband" was acted at Drury-Lane, 1676, with great applause, and was honoured with the presence of King Charles II. three out of its first five nights. Now, if Mr Clark composed the music, we may at least suppose him at

this time to be twenty years old, or that he was born in 1656. But Clark, we all know, was a pupil of Dr Blow, and Dr Blow was only appointed master of the children of the Chapel-royal in 1674. And it was in this seminary, and under this master, that Clark received his musical education. Dr Burney acquaints us, that Clark having conceived a violent but hopeless passion for a young lady, of rank far superior to his own, his sufferings became so intolerable, that he terminated his existence by suicide, at his own lodgings in St Paul's Church-Yard, in July 1707. This rash act certainly looks more like that of a young man than of one who, according to the former supposition, must then have been at least fifty-one years old. There are several of Clark's songs in the "Pills," but none of them have the least resemblance to this fine air; and Oswald, in his Collection of Scottish Tunes, calls it, by way of distinction, "The old grey-ey'd Morning."

The tune of the "Bonny grey-ey'd Morn," with two indelicate stanzas, was printed in the first volume of Playford's Wit and Mirth, in 1698. In Durfey's subsequent edition of that work, in 1719, they are omitted in that volume. The song in the Museum was introduced by Ramsay as one of the songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

LXXX.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS charming pastoral melody is ancient. It was formerly called, "The bonny Bush aboon Traquhair." It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, adapted to the same beautiful stanzas that are inserted in the Museum, beginning *Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain*, written by William Crawford, Esq. author of Tweedside, &c; but the old song, it is believed, is lost. Mr Thomas Walker selected *The bonny Bush*, for a tune to one of his songs, beginning "My dearest Johnny, ease my pain," in "The Quaker's Opera," acted at Lee and Harper's booth, Bartholomew Fair, in 1728. Mr Walker, it is believed, was induced to bring out this ballad-opera, from the great applause he received in per-

forming the part of Captain Macheath in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, in which are also a number of Scottish tunes.

Traquair is a parish in the county of Peebles, lying on the south side of the Tweed, and watered by the rivulet Quair. In this parish stands the old mansion of Traquair, the residence of the Earl of that name, delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed. On the side of a hill overlooking the lawn is the old "Bush aboon Traquair," still pointed out by a few solitary ragged trees, in former ages the peaceful resort of innocence and love. Adjacent to this spot, his Lordship has planted a clump of trees, to which he has given the name of "The new Bush."

LXXXI.

ETTRICK BANKS.

THIS is another of those delightful old pastoral melodies, which has been a favourite during many generations. It is inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, with the same elegant stanzas that appear in the *Museum*, beginning *On Ettrick banks, ae summer's night*. Ramsay has left no key to discover the author of the song: it does not appear, however, to be his; and indeed it is not claimed by his biographer as his composition. In the *Museum*, the fourth line of stanza first, in place of "Came wading barefoot a' her lane," was changed into "While wandering through the mist her lane;" but I do not consider it any improvement on the elegant simplicity of the original. In other respects the verses are correct. From some short hints scattered through the ballad, such as, *When ye come to the brig of ERNE—Soon as the sun goes round the LOCH—When ye sit down to spin, I'll screw my PIPES*; we may conjecture, that the lover of this Ettrick nymph resided on the banks of Loch Erne, in Perthshire.

The Ettrick, of such poetical celebrity, is a river in Selkirkshire; it rises in the parish of the same name, and after a winding course of 30 miles in a N. E. direction, during

which it receives the Yarrow near Philiphaugh, falls into the Tweed three miles above Melrose.

LXXXII.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

THIS beautiful melody is ancient, but of the old song only a fragment remains, ending with "My dearie, an thou die." Crawford, however, has amply repaired the loss in his elegant song beginning, "Love never more shall give me pain," first printed in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724; and again, in 1725, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the music; but the editor of this latter work has taken some liberties with the old tune, which have rather disfigured than improved it.

The following is the genuine air, from an old manuscript in the editor's possession:

MY DEARIE, AN THOU DIE!

An ancient Scottish Melody.



LXXXIII.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

"THIS," says Mr Ritson, in his historical essay on Scottish song, page 60, "is an *English* song of great merit, and has been scotified by the Scots themselves. The modern air, a fine composition, probably by Oswald, is very different from that in the Pills." The air was composed long before Oswald was born, for a copy of it, in square-shaped notes, is inserted in an old MSS. virginal book in the possession of the editor. The tune is here entitled, "Shoe roasse and leit me in." The same tune also appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. But could any person in his sound senses affirm, that such lines as the following, in Playford's edition of the song, printed in his fourth volume of "*Choice Ayres and Songs*,"

with the music, in 1683, were not only English, but English of great merit too ?

BUT, oh ! at last she proved with bern,
 And sighing sat and dull ;
 And I, that was as much concern'd,
 Lookt then just like a fool !

The truth is, that the song was originally written by Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, about the year 1650. He was a grandson of Sir James Semple of Beltrees, the ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of James the Sixth. A manuscript copy of Francis Semple's Poetical Works was, very lately, and, if living, may still be, in the hands of one of his descendants, Mrs Campbell of Paisley. Burns says, "The old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this," meaning that in the Museum ; "but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.—*Reliques*." No, no, it was not Ramsay. The song still remains in his Tea-Table Miscellany and the Orpheus Caledonius, and even in Herd's Collection, in its primitive state of indelicacy. The verses in the Museum were retouched by an able and masterly hand, who has thus presented us with a song at once chaste and elegant, in which all the energetic force and beauty of the original are preserved, without a single idea to crimson the cheek of modesty, or to cause one pang to the innocent and feeling heart. I have no hesitation to assert, that if Burns had lived to reconsider the subject, or to superintend the publication of his observations on this song before they were committed to the public, they would have been widely different from those which have appeared in the *Reliques*.

LXXXIV.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

THIS song is enumerated in the list of those pastoral lyrics selected by Mr Ritson, which that gentleman not only considered to be genuine, but even peculiar to North Britain. These specimens, he was of opinion, were "the production of

obscure or anonymous authors—of shepherds and milkmaids, who actually felt the sensation they describe—of those, in short, who were destitute of all the advantages of science and education, and perhaps incapable of committing the pure inspirations of nature to writing; and, in this point of view, it is believed, that the English have nothing equal in merit, nor, in fact, any thing of the kind.”—*Essay on Scottish Song*, page 79 and 80. Though Mr Ritson certainly displays a great deal of good nature, and is even more complimentary to the Scots here than in any other part of his work, yet he never seems to sit right in his saddle. He is either tumbling upon the neck, or sliding over the crupper. That the English have many pastoral songs exquisitely beautiful, no person of candour can possibly deny. Even his own Collection of English Songs affords the clearest evidence of the fact. If these, however, were written by people of fine taste and education in England, so were many of those charming lyrics in Scotland. From the instances already given, and still to be produced, it has been shewn, that a considerable proportion of the favourite songs of Scotland, in place of being the composition of shepherds and milkmaids, were written by persons of both sexes, [no less eminent for their talents than their rank in society. With regard to the composers of the melodies peculiar to North and South Britain, that is indeed a very distinct question, and a subject which is foreign to the present department of this work. But it may be remarked, in passing, that the beautiful melody of “Sweet Annie frae the Sea-beach came,” is one of the most unfortunate specimens that Mr Ritson could have stumbled upon as the production of some simple Scottish shepherd or uneducated milkmaid. It is in fact a modern composition, and one, likewise, in which more artificial modulation is displayed, than is compatible either with the knowledge of a shepherd or the simplicity of his pipe. Nay, so far at least as concerns the melody, it is not a Scottish song at all. It was composed by that eminent musician, Maurice Greene, mus. doct. son of

the Reverend Thomas Greene, vicar of St Olave, Jewry, London. Dr Greene gave permission to Henry Robarts to put it in his “Calliope, or English Harmony;” and it was accordingly published in the first volume of that work, with the name of its composer, page 200, printed in 1739. The words of the song, it is said, were written by Dr John Hoadley, son of Bishop Hoadley. The melody was afterwards inserted by Mr Oswald in the sixth volume of his Pocket Companion in 1742, and this circumstance induced subsequent editors to consider it a genuine Scottish song. It is a most beautiful imitation, however, and is deservedly a great favourite on both sides of the Tweed.

LXXXV.

THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

THIS song is a genuine and beautiful relique of the pastoral muse of our ancestors. It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, along with its fine melody, in 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany it is marked as an old song, with additions; but on comparing it with that inserted by Bishop Percy in his Ancient Ballads, who gave it a place in his Collection, as he informs us, on account of its great antiquity and simplicity of sentiment, *these* additions are not even discernible. We can only discover a slight difference in the orthography of the two copies, such as Ramsay's substituting the letter *y* in place of *z*; curtailing such letters as appeared to be redundant in the old mode of spelling, and by such means giving the ballad a more easy and modern shape. Burns remarks, that he is uncertain whether this old and charming air is a native of the north or south of Scotland, but that the ballad of “Lord Gordon and his three Daughters,” apparently as old as the Ewe-bughts Marion, and which sings to the same tune, is evidently of the north.—*Reliques*. It is a matter of very little consequence, to be sure, whether the air be a native of the north or south of Scotland. The tune, however, has been familiar in the Lowlands for ages, whilst, up to the present moment, it is to be found in no Gaelic mu-

sical publication whatever. The family of Gordon, it must also be observed, originally belonged to the south, and both the title of Duke and Marquis of that noble family, though now transferred to their possessions in the north, are derived from their ancient domains in the parish of Gordon in Berwickshire.

LXXXVI.

LEWIS GORDON.

THE author of this modern Jacobite song was the Rev. Alexander Geddes, D. D. formerly a Catholic priest at Shenval, but afterwards better known as the projector of a new translation of the Bible, with annotations. Part of this learned and elaborate work was published; but Dr Geddes died before it was completed, and it still remains in an unfinished state.

The air of Lewis Gordon is evidently borrowed from the old tune of "Tarry Woo," already noticed. Indeed Burns assures us, that he had in his possession one of the earliest copies of the song, which had prefixed to it "Tune of *Tarry Woo*;" and Ritson also takes notice of the same circumstance. "The lad I darna name," *who wore a star*, was the "Chevalier;" and the Lewis Gordon, who is likewise alluded to in the song, was a younger brother of the then Duke of that name. He commanded a detachment for the Chevalier in 1715; and historians allow that he acquitted himself with great judgment and gallantry. He died in France in 1754.

LXXXVII.

THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD.

THIS tune is very ancient, and some stanzas of the old song are still occasionally sung. It begins,

O WILL ye speak at our town
As ye come frae the fauld, &c.

But it is to be regretted, that the delicacy of this ancient fragment, like many others, is not equal to its wit and humour. The verses in the Museum, beginning *My Peggy is a young thing*, were written by Ramsay, and published

with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. It is one of Patie's songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

LXXXVIII.

MY NANNIE, O.

THIS fine old air, with the verses in the Museum, beginning, *While some for pleasure pawn their health*, written by Ramsay, appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Burns wrote a beautiful song to this tune, which is inserted in the last volume of the Museum, song 581, where it is adapted to a different air; but as the verses were expressly composed for the air of "My Nannie, O," and evidently unite more happily with it than any other melody to which it can possibly be adapted; and as Burns subsequently gave his original song a few masterly touches, which have considerably heightened its effect, we presume it will neither be deemed ill-timed nor improper to give it a place in the present part of the work.

MY NANNIE, O.

By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

BEHIND yon hills where LUGAR * flows,
Mang moors and mosses many, O;
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O,
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

II.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
And spotless as she's bonny, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

* The Lugar is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the River Ayr, at Barskimming,

III.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be ?
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

IV.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O,
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

LXXXIX.

OH ONO CHRIO.*

DR BLACKLOCK informed Burns, that this song, which is adapted to a wild and plaintive Gaelic air, in the Museum, but quite different from that which appears in Oswald's Collection, was composed on the horrid massacre at Glencoe, in 1691, when thirty-eight innocent and unsuspecting persons, including the chief of the clan, were inhumanly butchered in their beds by a military party under Campbell of Glenlyon. Neither age, youth, nor sex, were spared in the dreadful carnage, and many who escaped immediate death, afterwards perished in the mountains from the inclemency of the weather, hunger, and fatigue. For a particular account of this atrocious butchery, which will remain an eternal stain on the reign and memory, and on the ministers of King William III. see Smollet and other historians.

Glencoe is a vale in Argyleshire, near the head of Loch

* There is some diversity of opinion with regard to the meaning of the burden of this lament. Some consider it to be a corruption of the Gaelic words "*O hunc a ric*," signifying, *alas, my prince or chief*. Others again suppose it to be a vitiated pronunciation of "*Ochoin och ric*," a Gaelic exclamation, generally expressive of deep sorrow and affliction, similar to that of *Oh! my heart!* This, indeed, seems to be the proper interpretation.

Etive, and famous for being the birth-place of Ossian, as appears from several passages in the poems of that ancient bard and celebrated warrior.

XC.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

IN his Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 274, Sibbald states it as his opinion, that one of Wedderburn's godly ballads, first printed about the year 1549, and again by Robert Smyth at Edinburgh, 1599, was sung to this old tune. It begins,

My lufe murnis for me, for me,
 My lufe that murnis for me ;
 I'm not kinde, hes not in minde,
 My lufe that murnis for me.
 &c. &c. &c.

He likewise observes, that there is some appearance that the hint had been taken from

He's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting for me.

This fine old ballad, beginning *My daddy is a canker'd carle*, does not appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany. David Herd rescued it from the stalls, and gave it a place in his Collection. Oswald has inserted a wretched copy of the melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of *My Love's in the Broom*. In the Museum there is a genuine copy both of the words and air.

XCI.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THIS beautiful air is unquestionably very old. Sibbald was also of opinion, that another of Wedderburn's spiritual ballads, in 1549, beginning,

AH ! my love ! leif me not,
 Lief me not, lief me not,
 Ah ! my love ! leif me not,
 Thus mine alone.

 &c. &c. &c.

was sung to the original air of "I'll never leave thee," the music of which is probably a little corrupted. This opinion appears to be correct, for this identical tune is mentioned in Geddes' "Saint's Recreation," written in 1673, as ap-

pears from the approbations of the Rev. William Raitt, and the Rev. William Colvill, Primar of the College of Edinburgh, both of which are dated in August, 1673. This work was afterwards printed in 1683. Several of Geddes's pious songs are directed to be sung to popular tunes, and he vindicates the practice in the following words: "I have the precedent of some of the most pious, grave, and zealous divines in the kingdom, who to very good purpose have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, *The bonny broom—I'll never leave thee—We'll all go pull the hadder*, and such like, without any challenge or disparagement."

The chorus of the old popular song runs,

LEAVE thee, leave thee, lad,
I'll never leave thee.
Gang a' the world as it will,
I'll never leave thee.

Ramsay wrote a poetical dialogue between Johnny and Nelly, beginning, "Tho' for seven years and mair," to this tune, in which he has introduced nearly the whole of the old chorus or burden. Watts printed this dialogue, with the tune, in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv. London, 1730. The song in the *Museum*, beginning "One day I heard Mary say," was written by Crawford. It was printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. Burns did not think it one of Crawford's happiest compositions: "What an absurdity," says he, "to join such names as *Adonis* and *Mary* together." *Reliques*. This is surely a very venial fault. It is like the discovery of a mote flickering in a sunbeam.

XCII.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

THE title of this song should have been, *Beneath a green Shade*, written by Thomas Blacklock, D. D. to the tune of *The Braes of Ballenden*; for Dr B's song has no relation to the Braes of Ballenden whatever. The composition of this fine air has been attributed to Oswald, but upon what authority I am at a loss to discover. The editor of Albyn's

Anthology, in the introduction to that work, asserts that Oswald was the composer in the following terms: "In the year 1759, James Oswald, one of our most successful musical adventurers in London, published his Caledonian Pocket Companion, in twelve thin octavo volumes, (usually bound up in two) in which he appears in the double capacity of author and editor; he is among the very few to whom we can trace the authenticity of our national melodies. Had he composed nothing else but The Braes of Ballenden, and the air to Lovely Nymph, introduced in the burletta of *Midas*, his name would live as long as a relish existed for genuine Scottish melody; but he composed several other pretty enough pieces of vocal and instrumental music, which do him equal credit; and, in truth, his country may proudly class him with King James the First, the Earl of Kelly, and a few more, whose works remain as never-fading testimonies of their brilliant talents, and love of the muse."

Without entering into any comparison between such an accomplished prince as James I. of Scotland, and James Oswald the musician, it may be remarked, that Oswald published his Pocket Companion in periodical numbers, which he calls volumes, each consisting of from 32 to 36 pages; six of these in two parts, called his First and Second Collection, price ten shillings, were advertised in the *Scots Magazine* for November 1742. In the fifth number, appears the tune of "The Braes of Ballandine," but he makes no claim to it by the asterism, which in the Index is annexed to his own compositions, neither is it ascribed to him in the Collection of M'Gibbon. The air, "Lovely Nymph," is generally attributed to the celebrated J. J. Rousseau, as well as that of "Pray Goody, please to moderate," another song in the musical burletta of *Midas*, written by Mr Kane O'Hara, and acted at Covent Garden in 1764. Oswald composed a very pretty tune, called, "Lovely Nancy," in compliment, no doubt, to some "lovely nymph," but it is quite a different air from that in *Midas*.

XCIII.

CORN RIGS.

THIS tune is of considerable antiquity. The verses in the Museum, beginning *My Patie is a Lover gay*, were written by Ramsay as a song for Patie in the Gentle Shepherd. There was a much older Scottish song, however, than that of Ramsay, adapted to this tune, of which the following lines are the chorus.

O CORN rigs and rye rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie,
And gin ye meet a bonnie lass,
Prin up her cockernony.

The tune appears in Craig's Collection, in 1730. Craig was a very old man when he published his Collection, for he was one of the principal violin-players at the Edinburgh concert in 1695.

The Grub-street gentry, in derision of the Scots, clothed this fine old tune in a garb of their own peculiar manufacture. The following sample, taken from their pattern-book, "Mirth and Wit," vol i. p. 133, London 1698, may serve as a specimen.

A SONG.

SAWNEY was tall and of noble race,
And lov'd me better than any eane;
But now he ligs by another lass,
And *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen.
I gave him fine Scotch sark and band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand;
I gave him house, I gave him land;
Yet *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen.

Mr Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in his musical opera of "Polly," beginning "Should I not be bold when honour calls," printed, but not acted, in 1729.

XCIV.

MY APRON, DEARIE.

THE title of the song, in the Museum, ought to have been "My Sheep I've forsaken," written by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. to the tune of "My apron, Dearie." This is a

very elegant pastoral song, and reflects much honour on the poetical taste of the worthy composer.

The old words and music are preserved in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Another edition of the song, with considerable alterations, perhaps improvements, may be seen in Yair's Collection, vol ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1751, which Herd has exactly copied into his later Collection in 1776. But the old song, even with all the improvements it has received, would not be quite palatable to the taste of the present age of refinement. It is on that account omitted in this work.

In a late publication of Gaelic Melodies, (see Fraser's Gaelic Airs, Edinburgh 1816,) a different set of this air makes its appearance in two florid strains, evidently modern, under the title of *N't aparan goirid*, or, "The short Apron;" and the editor hazards an opinion, that the Lowlanders are indebted to his country for the original melody. That the former were capable of composing the most exquisite pastorals that have ever been produced in any age or clime, will not surely be called in question. Moreover, the tune of "My apron, dearie," appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, where it is preserved in its primitive state, consisting of *one simple strain*, of sixteen bars in treble time. Craig also published this melody in his Collection of "Scots Tunes," published at Edinburgh in 1730, where it first appears, with a second part, added by himself; but it is only a slight variation of the subject of the original strain. This venerable musician assures us, in his dedication to the lords and gentlemen of the Musical Society of Mary's Chapel, with whom he had then been acquainted upwards of forty years, that the tunes in his Collection, are the native and genuine product of the country. It will, therefore, require better evidence than a vague assertion made in 1816, to convince us, that this melody was originally imported from the Highlands. A learned and ingenious correspondent has favoured me with the following remarks on the tune of "My apron dearie." "The internal

evidence," he says, "appears to me strong for its being a native of the south. I never heard an air more completely of that sweetly pastoral kind, that belongs to the shepherds of Ettrick and Yarrow. If it was originally of *Sir G. Elliott's* country, it would naturally account for his writing better words to an air, which, it is probable, he admired from his infancy." To these observations, I shall only add, that a very slight comparison of the tune, as it stands in the Orpheus Caledonius in one simple and elegant strain, with that in Fraser's book of two parts, both of which are represented with *diminuendos, crescendos, expressivos, pauses, swells, shakes, &c. &c.* will at once satisfy every person of common sense and integrity, both with regard to the country and to the priority of the two melodies.

XCV.

LOCHABER.

THIS fine old melody, as well as Ramsay's song, beginning *Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean*, both appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. From the import of the song, it would seem that Ramsay had composed it in compliment to some young military friend, probably a native of Lochaber, then about to leave his country and his Jean to join the British forces on the continent, under John Duke of Marlborough, whose glorious, though bloody campaigns, will long be remembered. This is another of Craig's genuine Scottish melodies, but the old original song is perhaps lost.

In almost every recent copy of the tune called Lochaber, a flat seventh is introduced in the middle of the second strain; but it is neither to be found in the old set of the air in the Orpheus Caledonius, nor in Craig's Collection. Here we have one proof, that although the old melodies have generally been pretty closely adhered to, they have, in some cases, been retouched by modern artists. Some of these alterations, like that just alluded to, are manifest improvements, but in many other instances, they are the very reverse, as the pastoral simplicity of the tune, by injudicious alterations, is frequently

destroyed. In the Museum, the note E, answering to the verb *bore* in the second strain of *Lochaber*, ought to be flat. It had been overlooked by Mr Clark when revising the proof sheets; but it is easily corrected with a pen.

XCVI.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THIS old air was formerly called "My father's a delver of dykes;" from a curious old song, preserved in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, a copy of which is annexed.

I.

My daddie's a delver of dykes,
 My minnie can card and spin,
 And I'm a bonnie young lass,
 And the siller comes linken in;
 The siller comes linken in,
 And it is fu' fair to see;
 And its wow-wow-wow,
 What ails the lads at me?

II.

Whenever our bawtie does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture in;
 But ne'er a ane comes in,
 Though mony a ane gaes by;
 Syne ben the house I rin,
 And a wearie wight am I.

III.

I had ane auld wife to my grannie,
 And wow gin she kept me lang,
 But now the carlin's dead,
 And I'll do what I can,
 And I'll do what I can,
 Wi' my twenty pounds and my cow,
 But wow, its ane unco thing,
 That naebody comes to woo.

Ramsay wrote an introductory stanza to this old song, beginning *'Tis I have seven braw new gowns*; and in place of the last stanza, which he suppressed, he added two of his own, beginning *When I was at my first prayers*. The song, thus altered, he entitled, "Slighted Nancy," to the tune of *The kirk wad let me be*. The editor of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, however, adhered to the words and tune of the old song,

and very properly rejected Ramsay's verses, of which the two last are certainly objectionable.

About the year 1700, a certain lady of high rank and fashion fell in love with a fine young man of an inferior station in life, he being one of her father's tenants. She married him, however, in direct opposition to the will of her family, and this circumstance gave occasion to the humorous but vulgar ballad of "The mucking o' Geordie's byre." It begins

THE mucking o' Geordie's byre,
 And shoollin the gruip sae clean,
 Has gard me weet my cheeks,
 And greet with baith my een.
 It was not my father's will,
 Nor yet my mither's desire,
 That e'er I should file my fingers
 Wi' mucking o' Geordie's byre.

A contemporary bard, however, took up the cudgels for Geordie in a very spirited manner. His ballad concludes thus:

THE lads that gae courting the lasses
 Had need to be canny and slee,
 Or else they'll be guided like asses,
 Gin they be as silly as me.
 I courted a lassie for siller,
 And she was baith saucy and spree,
 But when I was buckled until her,
 The devil ae bodle had she.

This beautiful air, when played slow, is very plaintive, but the songs to which it has hitherto been united are all of a very humorous cast. The tune appears in Mrs Crockat's book, in 1709, under the title of "*The three good fellows*," which must have been the name of another old and now forgotten song, to the same melody. The verses to which it is adapted in the Museum, beginning "As I went over yon meadow," were written by Mr James Tytler, with the exception of two lines, taken from the old chorus.

XCVII.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is as rich a vein of lively and innocent humour in this pretty little ballad as in any to be found in the whole

compass of the Museum. It begins *Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire*. It was picked up and published by Herd, but the author is still anonymous. Some stanzas also, to the same tune, were written by Miss Janet Graham of Dumfries, a maiden lady, who lived to a considerable age, although much afflicted with an asthmatic complaint, to which she ultimately fell a victim. Being naturally of a cheerful disposition, she often attempted to beguile her sufferings by composing Scottish songs and poems of humour. As Miss Graham's song is highly spoken of by Burns, it is annexed. It was originally published in Herd's Collection, under the title of *The Wayward Wife*, but rather in an imperfect state, two lines of the second stanza being wholly omitted.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

I.

ALAS, my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have got a wife to please.

*Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.*

II.

Your ain experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trode,
Which gars you sing along the road.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

III.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning wheel,
She'll drive at you, my bonny chiel,
And send you headlang to the de'il,

Sae bide you yet, &c.

IV.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she,
Like you, I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.

Sae bide you yet, &c.



V.

Great Hercules, and Samson, too,
Were stronger men than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

VI.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls;
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

XCVIII.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

THESE three humorous stanzas, beginning *I married with a scolding wife the fourteenth of November*, were written by Burns. They are adapted to the well-known air of *Maggie Lauder*. For an account of this tune, see Notes on Song No 544. *If by Burns it was written, it is a very good one.*

XCIX.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

THIS air appears in Skene's MSS. under the title of "Adew Dundee." It is therefore certain that the song was a well-known favourite in Scotland long before the year 1598. The old song, which is certainly none of the most delicate, was travestied by the Grub-street junto, who, as usual, made it ten times worse. Those who have any curiosity to see their pitiful production, will find it in "Wit and Mirth," vol. iii. first edition, 1703, under the title of *Jockey's escape from Dundee*. It begins,

WHERE got'st thou that *haver-mill* bonack?
Blind booby, can'st thou not see?
I've got it out of a Scotchman's wallet,
As he lig lousing himself under a tree!

This elegant travestie thus concludes.

WITH sword ready drawn, they rode to the gate,
Where being denied an entrance thro',
The master and man, they fought at that rate,
That some ran away, and others they slew.
Thus *Jocky*, the laird, and *Sawney*, the man,
They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can;
In spite of the loons, they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

The song in the Museum, with the exception of the first four lines, beginning *O where did you get that haver-meal bannock*, which formed part of the first stanza of the old ballad, was wholly written by Burns. The last verse is uncommonly pretty.

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessings upon thy bonny e'e bree,
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie ;
 Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear,
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear !

Burns sent a copy of the first draught of his improved version to his friend Mr Cleghorn, with the following laconic epistle :

“ Dear Cleghorn, you will see by the above that I have added a stanza to ‘ Bonny Dundee.’ If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

UPON a ten string'd instrument,
 And on a psaltery.

R. B.

“ To Mr Cleghorn, farmer. God bless the trade.”

Mr Gay selected “ Bonnie Dundee ” as a tune for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning “ The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,” acted at London in 1728. But it was known in England long before that time, as it is printed in Playford's Dancing Master, in the year 1657.

C.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

THIS song, beginning *Down the burn, and through the mead*, is an Anglo-Scottish production of considerable merit. It was first introduced and sung by Miss Cately, as a “ Favourite new Scotch song,” in the opera of *Love in a Village*, and was received with great applause. This opera, by Mr Bickerstaffe, was first acted at Covent Garden, London, in 1762. The last line of every stanza of *Johnny and Mary* tells us, that *Mary wiped her bonny mow*. This has always been considered very faulty and disagreeable, more especially

as it is repeated no less than four times in singing the song. It reminds one of Solomon's observation on a certain character, that "She eateth and wipeth her mouth, and saith I have done no wickedness." If the composer had only substituted a better line in place of this, the song would have been much improved, and nearly faultless. Miss Cately, it would seem, had introduced *Johnny and Mary* as an *extra* song in *Love in a Village*; for it is not to be found in the list of those songs which Bickerstaffe originally selected for this opera.

END OF PART FIRST.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART I.

I.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE authority for ascribing this song to MR MACVICAR is Burns's MS. note, in his interleaved copy of the Museum, which states that he had the information from Dr Blacklock. (Cromek's Reliques of Burns, p. 195.) But no particulars respecting Macvicar have been discovered. The song was first published, accompanied with the music, in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine for April 1758. It next occurs in a collection, of which only one volume appeared, under the title of "The Lark: being a Select Collection of the most celebrated and newest Songs, Scots and English. Vol. I. Edinburgh, printed for W. Gordon, bookseller in the Parliament Close, 1765." 12mo.

II.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

THERE is no kind of evidence for attributing a single Scotch melody to David Rizzio. Thomson, indeed, in his Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, ascribed to "David Rezzio" this and six other old tunes; but, in republishing that work in 1733, the name was withdrawn. Other tunes under the name of "Rizo," by Oswald, were subsequently published. These were his own compositions; as a friend of his, in 1741, on his leaving Edinburgh, says,

When wilt thou teach our soft Æidian fair,
To languish at a false Sicilian air;

Or when some tender tune compose again,
And cheat the town wi' David Rizo's name?

See also the Chronological List, annexed to the Preface of this work.

In asserting this to be an old tune, Mr Stenhouse was correct; for we find "An thou wer myn oun thing," in a MS. Lute-book, written at Aberdeen by Robert Gordon of Straloch, in the year 1627.

IV.

BESS THE GAWKIE.

THE author of this song, the Rev. JAMES MUIRHEAD, descended from an ancient family, was the son of — Muirhead of Logan, and born in the year 1740; or, according to the author of the Literary History of Galloway, in 1742. He was educated at the College of Edinburgh; was licensed to preach in 1769; and ordained Minister of Urr in the year 1770. In 1794, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the honorary degree of D.D.; and at a more advanced period of life (in 1806), the celebrated linguist Dr Alexander Murray was appointed his assistant and successor. In 1795, at the controverted election for the Dumfries boroughs, Dr Muirhead fell under the lash of Burns, who then printed, for private distribution, several ballads in the shape of broadsides, which gained him less credit for wit than for ill-nature. Dr Muirhead replied in some virulent lines, which reflect no credit upon their author. See Chambers's Lives, vol. i. p. 440; and Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. i. p. 310. Allan Cunningham, both in his "Songs of Scotland," and in his edition of Burns, calls him by mistake William; and Murray says he died in 1806. His death is thus recorded in the Scots Magazine (vol. lxx. p. 479), "1808, May 16, At Spottes-hall, Dumfries-shire, the Rev. Dr James Muirhead, of Logan, Minister of the Gospel at Urr, in the 68th year of his age, and 38th of his Ministry."

V.

LORD GREGORY.

“ O, OPEN the door, love Gregory,
 O open, and let me in—
 The wind blows through my yellow hair,
 And the dew draps o'er my chin.

“ This is much better than ‘ *the rain rains on my scarlet robes,*’ and is as generally sung by the people of Galloway and Dumfries-shire.”—(C. K. S.)

VI.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

“ FERDINANDO TENDUCCI.—This was, as far as I know, the only very celebrated Italian singer who ever visited Scotland. His arrival is thus announced in “ The Edinburgh Evening Courant, Monday, May 16, 1758.” “ Last night, arrived here from Ireland, Mr Tenducci, the celebrated singer.” Along with him he brought his wife, whom he had married in Ireland; she also sang in public—but with a very indifferent voice, as I have been told by those who heard it; her extraordinary Platonic passion ended in an elopement with a gallant, and in a divorce, which makes a figure in the Trials for adultery, &c. Tenducci was a very handsome man—she, a pretty, modest looking girl. He taught music while in Edinburgh; and published a folio volume of his own compositions of which this is the title—“ A Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord, or Piano and Forte, composed by Ferdinando Tenducci. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Hope. Printed for the author, and to be got at his lodgings, opposite Lord Milton’s, Cannon-gate; at Mrs Phinn’s, and Richard Carmichael, engraver, back of the Guard, and at R. Bremner’s music-shop.” Minuets are mingled with the sonatas, but only two have the names of ladies prefixed—Ladies Hope and Cunningham (Miss Myrton of Gogar). Lady Cunningham’s minuet, with variations, is extremely beautiful.”—(C. K. S.)

VIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

RICHARD HEWITT was a native of a village near Carlisle, and was taken when a boy to lead blind Dr Blacklock, who resided in Cumberland, during the earlier part of his life. Finding him to be a youth of promising dispositions, he instructed him in various languages; and Hewitt, on leaving his service, addressed some verses to Mr Blacklock, which bear testimony to the warm affection he entertained for his master. Mr Henry Mackenzie, in his edition of Blacklock's Poems, Edinburgh, 1793, informs us, that Hewitt subsequently became Secretary to Lord Milton (then Lord Justice-Clerk, and Sub-Minister for Scotland, under Archibald, Duke of Argyle); but that the fatigue of that station hurt his health, and he died in 1764.

IX.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'.

THOMAS FRASER, whom Mr Stenhouse mentions in this note, died in 1825. See note in Chambers's "Scottish Songs," p. 279, Edinburgh, 1829, 2 vols., 8vo.

X.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'.

MR STENHOUSE, in his Illustrations, uniformly quotes Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany as having been published in 1724. The first volume certainly appeared at Edinburgh in that year; but the second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately, in 24mo, at various intervals. "A New Miscellany of Scots Songs," printed at London in 1727, contains a selection of the Scottish songs in the first two volumes. The Tea-Table Miscellany, volume third, was printed at Edinburgh for Allan Ramsay, in 1727; but at what time the Fourth volume was published I have not been able to ascertain, having only seen a very imperfect copy of the original edition. The first collected edition

of this popular work contains the three volumes in one, "London, printed for and sold by A. Millar, 1733," 12mo. It is called "The Ninth Edition, being the compleatest and most correct of any yet published, by Allan Ramsay." The accuracy of this statement I should be disposed to question. On the other hand, there are three distinct editions, each professing to be "The Twelfth Edition," viz. at Glasgow, 1753; Edinburgh, 1760; and London, 1763. The eighteenth, and probably the latest edition, appeared at Edinburgh, 1792. All the editions, subsequent to that of 1733, contain the four volumes of the collection.

XIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

"BURNS is not quite correct in his assertion that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites—a song, beginning '*The cats hae kittled in Charlie's wig,*' is certainly the wretched effusion of a Scottish Hanoverian."—(C. K. S.)

"N.B. Our ancient Border rhyme runs thus—

Tillielute, tillielute, tillielute of Bowelaw,
Our cat's kittled in Archie's wig;
Tillielute, tillielute, tillielute of Bowelaw,
Four of them naked, and four of them clad,

I am afraid the Scots Hanoverian had been but a plagiarist after all."—(MS. Note by Sir Walter Scott, in 1821).

XVI.

FYE GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

MR STENHOUSE, in this note and elsewhere, refers to a MS. music-book, as in his own possession, written in tablature for the lute, and supposes it to be as old as the reign of Queen Mary. As he mistook the age of other MSS., I suspect that he imagined this one to be of much too early a date; but unfortunately it is not known what has become of that MS.

XVII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THE MS. music-book, with the autograph of "Mrs Crookat, 1709," which is frequently mentioned by Mr Stenhouse, is now in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

XVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

MR STENHOUSE formed an erroneous opinion of the age of the MS. collection of tunes, preserved in the Advocates' Library, and described in this note. The volume consists of seven (not six) little books bound in one; having on the first leaf the signature, "Magister Johannes Skeine," by whom there can be little doubt that the collection was formed. This person, however, was not Sir John Skene of Curriehill, "when he was a very young man," but John Skene of Hallyards, in Mid-Lothian, the second son of that eminent lawyer; and instead of being written "prior to 1598," as stated in Note CXXXI, or "circa 1570," as in Note DLXXXIX, it belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, apparently about the year 1615.

The MS. collection, however, is one of great importance, as it contains a number of popular Scottish airs of earlier date, and in a more genuine form than they are known to have been elsewhere preserved. A volume, containing the several Scottish airs, (which in the MS. are written in tablature for the Mandour,) rendered into modern notation, is now on the eve of publication, by William Dauney, Esq., Advocate, accompanied with an elaborate dissertation on the origin of Scottish Music:—such a work cannot fail to be of great interest to all lovers of our National Melodies.

XXIII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

"THAT person of the Kenmure family alluded to in the tradition, was most probably Robert, fourth Viscount of

Kenmure, who suffered many hardships on account of his loyalty, and was excepted out of Cromwell's act of grace and pardon, 1654. He died at Greenlaw, without issue, 1663."—(C. K. S.)

“ Burns says nothing about the authorship of this humorous song ; but we may mention that it, and its counterpart, ‘ John Hielandman's remarks on Glasgow,’ are from the pen of DOUGALD GRAHAM, Bellman in Glasgow, and author of the facetious histories of ‘ Lothian Tam,’ ‘ Leper the Tailor,’ ‘ Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes,’ ‘ Jocky and Maggy's Courtship,’ ‘ John Cheap the Chapman,’ ‘ The Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork, with his Coat buttoned Behind,’ ‘ John Falkirk's Carritches,’ ‘ Janet Clinker's Orations in the Society of Clashin' Wives,’ and a ‘ Metrical History of the Rebellion in 1745,’ in which he had a personal share, &c. &c. His works, in the form of Penny Histories, have long formed staple articles in the hawker's basket ; and while the classic presses of Paisley, Stirling, and Falkirk, have groaned with them, the sides of the Scottish lieges have been convulsed with them for the greater part of a century.”—(Edition of Burns, by Motherwell, vol. v. p. 299.)

In the Paisley Magazine, 1828. (of which he was editor), Mr Motherwell gave an interesting account of Dougald Graham, proving that he was the writer of the above ‘ chap books,’ which contain a great deal of very coarse humour ; but which, for the credit of our peasantry, are less sought for than formerly. Graham was born about 1724, and died in the year 1779. His ‘ History of the Rebellion,’ 1745, was a favourite work of Sir Walter Scott's, and was first printed under the following title :—

“ A full, particular and true Account of the Rebellion, in the years 1745-6.

Composed by the Poet D. GRAHAM,

In Stirlingshire he lives at hame,

To the Tune of *The gallant Grahams*. To which is add-

ed, Several other Poems by the same Author. Glasgow, printed and sold by James Duncan, &c., 1746. Price fourpence half-penny." 12mo, pp. 84.

In a metrical "Account of the Author," Graham mentions that he was born near Raploch, in Stirlingshire, and that he remained as a servant at Campsie. But the second edition, 1752, bears "Printed for and sold by Dougal Graham, merchant in Glasgow." In the third edition, 1774, the work was entirely re-written, and not improved, and it is this text that has been followed in six or seven later impressions. The first edition is so extremely rare, that only one copy is known to be preserved, and, as a literary curiosity, it might be worth reprinting; although it demolishes the fine story of the Author's difficulty in obtaining the Bellman's place from the Glasgow Bailies, on account of his being a Jacobite, and having joined the Pretender's army.

XXXII.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

"PERHAPS both the author of 'The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy' and Bishop Percy took the idea of their ballads from a song in Lee's beautiful tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love:—

Can'st thou, Marina, leave the world,
The world that is devotion's bane?—

Can you your costly robes forbear
To live with us in poor attire?" &c. &c.—(C. K. S.)

XXXVI.

TWEEDSIDE.

JOHN LORD YESTER, second Marquis of Tweeddale, died at Yester, 20th of April, 1713, in the 68th year of his age. Scot of Satchel, in the dedication of his Rhyiming History of the name of Scot, in 1688, compliments his Lordship for his poetical abilities. For his character, see Macky's Memoirs, p. 186, and Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. ii. p. 610.

Mr Stenhouse and other editors have asserted that Burns was mis-informed in regard to the author of "Tweedside," and of some of our finest pastoral lyric poems, and state that the poet's name was not ROBERT, but WILLIAM CRAWFURD of Auchinames. The only person of that name, mentioned in the genealogical account of this family, is said to have married Helen, daughter of Sir Thomas Burnet, M.D., an eminent physician in Edinburgh, in the reign of Charles II.; and to have died without issue during his father's life. (Crawfurd's Renfrewshire, by Robertson, p. 371.) This seems to apply to William Crawfurd, younger of Auchinames, who died previous to 4th July, 1695, when his father Archibald Crawfurd was served his heir. This, however, would be much too early for the writer of the fine songs which appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany. In calling the poet William, Mr S. and others appear to have relied on the opinion of Lord Woodhouselee, who quotes a letter from Hamilton of Bangour to Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames, in July 1739, where he says, "I have made the corrections on the moral part of *Contemplation*, and in a post will send it to WILL. CRAWFORD, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject." "It is pleasing to remark (Lord Woodhouselee adds), that the Will. Crawford here mentioned was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of *Tweedside*, which, with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood." (Life of Lord Kames, 8vo edition, vol. i. p. 97.) The letter in question refers to Hamilton's poem, which was written in 1739, and printed in 1744; and the William Crawford here mentioned was a merchant in Glasgow, who died probably about 1750. In the second edition of Hamilton's Poems, 1758, there is a dedication prefixed, "To the Memory of Mr William Crawford, merchant in Glasgow, the friend of Mr Hamilton."

It is singular that Lord Woodhouselee and subsequent

writers should have overlooked the letters of Ramsay of Ochertyre to Burns, which were printed by Currie, and which I think ascertain beyond all doubt that the writer of 'Tweedside,' 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' and other songs published by Ramsay in the Tea-Table Miscellany, was ROBERT CRAWFURD, a cadet of the family of Drumsoy. As these Songs appeared in 1724, he was probably born about the close of the Seventeenth Century.

Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre, in a letter, dated 22d of October, 1787, says, "'Twas only yesterday I got Colonel Edmonstoune's answer, that neither the words of '*Down the burn, Davie,*' nor '*Daintie Davie*' (I forget which you mentioned), were written by Colonel G. Crawford. Next time I meet him I will enquire about his cousin's poetical talents." In another letter, addressed to Dr Blacklock, from Ochertyre, 27th of October, 1787, Mr Ramsay says, "You may tell Mr Burns when you see him, that Colonel Edmonstoune told me t'other day that his cousin Colonel George Crawford was no poet, but a great singer of songs; but that his eldest brother Robert (by a former marriage) had a great turn that way, having written the words of '*The bush aboon Traquair*' and '*Tweedside.*' That the Mary to whom it was addressed was Mary Stewart of the Castlemilk family, afterwards wife of Mr John Belches. The Colonel (Edmonstoune) never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago. He was a pretty young man, and had lived long in France. Lady Ankerville is his niece, and may know more of his poetical vein. An epitaph-monger like me might moralize upon the vanity of life, and the vanity of those sweet effusions." (Currie's edition of Burns, vol. ii. pp. 107 and 120.)

Patrick Crawford, third son of David Crawford of Drumsoy, merchant in Edinburgh, was twice married, first, to a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry, by whom he had two sons, 1st, Thomas, who was successively Secretary to the Embassy of the Earl of Stair, and Envoy Extraordinary to

the Court of France. He died at Paris, in 1724. 2d, Robert, the poet, who died unmarried. His brother's official residence at Paris may have been the occasion of his remaining there till 1732, when he died, or, as reported, was drowned, on his return to his native country. His father, Patrick, was married, secondly, to Jean, daughter of Archibald Crawford of Auchinames, by whom he had a large family; Colonel George Crawford, mentioned by Ramsay of Ochertyre, was the second son by this marriage. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 53d regiment, and died in 1758. It is plainly, therefore, a mistake to designate the Poet, 'of Auchinames.' According to the information of old Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee to Burns, Robert Crawford was drowned in returning from France, in 1732; if so, his body may have been brought to Scotland for interment.

In this Note, Mr Stenhouse refers to a portrait of Mary Scott, "the Flower of Yarrow," as painted for the Duke of Hamilton. Pennant, in describing the pictures at Hamilton, is quite animated when he comes to speak of this portrait painted by Ramsay:—"Irresistless beauty" (he says) "brings up the rear, in form of Miss Mary Scott, a full length, in white satin; a most elegant figure: and thus concludes the list with what is more powerful than all that has preceded; than the arms of the warrior, the art of the politician, the admonitions of the churchman, or the wisdom of the philosopher." (Tour in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 125.) Another picture of "the Flower of Yarrow," also by Ramsay, if I remember right, is in the Marquis of Bute's possession, at Mount Stuart.

XXXVII.

MARY'S DREAM.

"It is quite evident that this Dream, in its first Scottish dress, is a forgery, proceeding from the same sources

whence many of Cromek's ballads were derived. One of the lines is too long—

Pale—bending on her his hollow ee.”—(C. K. S.)

Although never acknowledged, I have no doubt that Allan Cunningham was the author of this version of ‘Mary’s Dream’—a circumstance that cannot be excused, merely as a pretended original old ballad, since it affected Lowe’s reputation as a poet, by taking away the originality of the poem to which alone he owes any celebrity; but I am sure, my excellent friend has long since repented ever having made any such attempt. In Cromek’s Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, where this version first appeared, there is an interesting account given of Lowe, communicated by the Rev. Mr Gillespie. Dr Thomas Murray, in his Literary History of Galloway, has also a minute biography of Lowe. Mr Cunningham, however, in his edition of Burns (vol. viii. p. 35), reprobates, in strong terms, Lowe’s conduct to the Lady, to whom he addressed his ‘Mary’s Dream.’

XLII.

LOGAN WATER.

JOHN MAYNE, the author of “The Siller Gun,” and other poems, was a native of Dumfries. He was long connected with the London newspaper press, and died at an advanced age, 14th of March 1836. “A better or warmer-hearted man” (says Allan Cunningham) “never existed.” See an account of his life in the Gentleman’s Magazine, May 1836, and in The Annual Obituary for 1837.

XLIV.

THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

“It was from my notes that Mr S. took the traditional account of Colin’s fate. As to the contest about the authorship of this song, it is very improbable that Mickle, who had a musical ear in poetry, could ever have made

speak rhyme to *greet*—a defect which greatly spoils the effect of these charming verses.”—(C. K. S.)

“The authorship of this song” (says the late Mr Motherwell) “has been disputed, some ascribing it to Mrs Jean Adams, and others to William Julius Mickle. I am not convinced yet that Mickle was its author; on the contrary, I think that the evidence contained in the Appendix to Cromek’s *Scottish Songs*, completely outweighs the circumstances on which it has been assigned to Mickle. We may farther add, that the measure and rhythm of many of Jean Adams’ other poems, which are all of a religious and moral cast, are so like that of this song, as forcibly to recall it to recollection, while nothing written by Mickle has the remotest resemblance to it.”—(Edit. of Burns, vol. v. p. 308.)

I shall not presume to offer any decided opinion on this disputed point; and shall only observe that the evidence in favour of Jean Adams contained in Mrs Fullerton’s letter, published by Cromek, is that of a lady whose family were her chief patrons; and that we know nothing of her compositions during the last twenty years of her life, and therefore it would be unfair to judge her solely by an examination of verses which she composed in her younger days, in the style of “the best English poets that have written within seventy years.” Had Mickle himself included the song in the collection of his *Poems*, or left any written evidence claiming it as his own composition, no doubt on the subject would have remained; but the manuscript copy found among his papers, is such as a person might have written after having heard it sung.

A parody on this song, on the conclusion of Peace with America, appeared in 1782, and was printed in the common stall-form. It begins thus—

But are you sure the news is true?
 And is it really fact?
 Have Conway, Burke and Fox at last
 Laid North upon his back?

CHORUS.

There's nae luck about the Court,
 There's nae luck at 'a';
 There can be nane while we're at war
 Wi' North America.

It is a very poor performance, and only worthy of notice to show the popularity of the original song. See also Song Dxcv, in the 6th vol. of the Musical Museum, for

There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudewife's awa'.

What is designated "the Gallovidian" way of the old Scottish song, '*There's nae luck about the house*,' a version evidently by the author of the work, will be found at page 244 of that most strange production called "The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, by John Mactaggart." London, 1824, 8vo.

The fullest account of JEAN ADAMS, who died in the Town's Hospital at Glasgow, 9th of April, 1765, is given by Cromek, in the Appendix to his 'Select Scottish Songs,' vol. i. p. 189. The volume of her Poems was published by subscription, and is dedicated by her "To Thomas Crauford of Craufordsburn, Esq."

The volume bears this title—"Miscellany Poems, by Mrs Jane Adams, in Crawfordsdyke. Glasgow, printed by James Duncan in the Salt-market, near Gibson's Wynd, 1734," 8vo. The Address to the Reader, signed Archibald Crauford, states that "The Author of the following Miscellany Poems is a young woman, born in the town of Craufordsdyke, in the parish of Greenoak, and shire of Renfrew, in the West of Scotland: her father was a shipmaster in that place: her breeding was as is ordinary for girls of her station and circumstances; and having several years ago lost her father, Providence ordered her lot for some years in the family of a reverend Minister in the neighbourhood, where she had access to peruse such of that Minister's books as her fancy led her to read."

Mrs Jean Adams was not very successful in her imita-

tions of the style either of Milton or Cowley, and she was rather fond of displaying her learning. In an address "To the Phoenix," she speaks of thousands having beheld that fabulous bird on Mount Helicon, and boasts,

Nay, I my self have seen thee there,
But never any other where,
Except at Pindar's Well.

The following poem, although the latter part, containing the reply of the Goddess of Justice, approaches to bombast, may be relished by Album writers of the present age.

ON ASTREA.

ASTREA, why so pale and sad?
Why so plainly drest?
Why upon the jovial plain
Shunned by all the rest?

For a garland of fresh flowers,
Why a pair of Scales?
Thou art not yet above the sky
Where Equity prevails.

Put that rigid aspect off,
Suit thee to the time.
All the Constellations here
Are valued as they shine.

Rather let me, Phoenix-like,
Live on Earth alone;
Till by Nature's course I fly
To meet that glorious Sun.

Whose radiant beams will touch my wings
With pure celestial fire;
Which shall to endless ages burn,
Yet never shall aspire.

Lament thou not, because thine eyes
Shall see no Son of mine;
I'll flourish thro' Eternity,
Like Jove in spight of time.

The volume concludes with the following singular lines :—

TO THE MUSE.

Come hither to the Hedge, and see
The walks that are assign'd to thee :
All the bounds of Virtue shine,
All the plain of Wisdom's thine,
All the flowers of harmless Wit
Thou mayest pull, if thou think'st fit,
In the fair field of History ;
All the plants of Piety
Thou mayest freely thence transplant :
But have a care of whining Cant.

L.

SCORNFUL NANCY.

“ I POSSESS a MS. copy of this excellent ballad, subjoined to an early transcript of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, which contains, what seems to me, an improvement on the printed editions. In these, Willy enumerating the dignities of his father, mentions—

A gude blue bonnet on his head,
An ourlay on his craigie ;
And aye, untill the day he died,
He rode on gude shank's nagie.

Riding on shank's nagie means walking on foot, which is no peculiar distinction ; but in my MS. the line stands—

He rode an ambling nagie ;

which certainly coincides much better with the rest of the description.”—(C. K. S.)

LI.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

“ THE first line of this song is quoted by Shakspeare, in King Lear.”—(C. K. S.)

LII.

JENNY NETTLES.

“ There is a tradition in Fife, that Jenny hanged herself

for love, and her grave is still pointed out. The following notice respecting some relics discovered there was kindly communicated to me by Mr Fraser, jeweller, St Andrew's Street, Edinburgh, in whose possession they now remain : — ' Gold ear-ring and bead of a necklace which belonged to the famed Jenny Nettles of Scottish song, whom tradition mentions committed suicide, and was buried between two lairds' lands near the Lomond hills, a cairn or heap of stones being raised to mark the spot, according to ancient usage. A stranger, happening to visit a farmer in that neighbourhood, was accidentally informed of the above circumstance, and was shown the place where the cairn once stood. Prompted by the love of antiquarian research, he immediately commenced digging, when, at the depth of eighteen inches, he found the skull and other bones of poor Jenny (which must have remained inhumed at least a century), along with two ear-rings and twenty-four beads. One of the ear-rings was given to a gentleman who went to France, and twenty-three of the beads were distributed amongst various persons. 1830.'—(C. K. S.)

LVIII.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

THIS humorous song was formerly supposed to have been written by FRANCIS SEMPLE of Beltrees: it has been claimed, upon apparently better grounds, as the composition of SIR WILLIAM SCOTT of Thirlestane, in Selkirkshire, ancestor of the present Lord Napier. "There is a tradition in the family of Lord Napier, that this ballad was composed by William Scott, Esq., younger of Thirlestane, who married Elizabeth, Mistress of Napier. Their marriage-contract is dated 15th Dec. 1699."—(C. K. S.)

The family tradition is minutely detailed by Mr Mark Napier, in his "History of the Partition of the Lennox," p. 237-239. Edinb. 1835. 8vo. He there quotes a letter to himself from the late Lord Napier, dated Thirlestane,

15th December, 1831, as follows :—“ Sir William Scott was author of that well-known Scots song, ‘ *Eye, let us a’ to the bridal—for there will be liltings there*’—a better thing than Horace ever wrote. My authority was *my father*, who told me he had from *his*, and that he had it from *his*, who was Sir William’s son.” Sir William Scott died on the 8th of October, 1725. A collection of his Latin Poems was printed in a volume, entitled “ *Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcarnii Med. Doctoris, Gul. Scot a Thirlestane Equitis, Thomae Kincadii, et aliorum.*” Edinb. 1727. 12mo. Mr Napier, in mentioning this volume, says that Sir William “ is therein eulogized *by the editor*, Dr Pitcairne,” the learned gentleman forgetting that Dr Pitcairne died in 1713, and that he is the first person who “ is therein eulogized by the editor ” in the address, by the printer, “ *Robertus Fribarnius Lectori φιλόμυσοφ S.*,” which was probably written by Thomas Ruddiman the grammarian.

LXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I CANNOT ascertain where the different sets of these beautiful lyrics were first published. It is also somewhat doubtful which of them should claim priority of composition. A few particulars, however, respecting the ladies by whom they were written will not be here misplaced.

1. MRS COCKBURN was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernylee, in the county of Selkirk, and born probably about the year 1710 or 1712. In 1731 she married PATRICK COCKBURN, youngest son of Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk, who died 16th of April, 1735, in the 79th year of his age. Patrick was admitted advocate, 27th of January, 1728; but died, “ after a tedious illness,” at Musselburgh, 29th of April, 1753. Her pathetic verses, ‘ *I’ve seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,*’ are printed in

“The Lark,” p. 37, Edinburgh, 1765, with some occasional variations. She survived her husband for more than forty years. From family intimacy, this lady was well known to Sir Walter Scott in his youth, and on several occasions he has mentioned her in terms of great regard. “Even at an age” (he says) “advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The Editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.” (*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 338, edit. 1833.) See also Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 9, 86, 88, 97, 122; and vol. ii. p. 358.

Sir Walter Scott communicated at considerable length to Mr Robert Chambers, when publishing his “*Scottish Songs*,” in 1829, his personal recollections of Mrs Cockburn; and these, as possessed of more than common interest, are here copied from the preface to that collection.

“MRS CATHERINE COCKBURN, authoress of those verses to the tune of the Flowers of the Forest, which begin,

I’ve seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,

was daughter to — Rutherford, Esq. of Fairnalee, in Selkirkshire. A turret in the old house of Fairnalee is still shown as the place where the poem was written. The occasion was a calamitous period in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, when no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year.

“Miss C. Rutherford was married to — Cockburn, son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scot-

land. Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner for the Duke of Hamilton of that day ; and being, as might be expected from his family, a sincere friend to the Revolution and Protestant succession, he used his interest with his principal to prevent him from joining in the intrigues which preceded the insurrection of 1745, to which his Grace is supposed to have had a strong inclination.

“ Mrs Cockburn was herself a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles’s proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of ‘ Clout the Caldron.’ In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone, was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port ; and, as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences ; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately, the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future.

“ Apparently, she was fond of parody ; as I have heard a very clever one of her writing, upon the old song, ‘ Nancy’s to the greenwood gane.’ The occasion of her writing it, was the rejection of her brother’s hand by a fantastic young lady of fashion. The first verse ran thus :—

Nancy’s to the Assembly gane,
To hear the fops a’ chattering ;
And Willie he has followed her,
To win her love by flattering.

“ I farther remember only the last verse, which describes the sort of exquisite then in fashion :—

.
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?
Na, I’ll hae ane has learned to fence.

And that can please my fancy ;
 Ane that can flatter, bow, and dance,
 And make love to the ladies,
 That kens how folk behave in France,
 And's bauld amang the cadies.*

“ Mrs Cockburn was authoress of many other little pieces, particularly a set of toasts descriptive of some of her friends, and sent to a company where most of them were assembled. They were so accurately drawn, that each was at once referred to the person characterised. One runs thus :—

To a thing that's uncommon—a youth of discretion,
 Who, though vastly handsome, despises flirtation ;
 Is the friend in affliction, the soul of affection,
 Who may hear the last trump without dread of detection.

This was written for my father, then a young and remarkably handsome man.

“ The intimacy was great between my mother and Mrs Cockburn. She resided in Crichton Street, and, my father's house being in George's Square, the intercourse of that day, which was of a very close and unceremonious character, was constantly maintained with little trouble. My mother and Mrs Cockburn were related, in what degree I know not, but sufficiently near to induce Mrs Cockburn to distinguish her in her will. Mrs Cockburn had the misfortune to lose an only son, Patrick Cockburn, who had the rank of Captain in the Dragoons, several years before her own death ; which last event took place about forty years since.

“ Mrs Cockburn was one of those persons whose talents for conversation made a stronger impression on her contemporaries, than her writings can be expected to produce. In person and features she somewhat resembled Queen Elizabeth ; but the nose was rather more aquiline. She

* An old-fashioned species of serviceable attendants, between the street-porter and the valet-de-place, peculiar to Edinburgh. A great number were always hanging about the doors of the Assembly Rooms.

was proud of her auburn hair, which remained unbleached by time, even when she was upwards of eighty years old. She maintained the rank in the society of Edinburgh, which French women of talents usually do in that of Paris; and her little parlour used to assemble a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Home, Lord Monboddo, and many other men of name, were frequently to be found. Her evening parties were very frequent, and included society distinguished both for condition and talents. The *petit souper* which always concluded the evening, was like that of Stella, which she used to quote on the occasion:—

A supper like her mighty self,
Four nothings on four plates of delf.

But they passed off more gaily than many costlier entertainments.

“ She spoke both wittily and well, and maintained an extensive correspondence, which, if it continues to exist, must contain many things highly curious and interesting. My recollection is, that her conversation brought her much nearer to a Frenchwoman than to a native of England; and, as I have the same impression with respect to ladies of the same period and the same rank in society, I am apt to think that the *vieille cour* of Edinburgh rather resembled that of Paris than that of St James’s; and particularly, that the Scotch imitated the Parisians in laying aside much of the expense and form of those little parties in which wit and good-humour were allowed to supersede all occasion of display. The lodging where Mrs Cockburn received the best society of her time, would not now offer accommodation to a very inferior person.”—(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

As a farther specimen of Mrs Cockburn’s talent for metrical composition, the two following songs have been communicated by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who has added marginal notes explaining the allusions to the persons described.

A COPY OF VERSES, WROTE BY MRS COCKBURN

On the back of a Picture of Sir Hew Dalrymple.

To the tune of "All you Ladies now at Land."

1.

Look behind, and you shall see
 A portrait just and true ;
 Here's of mankind th' epitome,
 Form'd in our right Sir Hew—
 Sprightly, witty, gay, and glad ;
 Thoughtful, serious, sour, and sad ;
 Pray, is not this Sir Hew ?

Sir Hew Dalrymple, second baronet of North Berwick. He sat in Parliament as member for Haddingtonshire, and died at London, 1760.

2.

Ever varying, yet the same,
 We find our friend Sir Hew ;
 Fond of public life and fame,
 And of the private too—
 Though public life is his desire,
 He warms his shins at his own fire,
 Who is not like Sir Hew ?

3.

Once an amorous swain, Sir Hew,
 As e'er pip'd on the plain ;
 As witness Helen Cantilew,
 Of sixty years and twain—
 But now, on soul of woman bent,
 He scorns her earthly tenement—
 Woe's me for poor Sir Hew !

This stanza alludes to his having declared to the lady that he *once* admired her person, but *now* only her good understanding and mental accomplishments.

4.

Humane and generous drops the tear,
 Most genuine and true,
 For woes that others feel and bear,
 From gentle, kind Sir Hew :
 Though out of sight is out of mind ;
 Yet see him, and he's always kind,
 Our worthy friend, Sir Hew.

5.

To all below him mild and just,
 And to his friendships true—
 Forsakes no friend—betrays no trust—
 Adore him in this view !—
 Yet fog or rain will cramp his heart ;
 One hour he'll act a different part—
 Who is not like Sir Hew ?

6.

Nature cried (who form'd this man
 A little odd and new),
 "Try, Art, to spoil him, if you can,
 For I have made Sir Hew."
 Art, fond of spoiling Nature's trade,
 Said, "Let him be a member made,
 Then know your own Sir Hew."

7.

For twenty years she tries her tricks,
 And sends him to the senate ;
 Shows factions, parties, politics,
 And yet—the devil's in it—
 The man grows very little worse ;
 His heart is sounder than his purse.
 Pray, sirs, is this not true ?

This allusion might fix the date of the song to the year 1761, as Sir Hew was first returned to Parliament in 1741.

SONG BY MRS COCKBURN.

To the tune of "All ye Ladies now at Land."

1.

ALL health be round Balcarras' board,
 May mirth and joy still flow ;
 And may my Lady and my Lord
 Ne'er taste of future wo !
 Come fill a bumper to the brim,
 And here's to her, and here's to him.
 Fa, la, &c.

James, fifth Earl of Balcarras, married Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton, Kt., son of Sir Hew Dalrymple, of North Berwick, Bart.

2.

For here, by brandy vine inspir'd,
 The frolic took its birth,
 While Horn, and Soph, and all conspir'd
 To spread around the mirth.
 St Andrews still remember'd be
 For mirth, and joy, and loyalty.
 Fa, la, &c.

3.

To the jolly Colonel and his spouse,
 Pray see a health go round ;
 For such a pair in any house
 Is seldom to be found.
 And here's to charming Elphinstone,
 May she soon of two make one !
 Fa, la, &c.

Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, afterwards a general in the army. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Elphinstone of Logie, and died 1794.

Miss Peggy Elphinstone. Colonel Horn's sister-in-law.

4.

To Guadaloupe's fair governess
 We next due honours pay,
 And to the lad that she likes best,
 Though he be far away—
 Fly, gentle Peace, with downy wing,
 And to her arms her soldier bring.
 Fa, la, &c.

Mrs Campbell Dalrymple, daughter of Mr Douglas of St Christopher's, and wife of Colonel Campbell Dalrymple, Governor of Guadaloupe. After her first husband's death, she married Elizabeth Lady Balcarras's father, Chas. Dalrymple of North Berwick.

5.

Come crown the goblet once again,
 And see it quickly done.
 A cup of thanks we owe, that's plain,
 To Neptune's gallant son :
 O all the powers of mirth forbid,
 That we forget our noble Kyde.
 Fa, la, &c.

Captain Kyde.

6.

Now, lovely nymphs, and loving swains,
 Across pray join your hands,
 We mean to pay you for your pains,
 For this our song commands—
 To laugh, and love, and live in bliss—
 Behold, how good a thing it is
 For neighbours thus to love and kiss.
 Fa, la, &c.

Verse added by MISS ANNE KEITH.

Come, to our laureat fill again,
 For sure it's good our part ;
 And let dear COCKBURN'S friendly name
 Inspire each grateful heart.
 Go, Chorus, with our loud huzzas,
 To tell her of her song's applause.
 Fa, la, &c.

It will be remarked that Sir Walter Scott has styled Mrs Cockburn, Miss *Catherine* Rutherford and Mrs *Catherine* Cockburn. From the following entry of her marriage in the Parish Registers of Ormiston, it is certain that Sir Walter was mistaken :—

“ 12th March, 1731, Mr Patrick Cockburn, Advocate,

in this Parish, and Mrs Alison Rutherford, in the Parish of Galashiels, were contracted in order to marriage, and after due proclamation were married."

There was a Mrs Catherine Cockburn (the daughter of Captain David Trotter), who, at an earlier period, wrote several plays and philosophical works, which were much admired. Mr Burnet of Kemnay, in 1704, in writing to the Princess Sophia, drew Mrs Trotter's character in such advantageous terms, that her Royal Highness replied, "Je suis charmée du portrait avantageux, que vous me faites de la nouvelle Sappho Ecossoise, qui semble meriter les eloges que vous luy donnéz." She died in May 1749, aged 71; and possibly the similarity of name may have misled Sir Walter Scott's recollections. A collection of "The Works of Mrs Catherine Cockburn, Theological, Moral, Dramatic, and Poetical," with her Life by Dr Birch, was published at London in 1751, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs Alison Cockburn died at Edinburgh on the 24th of November, 1794.

2. MISS JANE ELLIOT was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart., one of the Lords of Session, and Lord Justice-Clerk (who died 16th of April, 1766, aged 73), and Helen Stuart, daughter of Sir Robert Stuart of Allanbank. She was born in the year 1727. Her song, 'The Flowers of the Forest,' is said to have been written about the year 1755; and when first published it passed as an old ballad. In Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, 1776, and in other copies, both Miss Elliot's and Mrs Cockburn's stanzas are incorporated as part of a long narrative ballad, which begins,

From Spey to the Border was peace and good order,
 The sway of our Monarch was mild as the May;
 Peace he adored, which Soudrons abhorred,
 Our Marches they plunder, our Wardens they slay.

These stanzas are altogether inferior, and of a modern

cast; and it may safely be alleged that neither Miss Elliot or Mrs Cockburn had any concern in writing them. Miss Elliot's elegy long remained anonymous. Sir Walter Scott, in printing it, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, 1803, says, "The following well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient Minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date."

For the following character of this lady, I am indebted to a gentleman who was acquainted with her during the latter period of her life:—

"Miss Elliot had a sensible face, and a slender, well-shaped figure. Her manner was grave and reserved to strangers:—in her conversation she made no attempts at wit; and though possessed of imagination, she never allowed it to entice her from the strictest rules of veracity—a virtue not very common either in poets or poetesses. She had high aristocratic notions, which she took no pains to conceal.

"In her early youth her father employed her to read his law-papers to him, and declared that he profited by the shrewdness of her remarks. I was told by a lady very intimate with her, that she composed 'The Flowers of the Forest' in a carriage with her brother Sir Gilbert, after a conversation about the battle of Flodden, and a bet that she could not make a ballad on that subject. She had read a great deal, and possessed an excellent memory, both as to books and what had come under her own observation during life. She was very fond of French literature; but detested the modern political principles of that ungovernable nation.

"She was the only lady I remember in Edinburgh who kept her own sedan-chair. It always stood in the lobby

of her house in Brown's Square. — This house has lately been demolished, during the ruinous rage of our city improvements.

“ Though a literary character, which, in the female sex, is sometimes productive of slovenliness as to dress, she was remarkably nice in that particular ; neither did she affect the costumes of her youth, which, at that time, made many old ladies appear extremely ridiculous. There was that good sense in every thing she said and did, which rendered her universally respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.”

In the Statistical Account of the Parish of Minto, just published, it is stated, respecting Miss Elliot, that “ This lady appears to have been no less remarkable for strength of character than accomplishment ; for, at the time of the Rebellion 1745–46, her father being forced to conceal himself from a party of Jacobites among the craigs, then only covered with broom and long grass, she received and entertained the officers, and, by her presence of mind and composure, averted the danger.”

There is not perhaps, in the whole range of our lyric poetry, a finer adaptation of old words handed down by tradition, than Miss Elliot's ‘ Flowers of the Forest,’— and her verses compose a dirge or elegy “ expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness, which has seldom been equalled.” It is to be regretted that this song should remain a solitary memorial of her genius ; but I cannot learn that any other verses by Miss Elliot have ever been published.

For many years, at least from 1782 to 1804, Miss Elliot resided in Brown's Square, Edinburgh ; but she died at her brother, Admiral Elliot's seat, at Mount Teviot, Roxburghshire, on the 29th of March, 1805.

3. MISS ANNE HOME, to whom the verses in the Museum, beginning, ‘ *Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide,*

are assigned, was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, surgeon of Burgoyne's regiment of Light Horse. She was born in the year 1742, and was married to John Hunter, the distinguished anatomist, in July 1771. The above verses, adapted to the tune of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' but having no reference to that calamitous event, occur in "The Lark," Edinburgh, 1765. A volume of "Poems by Mrs John Hunter" was printed at London, 1802, 8vo, with a dedication to her son, John Banks Hunter, Esq. The verses printed in the Musical Museum are not contained in that volume, but there is no reason to suppose that they have been erroneously ascribed to her pen. Her poems were formerly much admired, and display both feeling and imagination. She died at London, 7th of January, 1821, in the 79th year of her age. She was the sister of the late Sir Everard Home.

LXVI.

GILDEROY.

"THE song of 'Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit,' is to be found in Sir Charles Sedley's play of the Mulberry Garden; *ergo*, this tender tale of the President Forbes and Miss Rose goes for nothing.—In the Museum, the song is ascribed to Sir Alexander Halket of Pitferran. A lady, a connexion of his, and a near relation of mine, told me that Sir A. wrote these verses on his wife, at whose baptism he had been present."—(C. K. S.) Sedley's play was acted in 1668, and printed in 1675, being several years before President Forbes was born; and there is no doubt that Sedley wrote the song in question.

In the Museum, one or two other songs (see pp. 34 and 111) are ascribed to the LORD PRESIDENT FORBES, on rather slender authority. His character is sufficient, however, to be independent of any questionable aid; for although his claims to be reckoned among our lyric poets should not be

established, I am not sure that he would be the less respected and venerated by his countrymen. We know, at least, that he was a sincere friend of Allan Ramsay, Thomson, and other poets; and that he himself occasionally woo'd the Muses, I have a proof in his own handwriting, being an Epithalamium, extending to upwards of 230 lines. It is probably a juvenile performance, and begins

No wonder that Appollo left
Parnassus shady watry cleft,
To honour the propitious day
That blest young Strephon with the lovely Gray :

Strephon had often tuned his lyre,
And even lent his Godhead fire ;
Strephon had taught his fingers how to move,
And strung his vocall harp for speaking love.

At the top of the second column, he has written the following lines—

Colin, you see my pipe can only squeak,
The stops unequal are, the voice is weak,
My thumbs unus'd to dance upon the reed,
And I stranger to the learned lead ;
However, since I play, you weel may thol
To hear, your humble servant, Hobinol.

The occasion which called forth this poem, in all probability, is that alluded to in the following note :—

“ President Forbes’s first cousin, Mr — Forbes, married Miss Aikman, whose mother was Miss Mary Gray, of Lord Gray’s family.”—(C. K. S.)

LXVIII.

THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

BURNS’S description of the author of this song is too graphic to be omitted.—“ The two first lines of this song are all that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *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, a skylighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as ‘George-by-the-grace-of-God,’ and ‘Solomon-the-son-of-David;’ yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot’s pompous Encyclopaedia Britannica, which he composed at half-a-guinea a-week.” (Reliques, p. 224.)

LXIX.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

“THE following verses to this air were taken from a MS. collection of poems; and are curious enough, not only from their bombast, but as celebrating the woes of a lady, afterwards the notorious Lady Vane.”—(C. K. S.)

ON THE DEATH OF LORD WILLIAM HAMILTON.

His Lady’s Lament, to the tune of The Broom of Cowdenknows—by Lieutenant William Hamilton, vulgo Wanton Willie.

SINCE cruel-hearted fate has rob’d me of my mate
 In the sweet flowing bloom of his years,
 Like a turtle I will moan for my jewel that is gone,
 And drown in a deluge of tears.

Unto some silent shade, in sable weed arrayd,
 Through the desarts I’ll wander and go,
 Where the heavy sighs I send to the heavens shall ascend
 In the clouds of my anguish and woe.

My penetrating cries shall rend the very skyes,
 The earth with convulsions shall reel,
 While the adamantick stones, sympathizing with my groans,
 Their grief all in tears do reveal.

But lest I should offend, my humble knees I’ll bend,
 And with sweetest composure of mind,
 I’ll unto every bitt of Providence submit,
 For a patren to ladys behind.

Then with courage bold of mind my darline I’ll resign,
 And finish my funeral moan;
 He’s the debt that I must pay to the powers above, for why?
 I had him from them but in loan.

Now though he's from me snatcht, whom Death hath overmatcht,
 And pluckt from my bosom so soon,
 Yet methinks I hear him say, blest angels pav'd his way,
 From the evils of life to a crown.

For some notice of the writer of these verses, see the additional note to song CXXXVII.

LXX.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

MISS ANNE KEITH was the same lady as Mrs Murray Keith, an old friend of Sir Walter Scott's, whom he has so finely portrayed in the character of Mrs Bethune Baliol, in the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate. She was born in the year 1736, and died in April, 1818.

“ Miss Anne Keith resided many years in Edinburgh (51 George Street), keeping house with her elder sister, Miss Jenny—both universally beloved and respected; they were the sisters of Sir Robert Murray Keith, commonly called Ambassador Keith, from having been employed in many diplomatic missions, with the applause of all the world. He was particularly celebrated for his colloquial talents. Sir Walter Scott told me that Mrs Anne Keith amused herself, in the latter years of her life, by translating Macpherson's Ossian into verse. He did not know what became of the MS. after her decease. Sir Robert M. Keith erected a monument to the memory of the Jacobite Marischal Keith, in the Church of Hochkirchen, with an Epitaph composed by Metastasio. See Wood's Peerage, article Marischal.”—(C. K. S.)

In a letter to Mr Terry, dated Selkirk, 18th of April, 1818, Sir Walter Scott says, “ You will be sorry to hear that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs Murray Keith. She enjoyed all her spirits and excellent faculties till within two days of her death, when she was seized with a feverish complaint, which eighty-two years were not calculated to resist. Much tradition, and of the very best

kind, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the few persons whose spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable. In the general case it seems scarce endurable." (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 139.)

Some account of Sir Robert Murray Keith will be given in the additional Note to Song CCXXI.

LXXII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE last three stanzas of this song have usually been ascribed to Mr Bryce, Minister of Kirknewton. At page 76 he is erroneously styled *Dr* Bryce; and the song is stated to have been published by Ramsay in the third volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which appeared in 1727, instead of the fourth volume of that popular collection, which was not printed for several years later. This renders it at least probable that the additional verses were written by Bryce; still it must have been at a very early period of life. Mr S.'s concluding remarks on the name Invermay and Endermay might have been spared; for, as Mr R. Chambers observes, "*Ender* is merely a corruption of *Inver* or *Inner*. The people of Peebles, in my young days, always spoke of Henderleithen, not Innerleithen."

In Chambers's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. iv. p. 493, there is an interesting memoir inserted of Mr Bryce, drawn up from family information. It is there stated, that "In early life he composed several songs, adapted to some of the most favourite Scottish airs; and his stanzas in 'The Birks of Invermay' have been long before the world."

The Rev. ALEXANDER BRYCE, Minister of Kirknewton, was born at Boarland, in the parish of Kincardine, in the year 1713. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he early distinguished himself by his scientific acquirements, which attracted the notice and secured the

patronage of Colin Maclaurin. Upon the recommendation of that very distinguished Professor, young Bryce obtained the situation of a tutor in a gentleman's family in Caithness, which enabled him to employ himself, for a period of three years, in constructing a geometrical survey, or "A Map of the North Coast of Scotland," which was afterwards engraved, and has been always highly esteemed for accuracy by the most competent judges. After his return from the North, he was licensed to preach in June 1744, and was ordained minister of Kirknewton in August 1745. He died on the 1st of January 1786, in the 72d year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

"For about three years before Mr Bryce's death (we are told), his greatest amusement was in writing poetry, chiefly of a serious and devotional cast; which, though not composed for the public eye, is read with satisfaction by his friends, and valued by them as an additional proof of his genius; and a transcript of that enlightened piety, uprightness of mind, and unshaken trust in his Creator, which characterised him through the whole of his life." Some verses by him on the death of Professor Colin Maclaurin, in June 1747, were published at the time in the Edinburgh newspapers, and are reprinted in Mr Chambers's work, vol. iv. p. 495.

LXXVII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THIS air, as Mr Stenhouse intimates at p. 82, is old; and was long "used as a reel as well as a song." In proof of this, it may be mentioned that "A Dance, Green grows the Rashes," has been preserved in Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute-book, written in the year 1627. Having obtained from James Chalmers, Esq., London, the use of that very curious and interesting volume, I am enabled, through the kindness of George Farquhar Graham, Esq., to give the air from that MS., rendered into modern notation.

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES.

A musical score for the tune 'Green Grows the Rashes'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one flat) and common time. The first staff is the melody, starting on G4 and ending on G5. The second staff is the bass line, starting on G3 and ending on G4. The third staff is a continuation of the bass line, ending with a double bar line. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

The following air occurs in the same MS., and it will at once be perceived that it bears a close resemblance to the preceding; the notation of which in Gordon's MS. is extremely confused. "These airs, however," as Mr Graham remarks, "are very curious as mere skeletons of the modern air, known under the name of '*Green grow the Rashes.*' In Gordon's MS. it is entitled,

I KIST HER WHILE SHE BLUSHT.

A musical score for the tune 'I Kist Her While She Blusht'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one flat) and common time. The first staff is the melody, starting on G4 and ending on G5. The second staff is the bass line, starting on G3 and ending on G4. The third staff is a continuation of the bass line, ending with a double bar line. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

The MS. from which these tunes are given, is a small

oblong 8vo, and has the following title:—"AN PLAYING BOOKE FOR THE LVTE, wherin ar contained many Currents and other musical things. *Musica mentis medicina mœstæ.* AT ABERDEIN, Notted and collected by Robert Gordon. In the yeere of our Lord 1627. In februarye."—At the end is this colophon, "Finis huic libro impositus Anno D. 1629, Ad finem Decemb. In Stralock."

XC.

LOW DOWN I' THE BROOM.

*I saw a hawk in 1720
trill*
THIS Song was printed in 'The Lark,' at Edinburgh, in 1765; and in a stall-copy of that time, it is connected with other verses, apparently by a different hand. Mr Struthers, in the "Harp of Caledonia," vol. ii. p. 387, has assigned this song to "JAMES CARNEGIE, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate upon the slope of the Grampians, about five miles north-west of Brechin." This, of course, refers to 'the auld laird' of Balnamoon. See also Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 273.

XCIV.

MY APRON, DEARIE.

THE author of the well-known pastoral song, "*My sheep I neglected,*" was SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, third Baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot, mentioned above. At page 66, he is erroneously described as one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Some notice of him will be given in the additional Note to Song ccvi.

Mr Stenhouse has omitted to mention, that Sir Gilbert's song was printed in the first volume of the collection which he quotes under the publisher's name as "Yair's Charmer." The title of the work is "The Charmer: a choice collection of Songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh, printed for J. Yair, bookseller in the Parliament Close," 1749 and 1751, 2 vols. 12mo. There is a second edition of Vol. I.

in 1752, which contains several new songs, and an Advertisement by the Editor, "J. G."

There is a later edition of "The Charmer," published at Edinburgh, by James Sibbald, in 1782, 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. is called "The fourth Edition with improvements." It is, in fact, the sheets of the edition 1752, with a new title, and a few leaves reprinted to supply the place of some corresponding pages which appear to have been cancelled (pp. 337-346, and 361, &c.) Vol. II., however, as it professes, is "An Entire new Collection;" and the songs are classed under four divisions. The editor of this volume, I should suppose, was Sibbald, whose name is best known by his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," Edinb. 1803, 4 vols. 8vo. He died a short time before its publication, in May 1803.

XCVI.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

"I REMEMBER in my youth being told by a lady the origin of this song—I have forgot the heroine's name—but she was only a Baronet's daughter. Besides making her "muck the byre," her husband used to beat her every now and then; a meet return for her folly."—(C. K. S.)

XCVII.

BIDE YE YET.

THE remark of Burns, to which an allusion is made at page 101, is as follows:—"There is a beautiful song to this tune, '*Alas, my son, you little know*'—which is the composition of MISS JENNY GRAHAM of Dumfries." This song, which appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776, in 'The Charmer,' vol. ii., 1782, and in other collections, will be found in this volume, at page 101. I am not aware of any other printed verses by this lady.

The following notice of Miss Graham formed part of a

communication, addressed to Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., by one of his relations :—

“ Miss Jenny Grahame was the daughter of Mr Grahame of Shaw, in Annandale. Her sprightly conversation, joined to perpetual good-humour, and all the moral virtues, rendered her a universal favourite in Dumfries, where she long resided. One of her particular friends was the witty Lady Johnstone of Westerhall (a daughter of Lord Elibank), whose *bon mots* and extraordinary benevolence were much talked of fifty years ago.”

Having been favoured through the kindness of Alexander Young of Harburn, Esq., and of her grand-nephew William Stewart, Esq. W.S., Gloucester Place, with some additional notices respecting this lady, I avail myself of this opportunity to give the substance of such particulars.

MISS JENNY GRAHAM was the eldest daughter of William Graham of Shaw, Esq., in Annandale. She was born at Shaw, in the small but picturesque valley of Dryfe, in the year 1724. The estate, which has been in possession of the family for several centuries, was inherited by the descendants of Sir Nicol Graham, who married Mary (*the White Lady of Avenel*), the daughter and heiress of Robert of Avenel.

Mr Young's account is as follows :—“ Miss Jenny Graham was one of the daughters of Graham of Shaw, an old and respectable family in Annandale, in the parish of Hutton and Corrie, of which my father and grandfather were ministers for a period of seventy-five years.

“ During the time of being at school, both at Annan and Dumfries, I frequently saw Miss Graham, and early conceived a high respect for her, as eminent in talents and qualifications above what often fall to the lot of her sex. She was a good poetess, and had a great deal of humour. When I first knew her, she resided chiefly at Wester Hall with Lady Johnstone, who was the sister of Lord Elibank,

the mother of Sir James Johnstone and Sir William Pulteney, and a person of extraordinary and rare endowments. Miss Graham was one of the prime favourites of this lady till the day of her death. I afterwards knew Miss Graham when I was a boarder at Dr Chapman's, the master of the grammar-school at Dumfries. She then resided in the family of Major Walter Johnstone, brother to Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, who was one of the original partners of Messrs Johnstone, Lawson, and Company, by whom bank-notes were first issued in Dumfries. I had the honour of being invited sometimes to dine at this gentleman's house, on Saturdays, and I shall never forget a scene at which I happened to be present. The Major had a very bad practice of cursing and swearing at his servants, especially for any blunders or mistakes committed by them when waiting at table. He had, on one occasion, poured forth such a torrent of abuse and malediction against an unfortunate Annandale youth who had incurred his displeasure, that I expected Miss Graham would rebuke him for it; but, on the contrary, she added such a peal of curses to the Major's, as astonished the whole company, and none more than the Major himself, who burst into a fit of laughter; when she proposed to desist from such an unseemly practice, if he would promise to do the same; and I was told, several years thereafter, that he was hardly ever known thenceforth to swear at or curse a servant.

“ Miss Graham resided in Edinburgh when I attended the College there, and some of her nearest relations (Miss Bell of Crurie and others) then lived with her. I remember her complaining occasionally of an indifferent state of health; but that, in alleviation of *asthma*, she composed humorous Scottish songs, I regard as sheer nonsense; although I know that she did actually write several pieces of humour, not, however, to be sung, but to be recited, and to raise a laugh in company; and I have heard the late Dr John Rogerson (who was the son of a small farmer, in the

same parish with Mr Graham of Shaw, the father of Miss Graham) rehearse some of her poems of a very humorous nature."

In addition to the above statement of Miss Graham composing humorous verses, as a mode of alleviating her asthmatic complaint, (derived probably from Stenhouse's note at page 101,) Mr Allan Cunningham gives the following anecdote of Miss Graham:—"She was a fine dancer in her youth; a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he enquired in what school she was taught? 'In my mother's washing-tub,' was the answer." (Edit. of Burns, vol. viii. p. 59.) Mr Young remarks, that this anecdote, "I am satisfied, must appear to all those who knew her as well as I did, to be arrant nonsense, having no foundation in truth." The anecdote, however, is quite correct; and the nobleman alluded to was John, second Earl of Hope-toun, who at the time was not very young, but a widower. Miss Graham used to say, in mentioning the circumstance, "Guid forgie me for saying so! I was never in a washing-tub in my life."

Mrs Stewart, the mother of the gentleman above mentioned (p. *142), and the niece of Miss Graham, remarks, that "Her private uneventful life can offer little to interest the public; whilst the higher endowments of heart and intellect still endear her memory to a few sorrowing friends. Of the playful wit and genuine humour which rendered her the delight of her acquaintances, only the remembrance now remains. And the fugitive pieces of poetry, or rhymes, as she would have called them, though the frequent source of amusement and admiration to an attached circle, were merely intended to enliven the passing hours, and with them have mostly passed away. Their mutilated remains would now do little justice to her memory."

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART II.

CI.

WHEN GUILFORD GOOD.

THE gaelic air, to which this song is set, was composed, it is said, by the pipe-major of the old highland regiment, about the period when it was first embodied under the appellation of "An freiceadan dubh," or, *The Black Watch*. This gallant regiment, the history of whose martial achievements would exhaust volumes, is now better known to the world by the title of *The XLII. regiment of Royal Highlanders*, or, as Cook, the celebrated player, used to style it, *the brave forty-two*, a title which their undaunted valour, approved loyalty, and meritorious services, in various quarters of the globe, have so justly merited. The whimsical ballad, united to the air in the Museum, was written by Burns; but though it is far from being bad, it cannot be ranked amongst the happiest productions of our celebrated bard. The incidents of this humorous political squib are of recent occurrence, and so generally known, that explanation is unnecessary.

CII.

TRANENT MUIR.

THIS ballad, beginning "The Chevalier being void of fear," is adapted to the old tune of "Gillicrankie." It was written soon after the battle of Tranent, by Mr Skirven, an

opulent and respectable farmer in the county of Haddington, and father of the late eminent painter, Mr Skirven of Edinburgh. The battle of Tranent Muir, between Prince Charles Stewart, commonly styled the Young Chevalier, at the head of the Highland army, and Sir John Cope, commander of the king's forces, was fought near the ancient village of Preston, in the shire of Haddington, on the 22d of September 1745. The royal army was completely routed, and Sir John Cope fled from the field with the utmost trepidation. He was afterwards tried by a court-martial for his conduct in action, and acquitted.

The following notes may assist the reader to understand some of the allusions in the song :

Stanza 2.—“ The brave LOCHIEL” was Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Esq. chief of the clan Cameron ; a gentleman of distinguished talents and valour. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, but effected his escape to France in the same vessel with his young master. He was afterwards appointed to the command of a French regiment, in consideration of his great services and misfortunes, and died in 1748.

Stanza 5.—“ MENTEITH the Great,” was the reverend clergyman of Longformacus, and a volunteer in the royal army. Having accidentally surprised a Highlander, in the act of easing nature, the night previous to the battle, he pushed him over, seized his musket, and bore it off in triumph to Cope's camp.

Stanza 5.—“ And SIMPSON keen.” This was another reverend volunteer, who boasted, that he would soon bring the rebels to their senses by the dint of his pistols ; having a brace of them in his pockets, another in his holsters, and one in his belt. On approaching the enemy, however, his courage failed him, and he fled in confusion and terror alongst with the rest.

Stanza 7.—“ MYRIE staid, and sair he paid the kain, man.” He was a student of physic from Jamaica, and en-

tered as a volunteer in the royal army, but was dreadfully mangled in the battle with the Highland claymores.

Stanza 8.—"But GARD'NER brave." This was the gallant Colonel James Gardiner, who commanded a regiment of the king's dragoons on that unfortunate day. Though deserted by his troops, he disdained to fly, and, after maintaining an unequal contest, single-handed, with the enemy for a considerable time, he was at length despatched with the stroke of a Lochaber axe, at a short distance from his own house.

Stanza 9.—"Lieutenant SMITH," who left Major Bowle when lying on the field of battle, and unable to move with his wound, was of Irish extraction. It is reported, that, after publication of the ballad, he sent Mr Skirven a challenge to meet him at Haddington, and answer for his conduct in treating him with such opprobrium. "*Gang awa back,*" said Mr Skirven to the messenger, "*and tell Mr Smith, I have nae leisure to gae to Haddington, but if he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I can fecht him I'll fecht him, and if no—I'll just do as he did at Preston—I'll rin awa.*"

The old, humorous, and dog-latin ballad, entitled, "*Prælium Gillicrankium,*" by Professor Herbert Kennedy, of Edinburgh University, is a literary curiosity, and may be sung to the same tune. Its author was descended of the ancient family of Kennedy of Haleaths, in Annandale. This macaronic ballad is printed in the second volume of the Scots Musical Museum.

CIII.

TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

BURNS informs us, that this comic song, beginning *My heart was ance as blythe and free, as simmer days were lang,* was written by himself, with the exception of the chorus, which is old. Alluding to this song, our poet modestly says, "Here let me once for all apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many of the beautiful airs wanted words. In the hurry of other avocations, if I

could string a parcel of rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet whose every performance is excellent.”—*Reliques*. The old song will not do in this work; the tune is pretty enough. Aird published it in the second volume of his Collection, adapted for the violin, or german flute.

CIV.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

THESE tender and pathetic verses, beginning “*All lovely on the sultry beach, expiring Strephon lay,*” to the tune of *The Gordons had the guiding o’t*, were written by William Wallace of Cairnhill, Esq. in Ayrshire. The Strephon and Lydia, as Dr Blacklock informed Burns, were, perhaps, the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the gentle Jean who is celebrated in Hamilton of Bangour’s Poems. Having frequently met at public places, they formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connection, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon’s unfortunate expedition to Carthagera, in the year 1740.

CV.

ON A ROCK, BY SEAS SURROUNDED.

THE words and music of this plaintive little lyric were communicated by the late Dr Beattie of Aberdeen. Both of them, I believe, are of his own composition. Johnson, the original proprietor of the Museum, calls the tune *Ianthe the lovely*; but he was mistaken; it is quite a different air. The tune of “*Ianthe the lovely*” was composed by Mr John Barret of London, organist, about the year 1700, and was afterwards published in the third volume of the Pills, in 1703, to a song of three stanzas, beginning

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of her swain,
By Iphis was lov’d, and lov’d Iphis again;

5-171 6:17

She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their share ;
 No time nor enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd still fonder they grew.

Barret's tune was selected by Mr Gay for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning *When he holds up his hand arraigned for life*. Oswald also published the same English tune in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book Fourth.

CVI.

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

THIS air has generally been considered of Irish origin, because it was adapted to a song written by John O'Keefe, Esq. in his comic opera of the Poor Soldier, which was first acted at Covent Garden in 1783. The song begins *Since love is the plan, I'll love if I can*. But the tune was composed by the late John Bruce, an excellent fiddle-player in Dumfries, upwards of thirty years before that period. Burns, in corroboration of this fact, says, "this I know, Bruce, who was an honest man, though a *red-wud* Highlander, constantly claimed it; and by all the old musical people here, (viz. Dumfries) he is believed to be the author of it." *Reliques*. This air was a great favourite of Burns. In 1787, he wrote the two stanzas in the Museum, and in August 1793, he added two more. They are here annexed to complete the song.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,*
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

* In some MSS. the two first stanzas are varied, as under—

O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my jo,
 O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my jo,
 Tho' father and mither and a' should say no,
 O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my jo.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
 And come na unless the back yett be a-jee ;
 Syne up the back style, and let naeboddy see,
 And come as yc were na coming to me.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me,
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me,
 Come down the back stairs, and let naeboddy see,
 And come as ye were na coming to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er you meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flee ;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles you may lightlie my beauty a wee ;
 But court nae anither, tho' jockin ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

CVII.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

THE title and chorus of this song are old ; the rest of it was composed by Burns. When the air is played quick, it answers very well as a dancing tune, and Bremner published it as a reel in his Collection about the year 1758. The following stanza may serve as a specimen of the old words,

My minnie coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't,
 Were I to lie with you, kind sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,
 I'm our young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammie yet.

This old sprightly tune is evidently the progenitor of that fine modern strathspey, called *Loch Eroch Side*. See Notes, Song 78.

CVIII.

HAMILLA.

THIS song, beginning *Look where my dear Hamilla smiles*, appears in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, with the following title, "To Miss A. H. (i. e. Miss Anne Hamilton, afterwards married to Professor M——, in the University of Edinburgh) on seeing her at a concert, to the tune of

The bonniest lass in a' the warld." It is subscribed, 2. C. being the second song which Mr Crawford furnished to Ramsay's work, having previously sent him the verses to the tune of "The bush aboon Traquair," which is the first song of Crawford in that Miscellany. "The bonniest lass in a' the warld," was the title of a still older song, which Mr Crawford transferred to the above mentioned lady, who was a relation of his friend, Mr Hamilton of Bangour. Both the song and music are in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. The original song of "The bonniest lass in a' the warld," as well as the name of so celebrated a beauty, I have not yet been able to discover.

CIX.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

THE music and words of this song, beginning "By a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess dwelt," appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany the verses are subscribed X, to denote that the author was unknown to him. I have heard this song attributed to Lord President Forbes, but have been unable to trace it to him authentically as the author. Mr Burns, however, says, that the verses were composed by a Mr R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

CX.

BONNIE MAY.

BOTH the air and words of this ballad are unquestionably ancient, but, having been taken down from oral recitation, it is impossible to ascertain the era of either. It was rescued from oblivion by old David Herd. The music, it will be observed, consists of one strain only, which is the *minor mode*, and the sixth of the key is altogether omitted. These are strong proofs of its antiquity. With regard to the ballad itself, I find the leading incidents to be similar to those in a ballad published by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Border," entitled, "The original Broom of Cowdenknows;" but, from attentive examination of both pieces, the

“Original Broom” appears to be nothing else than an amplification of the older and more rude ballad in the Museum. Both ballads, however, appear to refer to an amour of a gentleman in Stirlingshire with a “bonnie south country lass,” which ended happily for both parties. Auchentrone I suspect to be a corruption of *Auchentroich*, an estate in the county of Stirling; and Okland Hills, mentioned in Sir W. Scott’s ballad, seem to be the Ochil Hills in the same county.

CXI.

MY JO, JANET.

THE tune is very ancient; it is in Skene’s MSS. under the title of “The keiking Glass.” This very humorous ballad is also in the Orpheus Caledonius; but from the structure of the melody, it is clearly the composition of a very early period. Although the old verses were retouched by Allan Ramsay, Burns observes, that Mr Johnson, from a foolish notion of delicacy, has left out the last stanza of the original ballad, in which Janet exhibits a most comic picture of the frail and nearly unserviceable state of her old spinning wheel.

My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o’t winna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs right aft my hand, sir.

Mak the best o’t that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wail a man,
My Jo, Janet.

In December 1793, Burns wrote the following comic ballad to the same tune, in which he appears to have equalled, if not surpassed, the rich humour of the original

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

Written by Burns, to the tune of “My Jo, Janet.”

I.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho’ I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir,
One of two must still obey,

Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman? say,
My spouse, Nancy.

II.

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good-bye allegiance !
Sad will I be if so bereft,

Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy.

III.

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it ;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how ye will bear it !
I will hope and trust in Heaven,

Nancy, Nancy :
Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy.

IV.

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed,
 Horrid sp'rites will haunt you.
I'll wed another like my dear

Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy.

CXII.

HE WHO PRESUM'D TO GUIDE THE SUN.

THIS song was written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esq. The tune was composed by Mr James Oswald, who published it in his fourth book, under the title of "The Maid's Complaint." In Struan's Poems there is an additional stanza to this song ; but Johnson, very properly, rejected it on account of its inferiority to the rest.

CXIII.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

THIS old sprightly air appears in Playford's "Dancing-master," first printed, in 1657, under the title of "A Scotch Ayre." In the Scots Musical Museum, two songs are adapted to this tune, the first of which was wholly written by Burns, with the exception of the chorus, which is very old. The second song consists of two stanzas of the ancient ballad, call-

ed “The Birks of Abergeldie.” Burns composed his song in September 1787, while standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire. He was, at this period, on a tour through the Highlands with his friend, Mr William Nicol, one of the masters of the high school in Edinburgh.

CXIV.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

MACPHERSON, a daring robber, in the beginning of last century, was condemned and executed at Inverness. While under sentence of death, he is said to have composed this tune, which he called his own Lament or Farewell. It is also reported, that when he came to the fatal tree, he played this air upon a favourite violin, and, holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at the lykewake. As no one answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder.—*See Cromek's Introduction to Burns's Reliques, vol. i. p. 3. London, 1810.*

This story appears to me to be partly probable and partly false. That this depraved and incorrigible robber might compose the tune even while lying under the awful sentence of death may possibly be true; but, that he played it while standing on the ladder with the halter about his neck, I do not believe; because every criminal, before he is conducted to the place of execution, has his arms closely pinioned, in which situation it is physically impossible for him to play on a violin or any such instrument.

The ballad in the Museum, beginning “Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong,” is wholly the composition of Burns. The wild stanzas which he puts into the mouth of the desperado exhibit a striking proof of his astonishing powers of invention and poetic fancy. There was another ballad composed on the execution of this robber long before Burns was born. It is preserved in Herd's Collection, vol. i. p. 99, 100, and 101; but it is too long for insertion, as well as greatly inferior to the stanzas written by Burns.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

THIS ballad, the editor is informed, was composed about the beginning of last century by a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned on a voyage to Holland. The third verse in the Museum is spurious nonsense, and Johnson has omitted the last stanza altogether. Herd published a fragment of this ballad in his Collection in 1769. In Oswald's second book, printed about the year 1740, there is a tune, apparently of English origin, to the same dirge, which Ritson adapted to that part of the ballad taken from Herd's copy; but the tune is very indifferent. The air in the Museum is the genuine one. The ballad is constantly sung to this Lowland melody, and it is inserted with the same title in an old MSS. Music-book which belonged to Mr Bremner, formerly music-seller in Edinburgh. It was from this air that the late Mr William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, formed the tune called "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," principally by adding a second part to the old air. Burns wrote a beautiful song to the tune thus altered, beginning "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," which is inserted in the third volume of the Museum. The editor of the late Collection of Gaelic Airs in 1816, puts in a claim for The Lowlands of Holland being a Highland air, and that it is called, "Thùile toabh a sheidas goagh." By writing a few Gaelic verses to each Lowland song, every Scottish melody might easily be transferred to the Highlands. This is rather claiming too much. The stanza omitted in the Museum is the following:

O HAUD your tongue, my daughter dear,
 Be still, and be content,
 There are mair lads in Galloway,
 Ye need nae sair lament.
 O! there is nane in Galloway,
 There's nane at a' for me;
 For I never loved a lad but anc,
 And he's drowned in the sea.

CXVI.

THE MAID OF SELMA.

THIS prosaic song is a medley of various passages selected from the Poems of Ossian, as translated by Macpherson. *In the hall I lay by night. Mine eyes were half closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear. It was the maid of 'Selma ;' is taken from the poem of OINA MORUL. Behind it heaved the breast of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising on swift-rolling waves; from the poem of COLNA DONA. She raised the mighty song, for she knew that my soul was a stream that flowed at the pleasant sounds. OINA MORUL. She came on his troubled soul like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave. COLNA DONA. Caril accompanied his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past; pleasant and mournful to the soul. DEATH OF CUCHULLIN.*

The compiler of this song appears to have founded his medley on the old air of "Todlin' Hame," which has assumed various shapes in common as well as treble time. In Oswald's Collection is a medley called "The Battle of Falkirk," in which "Lude's Lament" is evidently a slight alteration of "Todlin' Hame." In a more recent Collection, another medley appears, called "The Highland Battle," in which, "The Lament for the chief," is obviously taken from "Lude's Lament" in Oswald. The melody of "The Maid of Selma," however, is very pleasant, especially when sung to those beautiful lines selected from the works of the ancient Gaelic bard.

CXVII.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning "Nae gentle dames, though ne'er sae fair," was written by Burns, and adapted to the old dancing tune, called "M'Lauchlin's Scots Measure."

Burns informs us, that this song was composed by him at a very early period of his life, and before he was at all known in the world, "My Highland lassie," says he, "was

a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot, by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where, she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." *Reliques*.

Mr Cromek further acquaints us with the following particulars respecting the parting of Burns with the object of his first love. "This adieu," says he, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.

"The anniversary of *Mary Campbell's* death, for that was her name, awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered solitary on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm-yard, in great agitation of mind nearly the whole of the night. His agitation at length became so great, that he threw himself down at the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy, his address *To Mary in Heaven*." See *Select Scottish Songs, with Remarks by Cromek, vol. i. p. 115. London 1810.*

CXVIII.

THE NORTHERN LASS.

THE air of "The Northern Lass" appears in Oswald's first book, page 5, which was published about the year 1740. The tunc is pretty enough, but I rather think it is an ini-

tation of our style, and not a genuine Scottish air. The verses to which it was originally adapted seem to be of English origin. They are here subjoined.

THE NORTHERN LASS.

I.

COME take your glass, the northern lass
So prettily advised,
I drank her health, and really was
Agreably surprised.
Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
Her air and mien so free ;
The Syren charm'd me from my meat,
But take your drink, said she.

II.

If from the north such beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing flame
No tongue can ere reveal ;
Though cold and raw the north winds blow,
All summer's on her breast,
Her skin is like the driven snow,
But summer all the rest.

III.

Her heart may southern climates melt,
Though frozen now it seems,
That joy with pain be equal felt,
And balanced in extremes ;
Then, like our genial wine, she'll charm
With love my panting breast ;
Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm,
Be ice to all the rest.

Mr William Fisher of Hereford likewise composed a tune to the same verses, both of which were published in the first volume of Robertson's *Calliope*, in 1739, but it is quite different from that in Oswald's *Collection*, and in Johnson's *Museum*. The verses united to Oswald's air in the *Museum*, beginning "Tho' cruel fate should bid us part," were written by Burns a short time before his marriage with Miss Jean Armour, who is the heroine of this and several other of our bard's songs.

CXIX.

THE SONG OF SELMA.

THIS wild and characteristic melody is said to be the com-

position of Oswald. It was published amongst with the words, which are selected from Ossian's "Songs of Selma," in 1762.

CXX.

FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

THIS tune appears in the old Virginal Book already mentioned, in the editor's possession, under the title of "Let Jamie's Lad allane," which was probably the original title. Mr Samuel Akeroyde put a bass to it, and published it in Henry Playford's "Banquet of Music," 1692, with two pseudo-Scottish stanzas, beginning "Fairest Jenny I mun love thee." The song to which the tune is adapted in the Museum, beginning "Allan by his griefs excited," was written, I am told, by Dr Blacklock.

CXXI.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

THIS humorous song, beginning "There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men," was written by Lady Grace Home, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, afterwards wife of George Baillie, Esq. of Jarviswood, near Lanark. It was printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius. The tune consists of a single strain, and is evidently very ancient. no -

CXXII.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

THIS beautiful air appears in Mrs Crockat's Music-Book, written in 1709; but the tune is undoubtedly far more ancient, for Ramsay has preserved the old words in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, under the title of "The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie." The old verses are also inserted in the Museum, together with two other songs to the same air, both of which were written by Ramsay. Thomson selected the first of Ramsay's songs, beginning "In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain," and published it with the music in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. Watts reprinted it in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany, in 1729.

Ramsay's second song to this air, beginning "When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill," was afterwards introduced as one of the songs in his *Gentle Shepherd*.

CXXIII.

THE MILLER.

THE humorous verses, beginning "O merry may the maid be that marries the miller," with the exception of the first stanza, which belongs to a much older song, were written by Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Bart. one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. The first four stanzas were published by Yair in his *Collection of Songs*, called "The Charmer," vol. ii. in 1751. Sir John afterwards added a fifth stanza, as the song ended too abruptly at the conclusion of the fourth, and in this amended form it was published by David Herd, in 1769 and 1776. The thought expressed in the two last lines, beginning "Who'd be a king," appears to be borrowed from a similar idea in the old ballad of "Tarry Woo."—*See notes on song No 45.*

CXXIV.

WAP AT THE WIDOW, MY LADDIE.

THIS is a very pretty and lively old air. "Wap at the Widow, my Laddie," was the title of an old but indelicate song, which Ramsay new-modelled, retaining the spirit, but not the licentiousness, of the original. Thomson very properly preferred Ramsay's verses, beginning "The widow can bake and the widow can brew," and united them to this old melody in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725.

CXXV.

BRAW, BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.

THIS charming pastoral air, which consists of one single strain, terminating on the fifth of the key in the *major mode*, is very ancient. A very indifferent set of the tune, under the title of "The brave Lads of Gala Water," with variations by Oswald, appears in his *Pocket Companion*, Book viii. That in the *Museum* is genuinc. This tune was greatly ad-

mired by the celebrated Dr Haydn, who harmonized it for Mr William Whyte's Collection of Scottish Songs. On the MSS. of the music, which I have seen, the Doctor expressed his opinion of the melody, in the best English he was master of, in the following short but emphatic sentence: "This one Dr Haydn favorite song." In the Museum, two songs are adapted to the tune of "Braw, braw Lads of Gala Water." The first is a fragment of the ancient song, as preserved in Herd's Collection; but Herd had mixed it with two verses belonging to a very different song, called "The lassie lost her silken snood." The only fragment of the old song is the following:

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

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss amang the heather,
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.

The other song in the Museum, to the same tune, beginning *No repose can I discover*, was written by Robert Ferguson the Scottish poet. In January 1793, Burns wrote the following song to this favourite air:

I.

THERE'S braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

II.

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

III.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae mickle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest truest love
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

IV.

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

The sentiments in the above song are natural and pleasing, yet the poet appears to have been regardless of his rhymes—heather and better, tocher and water—do not rhyme very well. But he likely did so in imitation of many of the older song composers, who were not over fastidious about this point.

This river Gala, of poetical celebrity, rises in the county of Mid Lothian, and after receiving a considerable augmentation of its stream from the water of Heriot, runs south, and passing the villages of Stow and Galashiels, falls into the Tweed about four miles above Melrose.

CXXVI.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

THIS ballad, beginning “One night I dreamed I lay most easy,” is another production of Mr James Tytler, of whom mention has been made in a former part of this work.

CXXVII.

O, MITHER DEAR, I 'GIN TO FEAR.

THIS humorous old song, to the tune of “Jenny dang the Weaver,” was altered and enlarged by Ramsay, who, for the benefit of his English readers, changed the name of the air into “Jenny beguil'd the Webster.” Thomson published the song, with Ramsay's additions, in his *Orpheus Calendonius*, in 1725. The old song may be seen in Herd's Collection. It begins,

As I came in by Fisherrow,
Musselburgh was near me,
I threw off my mussel pock,
And courted with my dearie.
Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me,
I thought it lang to ly my lane,
When I'm sae near my dearie.
&c. &c. &c.

CXXVIII.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

THE first stanza of this song is old, the rest of it was written by Ramsay. Thomson adapted Ramsay's improved song

to the old air in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, from whence it was copied into the first volume of *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, printed at London in 1729. The tune also appears in *Craig's Collection* in 1730, and in many others subsequent to that period.

The heroines of the song, viz. Miss Elizabeth Bell, daughter of Mr Bell of Kinvaid, Perthshire, and Miss Mary Gray, daughter of Mr Gray of Lyndock, are reported to have been handsome young ladies, and very intimate friends. While Miss Bell was residing at Lyndock, on a visit to Miss Gray in the year 1666, the plague broke out. With a view to avoid the contagion, they built a bower, or small cottage, in a very retired and romantic place called *Burn-braes*, about three-quarters of a mile from Lyndock House. Here they resided a short time; but the plague raging with increased fury, they at length caught the infection, after receiving a visit from a gentleman, who was their mutual admirer, and here they both died. They were interred about half a mile from the mansion-house; and Major Berry, the late proprietor of that estate, carefully inclosed the spot, and consecrated it to the memory of these amiable and celebrated friends.

Lyndock is now the property of Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndock, the gallant hero of Barossa. Mr Gay selected the tune of *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray* for one of his songs in the *Beggar's Opera*, beginning "A curse attends that woman's love, who always would be pleasing," acted at London in 1728.

CXXIX.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

THIS song, beginning *Stay, my charmer, can you leave me*, was written by Burns, and adapted to an old Gaelic tune of one strain, entitled *An Gilleadh dubh*, or *The Black-hair'd Lad*. This simple and pathetic air was probably composed by one of those ancient minstrels who cheered the hardy and brave sons of Caledonia in former ages, but whose names are lost in obscurity and oblivion.

In *Captain Fraser's Gaelic Airs*, lately published, a set of

this tune appears in two strains, loaded with *trills*, *crescendos*, *diminuendos*, *cadences ad libitum*, and other modern *Italian* graces. This gentleman professes, however, to give the airs in their ancient and native purity, but *ex uno disce omnes!*

CXXX.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A FRAGMENT of this ancient and beautiful ballad, Bishop Percy informs us, is inserted in his Manuscript Poems, written at least as early, if not before the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1558. It consists of seven stanzas of eight lines each. A more perfect version of the ballad, but evidently modernised, appears in Watson's first Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1711. This ballad, with the music, was afterwards published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum.

The subject of the ballad, as the Bishop informs us, relates to a private story: "A lady of quality, of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself." See his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 194. The poetess must indeed have felt what she has so pathetically described. Who can peruse the following stanzas, without feeling emotions of tenderness and compassion for the lovely mourner contemplating her smiling and innocent babe, while lying in his cradle, and unconscious yet either of his own or his mother's forlorn and unhappy fate?

BALOW, my boy, lie still and sleep ;
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep ;
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad ;
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy.

Balow, &c.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !

For in thine eye his look I see—
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, &c.

But curse not him—perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee,
Perhaps at death; for who can tell
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe, has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low!

Balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alas! thou'lt weep for me;
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come!
Born to sustain a mother's shame,
A hapless fate—a bastard's name!

Balow, &c.

CXXXI.

WOES MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

THIS tune occurs in Skene's MSS. written prior to 1598, under the title "Alace this night yat we suld sinder," which was undoubtedly the first line of a very ancient song, now lost. Whether it was worthy of being preserved for its tender pathos, or comic humour, or deserving of being consigned to oblivion from its indelicacy, can only now be matter of conjecture. But it is clear that it was a well-known song in Scotland during the reign of James the Sixth.

Both the songs, which are adapted to this ancient tune in the Museum, were written by Ramsay. The first of these, beginning "With broken words and downcast eyes," was published with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, and the latter, beginning "Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief," was introduced as a song for "Peggie" in the *Gentle Shepherd*.

CXXXII.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THIS song was written by Burns, as descriptive of the feelings of James Drummond, Viscount of Strathallan, who, after his father's death at the battle of Culloden, escaped, with several of his countrymen, to France, where they died

in exile. The air was composed by the late Mr Allan Masterton, teacher of arithmetic and penmanship, Edinburgh, who was an intimate friend and acquaintance of the poet. Masterton possessed a good ear and a fine taste for music, and, as an amateur, played the violin remarkably well.

Burns gives us the following account of this song in his *Reliques*: "This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*."—*Reliques*.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Written by BURNS *to a tune composed by* ALLAN MASTERTON.

THICKEST night surround my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents wint'ry swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave.
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind;
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.
 In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress;
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend.

CXXXIII.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE?

THIS song was composed by Burns, as appears from the MSS. in his own hand-writing now before me. With respect to the tune, we have the following account in his *Reliques*: "Dr Walker, who was minister at Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, told Mr Riddel the following anecdote concerning this air. He said, that some gentlemen, rid-

ing a few years ago through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Moss-paul, when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock (distaff) at her door, was singing. All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called “What will I do gin my Hoggie die?*” No person, except a few females at Moss-paul, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down.” The gentleman who took down the tune was the late Mr Stephen Clarke, organist, Edinburgh. But he had no occasion for a flute to assist him, as stated by Dr Walker.

CXXXIV.

THE CARL HE CAME O’ER THE CRAFT.

THIS song is very ancient, and exceedingly humorous. Ramsay, however, polished it a little, to render it less objectionable on the score of delicacy; but Thomson published the old version, along with the original music, in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. In Johnson’s Museum, Ramsay’s improved copy is adopted; the following stanzas will, however, afford a specimen of the older song.

He gae to me an ell of lace,
 And his beard new shaven;
 He bade me wear the Highland dress,
 The carle trows that I’ll hae him.
Hout awa, &c.

He gae to me a harn sark,
 And his beard new shaven;
 He said he’d kiss me in the dark,
 For he trows that I’ll hae him.
*Hout awa, I maun hae him;
 Aye, forsooth! I’ll e’en hae him;
 New hose and new shoon,
 And his beard new shaven.*

* *Hoggie*, a young sheep after it is smeared, and before it is first shorn. The other song in the Museum, to the same tune, beginning “What words, dear Nancy, will prevail,” was written by Dr Blacklock.

CXXXV.

GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNIE.

A RESPECTABLE lady of my acquaintance, who was born in 1738, informs me, that this was reckoned a very old song even in her infancy. The verses in the Museum were slightly touched by Burns from the fragment of the ancient song, which is inserted in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. p. 203.

CXXXVI.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD.

THIS elegant song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. about the year 1720, adapted to the fine old air called "Hallow-e'en," and published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The tune is inserted in a very old music-book, in square-shaped notes, in the editor's possession, under the title of "Hallow Evine," but the original song is lost.

CXXXVII.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

THIS very humorous song was written about the beginning of last century by Mr Walkingshaw *of that ilk*, near Paisley. Thomson published it with the sprightly old air in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. It is probable, however, that a much older, though certainly not a more truly comic song, had previously been adapted to this lively tune. Ramsay, by a judicious alteration of one word in stanza first, another in stanza third, and one line in stanza sixth, improved this song very much.

CXXXVIII.

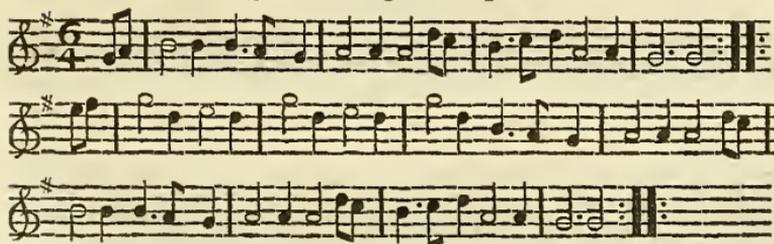
JUMPIN' JOHN.

THIS old air appears in Oswald's Collection. It seems clearly to be the progenitor of the well-known tune called "Lillibulero," which is claimed as the composition of Henry Purcell, who died in 1695.—See J. Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, vol. ii. p. 185, and John Playford's *Musick's Handmaid*, published in 1678; in both of which it is called *A new Irish Tune*. Purcell, however, appears only to have made a very slight alteration on the second strain of the air. The tune

of Lilliburlero was common both in Scotland and England before Purcell was born; the title of the song was the *pass-word* used among the Papists in Ireland at the horrible massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The tune itself was printed in Playford's *Dancing-Master* in 1657, under the title of "Joan's Placket," and Purcell was only born in the year 1658. The notes of the air are subjoined.

JUMPIN' JOHN; OR, JOAN'S PLACKET.

From Playford's Dancing-Master, printed in 1657.



To this air also an Anglo-Irish song, beginning "Ho! broder Teague, do'st hear the decree," was adapted in 1686, which made such an impression on the royal army, as to contribute greatly towards the Revolution in 1688.

The two humorous stanzas, beginning "Her daddie forbad," to which the tune of "Jumpin' John" are united in the *Museum*, were communicated by Burns. They are a fragment of the old humorous ballad, with some verbal corrections.

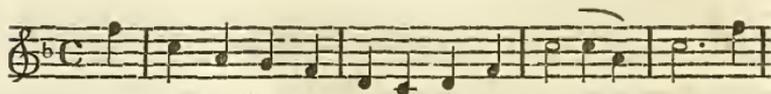
CXXXIX

HAP ME WITH THY PETTYCOAT.

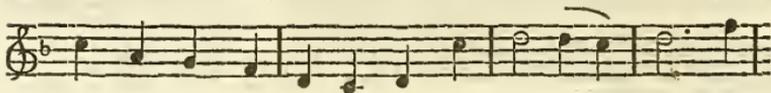
MR TYTLER, in his very ingenious and masterly *Dissertation on Scottish Music*, observes, that "the distinguishing strain (character) of our old melodies is plaintive melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting to a great degree, is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them on the sixth of the scale. By this artless standard some of our Scottish melodies may be traced, such as, *Gill Morrice—There came a Ghost to Margaret's Door—O Laddie I maun loe thee—Hap me wi' thy Pettycoat*. I mean the old sets of these airs; as the last air, which

I take to be one of our oldest songs, is so modernized as scarce to have a trace of its ancient simplicity. The simple original air is still sung by nurses in the country, as a lullaby to still their babes to sleep." The reader is here presented with the original air in its ancient purity. The copy which is inserted in Ritson's Historical Essay, is erroneous in several particulars, as will appear obvious on comparing it with the following

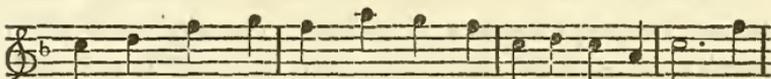
ANCIENT AIR.



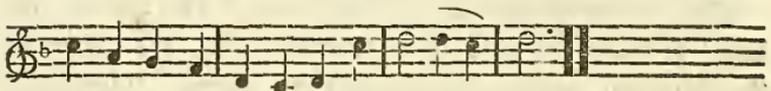
I'LL hap ye wi' my petticoat, My ain kind dow, I'll



hap ye wi' my pet-ti-coat, My ain kind dow. The



wind blaws cauld, my claithing's thin, O dearie, on me rue, And



hap me wi' thy petticoat, My ain kind dow.

The reader will, from this example, be enabled to form a pretty accurate notion respecting the intrinsic value of those modern refinements which have been made on several of the old Scottish melodies, by comparing the above air with that which is inserted in the Museum and other recent publications.

The song, which is adapted to the tune beginning *O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart*, was written by Ramsay, and published in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725; but it is certainly the most stupid song Ramsay ever wrote. To work the silly burden of a nurse's lullaby to her infant, into a grave song for a full-grown lover, seems really too absurd, unless he held the same opinion, that

Old Dryden did, and he was wond'rous wise,
Men are but children of a larger size!

CXL.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

THIS air is also very ancient, and has even been a favourite in England for several generations, some of their old songs being adapted to it. The verses in the Museum, beginning "Cauld blows the wind frae east to west," were written by Burns.

Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, vol iv. relates the following anecdote respecting this tune, which happened in 1691, during the reign of William and Mary. "The Queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent Mr Gostling to Henry Purcell and Mrs Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her; they obeyed her commands. Mr Gostling and Mrs Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length, the Queen beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs Hunt if she could not sing the old Scots ballad of "Cold and Raw?" Mrs Hunt answered, Yes; and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but, seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and accordingly in the next birth-day song, viz. that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words *May her bright example chase vice in troops out of the land*; the bass whereof is the tune to *Cold and Raw*; it is printed in the second part of the Orpheus Britannicus, and is note for note the same with the Scots tune."

As Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus is not a work to be met with in every family, and indeed is now becoming scarce, it is presumed, that the birth-day song, to which Sir John

Hawkins alludes, will not be unacceptable to the musical reader. It is here given exactly as it is printed in the 151st page of the second volume of the *Orpheus Britannicus*, published by Henry Playford in 1702.

A SONG ON THE LATE QUEEN.

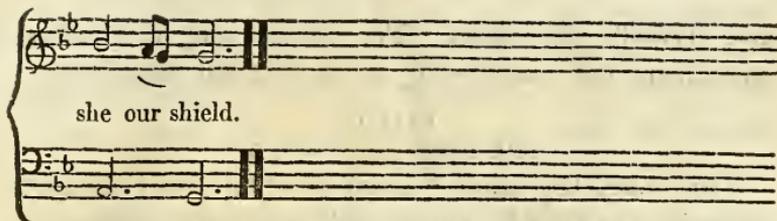
MAY her blest ex - am - ple chase Vice in troops out

of the land, Fly - ing from her aw - ful face, Like

trembling ghosts, when day's at hand. May her he - ro

bring us peace, Won with ho - nour in the field,

And our homebred factions cease, He still our sword, and



Purcell, however, must have borrowed the idea of adapting the old air as a bass part for his song from John Hilton, who introduced the same tune into his “Northern Catch” for three voices, beginning “I’se gae with thee, my sweet Peggy,” printed in 1652. In this humorous catch, the tune of “Up in the Morning early” is adapted for the third voice. This tune was selected by Mr Gay for one of the songs in the Beggar’s Opera, beginning “If any wench Venus’ girdle wear,” acted in 1728.

CXLI.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

THIS elegant and affecting elegy, “Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn!” was written by Tobias Smollet, Esq. M.D. the celebrated historian, poet, and physician, about the year 1746. The tune to which it was originally adapted, is that in the Museum, which was composed by James Oswald, and published in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, No 4, p. 14, with an *asterism* prefixed, to point out its being a melody of his own composition.

“Dr Blacklock,” says Burns, “told me that Smollet, who was at bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden.” *Reliques*.

CXLII.

WHERE WINDING FORTH ADORNS THE VALE.

THIS song was written by Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, Burns’ *older brother in misfortune*, who died at Edinburgh on the 16th of October, 1774, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. In the Museum, it is adapted to the fine old air of Cumbernauld-house, which is inserted both in Macgibbon

and Oswald's Collections. The original song of Cumbernauld-house has escaped every research of the editor.

CXLIII.

THE HIGHLAND ROVER.

THIS song, beginning "Loud blaw the frosty breezes," was written in 1787 by Burns, and presented to Johnson for insertion in his Museum. The Highland rover alluded to was the young chevalier, Prince Charles Edward Stuart. It is adapted to the Gaelic air, called "Morag," which is the Highland name for Marion. Burns also wrote the following verses to the same tune.

SONG.

TUNE, "Morag."

O WHA is she that loes me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that loes me,
As dew's o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

*O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a one to peer her.*

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

If thou had'st heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted.
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted.
O that's the lassie, &c.

Dr Currie, in his life of Burns, says, that our poet also composed the following poem of Castle Gordon in September 1787, to be sung to Morag, a Highland air of which he was extremely fond, in testimony of his gratitude for the kind reception he had met with from the Duke and Duchess, at the hospitable mansion of this noble family.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains ;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands :
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
 Give me the stream that sweetly leaves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonny Castle Gordon.

These verses are certainly very fine, but the reader will easily perceive that they do not correspond with the air of Morag. The measure and accentuation are totally different from the stanzas which our poet composed for the tune in Johnson's Museum, and these points he seldom, if ever, overlooked. We may therefore conclude, that Dr Currie has been led into a mistake with regard to the tune, though the verses undoubtedly are well deserving of being united to a very fine one.

In Fraser's Gaelic Airs, lately published, is another set of "Morag," in which the sharp seventh is twice introduced in place of the perfect fifth, amongst with a variety of notes, graces, and a *retardando*, not to be found in any of the older sets of this air, and which indeed are equally superfluous as well as foreign to the genuine spirit of ancient Gaelic melodies. Publishers of national tunes should be scrupulously careful in giving nothing but the original and unsophisticated melody, for every person who knows any thing of the science, can make whatever *extempore* variations he pleases on the simple intervals. The French have been justly censured for this absurd practice by Quantz, the celebrated music-master of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia. The Italians, on the other hand, are commended by that eminent musician, for leaving the embellishments and graces entirely to the judgment, taste, and feeling of the performers. In this way, the genuine text of the melody is preserved, and the performer is left at liberty to use what variations his taste and judgment may suggest, without rendering the subject dull and insipid, as if it was immutably fixed on the barrel of a street-organ.

CXLIV.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

THIS cheerful old air is inserted in Mrs Crockat's Collection in 1709, and was, in former times, frequently played as a single hornpipe in the dancing-schools of Scotland. The verses to which it is adapted in the Museum, beginning "Hey the dusty miller, and his dusty coat," are a fragment of the old ballad, with a few verbal alterations by Burns.

CXLV.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

RAMSAY adapted one of his songs in the Gentle Shepherd to this old Scotch melody, which was formerly called "How can I be sad on my wedding-day." The old song begins

How can I be sad, when a husband I hae?
How can I be sad on my wedding-day?

The verses in the Museum, beginning “ One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,” were composed by Dr Thomas Blacklock.

CXLVI.

I DREAM'D I LAY, &c.

THIS song was written by Burns when he was only seventeen years old, and it is among the earliest of his printed compositions. It is adapted to a beautiful and plaintive air, harmonized by Mr Stephen Clarke.

CXLVII.

I, WHO AM SORE OPPRESS'D WITH LOVE.

THIS is a fragment of an Ode, written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, addressed to a friend who was going to sea. It was published among his other poems at Edinburgh after the author's decease. In the Museum, the verses are adapted to the air of *The Lovely Lass of Monorgan*, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion.

CXLVIII.

A COCK LAIRD, FU' CADGIE.

THIS very humorous old song is generally, though erroneously, attributed to Ramsay by his biographers. Ramsay, indeed, did make some verbal alterations upon it; but William Thomson felt no scruple in presenting it, in its original rustic garb, to a queen of Great Britain, so late as the year 1725. As Ramsay has frequently been censured for suppressing the ancient songs, and substituting his own inferior productions in their stead, it seems but fair, in justice to his memory, to give the reader an opportunity, by inserting the old words here, of judging whether, or how far, such censure is really just.

I.

A cock laird fu cadgie,
Wi' Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, and kiss'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.

Gin thou'lt gae alang wi' me,

Jenny, quo' he,

Thou'se be my ain leman

Jo Jenny, Jenny.

II.

Gin I gae along wi' you,
Ye manna fail
To feed me wi' crowdie,
And good hackit kail.

*What needs a' this vanity,
Jenny? quo' he;*

*Are na bannocks and dribly beards
Good meat for thee?*

III.

Gin I gae along wi' you,
I maun hae a silk hood,
A kirtle-sark, wylie-coat,
And a silk snood,
To tye up my hair in a
Cockernonie.

*Hout awa! thou'st gane wud, I trow,
Jenny, quo' he.*

IV.

Gin you'd hae me look bonnie,
And shine like the moon,
I maun hae katlets, and patlets,
And camrel-heel'd shoon,
And craig-claiths, and lug-babs,
And rings twa or three.

*Hout, the deil's in your vanity,
Jenny, quo' he.*

V.

Sometimes I am troubled
Wi' gripes * * *
Gin I get nae stoories,
I may mysel shame;
I'll rift at the rumple, and
Gar the wind flee.

*Deil stap a cork in your * * * *
Jenny, quo' he.*

VI.

Gin that be the care you tak,
Ye may gae loup,
For sican a hurcheon
Shall ne'er skelp my —
Howt awa, gae be hang'd,
Lousie laddie, quo' she,
Deil scoup o' your company,
Jenny, quo' he.

Though such broad-humoured verses were formerly thought nothing of, they would not now be tolerated in a drawing-room; for times change, and we are changed with them.

CXLIX.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

THIS very humorous song was composed by Burns, although he did not openly choose to avow it. I have recovered his original manuscript copy of the song, which is the same as that inserted in the Museum. It is adapted to the old tune of *You'll aye be welcome back again*, which was the title of an old but very inferior song, both in point of wit and delicacy, to that in the Museum. This lively tune was inserted, about a century ago, in John Welsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, book ii. p. 45. It is also to be found in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*, and several other old collections.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

Written by BURNS.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moor to spin ;
 There was a lad that followed her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison :
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
 Her favour Duncan couldna win,
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between :
 But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn ;
 Then Meg took up her spinning-graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

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

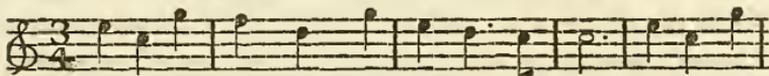
CL.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

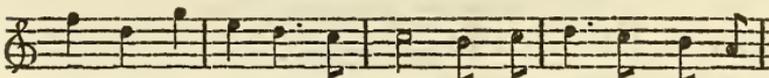
BOTH the words and music of this ancient song appear in Forbes' *Cantus*, printed at Aberdeen in 1662, again in 1666,

and lastly in 1682. We shall therefore present the reader with an exact copy of the melody, as it appears in these Collections, which will afford him another opportunity, by comparing it with the set in the Museum, and other modern collections, of observing what *improvements* have been made on this early melody. In the Aberdeen Cantus, the notes are lozenge-shaped semibreves, minims, and crotchets, without any bars. Here they are thrown into modern notation.

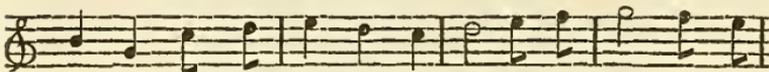
SONG XLV. IN FORBES'S CANTUS.



OVER the mountains, and un-der the caves, O-ver the



fountains, and un-der the waves, O-ver wa-ters that are



deepest, and which Neptune o-bey, O-ver rocks that are



steepest, love will point out the way.

The simple melody of this fine old song is scarce discernible amidst the superfluous extravagance of modern embellishments.

CLI.

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

THE old title, says Burns, *Sour Plums of Galashiels*, was probably the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost. The tune of Galashiels was composed about the beginning of last century, 1700, by the Laird of Galashiels' piper; and Mr Cromek adds, that the piper of Galashiels was the subject of an unpublished mock heroic poem, by Hamilton of Bangour.—*Reliques*. Hamilton wrote the verses in the Museum, and gave them to Ramsay, who published them in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1725. This old

tune also appears in Craig's Collection, printed in 1730, and in those of M'Gibbon and Oswald. Mr Watts published this song with the same tune in his Musical Miscellany, vol. iv. London, 1731.

CLII.

MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

THE words and music of this song were furnished by Dr Blacklock, for Johnson's Museum, about the close of 1787. Allan Masterton copied both for the Doctor. This song possesses merit, but some of the lines are a little deficient in measure, and the first part of the tune appears to have been incorrectly taken down.

CLIII.

MY LOV'D CELESTIA.

THIS song was written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esq. and published in an edition of his works at Edinburgh, *sine anno*. In the Museum, it is adapted to a very pretty air, called *Benny Side*, which is inserted in Oswald's Pocket Companion. The editor has not been able to procure a copy of the original song of *Benny Side*, which may have been in fashion in the days of Oswald.

CLIV.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

THIS fine old tune is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, adapted to a long ballad written by Ramsay, beginning "As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May," which is likewise printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany. In the Museum, the air is adapted to a song of two stanzas, also written by Ramsay, beginning "O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?"

Dr Blacklock communicated to Mr Johnson a copy of the original verses to the same air, which are printed in the Museum after those of Ramsay.

It ought to be observed here, that this old melody consisted only of *one strain*, and it is so printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius. The second strain, which is only a re-

petition of the first, an octave higher, was added by Adam Craig in 1730 ; but it could only be intended for instrumental music. Few voices have a natural compass of more than twelve notes. When a tune exceeds this compass, the singer has recourse to the *falsetto*, which requires great skill and management to produce even a tolerable effect. It would be much better, therefore, to leave out the *second* strain altogether in singing this song, as the compass of the *first* is sufficiently extensive, and the tune quite long enough without any second part.

CLV.

WHERE HELEN LIES.

THIS old elegiac ballad, beginning " I wish I were where Helen lies," was retouched by Burns for the Museum. Burns confessed, however, that his alterations were far from improving this ballad.

Helen Irvine, a celebrated beauty of the sixteenth century, and daughter of the then Laird of Kirkconnel, in the county of Dumfries, was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time, who both resided in that neighbourhood. The name of the favourite suitor was Adam Fleming, that of the unsuccessful lover Bell of Blacket-house. The addresses of the latter, though seconded by the friends of the lady, being inflexibly rejected, he vowed to sacrifice Fleming to his resentment. Bent on this horrid design, he watched every opportunity of carrying it into execution, and one evening, while the happy pair were sitting on a romantic spot washed by the river Kirtle, the desperate lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank with a loaded musket, which he levelled at the breast of his rival. Helen, aware of his atrocious aim, instantly threw herself before the body of her lover, and, receiving the mortal wound which was intended for him, fell back and died in his arms. The murderer fled beyond seas, but was closely pursued from place to place by Fleming, who at length overtook him in the vicinity of Madrid. A furious combat ensued, which terminated in the death of the fugitive

assassin. Fleming, on his return, went to visit the grave of his beloved Helen in the church-yard of Kirkconnel, and stretching himself upon it, he expired, breathing her name with his last sigh. His remains were interred by her side. The grave of the lovers is still pointed out, and on the tombstone the inscription *Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*, is yet legible. A sword and a cross are sculptured on the stone, which the peasantry tell you represents the gun that shot Helen, and the sword that killed her murderer. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, as a lasting monument of the abhorrence which fair Helen's contemporaries felt for the bloody deed.

There are various editions of this ballad in Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy, Ritson's Scottish Songs, and other collections, but they all differ more or less from one another, and the several airs to which the words have been adapted are also dissimilar. All of them are evidently modern, and totally different from the simple and plaintive little air to which the editor has always heard the ballad sung in the south of Scotland. He therefore inserts it without further apology.

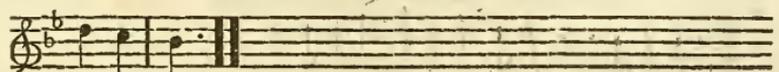
FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.



I WISH I were where Helen lies, For night and day on



me she cries; O that I were where Helen lies, On fair Kirk-



connel lee!

on fair Kirk-con-nel lee!

O Helen! lovely, chaste and fair,
A ringlet o' thy gowden hair
In my fond bosom I will wear,
Until the day I die.

I curst the heart that form'd the thought,
 I curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
 When in these arms my Helen dropt,
 And died to shelter me.

Ye weel may think my heart was sair,
 When down she sank and spak nae mair,
 And I beheld my lovely fair
 Stretch'd on Kirkconnel lee.

To foreign climes the traitor fled,
 But quickly after him I sped ;
 Ere lang beneath my glaive he bled,
 For her that died for me.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 When Kirtle rows sae smooth and sheen,
 And close by Helen's might be seen
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
 Were I wi' thee I wad be blest,
 For thou liest lowly and at rest
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

Where Helen lies ! Where Helen lies !
 For night and day on me she cries !
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 Who died for love of me.

Some of the peasantry allege, that Fleming was killed by an arrow in place of a bullet. In the following passage from a poem, written by Thomas Poyton, a pauper, after he had read Drummond of Hawthornden's history of Scotland, printed in the Gentlemen's Magazine for July 1783, this branch of the traditional story is evidently alluded to.

T'OTHER day as she work'd at her wheel,
 She sang of fair Eleanor's fate,
 Who fell by stern jealousy's steel,
 As on Kirtle's smooth margin she sate.

Her lover to shield from the dart,
 Most eagerly she interpos'd ;
 The arrow transpierc'd her fond heart,
 The fair in his arms her eyes clos'd.

O Fleming, how wretched thy doom,
 Thy love to see wounded to death ;
 No wonder that, stretch'd on her tomb,
 In grief thou surrender'st thy breath.

Yet one consolation was thine,
 To soften fate's rigid decree,
 Thy mistress her life did resign,
 A martyr to love and to thee.

CLVI.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNY MARY.

THIS humorous song, as well as that which follows it in the Museum, beginning "A' the lads of Thornie Bank," were composed by Burns towards the end of the year 1787. They are adapted to the old tune, called *The Ruffian's Rant*, which is likewise the melody of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

In November 1794, Burns also composed the following stanzas to the same tune, in the character of a forsaken lover's address to his mistress.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME.

Chorus to be sung to the first strain of the tune.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward,
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me, &c.

Farewell! may no such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou leave me, &c.

The following reply from the lady, evidently the hand-writing of a female, was found among the manuscripts of our bard after his decease.

CHORUS.

Stay, my Willie, yet believe me;
Stay, my Willie, yet believe me;
For ah! thou know'st na every pang
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrangs shall be forgiven,

And whan this heart proves fause to thee,
 Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betray'd,
 That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilefu' serpent under.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures might I choose 'em,
 I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
 That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

Dr Currie observes, "It may amuse the reader to be told, that on this occasion the gentleman and the lady have exchanged the dialects of their respective countries. The Scottish bard makes his address in pure English: the reply on the part of the lady, in the Scottish dialect, is, if we mistake not, by a young and beautiful Englishwoman," vol iv. letter lxiv.

CLVII.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

THIS song was written by Burns in August 1787, and adapted to a Gaelic melody, entitled "Banarach Donnach Ruidh," or "The Brown Dairy-maid." Burns himself gives us the following account of this song: "These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq. physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the Banks of Ayr; but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harveyston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.—I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work (the Museum)."

In a letter to Dr Currie, printed in the life of Burns, Dr Adam, now of Harrowgate, says, "Burns and I left Edinburgh together in August 1787. We rode by Linlithgow and Falkirk to Stirling. From Stirling we went next morning through the romantic and fertile vale of Devon to Har-

vieston in Clackmannanshire, then inhabited by Mrs Hamilton, with the younger part of whose family Burns had been previously acquainted. He introduced me to the family, and there was formed my first acquaintance with Mrs Hamilton's eldest daughter, to whom I have been married for nine years. Thus was I indebted to Burns for a connexion, from which I have derived, and expect further to derive, much happiness."

The author of *Albyn's Anthology*, printed in 1816, and the editor of the late *Collection of Highland Airs*, have each obliged us with a set of this tune, as if it had never been before published. These airs differ considerably from one another; but the set in *Johnson's Museum*, which Burns obtained from the lady in Inverness, is by far the best of the three.

CLVIII.

WALY! WALY! UP YON BANK.

BOTH the words and air of this song, beginning "O waly! waly! up yon bank," are very ancient. In Mr Blackwood's MSS. which were transcribed by Thomas Wode in 1566, from a still more ancient church-music book, compiled by Dean John Angus, Andrew Blackhall, minister of Musselburgh, and others, there is an humorous Yule or Christmas medley, in which the last four lines of the first stanza of this old song are evidently burlesqued.

In the first stanza we have the following lines :

O WALY! waly! love is bonnie,
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And wears away like morning dew.

The lines in the old manuscript run thus,

Hey, trollie, lollie, love is jolly,
A quhile, quhill it is new;
Quhen it is old it grows full cold,
Wae worth the love untrew.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that this song is at least coeval with the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, if not earlier.

Burns mentions, that he has heard a different edition of

the second stanza. Instead of the four lines, beginning with “When cockle shells,” &c. the other way ran thus,

O WHEREFORE need I busk my head?
 Or wherefore need I kame my hair?
 Sin my fause luve has me forsook,
 And says he'll never luve me mair.

Arthur's Seat and St Anton's, or rather, St Anthony's Well, alluded to in the song, are both in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, and so well known as to require no particular description.

CLIX.

THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

RAMSAY published this as an old song in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. I have heard it attributed to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. but have been unable to discover upon what authority. The verses are pretty, and characteristic of rural innocence and love.

CLX.

DUNCAN GRAY.

It is generally reported, that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city. It is inserted both in Macgibbon and Oswald's Collections.

The comic verses to which it is united in the Museum, beginning “Wearie fa you, Duncan Gray—Ha, ha, the gir-din o't,” are taken from the old song, with considerable alterations, by Burns. Our poet, however, wrote another exceedingly humorous song to the same tune in December 1792, which is here subjoined.

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe yule-night, when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer'd and blin',

Spak o' lowpin' o'er a liun ;

Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,

For a haughty hizzie die ?

She may gae to—France for me !

Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick as he grew well,

Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings ;

And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;

Now they're crouse and canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Burns, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated 4th December 1792, says, " The foregoing I submit, my dear Sir, to your better judgment. Acquit them or condemn them, as seemeth good in your sight. Duncan Gray is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature."

CLXI.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

THIS song is inserted in the second edition of Thomson's

* A well known rock in the Firth of Clyde, betwixt the shores of Ayrshire and Kintyre. It is about two miles in circumference, and rises to a great height. It is the property of the Earl of Cassillis.

Orpheus Caledonius, published in 1733. It also appeared in Daniel Wright's Miscellany for December 1733, under the title of "DUMBARTON DRUMS, never before printed to music." The words were inserted in the Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, but the author is unknown. Burns says, that "this is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland. The oldest Ayrshire reel is *Stewarton Lasses*, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lyle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty. *Johnny Faa* is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the county of Ayr."—*Reliques*.

CLXII.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THIS beautiful air does not appear in any of our old collections, by Thomson, Craig, M'Gibbon, or Oswald. It seems to have been modelled from the ancient tune, in triple time, called *The Sleepy Body*, like that of another from the same source, called *The Ploughman*. See No 165. For upwards of half a century, however, few, if any of our tunes, have been greater favourites with the poets than that of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." Although this air, particularly when played slow, is rather of a tender and plaintive cast, yet most of the songs that have been adapted to it are of a very opposite description. The oldest song to this tune that I have met with is the following. The author is anonymous, but the song was collected by Herd, and printed in his second volume in 1776; but he told me it was much older.

I.

CAULD kale in Aberdeen,
 And castocks in Strabogie,
 But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,
 And never warm the cogie.

The lasses about Bogie* gicht
 Their limbs, they are sae clean and tight,
 That if they were but girded right,
 They'll dance the reel of Bogie.

II.

Wow, Aberdeen, what did you mean,
 Sae young a maid to woo, sir?
 I'm sure it was nae joke to her,
 Whate'er it was to you, sir ;
 For lasses now are no sae blate
 But they ken auld folk's out o' date,
 And better playfare can they get
 Than castocks in Strabogie.

The following song, to the same tune, is likewise by an anonymous author, but it is still more modern. It was printed in Dale's Scottish Songs, and is alluded to by Burns as being an old song.

I.

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And castocks in Strabogie,
 Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,
 But I maun hae my cogie.
 For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
 I canna want my cogie,
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

II.

There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie ;
 If she were mine, upon my life,
 I'd douk her in a bogie.
 For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
 I canna want my cogie ;
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

III.

Twa-three todlin weans they hae,
 The pride o' a' Strabogie ;
 Whene'er the totums cry for meat
 She curses ay his cogie.
 O wae betide the three-gir'd cog !
 O wae betide the cogie,
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills
 That happen in Strabogie.

* The Bogie, celebrated by so many bards, is a river in Aberdeenshire. It rises in the parish of Auchindoir, and, after running through an extensive, rich, and beautiful strath or valley, called Strathbogie, formerly one of the great divisions of that county, falls into the river Deveron, a little below the town of Huntly.

IV.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
 And what they maist did laugh at,
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
 And tightly gowff'd his haffet.
 O wae betide the three-gir'd cog,
 O wae betide the cogie,
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills
 That happen in Strabogie.

V.

Yet here's to ilka honest chiel
 Wha drinks wi' me a cogie ;
 As for ilk silly whingin fool,
 We'll douk him in a bogie.
 For I maun hae my cogie; sirs,
 I canna want my cogie ;
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

The authors of the two foregoing excellent and humorous ballads, though the editor has not been able to discover them, must certainly be well known among the circle of their own friends. The present Duke of Gordon likewise wrote a very fine song to the same air, and as Johnson preferred his Grace's song to both its predecessors, he placed it in his Musical Museum. Since that period Mr William Reid of Glasgow, bookseller, has favoured us with the following verses to the same tune, with which we shall conclude the present article.

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And bannocks in Strabogie,
 But naething drives awa the spleen ;
 Sae weel's a social cogie.
 That mortal's life nae pleasure shares
 Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie :
 Whene'er I'm fasht wi' warldly cares
 I drown them in a cogie.
 Thus merrily my time I pass,
 With spirits brisk and vogie,
 Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
 My cronies and my cogie.
 Then haste and gie's an old Scots sang
 Sic like as Kathrine Ogie ;
 A gude auld sang comes never wrang,
 When o'er a social cogie.

CLXIII.

FOR THE LAKE O' GOLD.

THIS song was composed by Dr Austin, physician in Edinburgh, who had courted Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch, and to whom he was shortly to have been married. But James, Duke of Atholl, having seen her, became so much enamoured, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted; and, as Burns says, she jilted the Doctor. This lady having survived her first husband, married the late Lord Adam Gordon, uncle to Alexander, the present Duke of Gordon.

Dr Austin adapted his words to the tune of an old song, which has a similar beginning, called "For the Lak of Gold I lost her, O;" the melody of which is inserted in Oswald's Pocket Companion, No iii. p. 2. There are several passages in the tune, however, the very same as in that called, "I love my Love in Secret."

The Doctor, in his song says, "No cruel fair *shall ever move my injured heart again to love;*" but he afterwards married, and had a fine family of children.

CLXIV.

KATHRINE OGIE.

THIS fine old Scottish song, beginning "As I went furth to view the plain," was introduced, and sung by Mr John Abell, a gentleman of the Chapel-Royal, at his concert in Stationers'-hall, London, in the year 1680, with great applause. It was also printed with the music and words, by an engraver of the name of Cross, as a single sheet song, in the course of that year, a copy of which is now lying before me. About twenty years after this period two editions of the tune made their appearance in the "Pills," one of which was an inaccurate reprint to the song as sung by Abell, which was now called "A new Scotch Song." The other was called "Cathrin Loggie," where the tune is adapted to very indelicate verses. The English transcriber, from not understanding the Scottish idioms and orthography, had fallen into a

few verbal errors ; but Ramsay, in correcting these for his Tea-Table Miscellany, used some liberties with the text that were not altogether warranted. A correct copy of the old verses is therefore annexed.

I.

As I went furth to view the plain
 Upon a morning early,
 With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain,
 When flow'rs grew fresh and fairly ;
 A very pretty maid I spy'd,
 She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
 I ask'd her name ; sweet sir, she sigh'd,
 My name is Kathrine Ogie.

II.

I paus'd a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such native sweetness she display'd,
 Like lilies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd,
 As this same Kathrine Ogie.

III.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees and does not prize thee ;
 Tho' thou are drest in robes but mean,
 Yet they cannot disguise thee :
 Thy mind sure as thine eyes do look
 Above a clownish rogie ;
 Thou art a match for laird or duke,
 My bonnie Kathrine Ogie.

IV.

O ! if I were some shepherd swain,
 To feed my flocks beside thee,
 And gang with thee along the plain,
 At boughting to abide thee :
 More rich and happy I could be
 With Kate, and crook, and dogie,
 Than he that does his thousands see—
 My winsome Kathrine Ogie.

V.

Then I'd despise imperial crowns,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations ;
 Nor fear a Monarch's slights or frowns,
 And laugh at conqu'ring nations ;

Might I caress and still possess
 The lass of whom I'm vogie,
 These were but toys, I must confess,
 Compar'd wi' Kathrine Ogie.

VI.

The fates, I fear, have not ordain'd
 For me so fair a creature,
 Whose lovely face makes her esteem'd,
 A miracle of nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie ;
 O pity me ye powers above,
 I die for Kathrine Ogie !

Mr Abell, who used to sing this, and many other Scottish songs, to his royal master Charles II., was celebrated for a fine counter-tenor voice, and for his skill in playing the lute. "The king," says one of his biographers, "admiring his singing, had formed a resolution of sending him and another English musician to the carnival at Venice, in order to shew the Italians that there were good voices in England." But as the person intended to accompany him expressed an unwillingness to take the journey, the king desisted from his purpose. Abell continued in the chapel till the revolution in 1688, when he was discharged on account of his adherence to the Romish Communion. After this he went abroad, and greatly distinguished himself by singing in public in several of the towns of Germany. In some of these his receipts were enormously great ; but, having little foresight, he lived profusely, and entered into all the expences of a man of quality. At intervals he was often so much reduced, as to be under the necessity of travelling through whole provinces with his lute slung at his back, subject to all the hardships and miseries of a strolling musician. In his rambles, he got as far as Poland ; and, on his arrival at Warsaw, the king sent for him to the court. Abell made some excuse to avoid going ; but, on being told that he had every thing to fear from the king's resentment, he apologised for his behaviour, and received a command to attend the king the next day. On his arrival at the palace, he was seated in a chair in the

middle of a spacious hall, and immediately drawn up to a great height. Soon afterwards the king and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and at the same time a number of bears were let loose below. The king gave him the choice, whether he would sing or be lowered among the bears. Abell chose the former, and he declared afterwards, that he never sang so well in his life as he did in his cage.

Having rambled about for many years, he returned to England in 1701, and published, in London, a Collection of Songs in several languages, with a dedication to King William, in which he expressed a grateful sense of his Majesty's favours abroad, but in particular of his clemency in permitting him to return to his native country. Mr Abell died about the year 1702.

William Thomson published the song of Kathrine Ogie, with Ramsay's alterations, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, along with the music, in 1725. The tune appears in Adam Craig's *Select Collection of Genuine Scottish Airs*, in 1730. Both the words and music appeared in the second volume of Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, in 1729. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in *Polly*, beginning "We never blame the forward swain," printed, but not acted, in 1729. Burns had not a favourable opinion of the song. In a letter to Mr Thomson, dated 14th November, 1792, he says, "I agree with you, that the song *Kathrine Ogie* is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it, but the awkward sound *Ogie* recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece." The poet therefore wrote a new song for this tune, the theme of which was his favourite *Highland Mary*.—See remarks on the song, No 117. In the same letter to Mr Thomson, enclosing this new song, Burns says, "It pleases myself. I think it is in my happiest manner. You will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own, that I should be much flattered to see the verses set

to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

HIGHLAND MARY;

By BURNS. To the tune of *Kathrine Ogie*.

YE banks, and braes, and streams, around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay-green birk!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath the fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower so early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

In the foregoing song, Burns has evidently imitated some of those poets of the "olden time," who were more solicitous about strength of sentiment than accuracy of rhyme.

CLXV.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THIS pretty little tune, in common time, consists only of one strain, like that of the original melody, in triple time,

called "Sleepy Body," from which it was evidently taken. A very poor set of it is printed in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, where it is loaded with variations. The following set of the tune is taken from an old manuscript *penes* the editor.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S WHISTLE.



The tune repeated for the chorus.

The humorous song in the Museum, beginning "The Ploughman he's a bonny lad," is partly old and partly the composition of Burns; the three last verses, indeed, were wholly written by him. The last verse, however, should be deleted in future editions, as it conveys a double meaning, and destroys the effect of a song which in every other respect is very fine and unexceptionable. This was one of those *few things* which Burns hinted to Johnson might be amended if the work were to begin again. The melody, too, in the Museum, is not quite genuine. The leap from A to the ninth note below, viz. G in the third bar of the first and second strains, is intolerable in vocal music. The old song is here annexed. It is taken from the second volume of Herd's Collection.

THE PLOUGHMAN,

Old verses.

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

Now the blooming spring comes on,
 He takes his yoking early,
 And, whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
 He goes to fallow clearly.
Up wi't now, &c.

When my Ploughman comes hame at e'en
 He's oft wet and wearie ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed my deary.

Up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,
 And I will wash his o'erlay,
 And I will make my Ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

Merry but, and merry ben,

Merry is my Ploughman ;

Of a' the trades that I do ken

Commend me to the Ploughman.

Plough yon hill and plough yon dale,
 Plough yon faugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the Ploughman's health
 Is but a dirty fellow.

Merry but, &c.

CLXVI.

TO ME WHAT ARE RICHES ?

THIS song was written by Dr Blacklock expressly for the Museum. The verses are adapted to an ancient air, called "Here's a Health to my true Love, wherever he be ;" which tradition reports to have been a composition of our gallant Scottish monarch, James IV., who fell with the "Flowers of the Forest," on Flodden Field, in 1513. Ritson says, "One would be glad, however, of some better, or at least some earlier authority, as Scottish traditions are to be received with great caution." Every traditional story, of whatever nation, ought to be received with caution, particularly when it is inconsistent with common probability. That man who could take upon him to assert, that the inhabitants of Scotland are more credulous than their southern neighbours, must have very little knowledge indeed of the national character. If the Scottish historians, in relating the martial achievements of a brave prince, have thought so trivial a matter as that of his having made an air to a song beneath their notice, does this circumstance invalidate the tradition, or prove either that James IV. did not, or was incapable of framing a pastoral little tune of sixteen bars? I have known more than one instance of a common blacksmith's composing far longer, and even better tunes than this, although he could neither

play nor read a single note. The royal family of Stuart, from first to last, were all lovers of music and poetry, and were munificent and liberal patrons of these arts.

CLXVII.

HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

THIS sprightly tune is the original melody of the old and very humorous ballad inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, finished in the year 1568, entitled "Rob's Jock." The song beginning "Jocky he came here to woo," is evidently more modern by at least half a century; but most of the ideas, and many of the lines, are literally transcribed from the ancient ballad. One stanza of this rather broad-humoured ditty has been omitted, which was essential to render the ceremony of *the Bedding* either legal or proper in a moral point of view, namely, that which relates to the previous marriage of the parties. In the old ballad the poet informs us, that

Jock took Jenny by the hand,
And cry'd ane feast, and slew ane cock,
And made a bridal upaland;
Now haif I gotten your Jenny, quo' Jock.

This was another of those songs which were travestied by our Grub-street friends about the year 1700. It is called "The Scotch Wedding between Jocky and Jenny." It is printed in the "Pills," and consists of eight verses, of which the first and the two concluding ones will be quite enough for the majority of our readers.

THEN Jockey wou'd a wooing away,
On our feast day when he was foo;
Then Jenny put on her best array,
When she thought Jockey would come to woo.

Then Jockey took Jenny by the nease,
Saying, my dear lovey, can'st thou loof me?
My father is dead, and has left me land,
Some fair auld houses twa or three.

Thou shalt be my lady o'er them aw;
I doot, quod Jenny, you do me mock,
Ad ta my saw, quoth Jockey, then,
I come to woo thee, Jenny, quoth Jock.

This to be said after the SONG.

SEA then they gang'd to the Kirk to be wad. Noow they den't use to wad in SCOTCHLAND as they wad in ENGLAND; for they gang to the Kirk, and they take the DONKIN by the Rocket, and say, "*Good morn, SIR DONKIN.*" Says SIR DONKIN, *Ah JOCKEY, sen ater me, wit ta ha JENNY to be thy waddad wife?* *Ah, by my lady,* (quoth JOCKEY) *and thanks twa we aw my heart.* Then says SIR DONKIN, *Ah JENNY, sen ater me, Wit ta ha JOCKEY to be thy waddad loon, to have and to hold for aver and aver, forsaking aw other loons, lubberloons, black-lips, blue naeses, and aw swigg-bell'd caaves?* *We aw my heart* (quoth Jenny). Then says SIR DONKIN, *Ah, an these twa ben't as weel waddad as eer I waddad any twa in aw SCOTCHLAND, the DEEL and ST ANDREW part ye.*

CLXVIII.

O'ER BOGIE.

THE uncommonly wild structure of this melody, a copy of which is inserted in Mrs Crockat's Music-book, written in 1709, evinces it to be of very high antiquity, and, like many others of the oldest Scottish airs, it produces effects diametrically opposite to each other, from the various styles in which it is either played or sung. When set and sung to serious words in a soft and slow manner, it produces a most pathetic effect. On the other hand, when adapted and sung to humorous verses in a quick style, it becomes one of the most cheerful songs imaginable. We may adduce the ancient air of "Hey tuttie tattie," as another example in support of this fact. When this melody is adapted to such a song as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and the notes are sung full, well marked, and in moderate time, it blows the latent sparks of patriotism into a flame. But let the same melody be adapted to such a song as "I'm wearing awa, Jean," (written, we shall suppose, by a parent who had lost an only daughter, and who felt, from the effects of a slow but consuming disease, the near approach of his own dissolution), and sung in a soft, slow, and pathetic style, and what person of sensibility can refrain from shedding tears?

Before the days of Ramsay, the tune of "O'er Bogie" was adapted to an old silly song, the first stanza of which ran thus:

I WILL awa wi' my luv,
 I will awa wi' her ;
 Tho' a my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 I'll o'er Bogie, o'er scrogie,
 O'er Bogie wi' her ;
 In spite o' a' my kin hae said,
 I will awa wi' her.

Ramsay took four of these lines for his chorus; but he composed the rest of the song himself, and Thomson published it with the music in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The other song in the Museum to the same tune, beginning "Well, I agree, you're sure of me," was likewise written by Ramsay, as a song for *Jenny* in his pastoral of "The Gentle Shepherd."

Watts reprinted the song of "O'er Bogie," words and music, in the fifth volume of his *Miscellany*, in 1731. And Gay selected this tune for one of the songs in his musical opera of *Achilles*, beginning "Observe the wanton kittens play," acted at London in 1733, after the author's decease.

CLXIX.

A LASS W' A LUMP O' LAND.

THIS comic song was written by Allan Ramsay, as a substitute for the older and more broad-humoured verses to the same tune. Thomson preferred Ramsay's version, and adapted it to the original melody in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. This song, words and music, was reprinted by Watts in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. vi. in 1731.

CLXX.

HEY TUTTIE TATTIE.

THE more ancient title of this tune was "Hey, now the Day daws," the first line of a song which had been a very great favourite in Scotland several centuries ago. It is quoted by Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to the thirteenth book of his admirable translation of Virgil into Scottish verse, which was finished in 1513. It is likewise mentioned by his contemporary, the poet Dunbar, and many

others. This song was long supposed to be lost; but it is preserved in an ancient manuscript collection of poems belonging to the library of the College of Edinburgh. The reader is here presented with a correct copy of this ancient Scottish poetical curiosity, extracted from the aforesaid manuscript, united to its original melody.

HEY, NOW THE DAY DAUIS.

A very ancient Scottish Song.

HEY, now the day dauis, The jol - lie cok crauis,

Now shrouds the shauis Throw na - ture anone; The thissel-

cok cryis On lovers wha lysis, Now skaillis the skyis, The

night is near gone.

II

The fields ourflouis,
 With gouans that grouis,
 Quhair lilies lyk louis
 Als rid as the rone.

The turtill that treu is,
 With nots that reneuis,
 Hir hairtie perseuis,
 The night is neir gone.

III.

Now hairtis and hynds,
 Conforme to thair kynds,
 They turssis thair tynds.
 On ground quhair they grone.
 Now hurchonis with hairs,
 Ay passis in pairs,
 Quhilk deuly declairs,
 The night is neir gone.

IV.

The seson excellis,
 Thruh sweetness that smellis ;
 Now Cupid compellis,
 Our hairtis echone.
 On Venus wha vaiks,
 To muse on our maiks ;
 Syne sing for their saiks,
 The night is neir gone.

V.

All curageous knichtis,
 Agains the day dichtis
 The breist-plate that bricht is,
 To fecht with their fone.
 The stoned steed stampis,
 Throw courage and crampis,
 Syne on the land lampis,
 The night is neir gone.

VI.

The frieks on fieldis,
 That wight waponis wieldis,
 With shyning bright shieldis,
 As Titan in Trone.
 Stiff speirs in reists,
 Over cursors creists,
 Ar brok on thair breists,
 The night is neir gone.

VII.

So hard ar thair hittis,
 Some sueyis some sittis
 And some perforce flittis,
 On grund quhill they grone.
 Syne grooms that gay is,
 On blonks that brayis,
 With swords assayis :
 The night is neir gone.

Burns says, “ I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert the Bruce’s March at the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought in 1314. Ritson disputes the traditional account, and maintains that the Scots had no martial music among them at this time. He says, it was a custom among the Scots at this period, for every man in the host to wear a *little horn*, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a noise as if all the devils in hell had been amongst them. These horns, indeed, are the only music, (musical instruments he should have said) ever mentioned by Barbour.”—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 92.

From the numerous sculptures on the ancient abbeys and churches throughout the kingdom, there is reason to believe that the Scots, long before the battle of Bannockburn, had as great a variety of musical instruments as any nation whatever. It may, indeed, be said, that these buildings were erected by foreign artists, who adorned the architecture with the ornaments of other countries, and that the appearance of musical instruments on our abbeys and churches, is no better proof of their existence in Scotland, than those of griffins and dragons among the animal kingdom. But the evidence does not rest entirely upon the evidence of foreign stone masons; for, if I remember rightly, the venerable Bede enumerates a variety of instruments in use amongst us, and Giraldus Sylvestres Cambrensis, Bishop of St Davids, who was preceptor to Prince John, son and successor to Henry the Second of England, who flourished in 1160, expressly informs us, that Scotland, in his time, not only rivalled, but even, in the opinion of many, far surpassed Ireland in the musical art. These facts prove, beyond dispute, that the musical art had attained to a very high state of perfection among the Scots at this remote period. That the air of “ Hey, now the Day davis,” is not only as old, but even older than the reign of Robert the Bruce, seems indeed to be matter of fact, as well as a traditional story.

Both Fabyan and Caxton inform us, that the Scots made various songs in derision of the English, on the marriage of Prince David, son of Robert the Bruce, in 1328, with Joan of Towers, sister to King Edward. Four lines of one of these songs are likewise preserved by both historians, and, from the peculiar structure of the verse, there can scarcely be a doubt that it was adapted to this very air, which must, of course, have been quite a common tune over all Scotland long before this period. Caxton says, “At that time the Englishmen were clothed all in cotes and hodes, peynted with lettres and with flours, full semely, with long berdes; and therefor the Scottes made a bile, that was fastened upon the chirch dores of Seinte Petre, toward Stangate (in the city of York,) and thus said the Scripture in despite of Englishmen.”

LONG BERDES. *Written A. D. 1328.*

LONG berdes hertheles, Peynted hodes wytles, Gay cotes
graceles, Makes Englund thriptyles.

The set of this tune in Johnson's Museum is reversed. The first strain of the air, as printed in that work, ought to be the last, or chorus of the song, and vice versa. The first song in the Museum, beginning "Landlady count the lawin," was composed by Burns, except the concluding stanza, which was taken from the *second song* in the same work. The latter song is apparently the production of an anonymous versifier about the beginning of last century, when Charles

XII. King of Sweden was secretly intriguing to restore the Stuart family to the British throne. It is here given entire.

WEEL may we a' be,
 Ill may we never see;
 God bless the King,
 And this gude company.

CHORUS—*Fill, fill a bumper high,
 Drain, drain your glasses dry;
 Out upon him, fie! O fie!
 That winna do't again.*

Here to the King, sirs,
 Ye ken wha I mean, sirs,
 And to every honest man
 That will do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

Here's to the Chieftains,
 Of the gallant Scottish clans;
 They hae done it mair than ance,
 And will do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

Here's to the King of Swede,
 May fresh laurels crown his head;
 | Foul fa' every sneaking blade,
 That winna do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

To mak a' things right now,
 He that drinks maun fight too,
 To shew his heart's upright too,
 And that he'll do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

When you hear the pipe sounds
 Tuttie, tattie, to the drums,
 Up your swords and down your guns,
 And at the loons again!—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

Burns also wrote an admirable patriotic song to the same air, beginning “Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;” which is inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, vide song 577. Mr William Clarke, organist in Edinburgh, who harmonized the melodies in that volume, adapted it to a very different air, which, although pretty enough, does not suit the verses so well as this old national tune.

The following beautiful and pathetic verses, to the air of “*Hey now the Day davis,*” made their appearance about the year 1800. The ingenious author still unknown to the Editor.

I.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 Like snaw in a thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day is ever fair
 In the land o' the leal.

II.

You've been leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

III.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 And we grudg'd her sair,
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy's coming fast, Jean,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

IV.

A' our friends are gane, Jean,
 We've lang been left alane, Jean,
 We'll a' meet again
 In the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain, Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet, and ay be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

CLXXI.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

THIS song, beginning "Now wat ye wha I met yestreen," was written by Ramsay, prior to the year 1724, to the fine old Scottish air, called "Wat ye wha I met yestreen," the first line of a very old but rather licentious ditty. Ramsay has retained the first stanza of the older song, but it does not unite very happily with his own verses, which were published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724. The second stanza is

the commencement of that part of the song which was written by Ramsay.

O KATIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave this dinsom town awhile?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile.
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark ;
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hynd ;
 In ilka dale, green-shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

CLXXII.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

THIS humorous little song, beginning " My mother's ay glowing o'er me," was also written by Allan Ramsay, as a sequel to his " Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy." It was first printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724. The verses are adapted to an ancient tune, in triple time, called *A Health to Betty*, which originally consisted of one strain, and is printed in this simple style in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. This tune appears to have been one of those which were introduced into England about the union of the crowns; for it is one of those collected and published by old John Playford, in his " *Dancing Master*," printed in 1657. The second strain is a modern addition. The silly old verses begin,

O LET us swim in blood of grapes,
 The richest of the city,
 And solemnneeze,
 Upon our knees,
 A health to noble Betty.
 The Muses with the milk of queens
 Did feed this comely creature,
 That she became
 A princely dame,
 A miracle of nature.
 The graces all, both great and small,
 Were not by half so pretty ;
 The queen of love,
 That reigns above,
 Cou'd not compare with Betty.
 &c. &c. &c.

CLXXIII.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

BURNS informs us, that he composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Rasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon. This event happened in 1786. This elegiac song is adapted to an old and very beautiful Gaelic melody, called *Macgrigair a Ruadhruidh*. The following elegant and spirited English version of the Gaelic song made its appearance upwards of thirty years ago.

MACGREGOR A RUADHRI.

I.

FROM the chace in the mountain
As I was returning,
By the side of a fountain
MALVINA sat mourning.
To the winds that loud whistl'd
She told her sad story,
And the vallies re-echoed,
MACGREGOR a *ruadhri*.

II.

Like a flash of red light'ning
O'er the heath came MAC ARA,
More fleet than the roe-buck
On lofty BEINN LARA:
O, where is MACGREGOR?
Say, where does he hover?
You son of bold CALMAR,
Why tarries my lover?

III.

Then the voice of soft sorrow
From his bosom thus sounded,
Low lies your MACGREGOR,
Pale, mangled, and wounded!
Overcome with deep slumber,
To the rock I convey'd him,
Where the sons of black malice
To his foes have betray'd him.

IV.

As the blast from the mountain
Soon nips the fresh blossom,
So died the fair bud
Of fond hope in her bosom.

MACGREGOR ! MACGREGOR !
 Loud echo resounded ;
 And the hills rung in pity,
 MACGREGOR is wounded.

v.

Near the brook in the valley
 The green turf did hide her,
 And they laid down Macgregor
 In death's sleep beside her.
 Secure is their dwelling
 From foes and fell slander,
 Near the loud-roaring waters
 Their spirits oft wander.

CLXXIV.

YE GODS ! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

THIS song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, "Upon hearing his Picture was in CHLOE'S Breast," to the old tune, called *The Fourteen of October*, or *St Crispin's Day*. Hamilton gave Ramsay a copy of the song, who published it in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, and Thomson published it with the music in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725.

CLXXV.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1787, to a Gaelic melody, which he picked up in the north of Scotland, and sent to Johnson. In October 1794, he afterwards altered and enlarged the song, to suit the air of *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*. The Gaelic air, however, appears, after all, to agree much better with the plaintive subject of the song.

CLXXVI.

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARMED MY VIEWS.

THIS song was written by Dr Blacklock, in 1787, to the tune of "Miss Hamilton's Delight," and presented to Johnson for the Museum. The melody appears to have been composed about the same period. The copy from which Johnson engraved the tune is in the hand-writing of Mr Allan Masterton, with some slight alterations by Mr Stephen Clarke.

THE BONNIE ERLE OF MURRAY.

IN December 1591, Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize the person of his sovereign, James VI.; but his designs being frustrated, he retired towards the north of Scotland. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntly, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stuart, Earl of Murray, who was a relation of the Earl of Bothwell. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself, a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people.—See Robertson's History of Scotland.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, Knight, Lyon King of Arms, from his manuscript of "The Annals of Scotland," deposited in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh: "The seventh of Februry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earle of Huntley, at his house in Dunibrissel, in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, Sheriffe of Murray. It was given out, and publickly talkt, that the Earl of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhome the Queene more rashely than wisely, some few days before, had commedit, in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises procedit from a proclamatiōe of the King, the 13 of Marche following, inhibiting the zounge Earle of Murray to persue the Earl of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit (imprisoned) in the Castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majestie's commissione, and was neither airt nor part in the murther."—*Balfour's Annals of Scotland, MSS.*

The present Earl of Murray has now in his possession a picture of his ancestor, naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture does not flatter, he well deserved the name of THE BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall, graceful, and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave the Earl of Murray a wound in the face; Murray, half expiring, said, "You hae spoilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntly's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the defenceless body of Murray.—*Percy*.

Burns observes, that "the last verse of this old fragment is beautiful and affecting."—*Reliques*.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Downe,*
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town.

CLXXVIII.

YOUNG DAMON.

THIS song, beginning "Amidst a rosy bank of flowers," was written by Robert Fergusson the Scottish poet. In the Museum it is adapted to the tune of "The Highland Lamentation," which was composed by James Oswald, and published in the third volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 24.

CLXXIX.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

THIS song was composed by Burns in 1787, in compliment to Mrs M'Lauchlan, whose husband was an officer, and at that time abroad with his regiment in India. In the Museum it is adapted to the Gaelic air of "Drumion dubh." In Oswald's Pocket Companion there is a slow air in triple time, called "Drinen Duff;" but it is quite a different tune from that in the Museum.

* A seat belonging to the family of Earl Moray.

THERE are two songs in the Museum adapted to this ancient and cheerful Scottish melody. The first of these, with the exception of two lines taken from the chorus of the old song, was composed by Burns in 1787, on Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, who, he says, was commonly, and deservedly, called "The Flower of Strathmore."

The second set of verses to the same tune in that work, is the fine old humorous song of "Andro and his cutty Gun," which Ramsay published in the fourth volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, with some verbal alterations by himself. Burns observes, that "this blythsome song, so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favorite at *bridal-trystes* and *house-heatings*. It contains a spirited picture of a country ale-house, touched off with all the light-some gayety so peculiar to the rural muse of Caledonia.—*See Select Scottish Songs, with Observations by Burns, edited by Cromek, vol. ii. London, 1810.*" In a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated 19th November, 1794, Burns says, "Andro and his Cutty Gun is the work of a master. By the way, are you not quite vexed to think, that those men of genius, for such they certainly were, who composed our fine Scottish lyrics, should be unknown? It has given me many a heart-ache."—*Burns' Works, edited by Currie, vol. iv.* In Cromek's *Select Songs, with Observations by Burns*, he again alludes to this song, and says, "Instead of the line 'Girdle cakes weel toasted brown,' I have heard it sung, 'Knuckled cakes weel brandert brown.' These oatmeal cakes are kneaded out with the knuckles, and toasted over the red embers of wood on a gridiron. They are remarkably fine, and have a delicate relish when eaten warm with ale. On winter nights the landlady heats them, and drops them into the quaigh to warm the ale;

" Weel does the cannie kimmer ken
To gar the swats gae glibber down."

JOHNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

POPULAR tradition attributes the origin of this ballad to the following circumstances: A certain Earl of Cassilis had married the daughter of a nobleman contrary to her own wishes, she having previously bestowed her affections on John Faw, or Faa, a young gentleman of a very respectable family in the neighbourhood of Dunbar. The disappointed lover, not long thereafter, learned that the Earl was on a visit to a relation in a distant county, and had left his lady at home. Considering this to be a favourable opportunity for obtaining the object of his affections, Faa departed for the residence of that nobleman, accompanied with eight of his retainers, all in the disguise of gypsies, and succeeded, with no great difficulty, in carrying the lady off. The Earl, on his return, immediately assembled some of his vassals, and pursued the fugitives to the borders of England, where, being overtaken, a battle ensued, in which Faa and seven of his accomplices were left dead on the spot, and the lady, with Faa's only surviving companion, the supposed author of the ballad, were taken prisoners. The Earl, having thus recovered his fair fugitive, built a tower in the village of Maybole, upon which are represented the heads of Faa, and the seven associates who fell with him, sculptured in stone beneath one of its turrets, and here he shut up his unfortunate Countess for the rest of her life. It is said, that the lady, during her confinement, wrought the history of the transaction in tapestry, which is still preserved in Culzean Castle; and that the ford, by which she crossed the river Doon with Faa and his party, near Cassilis House, is to this day called the Gypsy Steps. But none of the genealogical accounts of this noble family, that have yet appeared in print, affords the smallest clue with regard to the truth or falsehood of the traditional story. Burns says, that Johnnie Faa is the only old song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

CLXXXII.

TO DAUNTON ME.

THIS tune appears in the first volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, printed in 1740. The composer has stolen some bars of the second part of this tune from the old air of *Andro and his Cutty Gun*. The following Jacobite verses appear in a very rare and curious little book, entitled, "A Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c." printed in the year 1750, page 70 and 71.

A SONG.

To daunton me, to daunton me,
Do you ken the things that would daunton me?
Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' the dreary years since syne,
With Cess, and Press, and Presbytry,
Good faith, these had liken till hae daunton'd me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
Do you ken the things that would wanton me?
To see good corn upon the rigs,
And banishment to a' the Whigs,
And right restor'd where right should be;
O! these are the things that wad wanton me!

But to wanton me, but to wanton me;
And ken ye what maist would wanton me?
To see King James at Edinbrough cross,
With fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forc'd to flee;
O this is what maist would wanton me.

THE humorous song, which is set to this air in Johnson's Museum, beginning "The blude red rose at yule may blaw," was, with the exception of some lines of the chorus of the old song, wholly composed by Burns, in 1787; the original copy of it in his own hand-writing, which he sent to Johnson, is now lying before me.

CLXXXIII.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

Mr CHALMERS claims this song, beginning at "Polwart on the green," as the production of Allan Ramsay.— Burns, on the other hand, asserts it to have been written by a Captain John Drummond M'Gregor, of the family of Bochalddie. I should rather think that Mr Burns had been

misinformed; for Mr Chalmers was at very great pains to procure authentic information relative to those songs in the Tea-Table Miscellany which were *de facto* written by Ramsay, and the Editor of the present work has a copy of the Orpheus Caledonius in 1733, where the letter R, in a pretty old hand, is prefixed to this song in the index, to denote that it was written by Ramsay. Ramsay published it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and the first four lines of the first verse, and the concluding four lines of the last, are printed in Italics, to show that they belonged to a much older song to the same air. Thomson adapted Ramsay's version of the song to the original air in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. Polwarth is the name of a small village in Berwickshire; in the middle of it are two ancient thorn-trees, a few yards distant from each other, around which, it was formerly the custom for every newly-married pair, and the company invited to the wedding, to dance in a ring. From this circumstance originated the old song of "Polwarth on the Green." The air, *under the title of Polwart on the Green*, is inserted in Mrs Crockat's book, written in 1709, and in Craig's Old Scottish Airs, in 1730. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the opera of "Polly," beginning "Love now is nought but art;" printed, but not acted in 1729.

CLXXXIV.

ABSENCE.

THIS song, in the manner of Shenstone, beginning "Ye rivers so limpid and clear," with the tune to which it is set in the Museum, was written and composed in 1787, by Dr Blacklock, and by him presented to Johnson for the second volume of that work. The Doctor's songs in the Museum are generally distinguished by the letter D. Burns also observes, that this song and air are both by Dr Blacklock.

CLXXXV.

I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THIS old comic song, with its original music, never appeared in a regular collection till Johnson gave it a niche in his Museum, although the verses were published by David Herd

in his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1776.

Burns says, that the story of the ballad was founded on fact: “A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family, who live in a place, in the parish of Galston, (in Ayrshire) called Barr-Mill, was the luckless hero, that *had a horse, and had nae mair*; for some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where *he fee’d himself to a Highland laird*; for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard. The present Mr Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great-grandchild to our hero.”—*Reliques*.

CLXXXVI.

TALK NOT OF LOVE, IT GIVES ME PAIN.

THIS beautiful song, the production of a lady whose name I have been unable to discover, is adapted to the old air of “The Banks of Spey,” which both M’Gibbon and Oswald have inserted in their respective Collections of Scottish Tunes. The lady’s signature in the Museum is the letter M. The original song of “The Banks of Spey” is supposed to be lost.

CLXXXVII.

O’ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

THIS Jacobite effusion, beginning “Come, boat me o’er, come, row me o’er, come, boat me o’er to Charlie,” made its first appearance about the year 1746. The tune is uncommonly sprightly, and Oswald gave it a place in the fourth volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, page 7. Mr Butler, the musician, made an excellent *rondo* of it for the piano-forte or harpsichord, which has long been a favourite. The verses in the Museum were revised and improved by Burns. The fourth number of Oswald’s work having been printed as early as 1741, four years before Prince Charles arrived in Scotland, it is probable that another and a much older song, which had no relation to the Jacobite verses whatever, was then in fashion, and that from the similarity of the name, the same title and chorus had afterwards been incorporated in the Jacobite stanzas. The

editor has also seen this tune called *Shambuy*, in some printed copies of it, but from what circumstance he has not yet been able to discover. A more complete version of this song may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*.

CLXXXVIII.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

THIS lively Scottish tune is of considerable antiquity. It is printed in the third volume of Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* in 1741, under the title of *Up and war them a', Willie*. It was originally adapted to a silly old song, beginning

UP and war them a', Willie,
 Up and war them a' ;
 Up and sell your sour milk,
 And cock aboon them a', Willie.
 Up and war them a', Willie,
 Up and war them a' ;
 Ye'se be King of Musslebrough
 And Laird of Fisherraw, Willie.
 &c. &c. &c.

The ballad, to which the air is now adapted in this Museum, was composed after the battle of Sherrifmuir or Dunblane, fought on the 13th of November 1715, between the Duke of Argyle for the Government, and the Earl of Mar for the Chevalier. Both parties claimed the victory.

The late Mr Thomas Neil, who was a carpenter, and one of the precentors in Edinburgh, gave Burns a copy of this song for Johnson's Museum. Neil, and his friend, the late Alexander Macdonald, likewise a precentor in the same city, used to sing these humorous old songs with great effect. The writer of this article has frequently heard them both with much pleasure. Cromek says, that the copy of the song in Johnson's Museum contains great variations from that inserted in the "Select Scottish Songs, with Critical Observations by Burns," edited by Cromek himself. This assertion is erroneous; for both copies are now lying before me, and I do not perceive the smallest variation in one verse, word, or letter.

Burns says, "The expression 'Up and warn a', Willie,' alludes to the *crantara*, or warning of a Highland clan to

arms. Notwithstanding of this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say, 'Up and waur them a.'"—*Reliques*. But the Lowland expression has no connection with the *Cranntà-tàra*, or "Beam of Gathering" of the Highland chieftains; for the Scottish word *war*, or *waur*, signifies to surpass or excel another in any thing. The ballad in the Museum, in which part of the old chorus of "Up and war them a', Willie," is introduced, is far more modern than that old but silly song, of which one stanza has been quoted as a sufficient specimen.

CLXXXIX.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1787, in compliment to Miss Jenny Cruikshank, only child of the late Mr William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the high-school, Edinburgh. The air was composed by Mr David Sillar, formerly merchant, and afterwards schoolmaster, at Irvine. "He is the *Davie*, (says Burns) to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of the 'Cherry and the Slae.'"—*Reliques*.

CXC.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

THIS charming song, beginning "Go on, sweet bird, and end my care," is the production of the same lady who wrote "Talk not of Love, it gives me pain."—Vide Song 186, in the Museum. The *Address to the Blackbird* is adapted to the air of "The Scots Queen," in Oswald's Pocket Companion. Mr Stephen Clarke, however, made an addition of four bars to the first strain, in order that the melody might suit the verses better. *Was last remark in the same*

CXCI.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

THE earliest edition of this very humorous song, which I have met with, is that in Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1751. It is there called "The Druken Wife o' Gallowa," which induced Burns to consider it to be the production of some poet in that county. About twenty

years ago, the late Mrs Brown of Newbattle informed me, that she had frequently heard the author (whose name I have since forgotten,) sing this song, when residing with her friend Captain Mason, at Eaglesham, in the county of Renfrew. She likewise told me, that the gentleman composed it merely as a *jeu d'esprit*; for his wife was a lady of the most amiable manners and exemplary behaviour. The following lines, "But rants up some fool-sang, like *Up your heart Charlie*," seem to point out that the song was composed after the defeat of Prince Charles Edward at Culloden, on the 16th April 1746, and had found its way into Yair's Collection not long after the date of its composition.

The tune of "Hooly and Fairly, or The Druken Wife of Galloway," appears in Oswald's Pocket Companion, vol. 10th; but it is only a slight variation of the old melody of "Faith! I defy thee," which may be seen in the 5th volume of the same work, p. 32.

As the copy of the song inserted in the Museum was altered considerably, though I do not think improved, by Burns, some of the best stanzas being altogether omitted, it is here given entire from Yair's Collection in 1751.

THE DRUKEN WIFE OF GALLOWA.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,
The wife she drank naething but sack and canary;
The gudeman complain'd to her friends right early,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

CHORUS.

Hooly and fairly, Hooly and fairly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
First she drank crommy, and syne she drank garic,
And syne she drank my bonnie grey mairie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie;
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things I wad na care,
But she drinks my claihs I canna weel spare;

When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad ;
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head :
At kirk and market I'm cover'd but barely ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns ;
My bane-headed staff that I loo'd sae dearly ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

I never was given to wrangling or strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war—I'm ay for a parley ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse ;
If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scold and she'll curse :
She lives like a queen—I scrimped and sparely ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow ;
But when she sits down she fills hersel' fu',
And when she is fu', she is unco camstairie ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,
Has no fear o' her neighbours, nor minds the house wants,
But rants up some fool-sang, like *Up your heart, Charlie* ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, &c.

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jades,
And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie ;
O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,

O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

CXCII.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THIS ancient comic dialoguc, between a mother and her daughter on the subject of marriage, is marked in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany with the letter Q, to denote that it is

an old song with additions. But the old ballad contains many curious and *naive* remarks of the daughter, on the person and manners of Auld Rob, which Ramsay has evidently omitted on account of their coarseness. The ballad therefore is much curtailed, in place of being enlarged. Thomson published it in the same way in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, and it was reprinted by Watts, in the third volume of his *Musical Miscellany*, London, 1730. Auld Rob Morris is one of Craig's select Scottish tunes, printed in his *Collection* the same year.

In November 1792, Burns composed the following excellent verses to the old air; in which the two first lines only are borrowed from the old ballad:

There's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale of auld men;
He has gow'd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to the e'e.

But O! she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me manna hope to come speed;
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubl'd ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express.

CXCIII.

AND I'LL KISS THEE YET, YET.

THIS pretty little song was written by Burns, though he did not choose to acknowledge it. I have the original, in his own hand-writing, now lying before me. The verses are adapted to the fine old tune, called "The Braes of Balquhiddy," from a parish of that name, through which passes

the military road from Stirling to Fort William. It appears that this song was a great favourite of Mr Stephen Clarke; for at the bottom of the MS. music-sheet, where this tune is inserted with its bass, there is a note in his hand-writing, in which he says, "I am charmed with this song *almost* as much as the lover is with *Bonny Peggy Alison*.—S. C."

CXIV.

O, RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

THE two first verses are a fragment of the old song, which does not appear to have been received into any regular collection before Johnson's Museum, although the tune appears in Oswald's Pocket Companion, vol vii. p. 9. The last stanza of the song was added by Burns in compliment, as he says, "to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments."—*Reliques*.

CXCV.

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

BURNS says, that he composed this song "on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs Lewis Hay of Forbes and Co's bank, Edinburgh."—*Reliques*. It is set to the tune of Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairney.

The air which old Neil Gow composed on the death of Mr Moray of Abercairney, is an excellent slow strathspey, and is well adapted to the violin, piano forte, and other musical instruments; but the melody is not at all suitable for the voice, the leaps of eleven notes from E to A, *in alt*, are entirely forbidden in vocal composition; such sudden skips from the *natural* to the *falsetto*, being utterly destructive of every good effect.

CXCVI.

TIBBIE I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

THIS excellent comic song beginning, "O Tibbie I hae seen the day," was composed by Burns in 1776, when he

was only about seventeen years old. It is set to the charming old tune of *Invercauld's Reel*.

CXCVII.

NANCY'S GHOST.

THIS song, beginning *Where waving pines salute the skies*, was composed by Dr Blacklock in 1787, expressly for the Museum. It is adapted to the old air of "Bonnie Kate of Edinburgh," from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. v. p. 5.

CXCVIII.

CLARINDA.

THIS song, beginning *Clarinda, mistress of my soul*, was written by Burns in 1787, in compliment to the lady, who obtained such celebrity after the decease of our bard, in consequence of the publication of "Burns' Letters to *Clarinda*," now Mrs Meiklejohn of Edinburgh. The tune was harmonized by Mr Stephen Clarke, organist, Edinburgh; but his son thinks, it was composed by Mr Schetky.

CXCIX.

CROMLET'S LILT.

THE proper name of this ancient Scottish Song is "Cromleck's Lilt." Towards the close of the sixteenth century, young Chisholm of Cromleck became much attached to Miss Helen Murray, commonly called, "Fair Helen of Ardoch." Helen's maternal grandfather, Murray of Strewan, was one of the seventeen sons of Tullibardine. Her own father, Stirling of Ardoch, had, by his wife, Margaret Murray, one of Strewan's daughters, a family of no less than thirty-one children, of whom fair Helen was one; and the late Mr Stirling, her youngest brother, commonly styled the Tutor of Ardoch, who died in 1715, at the extraordinary age of 111 years, was another. From these circumstances, it is obvious, that Helen could have but small pecuniary expectations from her family, and that her lover's affection was pure and disinterested. Being under the necessity of going to France, young Cromleck intrusted the management of his correspon-

dence with his mistress, during his absence abroad, to a friend in the neighbourhood of Dunblane. This man, however, became deeply enamoured with Helen, and, in order to secure her to himself, he not only secreted every letter intrusted to his care, but likewise artfully prepossessed the young lady with stories unfavourable to Cromleck; and, by similar misrepresentations to him respecting the virtue and affections of the lady, all connection between the lovers was broken off. Helen remained inconsolable, and Cromleck, while abroad, and his mind influenced by her supposed infidelity, composed that affecting ballad called Cromleck's Lilt, which, considering the period of its production, affords at once a proof of the strength and elegance of his poetical genius, and the ardency and steadiness of his love.

The perfidious confidant, after thinking that time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow for the loss of her former lover, paid his addresses to the young lady himself. Helen obstinately refused to listen to them, but being overcome by the incessant importunities of her relatives, she at last yielded a slow and reluctant assent. The marriage ceremony was performed, but here her compliance ended. On attempting to place her on the nuptial couch, she sprang from it with horror, exclaiming, that she heard the voice of young Cromleck, crying, "O! Helen, Helen, mind me!" Cromleck arriving soon after, discovered the deep treachery and villany of his pretended friend; the marriage was annulled, and fair Helen became the happy wife of her beloved Cromleck. Such is the traditional story.

It is said, that James the 6th, when passing from Perth to Stirling in 1617, paid a visit to Helen's mother, the Lady Ardoch, who was then a widow. Her children were all dressed and drawn up on the lawn to receive his Majesty. On the King's seeing this uncommon spectacle, he said, "Madam, how many are there of them?" "Sire," she jocosely answered, "I only want your help to make out the *two* chalders!" A chalder contains sixteen bolls. The king

laughed heartily at the joke, and afterwards ate a collop sitting on a stone in the close.

As the *Tutor* of Ardoch, who was the youngest son of this extraordinary family, died in 1715, at the advanced age of 111, he would be about thirteen years old when his Majesty visited his mother. The *Tutor*, when more than a hundred, could drink a bottle of ale at a draught. His conversation was extremely amusing, from his great knowledge of the history of private life.

The ballad of Cromleck's Lilt, beginning "Since all thy vows, fair maid," is inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the music, in 1725. The tune was selected by the Reverend William Geddes, in 1673, for one of the hymns in his *Saints' Recreation*, which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh in 1683. This hymn is entitled, "The Pathway to Paradise, or the Pourtraiture of Piety." The words and tune of Cromleck's Lilt, in the *Museum*, were copied from the *Orpheus Caledonius*. In the last stanza but one are the following lines :

THE courteous Red-breast, he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

Those lines evidently refer to the fine old ballad, called the "Babes in the Wood," which must have been written as early as the time of James VI. The corresponding lines in the old ballad run :

No burial those pretty babes
Of any man receives,
But Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

CC.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

THE Editor has not yet been so fortunate as to discover who was the author of this plaintive pastoral song ; but there are several variations between the copy inserted in the *Museum*, and the following stall edition of the ballad.

THE winter it is past,
 And the simmer's come at last,
 The little birds now sing on ev'ry tree ;
 The hearts of these are glad,
 But mine is very sad,
 For my lover is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,
 By the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnet and the bee ;
 Their little loves are blest,
 And their little hearts at rest,
 But my lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun,
 That unwearied doth run,
 Through the firmament, ay constant and true ;
 But his is like the moon,
 That wanders up and down,
 And is ev'ry month changing anew.

All you that are in love,
 And cannot it remove,
 How I pity the pains that you endure ;
 For experience makes me know,
 That your hearts are full of woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

The plaintive little air to which this song is adapted, is inserted under the same title in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 7th.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART II.

CII.

TRANENT MUIR.

THIS song must have been very popular. I have it in its original form, as a broadside, printed at the time, with this title, "The Battle of Preston, to the Tune of *Killiecranky*." It next appeared in "The Charmer," vol. ii. p. 349, Edinb. 1751. Neither of these contains the verse, beginning "And Caddell drest;" but in the latter copy there are some explanatory foot-notes, in which Menteach is described as Minister of Longformacus, Simpson, as Minister of Falla, George Campbell, as a wright in Edinburgh, and Mr Myrie, as a student of physic from Jamaica.

The author of this remarkably clever satirical song is called "Mr *Skirvin*" by Ritson, "Mr *Skirven*" by Stenhouse, and "*Alexander Skirving*" by Allan Cunningham, who says, that "besides his gift at song-making, which was considerable, he was one of the wittiest and most whimsical of mankind." His name was ADAM SKIRVING, and I am happy in being able to give some particulars of his history from the best authority. The farm of Garleton, where he resided for the greater part of his life, is about two miles from Haddington, on the road to Gosford. He was a remarkably handsome man, free and outspoken in his manners, and being very saving in money-matters, he left a considerable fortune to his surviving children. He was twice married. His eldest son by his first marriage, Archibald Skirving, the portrait painter, who resembled him in person and

disposition, was well known in Edinburgh. The second son, Captain Robert Skirving, also inherits his father's poetical genius. After many years' service in the East Indies, he returned home in the year 1806, and still survives, at Croys, near Castle Douglas.

The following is the copy of a letter from Captain Skirving, addressed to George Cleghorn of Weens, Esq., in reply to a request for some information respecting his father, Adam Skirving:—

“CROYS, BY CASTLE-DOUGLAS, 29th Oct. 1838.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have been favoured with the memorandum which you left with Major Yule on the 24th inst., and am quite willing to aid your views, but much fear it will be far short of what you have been led to expect.

“My Father was born in 1719, and died in 1803; was educated at Preston-kirk in East Lothian, where his grandfather, after leaving Stenton, farmed Preston-mains. The printed epitaph is as characteristic as I could make it, and was transferred to a marble slab in the churchyard of Athelstaneford, where his remains are deposited. The one in manuscript is by my Brother, and was found amongst his papers after his death, and is perhaps the more appropriate of the two.

“Our Father was, by his own account, a bad scholar, but became an indefatigable reader, and knew more of history, geography, and astronomy, than was usual with those of his line. His first farm was Prora, whence he moved to Garleton, where he spent the rest of his days. He for many years attended Leith races on horseback, during the whole week, yet always slept at home; was frequently out with the Amisfield hounds; very fond of curling; and so much addicted to golfing, that he generally carried a club in his hand; always attended the Goolan club on Saturdays, and often the Boglehill club on the Wednesdays. I am not aware that he left any metrical manuscripts. In-

deed, I have heard him say, he would rather ride twenty miles than put pen to paper. When he did write he was extremely laconic, as witness his settlement with a person with whom he had long trafficked, and who insisted upon a systematic acquittance—"This day Andrew Hunter and I counted and clear'd; deil haed he owes me, and I owe him as little." The elegy on the last Congalton of Congalton, who was a great favourite in that part of the country, was much admired. 'The battle of Preston,' which has, I presume, given rise to this investigation, contains a line running thus, 'The Teague was naught,' which may be construed into a national reflection, and I could wish that the word *The* were exchanged for *This*. By the bye, when the rifling took place on Seton sands, your grandfather was of the party; and when hiring shearers a year or two after in Linton market, he recognised the fellow who took his watch, and demanded restitution. "Oh! she dee'd that same night, and I gied her till a neighbour, and he's gane far o'er the hills, an', be Got, ye'll ne'er see her again." I might give instances of his sprightly repartees, &c. but am fearful of becoming tedious. My partial friend, Major Yule, on the presumption that all Adam's sons are addicted to rhyming, advises that I should send some specimens, and I have actually collected a good many—not *many good*—scraps, but only one in the Scottish dialect, and that you shall have; and were I not so lame a scribe, I might perhaps copy out a few more. To be sure I have, from folly, or from vanity, or in self-defence, been at the expense of having some copies printed, and to these also, as they need not be transcribed, you are heartily welcome. In the first place, one of my brother's tunes, which I call the Lament, and to which I contributed the words; secondly, two songs set by Mrs Skirving to a tune, which, upwards of threescore years ago, I learnt from a ploughman, who said he had picked it up from a travelling piper; thirdly, a new version of Auld Langsyne; fourthly, a little song in manuscript to

the tune of, 'I'll never gae down to the broom ony mair;' fifthly, a ditto to a tune which runs to some plaintive words, of which I do not remember a syllable; and, lastly, a *jeu d'esprit* by my Brother. Though they should all be excluded from the projected publication, I should like to know the sentence pronounced by the Committee of criticism. Perhaps some of your daughters will so far honour me as to try them upon the piano—the Lament goes best upon the organ.

“ I have a picture of my Father in miniature by my Brother, and which, were I in town, I might probably put into the hands of some engraver or lithographer. My brother, David, has, or had another, a very good likeness, set in a ring. As I have time and space I shall mention a peculiar faculty possessed by my Father, viz. that of making severe retorts without giving offence. A person boasting of the wonderful qualifications of his horse, said, “ It has as good a memory as Adam Skirving.”—“ If, with my memory, it has your judgment, it must be a complete beast.”

“ Yours, my dear sir, most respectfully,

“ R. SKIRVING.”

P. S.—“ Lord Elcho, at the time of his marriage, resided at Beanston. My father went to make his bow—was introduced by his Lordship—deliberately took up the skirt of his coat—looked her Ladyship in the face, and, affecting to wipe his *moo*, fairly saluted her. None but himself could have done this without giving offence.”

As there is no “ Committee of Criticism ” to sit in judgment upon Captain Skirving’s communications, I shall here add such pieces as seem to me most suitable for this work.

I.—ELEGY ON THE LAST CONGALTON OF CONGALTON.

BY THE LATE MR ADAM SKIRVING, GARLETON.

YE Lothian lairds, in sable weeds,
 With pomp the funeral grace;
 Ye poor and bare, who nought can spare,
 Put on a mournful face.

For Congalton lies cold in clay,
 So much admired by all ;
 Whose pliant parts so cheered all hearts,
 He pleased both great and small.

A neighbour and companion dear,
 Could both be fou and wise ;
 And who, woes me, from fault is free ?—
 It was his only vice.

Of real humour, unconfined,
 And wit, that flowed with ease,
 Of modest mind, and temper kind,
 Yet smart at repartees.

Though keen his satire, sharp his wit,
 His words gave no offence ;
 What's well designed, well ta'en we find
 By every man of sense.

A husband fond, a father kind,
 A friend quite free from gall ;
 A friend in need's a friend indeed,
 And he was so to all.

A father to the fatherless,
 A master mild and just ;
 From what he said he never strayed,
 His promise all might trust.

Such was his character in life ;
 When fate decreed his end
 He died in peace, and ne'er to cease,
 May bliss his shade attend.

II.—A MUSICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.

BY ARCHIBALD SKIRVING.

KING, Lords and Commons, and we Rabble,
 Are just the four strings of a fiddle,
 On which the Premier of the day
 Is, *volens volens*, forc'd to play.
 But as soon may he scale the moon,
 As keep the said four strings in tune.

SKIRVING'S LAMENT.

Like Walpole, Ministers have chosen
 To use sweet oil in place of rosin ;
 Which no doubt sav'd a world of toil,
 But soon exhausted all the oil.

And now, the once sweet silver sound
 Is totally in discord drown'd.

How rash a youth was Pitt, to meddle
 With such a craz'd half-rotten fiddle !
 Not Gow himself, with nicest twitch,
 Could screw the pins to concert pitch.

The tones, harsh, grating, shrill and loud,
 Are all drawn from a tuneless *Crowd*.*

Archibald Skirving the painter, the writer of the above lines, was a man of undoubted, but somewhat eccentric, genius; of whom, were this a suitable place, many characteristic anecdotes might be recorded. The following air, composed by him (and here accompanied with the first two stanzas of a song by Captain Skirving) will evince that he possessed no inconsiderable musical skill.

SKIRVING'S LAMENT.

The Tune by Archibald, and the words by Robert Skirving.

Thy rest-less Fa-ther roams once more, A

Sol - dier to Ben - gal; From me he flies, for-

* '*Crowd*,' signifies a fiddle, as well as a promiscuous multitude.

sakes his child, De - serts his friends and all. No

cause as - sign'd for change of mind, He

leaves us all to fate. God grant he soon his

ends at - tain, And not re - pent too late.

Some froward fancy drives him hence,
 The cause he'll not disclose ;
 He sees my tears, he hears my sighs,
 He laughs at all my woes :
 What can't be cured must be endured,
 As time and chance befall ;
 I'll leave my child, I'll risk my life,
 To join him in Bengal.

In the Farmer's Magazine, for August 1810, the following Epitaph on Mr Skirving was communicated by "A visiting Member of the old Gulan Club," who says, "I lately observed a stone stuck up to his memory in the Churchyard of Athelstaneford. The epitaph appeared to me characteristic; I therefore transcribed it, and herewith send you a copy."

ADAM SKIRVING, FARMER, GARLETON,

DIED 19TH APRIL, 1803.

IN figure, in feature, and powers of mind,
As perfect as most of his peers;
As gratefully held, as serenely resigned,
Life's lease, which was eighty-four years.

With low and with lofty—frank, candid, and fair;
Soon bargain'd, and counted, and clear'd;—
On folly, and vice, and imposture, severe—
Yet neither was hated nor fear'd.

With health, happy wit and good-humour endow'd,
Content in his countenance glow'd;
Not wishing to sow where another had plough'd,
But trusting to reap as he sow'd.

The following is a copy of the not less characteristic Inscriptions which Captain Skirving placed in the Churchyard of Athelstaneford, at the time probably when the above was removed. That upon his Brother may seem obscure to those who were not personally acquainted with him in his later years, when his peculiarities and his aversion to court favour, by any attempt to humour the prejudices and conceits of individuals, very materially affected his interests in regard to professional employment. He died at Inveresk on the 19th of May, 1819.

ARCHIBALD SKIRVING,
FARMER, MURTON,
ONE OF THE MOST ATHLETIC AND BEST TEMPERED
OF MEN,
LIVED ONLY 56 YEARS.

His Oldest Son, ADAM, Farmer, Garleton,
BORN, 1719.—DIED, 1803.

In feature, in figure, agility, mind,
And happy wit rarely surpass'd,
With lofty or low could be plain or refined,
Content beaming bright to the last.

His first Son, and finest Semblance,
ARCHIBALD,
BORN, OCTOBER, 1749,
BY PECULIAR EXCELLENCE ATTAINED EMINENCE
AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER;
AND MIGHT HAVE LIVED IN AFFLUENCE,
HAD HE NOT AIMED AT PRIVATE INDEPENDENCE
BY SIMPLIFYING THE COMFORTS OF COMMON LIFE.

To beauty, virtue, talent, he would bow,
But claims from birth or rank would not allow ;
Kept friends and foes at nearly equal distance ;
Knew how to give, but not to take assistance.
At threescore-ten, when scarce begun to fail,
He dropt at once, without apparent ail.

The following is the character of old Mr Skirving, by his son Archibald, to which Captain Skirving alludes in the foregoing letter :—

“ He possessed a most comprehensive mind, retentive

memory, ready wit, and cheerful heart. Was alive to praise; of middle stature, and unmatched agility, with a countenance of still superior character; and for the simplicity of his dealings, made frugality a compensation."

In a subsequent communication with which I have been favoured, Captain Skirving says, "Yes, the Epitaph, in the Farmer's Magazine, was removed when the other was erected. Don't think I ever gave an opinion as to the author of 'Hey, Johnnie Cope.'"

CII. (2.)

PROELIUM GILLICRANKIUM.

THE original ballad on the Battle of Killiecrankie, fought on the 17th of July, 1689, beginning '*Clavers and his Highlandmen*,' was printed near the time as a broadside, or single leaf; but the writer of it is unknown. The Latin version, inserted in the Musical Museum, is attributed to HERBERT KENNEDY, of Halleatts, Dumfriesshire, who was appointed one of the Regents, or Professors, in the University of Edinburgh, in the year 1684.

CIV.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

THE author of this song, WILLIAM WALLACE, was the eldest son of Thomas Wallace of Cairnhill, Esq., and was born probably about the year 1712. He was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates 16th of February, 1734. His father died in April, 1748. In August, 1750, William Wallace of Cairnhill, advocate, married Jean, daughter of Archibald Campbell of Succoth, writer to the Signet, (*Scots Magazine*, 1750, p. 398.) He died at Glasgow, 16th of November, 1763. He is to be distinguished from William Wallace jun., who was admitted advocate 15th of February, 1752, and is described in the minutes of the Faculty of Advocates as the son of Robert Wallace, writer to the Signet,—no doubt the same as Robert Wallace

of Holmston, Ayrshire, W. S., who died 24th of March 1752, aged 82. In December 1752, this William Wallace was appointed Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh; and, at the time of his death, which took place at Edinburgh, 28th of November, 1786, he was Professor of Scots Law, one of the Assessors of the City, and Sheriff-depute of Ayrshire. George Wallace, advocate, about the same time, is known as the author of "Principles of the Law of Scotland," "Thoughts on Feudal Tenures," and "Prospects from Hills in Fife."

CXII.

HE WHO PRESUMED TO GUIDE THE SUN.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Struan, Esq., the Chief of his Clan, died at his house of Carey, in Rannoch, Perthshire, 18th of April, 1749, in the 81st year of his age. A posthumous collection of his poems was surreptitiously printed at "Edinburgh for Charles Alexander," 8vo, without date, but published in October, 1751, when it was announced in the Scots Magazine as being ready for subscribers, price 5s. Another edition, omitting several objectionable pieces attributed to him, was reprinted at Edinburgh (in 1785,) 12mo. This edition contains the "History and Martial Achievements of the Robertsons of Strowan."

CXX.

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

BURNS, like what he has remarked of himself (see No. CIII. p. 107), after stating that this song was Dr Blacklock's, adds, "He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough perhaps, but they served as a vehicle for the music."

CXXI.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

THIS song appears to have been first published by Thomson, in his folio *Orpheus Caledonius*, about 1725. It is

included in the fourth volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which was printed several years later. *LADY GRISSELL HOME*, by whom it was written, was the daughter of Sir Patrick Home, created Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, 25th of December, 1665; was married to George Baillie of Jarviswood, Esq., 17th of September, 1692; and died at London, 6th of December, 1746, in the 81st year of her age. Their eldest daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, wrote *Memoirs of the lives and characters of her parents*—a piece of biography of the most affectionate and interesting kind, which cannot be too much praised. It was first made known by extracts, in the Appendix to *Rose's Observations on Fox's Historical Work*, in 1809, and has since been printed entire by Thomas Thomson, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh, 1822, 8vo.

Mr Pringle, editor of *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, discovered a fragment of a song, supposed to be the composition of Lady Grisell Baillie, which he thus mentions in that Magazine for May, 1818:—“An interesting notice in her daughter's Narrative, along with other circumstances, induces us to entertain a hope, that further specimens of her poetical talents may yet be recovered. Lady Murray says, ‘I have now a book of songs of her writing when there (in Holland), many of them interrupted; half writ; some broken off in the middle of a sentence,’ &c. Such a collection, whether altogether of her own composition or not, would probably afford some valuable additions to the lyric treasures by which Scotland has long been so peculiarly distinguished.—We are enabled to subjoin one unpublished fragment of this description, supposed to be Lady Grisell's composition from circumstantial evidence. It was lately discovered, in her handwriting, among a parcel of old letters, and enclosed in one of them, written about the time of her father's forfeiture, to her brother Patrick, then serving with Mr Baillie in the Prince of Orange's guards.”—(P. 436.)

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ning and morn,
 When our blythe shepherds play on their bog-reed and horn ;
 While we're milking they're liltin' baith pleasant and clear—
 But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear !

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn ;
 To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn ;
 On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free—
 But, alas ! my Dear Heart ! all my sighing's for thee !

These words have lately been adapted to an air composed by the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., when he was a youth of seven years old ; and a few copies have been recently engraved at his son's expense, for private distribution among his friends.

“ It appears from the scandalous ballad concerning Lady Murray, attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that Lady Grisell Baillie used the broad dialect of her country in speech as well as in song-writing.” (C. K. S.)

CXXIII.

THE MILLER.

SIR JOHN CLERK of Pennycuik, Baronet, was one of the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland for nearly half a century. He was appointed at the constitution of that Court, 13th of May, 1708. Along with Baron Scrope, in 1726 he drew up an “ Historical View of the Forms and Powers of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland,” which was printed at the expense of the Barons of Exchequer for private circulation, Edinburgh, 1820, large 4to. The song in the Museum appeared in “ The Charmer,” 1751, vol. ii. p. 291.

The only other verses attributed to Sir John Clerk are the following lines sent to a lady of great personal beauty, whom he courted unsuccessfully, as she became the third wife of Alexander, ninth earl of Eglintoune.

“ Verses sent anonymously, with a flute, to Miss Susanna Kennedy, afterwards Countess of Eglintoune, by Sir John

Clerk of Pennycook, Baronet. On attempting to blow the flute, it would not sound ; and, on unscrewing it, she found these lines :—

“ Harmonious pipe, how I envye thy bless,
 When press'd to Sylphia's lips with gentle kiss !
 And when her tender fingers round thee move
 In soft embrace, I listen, and approve
 Those melting notes, which soothe my soul to love.
 Embalm'd with odours from her breath that flow,
 You yield your music when she's pleased to blow ;
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
 To court the charming Sylphia for me ;
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch ;
 Since I to her my liberty resign,
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.”

The lady to whom these verses were sent was Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean, Bart., to whom Allan Ramsay, in 1726, dedicated his “Gentle Shepherd.” The original manuscript was sent to her ladyship a few years later by the author, with an inscription at the end, stating, with some degree of vanity, that it would in after-times be considered no ordinary curiosity. It is preserved in the library of Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck. Lady Eglintone, says Mr Sharpe, “was much celebrated, not only for her extraordinary beauty, but for a manner quite peculiar to herself in Scotland, and which was remembered as the ‘Eglintone manner’ long after her death.” Mr John Drummond of Blair-Drummond, writes thus from London to his brother, William Drummond of Grange, in the year 1730,—“Lady Eglintone has set out for Scotland, much satisfied with the honour and civilities shown her ladyship by the Queen and all the Royal Family ; she has done her country more honour than any lady I have seen here, both by a genteel and a prudent behaviour.”—(C. K. S.)

Sir John Clerk was a man of great learning and accomplishments. Besides two papers in the "Philosophical Transactions," he was the author of a tract entitled "Dissertatio de quibusdam Monumentis Romanis," &c., written in 1730 and printed in 1750, 4to. For upwards of twenty years he also carried on a learned correspondence with Roger Gale, the English antiquary, which forms a portion of the "Reliquiæ Galeanæ;" in Nichols' "Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica," 1782. Sir John Clerk died at his seat of Pennycuik, 4th of October, 1755. One of his younger sons was John Clerk of Eldin, Esq., distinguished for his work on "Naval Tactics," and the father of the late Lord Eldin, an eminent Scottish lawyer.

CXXVIII.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

"BESSY BELL and Mary Gray died of the plague, communicated by their lover, in the year 1645;—see Pennant and the Statistical Account of Scotland. Besides the chorus, 'Oh, Bessy Bell,' &c., there is another stanza of the old song remembered in Perthshire—

"They thought to lie in Meffen kirkyard
Among their royal kin;
But they maun lie on Stronach-haugh,
To biek fornent the sin."

(C. K. S.)

CXXX.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

"FAMILY traditions assert, that an amour between Anne Bothwell, sister of Lord Holyroodhouse, and a son of the Earl of Mar, Colonel Alexander Erskine, blown up in Dunglass Castle, 30th August, 1640, was the occasion of this ballad. The lady's "Lament" has exercised the subtle wits of antiquaries in the ascertainment of her pedigree. She has been made out to be the divorced Countess of

Bothwell, and also, I believe, a Miss Boswell of Auchinleck: but a passage in Father Hay's MS. History of the Holyroodhouse Family seems to confirm the tradition beyond a possibility of doubt. Recording the children of Bishop Bothwell, who died 1593, he tells us, 'He had also a daughter, named Anna, who fell with child to a sone of the Earle of Marre.' Colonel Alexander's portrait, which belonged to his mother (now in the possession of James Erskine, Esq. of Cambo, Lady Mar's descendant), is extremely handsome, with much vivacity of countenance, dark blue eyes, a peaked beard, and moustaches.

Ah me! I fell,—and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

SHAKSPEARE.

“(From Notes to the Household Book of the Countess of Mar.)

“The lovers were cousins; seeing that the Bishop of Orkney, Anna Bothwell's father, married a daughter of John Murray of Touchadam, by Janet, a daughter of the Lord Erskine.”

“IN Broom's comedy of the Northern Lass, printed 1632, Constance sings a fragment of this song, which I have not found verbatim in any of the entire copies:—

Peace, wayward barne!—Oh, cease thy moan!
Thy farre more wayward daddy's gone;
And never will recalled be
By cryes of either thee or me:
 For should wee cry
 Until we dye,
Wee could not scant his cruelty.
 Ballow, ballow, &c.

He needs might in himselfe foresee,
What thou successively might'st be;
And could hee then (though me foregoe)
His infant leave, ere hee did know

How like the dad
 Would be the lad,
 In time, to make fond maydens glad.
 Ballow, ballow," &c.

“ In the same play the songs—‘ A bonny bonny bird I had,’ and ‘ I wo’ not goe to’t, nor I mun not goe to’t,’ are evidently Scottish.” (C. K. S.)

CXXXVII.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

THIS very original humorous Song appears to have been first printed in Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany, Vol. II., about the year 1725, and reprinted in Thomson’s Orpheus, Vol. II., in 1733. What Mr S., therefore, means by Ramsay’s judicious alterations, I do not know, as both copies are literally the same. In Ramsay’s, it is signed W. W.; and it has been attributed, I should think upon no good authority, to a William Walkinshaw of that ilk. Except a younger son, of whom nothing is known, no person of that name occurs in the genealogical accounts of the family. Mr George Thomson, in printing this Song in his collection, says, “ It is mentioned in the memoranda of Burns, that this Song was written upon Walkinshaw of Walkinshaw, near Paisley. ’Tis said, however, by others, that the hero was Hamilton of Gilbertfield.” This last is certainly the most probable conjecture; if William Hamilton of Gilbertfield himself was not actually the writer of the Song.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Gilbertfield, Lanarkshire, was the second son of Captain William Hamilton of Ladyland, and was born probably before the year 1680. Having early embraced a military life, he was “ distinguished during his latter days by the title of *The Lieutenant*.” His chief distinction, however, was his genius for humorous Scottish verse, as exemplified in his contributions to the first poetical collection published in this country, entitled, “ A

Choice Collection of Scots Poems," by James Watson, Edinb. 1706, 8vo, and of which two additional parts appeared in 1709 and 1711. In 1719, when residing at Gilbertfield on half-pay, Hamilton addressed a complimentary poetical epistle to Allan Ramsay, in the vernacular dialect, in which he designates himself "Wanton Willie." This opened a rhyming correspondence; and, when Ramsay included their mutual epistles in his poetical works, he tells us, that Hamilton "held his commission honourably in my Lord Hyndford's regiment;" and adds,

And may the stars, wha shine aboon,
Wi' hönour notice real merit;
Be to my friend auspicious soon,
And cherish aye sae fine a spirit.

Three years later, Hamilton of Gilbertfield published at Glasgow, by subscription, "The Life of Sir William Wallace;" an injudicious attempt, by adopting the vulgar dialect, to add to the popularity of the fine national poem of the Blind Minstrel. That Allan Ramsay, in publishing his Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, would apply to Hamilton for assistance we may safely conclude; but none of his contributions have been identified. Still I am inclined to believe, that the initials W. W. attached to this most original Song, "*Willie was a wanton wag*," indicate no other person than "The Lieutenant," under his other designation "Wanton Willie." Some verses, in which he is so styled, on the death of Lord William Hamilton (11th of July, 1734), will be found at page *110 of these Illustrations. Hamilton afterwards removed to Letterick, in Larnarkshire, where he died at an advanced age, 24th of May, 1751.

CXXXVIII.

JUMPIN' JOHN.

"THIS fragment of the old song is Burns's groundwork:—

Her daddy forbad, her minnie forbad,
 Forbidden she wadna be—
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguil'd our bonnie Bessie."—(C. K. S.)

The Rev. George R. Gleig, in his "Family History of England," vol. ii. p. 110, has introduced an air, respecting which he says, "This piece of music is the air which was played by the band at Fotheringay Castle while Mary was proceeding to her execution. The air itself is a very touching one; and appears, from its extreme simplicity, well-fitted for the rude instruments which were then in use. A fortunate accident threw a copy of it in my way, and I have inserted it, because I see no reason to doubt the tradition which connects it with this period in English history."—Had the reverend gentleman observed, that the occasion on which the air is said to have been performed was "a very touching one," he would have been so far correct; but the air itself is nothing more than the tune of "Joan's Placket" arranged as a march. See p. 50. of Mr Chappell's "National English Airs," published at London, 1838. In addition to this circumstance, as to the identity of the air, it may be added, that none of the contemporary accounts of our unfortunate Queen's execution say one word as to any funeral procession or any piece of music having been performed on the occasion.

CXLIV.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

"THE old words of this song are—

Dusty was his coat,
 Dusty was his colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I gat frae the miller.

CHORUS.

Hey the dusty, &c."—(C. K. S.)

CXLVI.

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS, &c.

THE English lady was Mrs Walter Riddell; born at Woodley. She was sister of Mrs Banks, wife of the M.P. of that name; and left England in April, 1788, to visit her father who was Governor of the Caribbee Islands. On her return, which was soon after her marriage with Captain Riddell, she published a volume, "Voyages to the Madeira and Leeward Caribbean Isles: with Sketches of the Natural History of these Islands. By Maria R*****." Edinb. 1792, 12mo, dedicated to Mr William Smellie. She died at London, in 1812.

CLIV.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

"RAMSAY'S verses were said to have been composed on an amour of the Honourable Alexander Murray, son of Alexander, fourth Lord Elibank. His political conduct displayed a firmness which was much extolled by the members of his own party."—(C. K. S.)

CLV.

WHERE HELEN LIES.

"THE period when this tragedy took place is quite uncertain, though Stewart Lewis, in the preface to his poem of Fair Helen, attempts to settle it. As he resided long in the vicinity of Kirkconnel, and consequently was well versed in the details illustrative of the ballad, his preface, which was printed at Aberdeen, 1796, is here given verbatim.

"Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and uncommon qualifications, was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, at present in the possession of Sir William Maxwell of Springhall, Baronet.

“ “ She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood-house, “ properly Blacket-house ;” and Fleeming of Fleeming-hall, situate near Mossknow, at present in the possession of Captain Graham.

“ “ Bell one day told the young lady, that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming’s company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a greater regard for Fleeming ; and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river amongst the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who, immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming’s arms, whom she endeavoured to screen from the attempts of his antagonist. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces. A cairn or heap of stones was raised on the place where she fell, as a common memorial in similar incidents from the earliest times among Celtic colonies, and continues over Scotland to this day. She was buried in the adjacent churchyard of Kirkconnel ; and the poor, forlorn, disconsolate Fleeming, overwhelmed with love, and oppressed with grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time ;—returned, visited her grave, upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place. On the tomb-stone that lies over the grave, are engraven a cross with a sword, and “ Hic jacet Adam Fleeming,” cut on the stone amongst the north side of the cross. Although at present there is not a person to be found in that part of the country of the surname of Fleeming, yet the parish annexed to Kirkconnel still retains the name of Kirkpatrick Fleeming. At what time the proprietors of this name failed in the parish of Kirkpatrick Fleeming, is not known ; and as there is no date upon the stone above mentioned, the precise time of this event cannot be determined. It only seems highly probable either to have terminated in the reign of King James V., or to have ushered

in that of the unfortunate Queen Mary ; for it is commonly said that fair Helen was aunt to Margaret of Hoddam, who was married to Carruthers of Holmains, to whom she had a daughter, also named Helen, who was married to Ronald Bell of Gosebridge (now Scotsbridge) ; and by the tombstone of Helen Carruthers, in Middlebie churchyard, it appears that she died in 1626 ; so that she, who died in 1626, may, without any stretch of chronology, be granted (grand) niece to her who lived in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign.'

“ This statement is not confirmed by the pedigree of the Holmains family, very fully made out by Dr Clapperton of Lochmaben ; but such traditions are generally found to contain a considerable degree of truth.

“ As the original ballad has been interpolated, and often murdered more barbarously than its theme, I subjoin the genuine words, which I have heard sung hundreds of times in Annandale, but never with any additional verses. I have endeavoured to spell the words as the singers pronounced them.

1.

I WISH I war where Eelin lies,
For nicht and day on me she cries :
I wish I war where Eelin lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

2.

Curse on the hand that shot the shot,
Likewise the gun that gae the crack ;
Fair Eelin in my arms scho lap,
And diet for love of me.

3.

O think na ye my heart was sair
To see her lie, and speak na mair !
There did scho swoon, wi' mickle care,
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

4.

I loutit down, my sword did draw ;
I cuttit him in pieces sma' ;
I cuttit him in pieces sma'
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

5.

O Eelin fair, without compare,
 I'll mack a garland of thy hair,
 And wear the same for evermair,
 Untill the day I dee.

6.

I wish my grave war growin' green,
 A winding-sheet put o'er my een,
 And I in Eelin's arms lyin'
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

7.

O Eelin chast, thou wast modest ;
 War I with thee, I wad be blest ;
 Where thou lies low, and tacks thy rest
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

8.

I wish I war where Eelin lies,
 For nicht and day on me scho cries ;
 I wish I war where Eelin lies,
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

“ The air to which these verses were sung, was totally different from that usually printed, as well as the newer edition by Mr Stenhouse.”—(C. K. S.)

CLVIII.

WALY ! WALY ! UP YON BANK.

THE description of Wood's MS. given by Mr S. is not correct ; and the lines quoted occur in a portion evidently written at a much later date than 1566. See afterwards the additional note to Song CCCCLXVI.

CLIX.

THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

THIS Song appeared in the second volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. When Mr S. therefore says, “ I have heard it attributed to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart., but have not been able to discover upon what authority,” we may safely conclude it was no sufficient authority,

inasmuch as Sir Gilbert was not three years of age when it was published by Allan Ramsay, in 1724 or 1725.

CLXI.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

BURNS was mistaken in supposing the town or castle of Dumbarton was here meant. See Chambers's Songs, vol. i. p. 59.

CLXII.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

ALEXANDER, FOURTH DUKE OF GORDON, to whom Mr S. refers as the writer of this popular and humorous Song, was born in the year 1743, and died 17th of January, 1827, in the 84th year of his age.

In the note to this Song, Mr Stenhouse has inserted some verses to this favourite tune, which were composed by the late WILLIAM REID, bookseller, Glasgow. Having been favoured by Mr James Brash of Glasgow (through the kind application of Mr P. A. Ramsay) with some particulars of Mr Reid's history, I take this opportunity of inserting them, as a tribute of respect to his memory. He was remarkable for a fund of social humour, and was possessed of no inconsiderable poetical powers, with some of the eccentricities occasionally allied to genius.

Mr Reid was born at Glasgow on the 10th of April, 1764. His parents were Robert Reid, baker in Glasgow, and Christian Wood, daughter of a farmer, at Gartmore, in Perthshire. Having received a good education in his native city, he was originally employed in the type-foundry of Mr Andrew Wilson, and afterwards served an apprenticeship with Messrs Dunlop and Wilson, booksellers in Glasgow. He remained in their employment till the year 1790, when he commenced business as a bookseller, in partnership with the late Mr James Brash; and, for a period of twenty-seven years, they carried on a most

respectable business, under the well-known firm of "Brash and Reid." In a small publication, which they issued in numbers, at one penny each, under the title of "Poetry, Original and Selected," between the years 1795 and 1798, and which forms four volumes, there are several contributions of Mr Reid. Most of his compositions were of an ephemeral kind, and it is to be regretted that no selection of them has ever appeared. He died at Glasgow, 29th of November, 1831, leaving a widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr James Henderson, linen printer, Newhall, and two sons and five daughters. A notice of Mr Reid, by some friendly hand, appeared in the Scots Times, soon after his death, from which the following is an extract:—

"In early and mature life, Mr William Reid was also remarkable both for vivacity, and no mean share of that peculiar talent which, in Scotland, the genius of Burns and its splendid and dazzling course seemed to call forth in the minds of many of his admiring countrymen. He not only shared in the general enthusiasm the appearance of that day-star of national poetry elicited—but participated in his friendship, and received excitement from his converse. In Scottish song, and in pieces of characteristic humour, Mr Reid, in several instances, approved himself not unworthy of either such intimacy or inspiration. These are chiefly preserved in a collection, entitled 'Poetry, Original and Selected,' which appeared under the tasteful auspices of his still surviving and venerable friend, and then partner, as well as his own. It is now scarce, but highly valued, independently of that circumstance. Even, however, when it shall have altogether ceased to be known but to collectors, many of the simple and beautiful lines of Mr Reid's earlier compositions, and racy, quaint, and original thoughts and expressions of his riper years will cling to the general memory. Perhaps, of these, the humorous will be the longest lived."

Mr Motherwell, in his edition of Burns, inserts a Mo-

nody on the Death of the Ayrshire Bard, by Mr Reid, who, he says, "was a most enthusiastic admirer of Burns, possessed a rich fund of native humour, and was the author of several poems in our vernacular dialect that merit preservation." (vol. v. p. 282.)

I may also take this opportunity of adding a few words respecting his partner, Mr James Brash. He was born at Glasgow, 1st of January, 1758, and was successively an apprentice or in the employment of the celebrated Foulises, printers, of Robert Macnair, bookbinder, and James Duncan, bookseller, until he entered into partnership with Mr Reid, as already stated, in 1790. He contributed several pieces to the Glasgow periodicals, between 1782 and 1787, but being of a retired disposition, he never affixed his name to any of them. It is believed that the collection of "Poetry, Original and Selected," above alluded to, also contained two or three pieces of his composition. As a man of business, he was highly esteemed for personal respectability, strict integrity, and attention. He died at Glasgow on the 9th of October, 1835.

CLXIII.

FOR THE LACK OF GOLD.

THE lady, Miss Jean Drummond, to whom this song relates, was married, as second wife, to James Duke of Atholl, 7th of June, 1749. She survived the Duke, and also her second husband, Lord Adam Gordon, and died 22d February, 1795. Mr Sharpe says, "There is a portrait of this fickle Duchess at Abercainey; any thing but beautiful." The author of the song, was ADAM AUSTIN, M.D., Physician in Edinburgh, who, as stated in Mr Stenhouse's note, survived his disappointment. His marriage is thus noticed in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, 17th September, 1754,— "Last night was married Miss Anne Sempill, sister of the Right Hon. John Lord Sempill, to Dr Adam Austin." This lady survived her husband nearly twenty years. Dr Austin

died 28th November, 1774, and his wife 27th November, 1793. The song is printed in "The Charmer," Vol. II. p. 7. Edinburgh: 1751. Burns says, "The country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line,

She me forsook for a great Duke,
say,
For Atholl's duke she me forsook ;

which I take to be the original reading."

The title of the old tune, as it occurs in a MS. dated 1692, in the possession of Mr Blaikie, Paisley, is, "For lake of gold she *left* me." Oswald altered it to, "she *lost* me, O."

CLXX.

HEY, TUTTIE, TATTIE.

MR STENHOUSE, as well as others, has fallen into error in supposing that because the names of particular tunes occur in some of the older MSS., this indicates that the airs are similar with those now commonly known under the same titles. The air "Hey now the Day daws," has been usually considered as the original of "Hey, Tuttie, Tattie;" and it has been assigned upon no better grounds than mere conjecture, or idle tradition, to the age of Robert the Bruce. The old air, "The Day daws," is fortunately preserved in Gordon of Straloch's Lute Book, 1627, but it is quite different from the air in question, so well known from its being allied to Burns's noble words, "*Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.*" See the additional note to song DLXXVII. in vol. vi. of this Work.

The kind of hunting song, which Mr Stenhouse has printed at p. 103, cannot be regarded as the original words of the song or air to which Dunbar and Douglas allude, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been preserved in a MS. collection of the miscellaneous Poems of Alexander Montgomery, the author of "The Cherrie and

the Slae," and was undoubtedly written by him, perhaps not earlier than 1580. He was a younger son of Montgomery of Haslehead in Ayrshire, and was born probably about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was distinguished at least as early as 1584 for his poetical genius. See the collected edition of his Poems, Edinburgh, 1821, post 8vo.

"In former times another hunting song to this air, enumerating several of the smaller lairds of the district, was common in Annandale—from the name of the dog last mentioned, it must be pretty ancient:—

BRIDEKIRK'S HUNTING.

THE cock's at the crawing,
The day's at the dawing,
The cock's at the crawing,
We're o'er lang here.

Bridekirk's hunting,
Bridekirk's hunting,
Bridekirk's hunting,
The morn, an' it be fair.

There's Bridekirk and Brackenwhat,
Limekilns and Thorniewhat,
Dormont and Murraywhat,
An' a' will be there.

Bridekirk's, &c.

There's Gingler and Jowler,
Tingler and Towler,
Thy dog and my dog,
And a' will be there.

Bridekirk's, &c.

Fie, rin Nipsy,
Fie, rin Nipsy,
Fie, rin Nipsy,
Thou gangs near the hare.

Bridekirk's, &c.

But bonny Nipatatie,
 But bonny Nipatatie,
 But bonny Nipatatie,
 Thou grips the wylie hare.
 Bridekirk's, &c.

“ In Beaumont and Fletcher's ‘ Knight of the Burning Pestle,’ the lady says to Ralph—

Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen
 And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food ;
 My father oft will tell me of a drink
 In England found, and Nipitato call'd,
 Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.”

(C. K. S.)

CLXXIV.

YE GODS ! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

Tune—*Fourteenth of October.*

BURNS, in his note to this song, says, “ The title of this air shows that it alludes to the famous King Crispian, the patron of the honourable corporation of shoemakers. St Crispian's day falls on the fourteenth of October, old style, as the old proverb says—

On the fourteenth of October
 Was ne'er a sutor sober.”

The stately procession of King Crispian, was formerly wont every third year to interest and amuse the inhabitants of Edinburgh.

CLXXXI.

JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THIS well-known ballad was printed, probably for the first time, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, Vol. IV., about the year 1733.

“ There is, or was, much of this song remembered in Ayrshire, which never has been printed. Some stanzas go to prove that the lady was restored to her husband, unsul-

lied by a gipsy embrace ; which seems to have been the case, if she really was the person to whom tradition hath ascribed this false step. It has been always asserted that her maiden name was Hamilton ; now, there were only two ladies of that name married into the Cassillis family. Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and Lady Susan, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. That the latter countess could not be the fugitive, is certain from dates ; though the picture pointed out at Culzean as that of the fair delinquent, and engraved in Constable's Magazine, is certainly a portrait of her ; and for the other, I have been assured that, in the Haddington family, no such anecdote respecting John Faa was ever known. Moreover, there is an original letter written by her husband, shortly after her death, to the Rev. Mr Douglas, preserved in the Wodrow Collection of MSS., which expresses a tenderness very improbable in such a case. It is subjoined for the reader's consideration :—

“ ‘ For the Right Reverend Mr Robert Douglas,
Minister at Edinburgh.

“ ‘ Right Reverend,

“ ‘ I finde it so hard to digest the want of a deare friend, suche as my beloved yoke-fellow was, that I thinke it will mucche affect the heart of her sister, my Ladie Carneghie, q^o had beene bothe a sister and a mother to her, after there mother's removall. I thocht your hand, as having relation to bothe, fit for presenting suche a potion, seing you can prepare her before hand, if as yet it have not come to her eares ; and howsoever it bee, your help in comforting may be very usefull to her. My losse is great, bot to the judgement of us q^a beheld the comfortable close of her dayes, shee hes made a glorious and happie change, manifesting in her speeches bothe a full submission to the onelie absolute Soveraine, and a sweet sense of his presence

in mercie, applying to her selfe manie comfortable passages of God's worde, and closing with those last words, when I asked q^t she was doing ; her answer was, shee was longing to goe home. It seemes the Lorde hes beene preparing her these manie weiks past, for shee had bene sicklie four or fyve weekes, and the meanes which had helped others in her estate, and were thoght in likelihoode infallible, could not bee used ; I meane, drawing of blood : for tho' the surgeon trayed it, he could never hit on the veine. I am, your most affectionat friend,

‘ CASSILLIS.’

‘ Cassillis, 14th Dec. 1642.’

“ Mr Douglas, to whom this letter was addressed, was said to be a descendant of Mary, Queen of Scots, from an amour she had with the youth who contrived her escape from Lochleven. Bishop Burnet alludes to this silly piece of scandal. Where the unlucky Queen, in all her hurries and imprisonments, could contrive to drop such a proof of her incontinence, must now be a prodigious puzzle to her greatest enemies. During the Covenanting times, however, this fable was pretended to be believed.

“ It is said that Lady Cassillis, in her confinement, wrought with her needle, by way of penance one may presume, a representation of her elopement with the gipsies. This piece is still preserved at Culzean ; but I suspect, from what I have heard, that it is only a fragment of old tapestry, representing a man and woman riding on a white horse, amid a group of attendants, and re-baptized by house-keepers, who have heard the old tradition. I remember well that, many years ago, a portrait of Lady Sunderland, Waller's Saccharissa, used to be pointed out in the Duke of Hamilton's apartment in the Abbey, as the Lady Cassillis who eloped with Faa. There can be no doubt about that picture ; while the legend once attached to it supports the tradition, that the frail Countess of Cassillis was in some shape or other a Hamilton.”—(C. K. S.)

CLXXXIII.

ABSENCE.

IN the note to this song, p. 177, Mr S. says, that the song, "with the tune to which it is set in the Museum, was written and composed, in 1787, by Dr Blacklock, and by him presented to Johnson, for the second volume of that work." It was written and composed many years previously, as both the song and air, under Blacklock's name, appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, for February, 1774, (vol. i. p. 254.)

CLXXXVI.

TALK NOT OF LOVE.

THIS song, as well as the "Address to a Blackbird," No. CXC. was written by AGNES CRAIG, Mrs M'LEHOSE, the lady with whom Burns, in the year 1789, corresponded under the assumed names of Sylvander and Clarinda; and who still survives, in the 79th year of her age. She was cousin-german to Lord Craig, one of the Senators of the College of Justice; and was born in the same year with the poet, whose admiration has conferred on her so much celebrity. From No. 8 of Burns's letters to Clarinda, it appears that the concluding lines to this song were supplied by himself to suit the music. He remarks that "The latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho. I am in raptures with it."

CLXXXVIII.

'UP AND WAR 'EM A' WILLIE.

A SONG in seven stanzas of six lines, besides the burden, beginning—

"When we went to the field of war,
And to the weaponslaw, Willie."

appeared in "The Charmer," 2d edition, 1752, vol. i. p. 61. It has the initials B. G. as the author.

In Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, vol. i. p. 230 of the new edition, there is a likeness of Thomas Neill, the precentor in the Old Church of Edinburgh, who is mentioned by Mr S. in his note, at p. 179. It was done about the year 1786, and represents Neill singing, in character, one of his favourite songs,—“The Old Wife.” In the above work there is a detailed account of Neill, who died at Edinburgh, 7th of December, 1800, aged about seventy years.

CLXXXIX.

A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

“THIS song (says Mr George Thomson), was written by Burns on Miss Jeany Cruickshank, now Mrs Henderson, Jedburgh, daughter of one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, a friend of the bard.”

The composer of the air, and himself a writer of verses, as noticed by Mr S. at p. 180, was DAVID SILLAR, a native of Ayrshire. He was born in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton, in the year 1760, and died at Irvine, 2d of May, 1830. He published a volume of *Poems* at Kilmarnock in 1789, 8vo., pp. 247. For an account of Sillar's life and writings, see the “*Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns*,” Edinburgh, 1839. 8vo.

CXC.

ADDRESS TO A BLACKBIRD.

SEE the preceding note, CLXXXVI.—In addition to that note, it may be mentioned that Burns' “*Letters to Clarinda*” were first surreptitiously printed at Glasgow in 1802, 12mo; while the following extract from a recent edition of Burns' Works, by Mr R. Chambers, explains the origin of the correspondence. “In December 1787, the Poet became acquainted with Mrs M'Lehose, a young, beautiful, and talented woman, residing with an infant family in Edinburgh, while her husband was pushing his fortune in the West Indies. She first met the Poet in the house of a common friend in Alison's Square, Potterrow, at tea. The sprightly and intelligent character of the lady made a

powerful impression on the Poet, and she was, in turn, pleased to meet a man of such extraordinary genius. A friendship of the intellect and the more refined sentiments took place between them, and gave rise to a series of letters from Burns, of a peculiarly ardent and eloquent character, which afterwards found their way unauthorized into print, through the imprudence of a friend of the lady."

CXCII.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THIS air occurs in a MS. collection, dated 1692, belonging to Mr Blaikie, Paisley, and is called "Jock the Laird's Brother."

CXCVIII.

CLARINDA.

FOR Mrs Meiklejohn, in Mr S.'s note, read Mrs M'Lehose. See above.

CXCIX.

CROMLET'S LILT.

"MR S. gives the history of this song from Mr Tytler's communication to Mr Riddell, preserved by Burns, and printed by Cromek; but he omits the concluding notice—'N.B. Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.'

"The following curious document concerning the seventeen brothers, has never been printed: it is indorsed, 'The Declaration of George Halley, concerning the Laird of Tullybardine's seventeen sons—1710.'

"At Tullibardine, the twenty-fifth day of April, one thousand, seven hundred and ten years; the declaration of George Halley, in Ochterarder, what he can say of the family of Tullibardine.

“ That the mother of the seventeen brethren was a daughter of Colquhoun of Luss, and that her arms are with the arms of Tullibardine, on the end of the chapple, being a ragged cross which fills the shield.

“ He says, that one of the Lairds of Tullibardine had seventeen sons with the said daughter of Colquhoun of Luss, who lived all to be men; and that they waited all one day upon their father at Stirling, to attend the King, with each of them one servant, and their father two. This happening shortly after an act was made by King James the Fifth, discharging any persons to travel with great numbers of attendants beside their own family, and having challenged the laird of Tullibardine for breaking the said act, he answered, he brought only his own sons, with their necessary attendants; with which the King was so well pleased, that he gave them small lands in heritage.

“ The said George Halley also declares, that the said Laird of Tullibardine gave to each of his seventeen sons some little lands in heritage, and that

“ 1. The eldest son succeeded his father.

“ 2. The second son was killed entering in at Ochtertyre's house, as he was making his escape from the Drummonds, with whom they were at feud, he being single, and severals of them pursuing him.

“ 3. The third son got the lands of Strowan, of whom the family of Strowan is come.

“ 4. The fourth son, as he thinks, got the lands of Tibbermore and Kildennic, which lies under Endermay.

“ 5. A son of this family was knighted, and made one of the Lords of the Council and Session.

“ 6. Another son married a daughter of the Earl of Gowrie's, who leaped the maiden leap at Hunting Tower,*

* “ The anecdote alluded to is thus told by Pennant:—‘ A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, much her inferior in rank and fortune; her family, though they gave no countenance to the match, permitted him to visit

and is buried in the church of Tibbermore, over against the pulpit, on the inside of the wall of the kirk, where her name and her husband's name are.

“ 7. Another got the lands of North Kinkell.

“ 8. Another got the lands of Ardbenie, of whom David Murray of Ardbenie is come.

“ 9. Another of the seventeen brothers got the lands of Ochertyre.

“ 10. Another got the lands of Coug.

“ 11. Another got Craigten, which belong now to Ochertyre.

“ 12. Another got the lands of Catteranoch, now called

them, and lodged him in a tower near another, in which was the young lady's chamber, but up a different staircase, and communicating with another part of the house. The lady, before the communicating doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment: but some one of the family having discovered it, told it to her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them: but the young lady hearing the well-known footsteps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the top of the leads, and taking a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, lighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence, descending into her own chamber, she crept into her bed. Her mother having in vain sought for her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where finding her seemingly asleep, she apologised for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the next night, and was married. The top of the towers from and to which the lady leaped, are still shown under the appellation of the Maiden's Leap.”

“ This story was sometimes differently told: fear of an enraged father, with a drawn sword in his hand, being assigned as the reason of the lady's leap. An anecdote of the same kind, but still more wonderful, was formerly current in Annandale, respecting the old Tower of Comlongan. There, it was said, a rash young gentlewoman being surprised in similar circumstances, her father, as the old people expressed it, coming ‘ rampagin up the turnpike like onie wud bear, wi' a nakit swurd in his nieve,’ she ran to the top of the castle, and leaping down to the ground, got entrance at the front door, and was in her bed before her sire could descend from the battlements. The feline Venus of the Egyptians certainly proved propitious to those vaulting damsels. Alas, that she was so cruel to the chaster maid of Orleans, whose true leap from the battlements of Beaurevoir was unbroken by the pinions of Cupid, and almost cost her her life!”

(C. K. S.)

Ferntown. The heirs sold it to Humphrey Murray, brother to Humphrey Murray of Buchandy, who sold it again to Mr James Murray, minister at Logierait.

“ 13. Another got the lands of Carshead; who were such fighting men, they were obliged to sell their estates and go to Ireland.

“ 14. Another got the lands of Drimmie, in the parish of Foules.

“ 15. Another got the lands of Kintoche, in the parish of Foules, being four chalder of victual.

“ 16. Another got the lands of Pitmanie.

“ 17. Another of the seventeen brethren being the Duke of Lennox's Chamberlain at Methven; his successor married the heirs of Buchandy, of whom the family of Buchandy is come.

“ George Halley says, that Sir William Murray of Tullibardine, having broke Argyle's face with the hilt of his sword, in King James the Sixth's presence, was obliged to leave the kingdom. After, the King's mails and slaughter cows was not paid, neither could any subject in the realm be able to compel those who were bound to pay them; upon which the King cried out—‘ O, if I had Will Murray again, he would soon get my mails and slaughter cows;’ to which one standing by replied—‘ That if his Majesty would not take Sir William Murray's life, he might return shortly.’ To which the King answered—‘ He would be loath to take his life, for he had not another subject like him.’ Upon which promise Sir William Murray returned, and got a commission from the King to go to the North, and lift up the mails and the cows; which he speedily did, to the great satisfaction of the King, so that immediately after he was made Lord Comptroller. Sir William Murray, my Lord Comptroller's father, being in the wars.”

“ This account does not tally with the common Scottish Peerages, nor with Nisbet's account of the Athol family;

in which, however, he mentions the tradition of the seventeen sons.—(*Syst. of Heraldry*, vol. ii. p. 197.)—(C.K.S.)

CC.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

CROMEK found the first eight lines of this song among Burns's MSS. ; and he published it as a "Fragment" by the Ayrshire bard, obviously unaware that the entire song had been previously included in the present work.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART III.

CCXV
CCXV
CCI.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

THIS song was written by the late Reverend John Skinner, minister of the Episcopal Chapel at Longside, near Peterhead. The author, in his letter to Mr Burns, says, that this song was squeezed out of him by a brother parson in the Duchess of Gordon's neighbourhood, to accommodate a new Highland reel for the Marquis of Huntly's birth-day.

Mr Skinner was born at Balfour in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire, on the 3d of October 1721. At a very early period he displayed an uncommon genius in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and other languages. When only thirteen years old, he appeared as a candidate at the annual competition in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and gained a considerable bursary, which he enjoyed during the usual period of four sessions in that university. Having finished his academical studies, he was employed as a teacher of youth till November 1742, when the congregation of Episcopalians at Longside unanimously chose him to be their pastor. The duties of this sacred office he discharged from that period till his death, with such affectionate care and tender solicitude, as endeared him, almost beyond example, to his whole flock. Mr Skinner died on the 16th of June 1807, in the 86th year of his age. He was the author of an "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," and of some poems, and several excellent songs, chiefly in the Scottish language, which were published in one volume after his decease, with a bio-

graphical sketch of the author's life prefixed by the editor. Mr Skinner was an eminent scholar, a faithful and pious minister, and a most worthy and honest man.

The tune to which Mr Skinner's verses are adapted in the Museum, is called "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," which was composed by the late Mr William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon. Mr Marshall played the violin very prettily, and composed several other excellent strathspey and reel tunes. Burns, after giving it as his opinion, that Marshall was the first (i.e. best) composer of strathspeys of the age, says, "I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," his "Farewell," and "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel," from the old air, "The German Lairdie."—*Reliques*. Mr Marshall must certainly have been quizzing the gentleman who gave Burns this information, for there does not seem to be any resemblance whatever between the "German Lairdie," (*vide Hogg's Jacobite Reliques, vol. i. p. 83.*) and Marshall's, "Marquis of Huntly's Reel," or his "Farewell." With regard to his "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel," it is evidently taken from the old tune called "The Lowlands of Holland," (compare the tune, No 115, in vol. ii. of the Museum, with No 235, in vol. iii. of the same work.) In my opinion, "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel" is not only one of the best and most original airs, but likewise more free from plagiarisms than any other tune Marshall ever composed. The air in the Museum is very injudiciously altered and curtailed. A genuine set of the tune, with the first verse of Mr Skinner's song, is therefore annexed.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

Written by the Rev. MR SKINNER. Air by WILLIAM MARSHALL.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a time signature of 2/4 and contains a simple bass line of quarter notes. Below the staves, the lyrics "TUNE your fid-dles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis'" are written.

reel discreetly; Here we are a band completely Fitted to be
jol-ly. Come, my boys, be glad and gaudie, Ev'-ry youngster
choose his lassie, Dance wi' life, and be not saucy, Shy, nor melan-
cho-ly. Come, my boys, be glad and gaudie, Ev'-ry youngster
choose his lassie, Dance wi' life, and be not saucy, Shy, nor melan-
cho-ly.

The rest of this excellent song will be found in the third volume of the Scottish Musical Museum.

CCII.

GLADSMUIR.

THIS beautiful poem, for it can scarcely be called a song, beginning "As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field," was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. and set to music by Mr William Macgibbon, who published the three well known volumes of Scottish tunes. Gladsmuir is the name of a parish in the county of Haddington, in the vicinity of which the battle between Prince Charles Edward and Sir John Cope was fought, in September 1745. The events of this engagement are too recent to require any further remarks.

CCIII.

GILL MORICE.

THE ballad of Gill Morice has every appearance of being a true narrative of an event that happened in a remote age, although the language may gradually have been modernized in descending, by oral communication, from one generation to another. In Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, which, from internal evidence, is at least as old as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there is an old ballad, entitled "Childe Maurice," in which the same incidents that occur in Gill Morice are detailed, though in less polished and ruder language. A very accurate copy of this old ballad may be seen in Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, vol. i. printed at Edinburgh in 1806. This gentleman justly observes, that the anonymous editors of Gill Morice are not the only persons who have studied to adorn and improve this interesting story. In "Owen of Carron," it has received, from the chaste, elegant, and pathetic, but diffuse pen of Langhorne, every embellishment which that species of composition seems to admit of. Home has made it the ground-work of the tragedy of "Douglas," one of the most pleasingly-interesting dramatic poems which modern times has produced; and it has moreover been made the subject of a dramatic entertainment, with songs, by Mr Rannie of Aberdeen, who is well known in the musical

world as the author of several very elegant and popular lyrical compositions.”

Bishop Percy says, that the popular Scottish ballad of Gill Morice was printed at Glasgow, for the second time, in 1755, with an advertisement, stating, that its preservation was owing to a lady who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses; and any reader that could render it more correct or complete, was desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses (lines he should have said) were produced. These lines were for sometime handed about in manuscript, previous to their being incorporated in the ballad by that learned prelate; but they are evidently modern interpolations. Gray, in one of his letters on Childe Maurice, says, “ I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence (Cambridge) to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle’s best rules are observed in it in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play (viz. of Home’s Tragedy of Douglas), you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story.”

As Johnson, from want of room in the Museum, left out the greater part of this very beautiful and justly celebrated ballad, it is here inserted entire, with the sixteen lines, or four stanzas, alluded to by Bishop Percy. These modern interpolations, however, are printed in *italics*, to distinguish them from the older verses.

GILL MORICE.

An old Scottish Ballad.

GILL MORICE was an erle’s son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
But it was for a lady gay
That liv’d on Carron side.

“ Whar sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen ;
That will gae to Lord Barnard’s ha’,
And bid his lady cum ?

“ And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ye maun rin wi’ speed ;
Whan ither boys gang on their feet
Ye sall hae prancing steed.”

“ Oh no ! Oh no ! my master dear !
I dar nae for my life ;
I’ll no gae to the bauld baron’s,
For to tryst furth his wife.”

“ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie,” he sayd,
How can ye strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obey’d.”

“ But O, my master dear !” he cry’d,
In grene wode ye’re your lain ;
Gie owre sic thoughts, I wald ye rede,
For fear ye should be ta’en.”

“ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha’,
Bid her cum here wi’ speid ;
If ye refuse my high command,
I’ll gar your body bleid.

“ Gae bid her take this gae mantel,
’Tis a’ gowd but the hem ;
Bid her cum to the gude green wode,
Ein by hirsell alane.

“ And there it is, a silken sarke,
Her ain hand sew’d the slieve ;
And bid her cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron’s leave.”

“ Yes ; I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to your cost ;
Sen ye will nae be warn’d by me,
In it ye sall find frost.

“ The baron he’s a man o’ micht,
He ne’er could bide to taunt,
And ye will see before it’s nicht
How sma’ ye’ll hae to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I’se mak a vow and keip it true,
It sall be done for ill.”

And whan he cam to broken brigg,
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 And when he cam to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard's yette,
 Would neither chap nor ca' ;
 But set his bent bow to his breist,
 And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wald nae tell the man his errand,
 Though he stude at the yette ;
 But strait into the ha' he cam,
 Whar they were set at meat.

" Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
 My message winna wait ;
 Dame, ye maun to the gude grene wode,
 Before that it be late.

" Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;
 Ye maun gae to the gude grene wode,
 Ein by yoursel alane.

" And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleive ;
 Ye maun gae speak to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

The lady stamped wi' her foot,
 And winked wi' her e'e ;
 But a' that she cou'd say or do,
 Forbidden he wadna be.

" It's surely to my bow'r-woman ;
 It neir cou'd be to me."
 " I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
 I trow that ye be she."

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knee)
 " If ye be cum frae Gill Morice
 It's dear welcum to me."

" Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
 Sae loud's I hear ye lie ;
 I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
 I trow ye be nae she."

Then up and spak the bauld baron,
 An angry man was he,
 He's taen the table wi' his foot
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till crystal cup and ezar dish
 In flinders he gart flee.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
That hings upon the pin ;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speak wi' your leman.”

“ O bide at hame, now Lord Bernard,
I rede ye bide at hame ;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wyte ye wi' nane.”

Gill Morice sate in gude green wode,
He whistled and he sang,
“ O what means a' the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang.”

*His hair was like the threads of gold
Drawn frae Minerva's loome :
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.*

*His brow was like the mountain snaw
Gilt by the morning beam :
His cheeks like living roses glow,
His een like azure stream.*

*The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweet as the infant spring ;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vullies ring.*

The baron to the grene wood came
Wi' meikle dule and care,
And there he spied Gill Morice
Kaiming his yellow hair,

*That sweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare ;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.*

“ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady lo'es you weel,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than your heel.

“ Yet ne'er the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Ye'se rew the day ye eir was born ;
That head sall gae wi' me.”

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae,
And thro' Gill Morice fair body
He gart cauld iron gae.

And he has taen Gill Morice head,
 And set it on a speir ;
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has taen Gill Morice up,
 Laid him across his steid,
 And brocht him to his painted bow'r,
 And laid him on a bed.

The lady, on the castle wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 And there she saw Gill Morice's head
 Cum trailing to the toun.

“ Better I loe that bluidy head,
 Botand that yellow hair,
 Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and there.”

And she has taen Gill Morice head,
 And kiss'd baith cheek and chin ;
 “ I was ance as fow of Gill Morice
 As the hip is o' the stane.

“ I gat ye in my father's house
 Wi' meikle sin and shame ;
 I brocht ye up in the gude grene wode,
 Ken'd to mysel' alane.

“ Aft have I by thy cradle sate,
 And fondly seen thee sleip ;
 But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave,
 A mother's tears to weip.”

And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin ;
 “ O better I loed my son Morice
 Than a' my kyth and kin.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 An ill death may ye die ;
 Gim I had ken'd he was your son,
 He had ne'er been slain by me.”

“ Upbraid me not, my Lord Bernard !
 Upbraid me not for shame !
 Wi' that same speir, O pierce my heart !
 And put me out o' pain.

“ Since nothing but Gill Morice head
 That jealous rage could quell,
 Let that same hand now take her life,
 That ne'er to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nights,
Will e'er be saft or kind ;
I'll fill the air wi' heavy sighs,
And greet till I be blind.”

“ With waefu' wae, I hear your plaint ;
Sair, sair, I rue the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gar'd his body bleid.

“ Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
They neir can heal the wound ;
You see his head upon the speir,
His heart's bluid on the ground.

“ I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill,
The feet that bore me wi' sic speid
The comely youth to kill.

“ I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were my ain ;
I'll neir forget the driery day
On which the youth was slain.”

In singing, or rather chanting, this old ballad, the two last lines of every stanza are repeated. In 1786, I heard a lady, then in her 90th year, sing the ballad in this manner.

From the Reliques of Burns, it would appear, that his friend Captain Robert Riddel was of opinion, that the whole of the foregoing ballad was a modern composition, perhaps not prior to the year 1650, but he believed it might have been taken from an old ballad, called “ Child Maurice,” which he says is now lost, and that the beautiful plaintive air to which it is sung was composed by Mr M'Gibbon, the selector of a Collection of Scots Tunes. Captain Riddel was greatly mistaken in asserting, that “ Child Maurice was lost, as it is printed in Jamieson's Old Scottish Songs and Ballads several years ago. The faulty measure of some of the stanzas of the ballad “ Gill Morice,” evinces, that it must have been greatly corrupted from the ignorance of the oral reciters. Those stanzas printed in italics, are obviously spurious modern interpolations. They are also very silly, and altogether unnecessary, as the story is complete without them. The air, it is believed, was composed some centuries

before Mr M'Gibbon had existence, who died so late as 3d October 1756. The late Mr William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, who knew M'Gibbon well, assured me, that Gill Morice was one of the oldest of our melodies ; and indeed the wild, and peculiar structure of the air, carries internal evidence of its antiquity. This tune, which consists of one simple strain, is not to be found in any of M'Gibbon's publications ; but it appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and in a Collection of Old Tunes published by Bremner.

CCIV.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

THIS ancient air is inserted in Mrs Crockat's MSS., written in 1709. It also appears in the Collections of M'Gibbon and Oswald. There are two songs to it in the Museum, the first, beginning " My Sandie gied to me a ring," was slightly altered by Burns, because it was rather inadmissible in its original state.

The other, beginning " The smiling plains profusely gay," was written by Mr William Falconer, the justly celebrated author of " The Shipwreck," and other poems.

Falconer was born about the year 1730, in Edinburgh, where his father carried on the humble occupation of a hair-dresser. At an early period, he went on board a Leith merchantman, in which he served his apprenticeship. But as true genius will rise superior to every obstacle, our author, by private study and incessant application, remedied the defects of a very limited education, and displayed his poetical powers in a work published at Edinburgh in 1751, entitled, " A Poem, sacred to the Memory of Frederic, Prince of Wales." This poem, though creditable to the genius of its youthful author, did not add much to the weight of his purse. He therefore again went to sea as a mariner, in a merchant ship named the *Britannia*, and continued in that situation till the unfortunate loss of this vessel, in a violent storm off the Cape of Colonne, on the coast of Greece, when every soul on board perished except our author and

two of the crew. On his return to Britain, he composed a work which afforded an ample display of nautical ability, combined with poetical merit. It was published in 1762, under the title of "The Shipwreck, a poem in three cantos, by a Sailor," and was inscribed to his Royal Highness Edward, Duke of York.

The favourable reception which this poem so justly obtained from the public, soon raised its author from the obscurity of his former situation, and being patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed an "Ode on his Second Departure from England as Rear Admiral," he was appointed purser to the Royal George, one of the finest ships in the British Navy.

In 1764, he published a new edition of "The Shipwreck," greatly improved and enlarged, and in 1769 appeared his "Marine Dictionary," a work extremely ingenious and useful. In the course of the same year, he was appointed purser of the Aurora frigate, bound for India, which arrived in safety at the Cape of Good Hope. In December 1769, she left the Cape for her ulterior destination, but was never afterwards seen or heard of. It is generally supposed, that she took fire at sea, blew up, and all on board perished. None of Falconer's family are now known to exist in Edinburgh. A sister, who was considered as the last surviving member, died some years ago in the charity work-house of that city. It is to be hoped, that the inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis will yet erect a monument to the memory of their fellow-citizen, Falconer, whose excellence as a poet, and worth as a man, justly merit such a tribute.

CCV.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

THE words of this fine song were written by Mr John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, in the county of Ayr. Mr Lapraik was under the necessity of selling his estate of Dalfram, in consequence of becoming security for some persons who were connected with the ruinous concern of the Ayr Bank.

“ He has often told me (says Burns), that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.”—*Reliques*.

This is the identical song which Burns alludes to in his poetical epistle to J. Lapraik.

THERE was *ae sang* among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife ;
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

Burns communicated the song to Johnson, and Mr Clarke adapted it to the air called “ The Scots Recluse,” one of the earliest compositions of Mr James Oswald, who published it in the first volume of his *Pocket Companion*, page 13th.

CCVI.

COLONEL GARDINER.

THIS song, beginning “ 'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,” is another production of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. ancestor of the present Earl of Minto. It was composed as a tribute of respect to the memory of the gallant Colonel James Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Prestonpans, in September 1745.

Colonel Gardiner was highly esteemed even by those who differed widely from him in their political creed. Skirvin, after lampooning some of the royal officers for their cowardice, says,

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

For a particular account of this brave soldier and pious christian, see his *Life*, by the Reverend Philip Doddridge. Mrs Richmond Inglis, one of the Colonel's daughters, wrote a pretty poetical tale, called “ Anna and Edgar,” printed at Edinburgh, in 1781, and dedicated to the Queen. It was very favourably received.

Sir Gilbert's song is adapted to the tune of "Sawny's Pipes," published in Oswald's Pocket Companion and other old collections.

CCVII.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

THIS little song was written by Burns, in 1789, purposely for the Museum. The words are adapted to a Scottish jig, called *Johnny M'Gill*, from the name of its composer the late Mr John M'Gill, musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Mr Hector M'Neil, author of "Will and Jean," a Poem, has also composed a fine ballad to the same air, beginning "Come under my plaidie," which the reader will find inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, page 550.

CCVIII.

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

THIS song, beginning "When west winds did blow with a soft gentle breeze," is another production of Mr John Lapraik already noticed, and was likewise communicated by Burns to Johnson.—*See notes on Song, No 205.* The words are adapted to the tune called "Scots Jenny," composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 7th.

CCIX.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune, "*Highlander's Lament.*"

BURNS says, "the oldest title I ever heard to this tune, was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland;' the chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine."—*Reliques.*

CCX.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

THIS excellent loyal Scottish song, beginning "In the garb of old Gaul," is the composition of the late Sir Harry Erskine of Torry, Bart. The air was composed by the late General John Reid, Colonel of the 88th regiment of foot, who has bequeathed a considerable sum for establishing a Professorship of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

The tune made its first appearance in a small Collection of Marches, Minuets, &c. composed by J. R. Esq. and dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Catharine Murray. It is there titled "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March." The song is printed in Herd's Collection, 1769 and 1776.

CCXI.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THIS song, beginning "The morn was fair, saft was the air," set to the fine old air of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. It is there published, anonymously, under the title of *Sweet Susan*, to the tune of "Leader Haughs;" but I have always heard it attributed to Crawford, author of the song of Tweedside.

Both the old ballad of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," and the tune, are said to be the composition of Nicol Burn, a Border minstrel, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. As Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, gave a preference to the original verses, they are also here inserted.

I.

WHEN *Phoebus* bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neeth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neeth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams the silver streams
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

II.

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

III.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending.

With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

IV.

An house there stands on *Leader-side*,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms sae rair, and windows fair,
Like *Dedalus'* contriving ;
Men passing by do often cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow,
It stands as sweet on *Leader-side*
As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

V.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing,
Into Saint Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging ;
The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into Saint *Leonard's* banks they sing
As sweetly as on *Yarrow*.

VI.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth,
But vows she'll flee frae tree to tree
Where *Philomel* resorteth :
By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and, mounting, sing
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

VII.

Park, *Wanton-waws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
The east and western *Mainses*,
The wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
The corns are good in *Blainshes* ;
Where aits are fine and sold by kind,
That if ye search all thorow,
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nae better are
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

VIII.

In *Burmill Bog* and *Whiteslade Shaws*,
The fearful hare she haunteth ;
Brighaugh and *Braidwoodshiel* she knaws,
And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth ;

Yet when she irks to *Kaidslie* birks,
 She rins and sighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

IX.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beagles crying?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying.
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae beilding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's field*, *Cleckman* or *Hags*,
 And sighs to be on *Yarrow*.

X.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spotty*, *Shag*,
 With sight and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her:
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd, she fa's on *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

XI.

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had ance commanding,
 And *Drygrange*, with the milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing.
 The bird that flees throw *Reedpath* trees
 And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*
 And bonny *Howms* of *Yarrow*.

XII.

But minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age
 That fleeting time procureth;
 For many a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With *Homes*, that dwelt on *Leader-side*,
 And *Scotts*, that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

CCXII.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED, THIMBLE AN' A'.

THIS ancient and beautiful air is the March of the Corporation of Tailors. It is generally played at the annual meetings for choosing the deacons, and other office-bearers of the so-

ciety. The popular air of "Logie o' Buchan," is only a slight variation of the "Tailor's old March." The second and fourth verses of the song were written by Burns, the rest of it is very old.

CCXIII.

AY WAKIN, O.

THE first stanza of this song, beginning "Simmer's a pleasant time," was written by Burns, and he even made some slight alterations on the very old fragment incorporated with his words. As the tune in the Museum is far from being genuine, the ancient air is here inserted, with all that is known to exist of the original verses.

AY WAKIN, OH!

WHEN I sleep I dream, When I wake I'm i-rie, Rest I can-na
get, For thinkin o' my dearie. Ay wakin, oh! Wakin aye and
i-rie; Sleep I canna get, For thinkin o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin' ;
I think o' my lad,
And bleer my een wi' greetin.
Ay wakin, oh !
Wakin aye and irie ;
Sleep I canna get
For thinkin o' my dearie.

It cam in my head,
 To send my luve a letter ;
 My lad canna read,
 And I loe him the better.
Ay wakin, oh !
Wakin ay, and irie ;
Sleep I canna get
For thinkin o' my dearie.

In Mr George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs, the air of " Ay wakin, oh !" is enlarged so as to finish on the key-note, and the time is changed from treple to common. The tune, however, is far better in its native wildness and simplicity : both Tytler and Ritson were of opinion, that this air, from its intrinsic evidence, was one of our oldest melodies, and I see no reason to differ from them.

Burns was extremely fond of this tune. Besides the stanza already mentioned, he composed the following affecting verses to the same air, in May 1795.

CAN I cease to care ?
 Can I cease to languish,
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish,
Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow ;
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror !
 Slumber, too, I dread,
 Every dream is horror !
Long, long, &c.

Hear me, powers divine !
 Oh ! in pity hear me !
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my *Chloris* spare me !
Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow ;
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

CCXIV.

THE BREAST-KNOTS.

THE publisher of the Museum received this very humorous ballad, beginning " There was a bridal in this town,"

alongst with the sprightly air to which it is set, from an anonymous correspondent. The verses are written in the broad Buchan dialect; but their author is unknown to the Editor. The breast-knot was a fashionable piece of female dress upwards of a century ago, and continued to be worn to a late period, as appears from several of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures.

CCXV.

BEWARE OF BONNIE ANN.

THIS air is the composition of Mr Allan Masterton, author of the tune called "Strathallan's Lament,"—*See Notes on Song 132, vol. ii.* The verses, beginning "Ye gallants bright, I rede you right," were written, in 1788, by Burns, in compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of the composer.

CCXVI.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, prior to the year 1724; but he borrowed a line or two from the following old nursery ditty.

O THIS is no my ain house,
My ain house, my ain house;
O this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't;
For bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
Are my door cheeks, are my door cheeks;
For bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
And pancakes the riggin o't.

O this is no my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean;
O this is no my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head;
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't.

In the Museum, Ramsay's verses are not set to the original tune of "This is no my ain House," but to a very old air, called *Diel stick the Minister*, from an old, but rather licentious song, beginning

If ye kiss my wife,
I'll tell the minister, &c. &c.

This tune is inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vii. printed about the year 1743.

The following song was written by Burns in July 1795 to the same tune.

CHORUS.

*O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:—
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

She's bonny blooming, straight and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steel a blink by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love in the e'e.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

There is a set of the tune of " Deil stick the Minister," inserted in Fraser's Gaelic airs, under the title of " Sean Truid's Uillachan," printed in 1816, and the editor, in a note, informs us, that the tune "is the modelling of Mr Campbell of Budget, and other Nairnshire gentlemen, formerly mentioned. The air is of considerable antiquity, but it was formed by them into *this standard*." Of course we must believe it to be of Gaelic extraction ; but the Gaelic title will not do : It is evidently a barbarous translation of *Willie's Shantrews*. The word *Shan*, is a common Scottish adjective, signifying poor or shabby, and *shantrews*, in the same dialect, literally means shabby or poor-looking trowsers, a name by which

the tune has been known in common, with its still more objectionable title, at all our dancing-schools for many generations.

“ OF Umquihile John to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill will and looks right shan.

Ye're never rugget shan nor kittle,
But blythe and gabby.

Ramsay's Poems.

As the reader may perhaps wish to see the original air of “This is no my ain House,” it is inserted from Mrs Crookat's book, written in 1709, with the first verse of the song afterwards written by Ramsay.

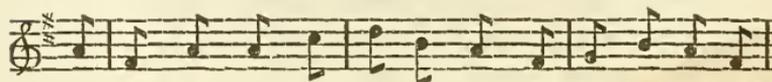
OLD AIR OF “THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.”



O THIS is no my ain house, I ken by the rigging o't; Since



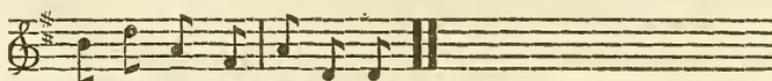
with my love I've changed vows, I dinna like the bigging o't.



For now that I'm young Robie's bride, And mistress too of



his fire-side, Mine ain house I'll like to guide, And



please me with the trigging o't.

CCXVII.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

THIS sprightly old air is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and several other publications. It is frequently used as a dancing tune. There is only one verse of the song in Herd's Collection. The old verses are here subjoined.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 She winna be guided by me ;
 She play'd the loon ere she was marry'd,
 She play'd the loon ere she was marry'd,
 She play'd the loon ere she was marry'd,
 She'll do't again ere she die.

She sell'd her gown and she drank it,
 She sell'd her gown and she drank it,
 She row'd hersell in a blanket,
 She winna be guided by me ;
 She did it altho' I forbad her,
 She did it altho' I forbad her ;
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,
 And a braw gude bairn was she.

Burns composed a song of two stanzas to the same air ; but Mr George Thomson did not approve of the second, and altered it considerably, which Burns had the candour to admit was a positive improvement.

Stanza I. by Burns.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And niest my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

Stanza II. as amended by G. Thomson.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
 My bonnie blythesome wee thing ;
 Sae lang's I hae my wee thing,
 I'll think my lot divine.
 Tho' ward's care we share o't,
 And may see meikle mair o't ;
 Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,
 And ne'er a word repine.

CCXVIII.

LADDIE LIE NEAR ME.

THE first song in the Museum, set to the fine old air of "Laddie lie near me," was written by Dr Blacklock. It begins "Hark the loud tempest shakes earth to its centre." After the Doctor's song follow the old words, with one ver-

bal alteration, as Johnson thought it more decorous that the husband should be the prolocutor.

In September 1793, Mr Thomson transmitted to Burns a long list of such tunes as he conceived to be deserving of new verses, amongst which was the air of "Laddie lie near me." The Bard, in answer, wrote him that "*Laddie lie near me* must lie *by me* for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is), I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza: when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me, that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fire-side of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously this, at home, is almost invariably my way."

It was accordingly nearly two years after this period that Burns wrote the following

SONG,

To the Tune of "Laddie lie near me,"

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing,
'Twas the dear smile, when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance of kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me;
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom forever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou has plighted me love the dearest!
And thou'rt an angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion should falter.

CCXIX.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

THIS very humorous song, beginning "There came a young man to my daddie's door," previously appeared in Herd's Collection, in 1776. The author is yet anonymous. In Gow's Complete Repository, vol. i. the tune is strangely denominated, "Bung your Eye."

CCXX.

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

THIS fine song, beginning "When rosy May comes in wi' Flowers," was written by Burns purposely for the Museum. The old tune to which it is adapted is "The Gardener's March," some bars of which have a considerable affinity to the tune called "The March of Charles the 12th, King of Sweden."

CCXXI.

BARBARA ALLAN.

THIS ballad is ancient. Bishop Percy had an old printed copy in his possession, which was entitled "Barbara Allan's Cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy," reprinted in the third volume of his Ancient Songs and Ballads, at London, in 1767. It is evidently an embellished edition of the old Scottish ballad in the Museum, which is taken *verbatim* from that preserved in Ramsay's Miscellany in 1724. The learned prelate's copy makes the heroine's residence at *Scarlet Town*, (the city of Carlisle, perhaps;) and calls the hero *Jemmye Grove*. In other respects, the story is nearly the same in both ballads, and may possibly have had its origin from circumstances that really occurred. Be that as it may, it has been a favourite ballad, at every country fire-side in Scotland, time out of memory. The strains of the ancient minstrel who composed this song, may, indeed, appear harsh and unpolished when compared with modern refinements; nevertheless he has depicted the incidents of his story with such a bold, glowing, and masterly pencil, as would do credit to any age. A learned correspondent informs me, that he remembers having heard the ballad frequently sung in Dumfries-

now I wish, I wish I had him. Ilk morning when I
view my glass, Then I perceive my beauty's go-ing:
When the wrinkles seize the face, Then we may bid a-
dieu to wooing.

CCXXIII.

composed by J. Ballantyne

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

THIS charming song was composed by Burns, in 1789, for the Museum, at the request of Mr Johnson, in place of a very indelicate one inserted in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, volume third, with the same title, and to the same tune.

CCXXIV.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

THIS song was likewise composed by Burns, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq. of Glenriddill, and his lady. "At their fire-side (says Burns) I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together—and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life." *Reliques*.

The tune was composed by Mr Riddell himself, and named the seventh of November, which was the anniversary of his marriage. Mr Cromek, editor of the *Reliques* of Burns, says, that when he visited Friar's Carse Hermitage, (on the late Mr Riddell's estate,) so much celebrated by Burns, he was greatly shocked to find this little spot, that ought to have been held sacred, almost gone to decay. The pane of glass, on which the poet had written his well-known "Lines," was removed; the floor was covered with straw;

the door thrown open ; and the trees, that had been planted at the entrance to this interesting place, were broken down and destroyed by cattle.

Such was the late proprietor, Captain Smith's neglect of a spot, on the window of which Robert Burns had traced, with his own hand, this tender tribute to the memory of a departed friend.

“ To Riddell, much lamented man !
This ivied cot was dear ;
Wanderer, dost value matchless worth ?
This ivied cot *revere* !”

How different the *reverence* of a poor old female cottager, living in a wretched hut in the immediate neighbourhood of Ellisland. On being asked if she knew Burns :—“ Kend him ! *Aye did I ! He was a great man for poems and making of beuks, and the like o' that ; but he's deed now, puir man !*”

CCXXV.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

THE title and the last half stanza of the song are old ; therest was composed by Burns. The cheerful air to which the verses are adapted was also used as a dancing tune, under the name of “ Lady Badinscorth's Reel,” as appears from an old MS. copy of the tune, inserted in page 8, vol ii. of an original edition of Macgibbon's Scots Tunes, now belonging to Mr David Laing of Edinburgh, bookseller.

CCXXVI.

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

THIS ballad, which for sterling humour cannot be surpassed, is attributed to James V., King of Scotland, about the year 1524. It is related, that this monarch, when a young man, used to stroll occasionally about the country, disguised as an itinerant mechanic or tinker, and to mingle with the meanest of his subjects. These frolicsome excursions often gave birth to curious adventures, which the witty monarch made the themes of his songs and ballads, most of which, it is believed, are now lost. He was second to none of his age both as a poet and a musician.

The tune to which the verses are set in the Museum, though ancient, is but ill adapted to the subject of the ballad. I have often heard it sung; but the singers uniformly used the same air that goes by the name of “Muirland Willie,” which is at least as ancient as the ballad, and was, in all probability, the very tune to which it was originally, and still continues to be sung.

In 1782, the late Mr Callander of Craigforth published the ballad, with literary notes, and luminous observations. This work has now become pretty scarce.

CCXXVII.

THE CAULD FROSTY MORNING.

THIS fine old tune is claimed by the Irish and Scottish Highlanders, who call it “Tha mi mo chadal,” or “I am asleep.” Ramsay, about the year 1723, wrote a song beginning “When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,” which he directs to be sung to this air. The song to which it is set in the Museum, beginning “’Twas past twelve o’clock, on a cauld frosty morning,” is marked with the letter Z., as being an old song with additions or corrections—but the air deserves much better words. The tune appears in Oswald’s Collection, book iv. under the title of the “Cold Frosty Morning.”

CCXXVIII.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

THIS beautiful song, beginning “Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails,” was written and composed by the learned Dr David Fordyce, whose merits as a philosophical writer are well known. Dr Fordyce perished by shipwreck in 1755. See an account of his life prefixed to his Theodorus. There is a set of the tune in the fifth book of Oswald, published in 1742, but it is not so genuine as that in the Museum.

CCXXIX.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

THIS tune was composed by Oswald, and published with

his name as the author, in the second volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, prior to the year 1742.

The verses in the Museum were written by Burns for that work, in the year 1789. I have never met with older verses.

CCXXX.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain Tune.

RAMSAY, by the usual signature in his Tea-Table Miscellany, the letter Z., testifies that this ballad, beginning *The meal was dear short syne*, in his time was known to be very ancient. Thomson, his contemporary, published it with the original music in 1725.

A rich vein of genuine broad humour runs through the whole of the old song, and the air, although in a minor key, is remarkable both for its antiquity and sprightliness. The note D, in the middle of the second strain, answering to the word *syne*, ought to be an octave above; for, although the leap from the former note to its twelfth may do very well in instrumental music, it is very unsuitable for the voice.

CCXXXI.

MY BONNY MARY.

THIS fine old air, called "The Silver Tassie," was recovered and communicated by Burns, who wrote the whole of this song, beginning "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine," with the exception of the first four lines, which belonged to the original verses. This song which, in the Reliques, our bard acknowledges to be almost wholly his own composition, was first introduced by him in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, (dated 17th Dec. 1788, and printed in Dr Currie's edition of his works, vol. iii.) as two *old stanzas*.

CCXXXII.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE air and title of this song are taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, volume xii. The words

were written by Burns in 1789, on purpose for the Museum. In his *Reliques*, the bard simply says, "This song is mine."

CCXXXIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

THIS curious old air may be seen in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, and other collections, under the title of "Mount your Baggage." In the *Caledonian Country-dance Book*, published about a century ago, by John Walsh of London, it is called "The Cadie laddie." The verses in the Museum, beginning "O mount and go," were communicated by Burns; and although he does not acknowledge them, I have good reason to believe they were his own.—The old ditty begins,

I will away,
 And I will not tarry,
 I will away
 And be a captain's lady.
 A captain's lady
 Is a dame of honour—
 She has her maids
 Ay to wait upon her—
 To wait upon her,
 And get all things ready,
 I will away
 And be a captain's lady.
 &c. &c. &c.

In the third volume of Gow's *Complete Repository*, the reader will find the subject of this curious old melody, with a slight variation, transformed into a strathspey, called "*Dalry-house*."

CCXXXIV.

JOHNIE COPE.

THIS old air, which originally consisted of one strain, was formerly adapted to some silly verses of a song, entitled "Eye to the Hills in the Morning." The chorus, or burden of the song, was the first strain repeated an octave higher. An indifferent set of the tune, under the title of "Johny Cope," appears in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, volume ix. The verses in the Museum were taken from

a sheet song, printed for A. Magowan, music-seller in Glasgow, interspersed with alterations and additions by Burns. A different set of verses, to the same air, may also be seen in Ritson's Scottish Songs, volume ii. But these two sets are merely variations of the original satirical song, which was written by Mr Skirven, author of the song, called "Tra-nent Muir," inserted in the second volume of the Museum, page 103. See the notes on that song. Both of Mr Skirven's songs allude to the same event; namely, the shameful defeat of General Sir John Cope, at the battle of Preston, on the 22d of September 1745, by Prince Charles Edward and the Highland clans who followed his standard. This information I obtained from one of Mr Skirven's relations, and from several gentlemen who were intimately acquainted with him.

ORIGINAL WORDS.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 Charlie meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll learn you the airt o' war,
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.

CHORUS.—*Hey! Johnie Cope, are ye wakin' yet?
 Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
 If ye were wakin' I would wait,
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Come follow me, my merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnie Cope i' the morning.
Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnie, be as good as your word,
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,
 And dinna flee like a frightened bird
 That's chas'd frae it's nest i' the morning.
Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

When Johnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

Fye now, Johnie, get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes mak a dîn;
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluddie morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

When Johnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They spear'd at him, where's a' your men?
 The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnie, troth, ye were na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

In faith, quo' Johnie, I got sic flegs
 Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
 If I face them deil break my legs,
 So I wish you a' good morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

CCXXXV.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

THIS air was partly composed by Mr William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, by adding a second strain to the old air, called "The Lowlands of Holland has twin'd my Love and me," and was by him named "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey." This song, beginning *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw*, "I composed," says Burns, "out of compliment to Mrs Burns. N. B.—It was during the honeymoon." *Reliques*.

CCXXXVI.

O, DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

THE fragment of this old song, beginning "O, dear minny, what shall I do," was transmitted in a letter from Burns to the publisher, wherein the bard says, "Dear Sir, the foregoing is all that remains of the old words. It will suit the tune very well.—R. BURNS."

The other verses to the same tune, beginning "O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling," were written by Ramsay as a song

for Jenny in his Scottish pastoral comedy of “The Gentle Shepherd.”

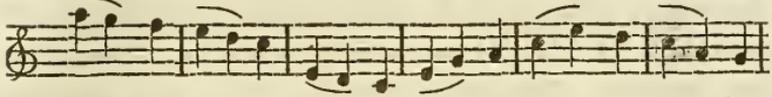
The melody of this ancient song has latterly been modelled into a reel tune, in common time, now called “The Braes of Auchtertyre.”—*See Gow's Repository, volume i. page 20.* The editor of the *Repository*, indeed, says that the reel tune is the progenitor of the melody of the song. A slight examination of facts, however, leads us to a very opposite conclusion. The melody of the song, even in Ramsay and M'Gibbon's days, was known to be very ancient, whereas the reel tune was modelled from the old air, about the year 1723, by James Crockat, son of the lady to whom the old manuscript Music-book originally belonged, which has been so frequently referred to in the course of this work. James Crockat gave his reel tune the strange title of “How can I keep my Maiden-head,” which was the first line of an old indelicate song, now deservedly forgotten. The first attempt to make the old tune into a reel, in the hand-writing of James Crockat, is now in the possession of the Editor. Bremner altered the old title, and published the tune, about the year 1764, under the name of “Lennox's Love to Blantyre.” It is now called “The Braes of Auchtertyre.” Many of our modern reel tunes, strathspeys, jigs, &c. are indeed palpably borrowed from the subjects of our ancient vocal melodies. Several instances of this fact have already been pointed out in the preceding part of this work, and the reader will find more of them in the course of the sequel.

The old tune of “O, dear Minny, what shall I do,” has been so loaded with modern alterations, that it can scarcely be recognized. The following set of the tune, from an ancient manuscript, is therefore annexed. I have adapted it to the first stanza of the original verses.

O DEAR MINNY, WHAT SHALL I DO?



O DEAR min-ny, what shall I do? O dear min-ny,



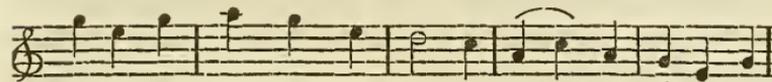
what shall I do? O dear min-ny, what shall I do?



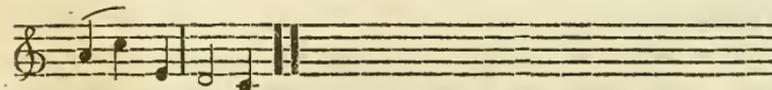
Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do. If I be black, I



canna be lo'ed; If I be fair, I canna be gude; If I look



lordly, the lads will look by me. O dear min - ny,



what shall I do?

CCXXXVII.

THE LINKIN LADDIE.

THIS tune, together with the words adapted to it, were transmitted by Burns to the editor of the Museum, as an original song, and perhaps our bard really believed it to be so. But the first strain of the melody is almost note for note the same as that of the old air of "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock," and the musical reader will have no difficulty in tracing the second strain to the latter part of the melody of "Saw ye Johnie coming, quo' she," thrown into slow jig time. This tune, therefore, is clearly a modern melody compiled from these two older airs. The anonymous writer of the Scottish words appears to have taken the hint from one of Ophelia's songs in the tragedy of Hamlet.

CCXXXVIII.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THIS fine melody is the composition of Oswald, and appears in the first volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 24, under the title of "Alloway House." In the original index to that volume, there is an asterisk (*) prefixed to the name of the tune, to denote that Oswald was the composer. The song, beginning "The spring returns, and clothes the green plains," was written by the late Reverend Dr Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who projected the praise-worthy scheme for providing a fund for the Widows of the established Clergy of Scotland, which has since been established with the most beneficial effects. I have hitherto been unable to ascertain the locality of this song, as the name is spelled in two different ways, *Alloway* by the composer of the air, and *Alloa* by the writer of the song. Alloway is a parish in Ayrshire, now of classical celebrity from its having given birth to Robert Burns, our great national bard. But Alloa House, or the Tower of Alloa, which is the scene of Dr Webster's song, is situated near a village of the same name in the county of Clackmannan. This tower was built about the 13th century, and was, along with the estate, exchanged by David II. in 1365, with Lord Erskine, progenitor of the Earls of Mar, for the lands of Stragarthney in Perthshire. It is still the favourite residence of the Erskines of Mar, who are descended of that ancient and noble family.

CCXXXIX.

CARL AN THE KING COME.

THERE are two songs to this old air in the Museum, the first, beginning "Peggy, now the King's come," was written by Ramsay for Mause, one of the characters in his Gentle Shepherd. The second song, beginning "Carl an' the King come," is partly old and partly modern, the second stanza being written by Burns. The remainder of the verses are said to have been composed during the usurpation of Crom-

well. A more complete, but modernized, copy of the song, however, may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. i.

CCXL.

THE SILLER CROWN.

585
THIS fine song was originally published by Napier as a single sheet song, from which it was copied into the Museum; but neither the author nor the composer are yet known. An excellent parody of the older verses, by a modern hand, and set to a beautiful tune, composed by Miss Grace Corbet, is inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, see Notes on song No 583, entitled "O Mary, ye'se be clad in Silk." Ur-bani reprinted this latter song in his Collection, under the title of "I'll lay me down and die."

CCXLI.

ST KILDA SONG.

THIS song, beginning "By the stream so cool and clear," is a translation, by Mr M'Donald, of a favourite Gaelic song sung by the natives of St Kilda, the most remote of the Western Isles of Scotland, to the same air which is inserted in the Museum. Mr Charles Stewart reprinted the words and music from the Museum, in the second volume of his *Vocal Miscellany*, published in 1798.

CCXLII.

THE MILL, MILL O.

THIS beautiful Scottish Melody is very ancient, and is inserted in Mrs Crockat's MSS. written in 1709. The verses to which it was originally adapted, though still preserved, are too indelicate for insertion. It is one of those songs, with respect to which the Reverend William Geddes, in the preface to his *Saint's Recreation*, written in 1673, very pertinently observes, "it is alleged by some, and that not without some colour of reason, that many of our *airs* or *tunes* are made by good angels, but the lines of our songs by devils."

The verses adapted to the tune in the Museum, beginning "Bencath a green shade," were written by Ramsay as a sub-

stitute for the old words ; and Thomson, in his Orpheus Caledonius, adapted Ramsay's verses to the original air, in 1725. As Ramsay's verses were still considered by some people as partaking too much of the rude simplicity of the olden time, Burns endeavoured to supply the defect, in the composition of the following exquisite Scottish ballad to the same air, written in spring 1793.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST.

Tune—THE MILL, MILL, O.

I.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning :
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

II.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander :
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy :

III.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported ;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted :
 Wha spied I, but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling !
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

IV.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoath I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O ! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom !
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain would be thy lodger,
 I've serv'd my king and country lang—
 Take pity on a sodger.

v.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

vi.

She gaz'd—she redder'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

vii.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

viii.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize;
 The sodger's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

Burns, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated June, 1793, and published in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of his works, says, "I cannot alter the disputed lines in *The Mill, Mill, O!* What you think a defect, I esteem as a positive beauty; so you see how doctors differ." These lines were the third and fourth of stanza first.

*Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning.*

In place of these lines, Mr Thomson, in the first volume of

his Collection, and it seems by advice of William Erskine, Esq. substituted the following :

*And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning.*

These lines are much inferior to the original, and Mr Thomson, in a late edition of the same publication, saw the propriety of reprinting the ballad as the Bard originally wrote it. Mr Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in "Polly," beginning "When gold is on hand it gives us command;" printed, but not acted, in London, 1729.

CCXLIII.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

BOTH the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed at London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, No 19, Cornhill, "*sung* by MASTER KNYVETT." From these circumstances, I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Scottish production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collections of our songs. If it be an imitation of the Scottish style, however, it is a very successful one.

CCXLIV.

LASS, GIN YE LOE ME, TELL ME NOW.

Tune—Herring and Salt.

MR JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, in the first volume of his *Musica Antiqua*, published at London in 1812, gives us the following words of "A very Popular Song in the early part of Henry the Eighth's Reign."

Joan, quoth John, when wyll this be ?
Tell me when wilt thou marrie me,
My corne, and eke my calf and rents,
My lands, and all my tenements ?
Saië Joan, said John, what wilt thou doe ?
I cannot come every day to woe.

Mr Smith, in the same work, also gives the original air to these words, with a bass of his own composition, and affirms, that the Scots have borrowed their old song of "I canna come ilka Day to woo," from this English source. But there

is not the smallest ground for such a conjecture. The old Scottish air is totally different from the English one. The former, which is uncommonly cheerful and lively, and extremely well-adapted to the nature and spirit of the words, bears the marks of genuine antiquity: it commences on the third, and ends on the fifth of the key. The latter is a stiff and awkward tune, and is as opposite to the general style of the old Scottish airs as night is to day. The incidents in both songs are likewise totally different. The solitary line, "I cannot come every day to woo," is no doubt nearly the same in both copies; but if the composer of either of these songs did borrow a line at all, it is just as likely that the English poetaster took his line from the old humorous Scottish ballad, as that the minstrel who framed the latter borrowed a single phrase from such a composition as that published so lately for the first time by Mr Smith. Is it not absurd to affirm, that the Scots have laid claim to an English song, which has not the least affinity to their own Scottish song, either in sound or in sense?

David Herd has preserved a fragment of a song, apparently still older than that inserted in the Museum, which is here annexed.

I HAE layen three herring a' sa't;
 Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak me, tell me now;
 And I hae brew'n three pickles o' ma t,
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

Chorus—*To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo,
 To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.*

I hae a wee calf that wad fain be a cow;
 Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak me, tell me now;
 I hae a grice that wad fain be a sow,
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

Chorus—*To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo,
 To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
 And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.*

* * * *

Burns, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated Sept. 1798, and published in Dr. Currie's edition of his works, vol. iv. says, "What is your opinion of *I hae laid a Herring in Sawt?* I like it much." It does not appear that Mr Thomson gave the bard any answer to his question.

CCXLV.

THE LOVER'S ADDRESS TO A ROSE-BUD.

THIS beautiful song, beginning "Sweet nursling of the tears of morning," was written and composed by the late Mrs Scott of Wauchope. Johnson told me this himself.

CCXLVI.

CEASE, CEASE MY DEAR FRIEND TO EXPLORE.

BURNS, in his Reliques, says, "This song is by Dr Blacklock. I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too."—*Reliques*.

Mr Johnson informed me, that both the air and words were composed by Dr Blacklock, on purpose for the Museum. Mr Clarke only added the bass part.

CCXLVII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS masterly ballad, beginning "When the sheep are in the fauld," is the composition of Lady Ann Lindsay, eldest daughter of the late James, Earl of Balcarras, by his Countess, Ann Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castletoun, Bart. Lady Ann was born on the 8th of December 1750, and married in 1793 to Andrew Bernard, Esq. secretary to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She survived her husband, who died on the 27th October 1807, without issue.

The tune to which the verses were originally adapted is preserved in the Museum. It was formerly called "The Bridegroom greets whan the Sun gangs down," which was, in all probability, a line of an old song now lost or forgotten. A friend informs me, that he has heard two lines of it.

But, oh! quo' he, it's come o'er soon,
The bridegroom grat when the sun^ggaed down.

It is very remarkable, that such an exquisite ballad as Auld Robin Gray should have been produced by so young an authoress. It was written in the year 1770, when her ladyship was only in the twentieth year of her age.

There is a beautiful English air to the same ballad, which was composed by the Reverend William Leeves of Wrington. This gentleman, in the preface to "Six Sacred Airs or Hymns, intended as a domestic Sunday-evening's recreation," composed by himself, acquaints us, that in the year 1770, when residing with his family at Richmond in Surry, he received, from the Honourable Mrs Byron, a copy of Lady Ann Lindsay's verses, which he immediately set to music. He then adds, "it may not be unsatisfactory to declare, which can be done with the clearest conscience, that he never heard of any other music than his own being applied to these interesting words, till many years after that was produced to which he now asserts an undivided claim: That his friend, Mr Hammersley, was well acquainted with this ballad, long before its surreptitious appearance in print; and the still more convincing testimony might be added of a respectable relation now residing at Bath, (12th June 1812) who was on a visit to the author's family at Richmond when the words were received, and the first manuscript (of the music) produced."

Mr Leeves has annexed a copy of the music, as originally composed by him, adapted to Lady Ann's verses, at the end of the above work, published by T. Birchall, New Bond Street, London, in 1812. On the title-page there is an engraved vignette, representing Jenny seated at her spinning-wheel in conversation with her mother. The old woman appears in a standing posture, supporting herself with a crutch in one hand, and pointing towards Heaven with the other, as if admonishing her daughter to submit with cheerfulness and becoming resignation to the Divine will. Jenny seems to listen attentively to her mother's affectionate advice, while her hand is directed to a book, which has the word

Bible on its cover, implying, no doubt, that she would humbly endeavour to make that sacred volume the constant rule of her faith and conduct. On an appropriate scroll are the following words:—

I darna think of Jamie,
 For that wad be a sin!
 Sae I'll do my best,
 A gude wife to be;
 For Auld Robin Gray
 Is kind to me.

There is some ingenuity in the design of this little vignette. The reverend author probably intended to point out the moral of the song, viz. a pious resignation to the decrees of the Almighty; but the engraving is not well executed.

The celebrated Mrs Billington was very fond of this ballad, as set by Mr Leeces. She used to sing it frequently in public, and was always rapturously encored. We shall conclude the remarks on this song with the following quotation:

“ Mr Pinkerton, after observing, that none of the ‘ Scotch amatory ballads,’ as he remembers, ‘ are written by ladies,’ and that the ‘ profligacy of manners, which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland,’ adds, in a note, that ‘ there is, indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: *Auld Robin Gray* having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But, after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself.’ Little Ritson, with a becoming boldness and indignation at the author of these ungracious and ungallant remarks, steps forward with his accustomed Bantam-cock courage, and thus strikes at the hard forehead of Pinkerton. ‘ Alas! this *silly psalm* will continue to be sung, to the credit of our taste, long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph shall be as completely forgotten as yesterday’s ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pye. Of the

24 Scottish song-writers whose names are preserved, four, if not five, are females; and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number."—*See Scottish Songs, with Remarks by Burns, edited by Cromek, vol. ii. p. 28. London, 1810.* From the kindness of Miss Dundas of St Andrew's Square, in this city, I am enabled to present the reader with a genuine copy of the music of this celebrated ballad, from the author's own work.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Words by LADY ANN LINDSAY. Music by the Rev. MR WILLIAM LEEVES of Wrington.

Recit.

WHEN the sheep are in the

fauld, and a' the kye at hame, And a' the wea-ry

ward to sleep are gane, The waes o' my

heart fa' in show-ers frae my e'e, While

my gude-man sleeps sound by me.

Air.

:S:

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and ask'd me for his

bride, But, sav-ing a crown, he had naething else be-side; To

make the crown a pound, my Ja-mie gade to sea, And the

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had nae been

gane a year and a day, When my father brak his arm, and our

6 6 6 6 4 4+ 6

2

cow was stown a-way; My mi-ther she fell sick, and

6 6 6 6 6 6

4

Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

6 6 4 6 6 6 5 3

3 4 3

6 6 6 5 4 3

:S:

:S:

CCXLVIII.

LEITH WYND.

This song is improperly titled in the Museum. It ought to have been called, "Were I assur'd you'd constant prove," written by Allan Ramsay to the tune of "Leith Wynd." But the tune itself is in fact the identical melody of "Come, hap me with your Petticoat," which was the homely old title of the song.—See *Remarks on the Song No 139, in the Museum.*

About the year 1700, Adam Craig varied the old melody a little, and dignified it with the new title of "Leith Wynd," (a well-known street in Edinburgh), and he afterwards published it in his Collection of Scots Tunes, dedicated to the Lords and Gentlemen of the Musical Society in Mary's Chapel, in the year 1730.

The verses in the Museum, beginning "Were I assured you'd constant prove," were written by Ramsay as a song for Jenny and Roger, in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd."

CCXLIX.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

THIS fine air was formerly adapted to some witty, but indelicate verses, a fragment of which is preserved in Herd's Collection. The humorous song in the Museum, beginning "First when Maggie was my care," was written by Burns in 1789, as a substitute for the old verses.

The air was composed about the year 1720, by John Bruce, a musician in the town of Dumfries, and Oswald afterwards published it with variations in the last volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion.

CCL.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

THIS song, beginning "In winter when the rain rain'd cauld," had found its way into England as early as the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if not before; for it was a common song in Shakspeare's time, who quotes a verse of it in the drinking scene in his tragedy of Othello, act ii. scene iii. An English version of the song is also inserted in the ancient manuscript belonging to Bishop Percy, who has favoured the public with a copy of it in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 172, edition 1765. The Scottish song was first printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.

The old air is admirably adapted to the words, and is undoubtedly coeval with them. Many of these ancient melo-

dies have been preserved, and handed down from generation to generation by oral communication alone, long before the modern system of musical notation was perfected.

CCLI.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

THIS song should have been titled "Hid from himself now by the Dawn," written by Allan Ramsay to the tune of "The Happy Clown." Ramsay wrote this song for Sir William Worthy, in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd." The tune is inserted in Mrs Crockat's MS. written in 1709. It was one of the airs selected by Mr Gay for his song in the Beggar's Opera, beginning *I'm like a skiff in the ocean tost*, acted at London in 1728. But, prior to this period, it had also been adapted to another song, beginning "One evening as I lost my way.

The original words of "The Happy Clown," are preserved in the Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724. As they possess no small share of poetic merit, we here annex them.

I.

How happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his safe retreat,
Is pleas'd with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care and business free,
At once baith good and great !

II.

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind ;
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, nor threats can dare ;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

III.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds ;

Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care;
 And still some ripened fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

IV.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies;
 And next the silvan scene he tries
 His spirits to regale:
 Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

V.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard:
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
 To plant and sned his tender trees;
 And for attending well his bees
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

VI.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 The warbling birds in blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight.
 But O! how pleasant is this life,
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.

CCLII.

DONALD AND FLORA.

THIS fine ballad is the composition of Hector Macneil, Esq. author of the celebrated poem of "Will and Jean," and other popular works. Mr Macneil told me, that he wrote this song to commemorate the death of his friend Captain Stewart, a gallant officer (betrothed to a young lady in Atholl) who fell at the battle of Saratoga in America, in the year 1777. On this unfortunate occasion, the British troops were commanded by General Burgoyne.

The words are adapted to a fine old Gaelic air.

In the Museum, the song is printed as it was originally written, but the author has subsequently altered and correct-

ed some of the stanzas. The reader is therefore presented with an accurate copy of this lyrical composition; and, upon comparing it with the copy inserted in the Scots Musical Museum, he will be enabled to discover the late improvements made on it by its author.

I.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor FLORA slipt away,
 Sad'ning to MORA* †
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
 As to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

II.

“ Loud howls the stormy west,
 Cold, cold is winter's blast;
 Haste then, O! DONALD, haste,
 Haste to thy FLORA!
 Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 Since on a foreign shore
 You promis'd to fight no more,
 But meet me in MORA.

III.

“ ‘ Where now is DONALD dear?’
 Maids cry with taunting sneer,
 ‘ Say, is he still sincere
 To his lov'd FLORA?’
 Parents upbraid my moan;
 Each heart is turn'd to stone—
 Ah! FLORA thou'rt now alone,
 Friendless in MORA!

IV.

“ Come then, O, come away!
 DONALD, no longer stay,
 Where can my rover stray
 From his lov'd FLORA?
 Ah! sure he ne'er can be
 False to his vows and me:
 O Heaven!—is not yonder he
 Bounding o'er MORA!

* Mora is the name of a small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

V.

“ Never, ah, wretched fair !
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger,)
 Never shall DONALD mair
 Meet his lov'd FLORA !
 Cold as yon mountain snow,
 DONALD, thy love lies low,
 He sent me to sooth thy woe,
 Weeping in MORA.

VI.

“ Well fought our gallant men
 On *Saratoga's* plain ;
 Thrice fled the hostile train
 From British glory.
 But, ah ! tho' our foes did flee,
 Sad was each victory :
 Youth, love, and loyalty,
 Fell far from MORA.

VII.

“ ‘ Here take this love-wrought plaid,'
 Donald expiring said ;
 ‘ Give it to yon dear maid
 Drooping in MORA.
 Tell her, O ALLAN tell,
 Donald thus bravely fell,
 And that in his last farewell
 He thought on his FLORA.”

VIII.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair ;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out—“ Poor Flora !
 Ah ! DONALD ! ah, well-a-day !”
 Was all the fond heart could say :
 At length the sound died away,
 Feebly, in MORA.

CCLIII.

BY THE DELICIOUS WARMNESS.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, for Patie and Peggy, in his pastoral comedy of “ *The Gentle Shepherd.*” The words and music were inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius*.

CCLIV.

SUN GALLOP DOWN THE WESTLIN SKIES.

THIS is another production of Ramsay, inserted in the same comedy, and is, in fact, the chorus of the song last

mentioned. The airs to No 253 and 254 appear to have been composed expressly for Ramsay's verses, by one of his musical friends and contemporaries, as they do not appear in any collection prior to 1725. Both these songs were inserted, without music, in the pastoral of Patie and Peggy, which was published some years before Ramsay wrote his comedy of the Gentle Shepherd.

CCLV.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1789, on purpose for the Museum. It is adapted to the fine plaintive tune of "My Love is lost to me," which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 25. Mrs Burns is the lady alluded to by our poet.

CCLVI.

SONG OF SELMA.

THE words of this song, beginning "Ullin, Carill, and Ryno," are taken from the conclusion of the seventh book of *Temora*, an epic poem, by Ossian, translated by Macpherson. The music, which is extremely characteristic, was composed by Oswald.

CCLVII.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

THIS song, beginning "Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine," is another unclaimed production of Burns. The words are adapted to a Gaelic air, called "Robie donna gorrach," or "Daft Robin." This air is evidently a slight alteration of the fine old triple time tune, entitled "Earl Douglas's Lament," which may be seen in Oswald's Collection, book vii. page 30.

CCLVIII.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

"THIS air (says Burns) is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it the Lament for his Brother. The first half stanza of the song is old—the rest is mine." *Reliques*. Mr Cromek informs us, that he had a memorandum-book in his possession, in which the venerable portrait of this national

musician is thus drawn by Burns, with his usual characteristic strength and expression :—“ A short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his grayish hair shed on his honest social brow ; an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity.”—Neil Gow was born in Strathbrand, Perthshire, in the year 1727, and died in the eightieth year of his age, at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the 1st of March, 1807. A writer in the Scots Magazine very justly observes, “ that although Mr Neil Gow had raised himself to independent and affluent circumstances in his old age, he continued free of every appearance of vanity or ostentation. He retained, to the last, the same plain and unassuming simplicity in his carriage, his dress, and his manners, which he had observed in his early and more obscure years. His figure was vigorous and manly ; and the expression of his countenance spirited and intelligent. His whole appearance, indeed, exhibited so characteristic a model of what national partiality conceives a Scottish Highlander to be, that his portrait has been repeatedly copied. An admirable likeness of him was painted, a few years ago, for the Honourable Mr Maule of Panmure, M. P. for Forfarshire, by Mr Raeburn ; and he has been introduced into the *View of a Highland Wedding*, by the late ingenious Mr Allan, to whom he was requested to sit for the purpose.” The late Rev. Mr Graham, author of *The Sabbath*, also published the following tributary verses to his memory :

“ The blythe strathspey springs up, reminding some
 Of nights when Gow's old arm, (nor old the tale),
 Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
 Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
 Alas ! no more shall we behold that look
 So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
 And festive joy sedate ; that ancient garb
 Unvaried ; tartan hose and bonnet blue !
 No more shall beauty's partial eye draw forth
 The full intoxication of his strain
 Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich !
 No more amid the pauses of the dance
 Shall he repeat those measures, that, in days

Of other years, could sooth a falling prince,
 And light his visage with a transient smile
 Of melancholy joy, like autumn sun
 Gilding a sere tree with a passing beam!
 Or play to sportive children on the green,
 Dancing at gloamin' hours, on willing cheer,
 With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day."

British Georgics, p. 81.

CCLIX.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE first half stanza of this song (says Burns) is old—the rest is mine. *See Reliques*. The words are adapted to a Gaelic air, called "Failte na moisg," or, "The Musket Salute," inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, volume first, page 22.

CCLX.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THE following original words of this very ancient song are preserved in Bishop Percy's old manuscript, written as early, if not before the year 1560.

Woman.

John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
 And ze sall get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye;
 Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
 John Anderson, my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

Man.

And how doe ze, cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
 And how mony bairns hae ze?

Woman.

Cummer, I hae five.

Man.

Are they to your awin gudeman?

Woman.

Na, cummer, na—

For three of tham were gotten quhan Willie was awa.

This John Anderson, if we may rely on an uniform and constant tradition, was, of old, the town-piper of Kelso, and an amorous wag in his day. About the period of the Reformation in Scotland, however, the last verse of the above song was slightly altered, and transferred from a real or supposed incident in private life, to the public tenets of the Catholic church. Luther, Calvin, Beza, and Knox, had already demonstrated and exposed the fallacy of any other sacraments

than those expressly authorized and sanctioned by Sacred Writ, namely, baptism and the Lord's supper. The church of Rome, nevertheless, had introduced five additional sacraments into her ritual vist. 1. The sacrament of penitence. 2. The sacrament of confirmation. 3. The sacrament of extreme unction. 4. The sacrament of ordination. And, 5. The sacrament of marriage. These five sacraments were rejected by the reformed church as spurious and unauthorized. The stanza above alluded to ran thus :

Man.

And how doe ze cummer? and how hae ze thriven?
And how mony bairns hae ze?

Woman.

Cummer, I hae seven.

Man.

Are they to your awin gudeman?

Woman.

Na, cummer, na ;

For *five o' them* were gotten quhan he was far awa.

Bishop Percy, and Mr Tytler, who follows the prelate's opinion, were mistaken in asserting that the tunes to such songs, as *John Anderson—Green Sleeves—John, come kiss me now—Maggy Lauder—Kind Robin loes me*, &c. &c. originally belonged to the most favourite hymns in the Latin service, which had been burlesqued by the reformers. The fact is quite otherwise. The ancient humorous Scottish songs are not indebted to the Catholic church either for their words or their music. On the contrary, the earliest Scottish reformers called into their religious service the beautiful airs of that kingdom, and adapted them to *Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of Scripture, for avoiding sinne and harlotrie*, in 1549. Nay, more, they even parodied and spiritualized some of the most favourite secular songs, such as *I'll never leave thee!—Low down in the Broom—Up in the Morning early—Hey now the Day daws*, &c. &c. as we know, not only from the testimony of the Rev. William Geddes, but likewise from their own "Compendious Booke." The music of the ancient Latin service was strictly confined to what was denominated the eight modes of the church ;

four of which were reckoned *authentic*, and four *plagal*.— Now almost every old Scottish tune runs counter to these rules of church composition. Hence it may reasonably be inferred, that many of those old melodies existed, and were chanted by the natives of this part of the island, before the church of Rome existed. The hymns, and indeed the whole service of the Roman church, it will be recollected, were written in Latin, and it may be presumed that most of the reforming wits of that age were too imperfectly acquainted with this language to burlesque them. A copy of the Latin hymns set to music, which was used in the cathedral of Dunkeld, escaped the flames at the Reformation, and is preserved in the library of the college of Edinburgh. It consists of five thin quarto volumes. After having perused them with the most scrupulous care and attention, from beginning to end, I have been unable to detect a single musical phrase that has the smallest resemblance to any of our national tunes. The work is just now lying on my table, having been sent to me for examination and perusal by the very reverend Principal Baird. I have also examined a still more extensive Roman service-book, which formerly belonged to the abbey of Scone, now in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, and do not find one church tune having the least resemblance whatever to any of our Scottish melodies.

The tune of "John Anderson, my Jo," though long handed down by oral communication, was committed to paper as early as 1578, in Queen Elizabeth's virginal-book, which is still preserved. Two beautiful stanzas, written by Burns in 1789 for the Museum, are adapted to the air in that work. Since the death of our lamented bard, four additional stanzas have appeared in a collection, entitled "Poetry original and selected," printed by Messrs Brash & Reid of Glasgow. With respect to these stanzas, Dr Currie justly remarks, "that every reader will observe they are by an inferior hand, and the real author of them ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given to the world, as the production of Burns."

CCLXI.

AH! WHY THUS ABANDON'D TO MOURNING AND WOE.

THE words and music of this beautiful song were sent to Johnson by an anonymous correspondent. Burns considered it to be very deserving of a niche in the Museum, and Johnson accordingly inserted it in that work. The author is still unknown.

CCLXII.

DEIL TAK THE WARS.

THIS beautiful air was early introduced into England. Ritson says, that Duffey wrote the words, and sung them in "A Wife for any Man." If the words really are by Duffey, they do him little credit. But no such piece as this appears throughout the whole Biographia Dramatica, by Baker, Reed, and Jones, in 4 vols 8vo, London, 1812. In 1680, Duffey wrote "The Virtuous Wife," a very entertaining comedy, but not free from plagiarism, having borrowed several hints from Marston's *Fawn*, and the character of Beaufort from Palamede in Dryden's "Marriage a la Mode," and Beaumont and Fletcher, in 1647, wrote a very good tragi-comedy, entitled "A Wife for a Month;" but I have not been able to find the song in either of these plays. Both the words and the music appear in the first edition of the *Pills* in 1698, and the tune may be seen in a Collection of Original Scotch Tunes, published by Henry Playford the same year. Burns was uncommonly fond of this tune. In a letter to Mr Thomson, printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of the bard's works, he says, "I am out of temper that you should set so sweet, so tender an air, as *Deil tak the Wars* to the foolish old verses. You talk of the silliness of *Saw ye my Father?* By Heavens! the odds is gold to brass! Besides, the old song, though now pretty well modernized into the Scottish language, is originally, and in the earlier editions, a bungling low imitation of the Scottish manner by that genius Tom Duffey; so it has no pretensions to be a Scottish production. There is a pretty English song by Sheridan,

in the *Duenna*, to this air, which is out of sight superior to Durfey's. It begins 'When sable night each drooping plant restoring.' The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of simplicity and love."

Burns wrote the two following stanzas to this tune, which he entitled "The Lover's Address to his Mistress."

I.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
 Now thro' 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 lavrock to the sky
 Ascends wi' songs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

II.

Phoebus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk 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'ercast my sullen sky;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight;
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart,
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

Burns remarks upon it, "I could easily throw this (song) into an English mould; but, to my taste, in the simple and tender of the pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scotch has an inimitable effect."

CCLXIII.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

THIS is undoubtedly one of our oldest melodies. I have now lying before me a very ancient copy of it, in one strain, entitled "Oh, silly Soul, alace!" The second strain ap-

pears to have been added to it, like many other of this kind, at a much later period, by a slight alteration of the first. The Jacobites selected this air for a song called “The Earle of Mar’s Men,” and another entitled “Awa, Whigs, awa,” a fragment of which, with two additional stanzas, namely, the second and fourth, written by Burns, are printed in the Museum.

A more complete copy of this Jacobite song may be seen in Hogg’s *Relics*, vol. i. ; but it owes its perfection to modern hands. The ancient air of “Oh, silly Soul, alace !” is evidently the progenitor of the popular tune, called “What ails this Heart of mine ?” and “My Dearie an thou die.”

CCLXIV.

CA’ THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

MR Stephen Clarke took down this song in 1787, when Burns and he were spending an evening with the Rev. Mr Clunie. Burns, however, added two stanzas to the song, and made several alterations on the old verses, but not in his happiest manner. The old verses follow :

*Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
Ca’ them where the heather growes,
Ca’ them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.*

Will ye gang down yon water side,
That thro’ the glen does saftly glide,
And I sall row thee in my plaid,
My bonnie dearie ?

Ca’ the yowes, &c.

Ye sall hae rings and ribbons meet,
Calf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my bosom ye sall sleep,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca’ the yowes, &c.

I was brought up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
Nor sit the livelong day in dool,
Lanely and irie.

Ca’ the yowes, &c.

Yon yowes and lammies on the plain,
 Wi' a' the gear my dad did hain,
 I'se gie thee, if thou'lt be mine ain,
 My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Come weel, come wae, whate'er betide,
 Gin ye'll prove true, I'se be your bride,
 And ye sall row me in your plaid,
 My winsome dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Although the tune is not to be found in any collection prior to 1787, it bears internal marks of antiquity. It only consists of one strain of eight bars, yet the air is uncommonly wild and pleasing. In the Museum, the note C, answering to the first syllable of the word *heather*, ought to be made sharp.

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr Thomson, dated in September 1794, says, "I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr Clunie, who sung it charmingly, and at my request Mr Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head."

CHORUS.—*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.*

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;*

* Cluden, or Clouden, is a river in Dumfries-shire, which takes its rise near the base of the Criffal mountains, and after a course of about fourteen miles falls into the Nith, nearly opposite to Lincluden College. It abounds with excellent trout.

Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnied earie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;
I can die—but cannot part,
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

CCLXV.

SE DE MHOLLA.

A Highland Song.

THE air and words of this Gaelic song, as well as the English translation, were copied from Sibbald's Edinburgh Magazine for 1785. The same song was reprinted in "Albyn's Anthology," published in 1816, with the following note, by Mr Campbell, the editor of that work.

"This original Hebridean air was noted down from the mouth of a young girl, a native of LEWIS, by an accomplished lady, (a namesake of the editor) in 1781. In the Edinburgh Magazine, for *anno* 1785, this fragment (for it is no more,) will be found as given by the present editor to the late Mr James Sibbald."

CCLXVI.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THIS very humorous, though somewhat licentious ballad, (words and music) is uniformly attributed to James V. of

Scotland, about the year 1534. It is said, that he composed it on an amour with a farmer's daughter, in whose house he had been accommodated with a night's lodging, while strolling about the country in the disguise of a mendicant. The laird of Brodie, mentioned in the ballad, is understood to have been the progenitor of the Brodies of *that ilk*, one of the most ancient and respectable families in the north of Scotland. It is of this ballad that Horace Walpole (afterwards Lord Orford) in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble authors, has remarked, that there is something very ludicrous in the picture of the young girl's distress on imagining that her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar. King James died 14th December 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age.

CCLXVII.

I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

THE two first stanzas of this song, in the Museum, were written by Mr Clunie, according to the authority of Burns. —See *Currie's Edition of Burns, vol. i. Appendix, No 2*. But in Ritson's Collection, the reader will find the letters J. D. prefixed to the song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of "Happy Dick Dawson." If J. D. be the initial letters of the composer's name, Burns must have been misinformed.

The four supplementary stanzas, beginning "Let others brag weel o' their geer," were composed by Hector Macneil, Esq. before noticed. Mr Macneil told me this himself.

The musical reader will easily observe a striking affinity between the Scots air and the Irish tune called "My Lodging is on the cold Ground."

CCLXVIII.

I'LL MAK YOU BE FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

RAMSAY inserted a song, by an anonymous hand, to this lively old tune, beginning "Adieu, for a while, my native green plains," in the second volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*; but he omitted the original song, beginning "As late by a soldier I chanced to pass," now inserted in the Mu-

seum. The tune appears in Oswald's Collection, and in many others.

CCLXIX.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

THIS song was written by Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster of Lochlee, in the county of Forfar. Mr Ross was born in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, about the year 1700. His father, who was a farmer in that country, gave him a suitable education, and he had the pleasure to see it well bestowed on such a son. His first settlement was at Birse, as parochial schoolmaster. He afterwards removed to Lochlee, in the same capacity, about the year 1733, and here he continued, in the centre of the Grampians, almost secluded from the converse of men and books, for the space of fifty years. Mr Ross died in May 1783. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and a pious and worthy man. He wrote "The Fortunate Shepherdess," a poem, in the Scottish language, and some songs, which were published for the author's behoof in 1768. He must have commenced poet at an early period, for "The Rock and the wee pickle Tow," is referred to in the 2d volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1728. He is likewise the author of "The Orphan," a poem, still unpublished.

The verses, beginning "They say that Jock'll speed weel o't," are adapted to a well known Highland strathspey. In Angus Cumming's Collection of Old Reels and Strathspeys, it is called "Acharnac's Reel, or Bal nan Grantich;" but in Gow's Collection, it goes under the name of "Lucy Campbell's Delight."

CCLXX.

O MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHING A HECKLE.

THE original copy of this humorous song, in the handwriting of Burns, is now in my hands. It seems to be a whimsical allusion to his former occupation as a flax-dresser. "My twenty-third year (says he) was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set

about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town (Irwin) to learn his trade. This was an unfortunate affair." After informing us, that their lint-shop took fire and was burnt to ashes, and that he was left, like a true poet, without a sixpence, he proceeds, "to crown my distresses, a *belle fille* whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification."—*See Currie's Life of Burns, vol. i.*

The tune to which the verses are set, by direction of the poet himself, on the top of the manuscript, is called "Boddich na 'mbrigis, or Lord Bredalbine's March," from Daniel Dow's Highland Airs.

CCLXXI.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

THIS elegiac song, beginning "Fate gave the word, the arrow sped," was written by Burns in 1789, and sent to Johnson for insertion in the Museum. Burns gave him, at the same time, positive instructions to set it to the air called "Finlayston House," which was composed by Mr John Riddel, and Mr Clarke accordingly did so.

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "this most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddel, of the family of Glencarnock, at Ayr. The words were composed to commemorate the much lamented and premature death of James Fergusson, Esq. younger of Craigdarroch."

CCLXXII.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

THIS fragment of a Jacobite song, beginning "My love was born in Aberdeen," was published in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 170, printed in 1776. The verses in the Museum were retouched by Burns. The alterations are indeed few, yet they are evident improvements. A more complete version of the song, however, may be seen in the second volume of Hogg's Jacobite Relics. Mr O'Keefe selected

this air for one of his songs in the opera of “The Highland Reel,” first acted at Covent Garden in 1788.

CCLXXIII.

ORAN GAOIL.

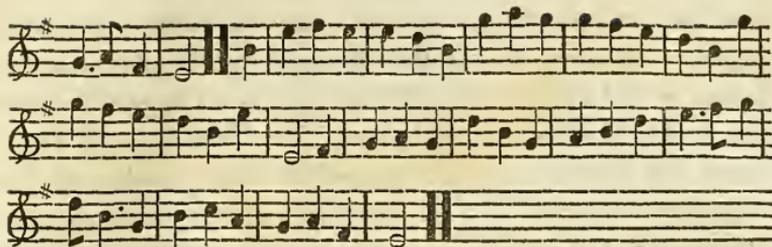
A Gaelic Song.

THIS is said to be an original Highland melody, and the verses, beginning “As on an eminence I stood musing,” are said to be a correct metrical translation of the Gaelic song, by a lady from the Highlands, who had the kindness to communicate them to Johnson, with the air.

The editor has never seen the original Gaelic song; but he has no reason to doubt that there may be such a one, and that the English version is correct enough. It may be remarked, however, that almost every Highland family of rank and fortune have long been in the habit of sending their children to the low country for their education, in which music has always been one of the principal ornamental branches. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that the airs peculiar to Tweedside, Ettrick, Leader, Yarrow, Gala, &c. have long been as familiar to the Highlanders, as to the inhabitants of those Lowland pastoral districts where they had their origin. Many of them too, it is believed, have had the honour of being set to Gaelic verses. That the tune in question, however, is either of Gaelic or Irish extraction, seems to be very doubtful. For the editor has in his possession a very old manuscript, in square notes, in which this identical tune, or at least one so very similar to it, is inserted under the name of “Y^e Auld Jew,” of which a copy is subjoined.

THE AULD JEW.





The same tune, under the title of “The Old Jew,” is printed in Oswald’s Pocket Companion, book v. published in 1742; but he has corrupted the melody in several bars with spurious interpolations, in attempting to embellish it.

In Fraser’s Collection of Airs, in 1816, which we are told are peculiar to the Highlands and the Isles, there is a new set of this old tune, which he calls “Cuir a ghaoil dileas tharrum do lamh,” translated, *Place true love thine arm around me*, with the following note annexed: “This melody has long been claimed, and by many supposed to be Irish, the editor (Mr Fraser,) has heard many harpers play it in Ireland; but on hearing his PROGENITOR’S set of it, as sung in the Highlands, they absolutely, in spite of their national prejudices, relinquished their own claim, considering their own as an imperfect imitation of the original. The commencement of the third part, ‘Tha binneas na bilibh, chan innis luchd cuil’e,’ ‘There is melody in her voice which no music can equal,’ is beautifully expressive, and perceptibly conveyed by the notes of the music.”

These Irish Harpers have certainly been very great wags. No fact is better understood, than that plainness and simplicity are the invariable characteristics of every old lyric melody. Many of the most ancient only consist of one simple strain, and very few, if any, have more than two.

Judging by this standard, the tune above inserted, as well as that in the Museum, with their kindred Irish air, are unquestionably old. But the same rule will not apply to the tune as given in this modern collection, which is indeed of a very different stamp. It consists of no less than four strains,

and the two last are so very florid, that Highland lasses, with organs even more flexible than those of a Billington or a Catalani, would find it a very difficult, if not an impossible matter, to sing it with any good effect. That it is not only a modern, but likewise a very clumsy fabrication, and quite foreign to the nature of vocal composition, the two following strains of it will sufficiently convince every intelligent musical reader; although, to use Mr Fraser's own words, they may be *beautifully expressive, and perceptibly conveyed by the notes of the music.*

The image displays five staves of musical notation for the piece 'Oran Gaoil'. The notation is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a 6/8 time signature. The second staff includes dynamic markings 'F.' and 'P. cresc.' and contains two triplets marked with the number '3'. The third staff features a fermata over a note and a dynamic marking 'F.'. The fourth staff has dynamic markings 'F.' and 'P.'. The fifth staff concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The Scots have often been sneered at by their Southern neighbours, for their credulity in matters of tradition; and it is much to be regretted, that attempts of this description should ever afford them a handle for such sarcastic ebullitions.

CCLXXIV.

SANDIE O'ER THE LEE.

THIS song, beginning "I winna marry ony man, but Sandie o'er the lee," is an Anglo-Scottish production. In 1776, Mr James Hook adapted the words to a new air composed by himself, which was published in 1777, in a collection of songs, sung at Vauxhall Gardens by Mr Vernon, Mrs Weichsell, Mrs Wrihten, and Mrs Warrell.

The Scots, however, have a pretty old song under the same title, and the words are nearly similar to those which Mr Hook had recourse to when he composed his air. The following is the Scottish melody, from one of the manuscript books which belonged to the late Mr Bremner, and after his decease, to his successor in business, Mr Brysson :

SANDIE O'ER THE LEE. *Scottish Air.*

In Gow's Complete Repository, part ii. is an air entitled "He's ay kissing me;" but it is quite different from the above, as well as Hook's melody. The first six bars of the second strain of Gow's tune, are in fact borrowed, note for note, from the air of "Saw ye Johnie comin, quo she." In Neil Gow & Son's Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. dedicated to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, there is another tune, entitled "Sandie o'er the Lee, or Mr Baird's Favourite Reel," which is the old air with considerable alterations.

CCLXXV.

TODLEN HAME.

THE words of this ancient bottle song, beginning, "When I have a saxpence under my thumb," appear in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, and in the Orpheus Caledonius, from whence they were copied into the Museum. Burns was of opinion, that this was one of the best songs of the kind that ever was composed. The ancient air, to which the verses in the Museum are set, has been wrought into a variety of modern tunes, under different names; such as, Armstrong's Farewell—Robidh donna gorrah—The Days o' Langsyne—Lude's Lament—The Death of the Chief, &c.

CCLXXVI.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THIS song, beginning "The Catrine woods were yellow seen," was written by Burns in 1788; and the tune was composed by Mr Allan Masterton, who has been repeatedly mentioned. Burns likewise wrote another very beautiful song to the same air, beginning "'Twas even, the dewy fields were green." The following excerpt, from Dr Currie's Life of Burns, will enable the reader to trace the second song to its true source.

"The whole course of the Ayr is fine; but the banks of that river, as it bends to the eastward above Mauchline, are singularly beautiful, and they were frequented, as may be imagined, by our poet in his solitary walks. Here the muse often visited him. In one of these wanderings, he met among the woods a celebrated beauty of the west of Scotland—a lady, of whom it is said, that the charms of her person correspond with the character of her mind. This incident gave rise, as might be expected, to a poem, of which an account will be found in the following letter, in which he inclosed it to the object of his inspiration:—

“ TO MISS —————

“ *Mossgiel, 18th Nov. 1786.*

“ MADAM,

“ POETS are such outré beings, so much the children of wayward fancy and capricious whim, that I believe the world generally allows them a larger latitude in the laws of propriety, than the sober sons of judgment and prudence. I mention this as an apology for the liberties that a nameless stranger has taken with you in the enclosed poem, which he begs leave to present you with. Whether it has poetical merit any way worthy of the theme, I am not the proper judge; but it is the best my abilities can produce; and, what to a good heart will perhaps be a superior grace, it is equally sincere as fervent.

“ The scenery was nearly taken from real life, though I dare say, Madam, you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *reveu* as he wandered by you. I had roved out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view Nature in all the gayety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who, regardless of your harmonious endeavour to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the property Nature gives you; your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings. Even the hoary hawthorn-twigg that shot across the way, what heart, at such a time, but must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it to be preserved from the rudely browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast? Such

was the scene, and such the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of Nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye, those visionary bards excepted who hold commerce with aerial beings ! Had calumny and villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object.

“ What an hour of inspiration for a poet ! It would have raised plain, dull, historic prose, into metaphor and measure.

“ The inclosed song was the work of my return home ; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene.

ROBERT BURNS.”

I.

’Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang ;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along :
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening, seemed the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her hair like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd passing by,
“ Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.”

III.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild :
But woman ! Nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain !
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain ;

Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

v.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

In the manuscript book in which our poet has recounted this incident, and into which the letter and poem are copied, he complains that the lady made no reply to his effusions ; and this appears to have wounded his self-love.—It may be easily presumed, that the beautiful nymph of Ballochmyle, whoever she may have been, did not reject with scorn the adoration of our poet, though she received them with silent modesty and dignified reserve." *See Dr Currie's Life of Burns, vol. i.*

The above incident gave birth to the song in the Museum, beginning "The Catrine woods were yellow seen," which is a counter part to "The Lass of Ballochmyle." Mr Allan Masterton, of whom notice has been taken in a former part of this work, composed the beautiful air to which it is adapted.

N.B. Catrine, in Ayrshire, is the seat of Dugald Stewart, Esq. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Ballochmyle is the residence of Boyd Alexander, Esq. in the same county.

CCLXXVII.

THE RANTIN' DOG, THE DADDIE O'T.

THIS humorous effusion of Burns, beginning "O wha my baby clouts will buy?" alludes to a well-known incident in his history. The verses are adapted to the old tune, called "The East Nook of Fife," but they were originally intended for the air of "Whare will our Gudeman lie," which

would have suited them better. In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."

CCLXXVIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

THIS song, beginning "In May when the daisies appear on the green," is another production of the worthy Dr Blacklock. It was originally composed by him for the purpose of filling up a corner in a small volume of poems, chiefly written by Mr Michael Bruce, a native of Kinross-shire, a young man of uncommon genius, and of the most flattering hopes, but who fell an early victim to a consumption on the 6th July, 1767, in the twenty-first year of his age. This benevolent scheme was chiefly promoted by the Very Reverend Dr Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Its object was, to rescue from oblivion such of Mr Bruce's unpublished pieces as were sufficiently correct to meet the public eye; and, at the same time, to procure some small supply for the aged mother of an ingenious youth, Mrs Ann Bruce, who was unable to provide for herself. It may gratify the reader to learn, that this object was fully accomplished. Mrs Bruce has since paid the debt of nature. She died 3d August, 1798, in the 88th year of her age.

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "this song is Blacklock's. I don't know how it came by that name, but the oldest appellation of the air was *Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad*. It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name." This single line had very probably suggested to our bard the idea of composing the excellent song of "O whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad," which is inserted in the second volume of the *Museum*. Vide song No 106.

CCLXXIX.

O MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

THIS is the sublime and pathetic ode, beginning "Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray," which Burns composed in

1789, on the anniversary of Mary Campbell's death. This interesting and amiable young girl was the early object of our poet's affections. In one of his songs, he says, in allusion to her,

“ SHE has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret truth and honour's band ;
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine my own Highland lassie, O.”

But the unexpected and premature death of poor Mary, prevented the intended matrimonial union between her and the bard. The reader will find several interesting particulars respecting this fine lyric elegy, in the notes on song 117, entitled “ The Highland lassie, O.”

The verses were transmitted by Burns, in a letter to Johnson, with a request that they should be set to a simple and plaintive air, called “ The Death of Captain Cook.” This was accordingly attended to.

Upon comparing the original manuscript of the ode, now lying before me in Burns' own hand-writing, with the printed copy in the Museum, I do not observe one word, or even a single letter, changed. He must therefore have conceived the whole of it perfectly in his mind, before he put pen to paper. It would however appear, from Dr Currie's Life of Burns, that he afterwards altered the title as it stands in the Museum, and called it “ An address to Mary in Heaven.”

CCLXXX.

HARDYKNUTE ; OR, THE BATTLE OF LARGS.

AT the accession of Alexander III. to the Scottish throne, in July 1249, Orkney, Shetland, and the whole Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, were subject to the crown of Denmark and Norway, with the exception of Bute, Arran, and the two Cumbras. Haco, the Danish monarch, at length laid claim to these likewise, as well as the peninsula of Kintyre, on pretence, as our own historians assert, that they formed part of the territories which had long before been ceded to his predecessors by Donald Bayne, commonly called

the usurper. Such ill-founded, and ridiculous pretensions, could not for a moment be listened to by the young and gallant Scottish monarch. Haco therefore sought to obtain by force what he could not impetrate by fraud and intrigue.

Preparations were accordingly made by the Danes and Norwegians for the invasion of Scotland. A large and powerful army was raised, and a numerous fleet, for their reception, began to assemble at Bergen. The ship that was destined to convey Haco was entirely composed of oak, and ornamented with the heads and necks of dragons overlaid with pure gold. It contained no less than twenty-seven benches for the rowers, and every accommodation necessary for the king and his attendants.*

About the beginning of summer 1263, the troops were embarked to the number of about 25,000,† and the expedition being ready to set sail, Haco assembled a council of war, at which he declared, that “it was intended against Scotland in the western seas, to revenge the inroads which the Scots had made into his dominions.” The signal to weigh anchor was then given, and this mighty and splendid armament at length left the Norwegian shore.‡

Having touched at Orkney, where he received a considerable reinforcement, Haco proceeded on his expedition. Arriving off Caithness, he sent a large body of his troops ashore, who pillaged the country, levied heavy contributions on its inhabitants, and returned on board loaded with spoil. He again set sail for the west coast of Scotland, and speedily subdued Bute, Arran, and the adjacent isles. Having ravaged the peninsula of Kintyre, and burned the hamlets of its inhabitants, Haco despatched a squadron of sixty ships up the Frith of Clyde to Lochlong. “When they came to the inlet,” says the Danish historian, “they took their boats, and drew them up to a great lake, which is called Lochlmond. In the lake were many islands well inhabited, which the Norwegians wasted with fire.”

* Danish Account.

† Hollinshead.

‡ Danish Account.

Emboldened by his various successes, Haco determined to carry his arms into the heart of Scotland. Having collected his fleet, he accordingly set sail, and came to anchor off the coast of Ayrshire. On the 1st of October 1263, a tempest arose, which drove several of the ships ashore near the village of Largs, where the van of the Scottish army had already arrived to watch the motions of the enemy. These vessels were immediately attacked by the Scots, and defended with great gallantry by the Danes, who, being successively reinforced from their fleet, maintained their ground in spite of every opposition.

A calm took place, which enabled Haco to land the whole of his troops, and to push forward a considerable way into the country. At length the main body of the Scottish army came in sight, drawn up in order of battle. The right was commanded by Alexander, Lord High Stewart of Scotland ; the left by Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March ; and the centre by King Alexander. Haco instantly prepared for the fight. His right wing was committed to Thorgoil Gloppa, his kinsman ; his left to Haco of Steini, his own nephew ; whilst the main body, in which were his choicest warriors, was under the command of Haco himself, and Nicholson his great chieftain. Previous to the onset, both leaders employed every argument that ingenuity could suggest, to animate and encourage their soldiers. The stake at issue was of the first magnitude. With the Danes, it was conquest and military glory. With their opponents, liberty or death.

Now began the long and bloody conflict. The gallant Stewart, by a desperate charge, overthrew the left wing of the Danes, killed young Haco their leader, and pursued the fugitives with terrible slaughter. In the mean time, King Haco was straining every nerve to pierce the centre of the Scottish army, and victory for a while was doubtful. The Stewart observing the perilous situation of his sovereign, recalled his troops from the pursuit, and, wheeling to the left, fell upon the rear of Haco's centre division, who, being thus furiously

attacked on all sides, soon gave way, and fled with trepidation, leaving the field covered with the slain. The right wing of the enemy, who had hitherto maintained the contest with great bravery, now began to waver. Dunbar, observing this, although severely wounded, instantly charged the enemy with unabated courage, threw them into disorder, and put them to the flight. In this charge, Thorgoil Gloppa, who had the command of the right wing of the Danes, also fell. The rout now became general. The remains of the beaten army fled in confusion towards the coast, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Scots, till night put an end to the conflict. Haco and the wreck of his army, having with difficulty reached their ships, weighed anchor, and immediately set sail. But his misfortunes were not yet ended. A short time thereafter, a violent tempest arose, which annihilated the greater part of his fleet. Many of his ships foundered at sea, others were dashed in pieces against the rocks, and the helpless inmates, who had escaped shipwreck, found no mercy from the relentless inhabitants, but were put indiscriminately to the sword, in revenge for the cruelties which the Scots had so recently suffered at the hands of their invaders. Haco, with four of his ships, at length got into Orkney. Here his disappointed and disgusted followers began to tease him for permission to return home. To some he gave liberty, and those who could not obtain it deserted, or, as his historian has it, "they took leave for themselves."

In this forlorn state, Haco became a prey to violent grief and dejection of spirits, which wasted his health, and impaired a constitution naturally vigorous and active. Home appeared to have lost its relish, and he continued in this solitary abode to bewail his unhappy fate. Towards the close of the following autumn, he felt symptoms of approaching dissolution. His latter days were employed in devotional exercises, and in drawing up instructions for his son and successor, Magnus. About the beginning of December he became dangerously ill, and after receiving extreme unction, took an affectionate fare-

well of his attendants. On the feast of St Lucy, speech wholly failed him, and on the Saturday following, about midnight, death put an end to his earthly sorrows. His body was afterwards removed to Norway, and placed in the dormitory of his royal ancestors.*

The great battle of Largs was fought on the 2d day of October 1263. The total loss of the Danes and Norwegians in this eventful expedition was computed at 20,000 men. That of the Scots 5000. The bodies of the slain were interred in deep pits, dug on purpose to receive them, and a rude obelisk of granite was placed as a mark of distinction at the grave of Haco of Steini.

This glorious and decisive victory not only brought to conclusion a negotiation with Magnus IV. who, in 1266, relinquished to Alexander III. of Scotland all right to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, but likewise put an effectual stop to the future invasions of these northern powers, whose descendants, to this day, call Scotland "The grave of the Danes."

Among the Scottish chiefs who particularly distinguished themselves on this memorable occasion, was Sir Alexander, the High Stewart, (and Hardykycht) of Scotland, who was great-grandfather to the first king of the illustrious and royal house of Stewart. Dunbar, Earl of March, likewise behaved with great spirit and gallantry ; and Hugh de Douglas, ancestor of the noble family of Douglas, had also the honour, while yet young, to contribute to the defeat of the Danes. This Hugh died in 1288 without issue, and was succeeded by his brother William de Douglas, who, by the voice of flattery, was called "Hardihood."

Having thus given a short description of the battle of Largs and its consequences, it may now be requisite to say a few words with regard to the ballad of Hardyknute. That such a celebrated personage as "Lord Hardyknute" ever existed in Scotland, has not yet been discovered in any

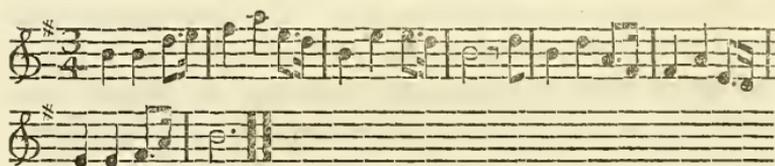
* Danish Account.

part of her annals ; the name, therefore, must either be fictitious or corrupted. There was indeed such a person as “Hardicanute,” who succeeded his half-brother Harold on the *English* throne, in 1039, and who, after a brutal and inglorious reign of two years, died of a surfeit at the palace of Lambeth. But the actions of such a detestable tyrant as Hardicanute, could never become the subject of praise for any minstrel.

It is equally improbable that so important a battle as that of Largs, and the actions of those gallant heroes who obtained so signal a victory, remained unnoticed and unsung by the Scottish bards of that æra. That such a ballad indeed did exist, there seems little reason to doubt ; for Mr William Thomson, who was one of the performers at Edinburgh in 1695, and afterwards settled in London, solemnly assured both Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee and Dr Clarke, that he had heard several stanzas of it sung long before its first appearance in print in 1719. Nay more, Oswald, who was born about the beginning of last century, has, in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, preserved the very tune. It is here annexed.

1755

HARDIE KNUTE.



But the history of the modern ballad of Hardyknute is better known ; it was chiefly composed from some imperfect fragments of the old ballad by Elizabeth Halket, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran, Bart. This lady was baptised 15th April, 1677 ; on the 13th June, 1696, she married Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in the county of Fife, by whom she had a family. She died in 1727, and was interred in the family vault within the church of Dunfermline.

Lady Wardlaw's improved ballad was long handed about in manuscript among the domestic circle of her friends and acquaintance for their amusement. It at length happened to attract the notice of the late Lord President Forbes and Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, both good poets, and these gentlemen, conceiving the *whole* poem to be a genuine production of antiquity, were at the expense of publishing it in a small folio tract of 12 pages, in the year 1719. The secret was at length divulged, and Lady Wardlaw favoured Allan Ramsay with a new and enlarged copy, which was printed in his Evergreen, at Edinburgh, in 1724.

In 1781, Mr John Pinkerton gave to the world a volume of "Scottish Tragic Ballads," in which a second part of the fragment of Hardyknute first saw the light. It was now said to be "given in its original perfection," and, with equal truth and modesty, pronounced to be "the most noble production in this style that ever appeared in the world." The editor professed himself to be "indebted, for the most of the stanzas now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire," and asserted, that the common people of that province could "repeat scraps of both parts." "A few other monuments of ancient poetry, (he adds) are now first published from tradition." These are, *The Laird of Woodhouselee*, *Lord Livingston*, *Binnorie*, *The Death of Monteith*, and *I wish I were where Helen lyes*—of the forgery of which pieces, as well as of the second part of Hardyknute, Pinkerton, in a subsequent publication, but not till he had been directly accused by a letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, for November 1784, confessed himself guilty. "This man, (says Ritson) is what the courtesy of the age calls a gentleman, and yet, to borrow his own words, if he had used the same freedom in a private business, which he has in poetry, he would have been set on the pillory; and, in fact, to call such an infamous impostor by his very worst, but true title, were but justice to society."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 76.

Ritson, however, goes too far in asserting, that even in the *first* part of Hardyknute, “there is not a single line which is not stolen from some old ballad, that has the most distant appearance of having existed before.” There are not only lines, but whole stanzas too, of undoubted antiquity, and which are not to be found in the whole multifarious ballads, English or Scottish, ancient or modern, that have yet come from the press. The anachronisms which occur in the original printed ballad, such as “Hardyknute” for “Hardy knycht;” Queen “Elenor” for “Margaret,” her daughter, &c. tend to show that the ancient ballad had been corrupted in passing by oral communication from ancient to modern times. Lady Wardlaw was too elegant and accomplished a writer to have committed such blunders, had she been the author of the whole of this historical fragment, although several of the stanzas are undoubtedly hers.

CCLXXXI.

EPIE ADAIR.

THIS pretty air appears in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. xii. under the title of “My Eppie.” Burns supplied the words for the Museum.

CCLXXXII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-MOOR.

THE battle of Dunblane, or Sheriff-Muir, between the Earl of Mar for the Chevalier, and the Duke of Argyle for Government, was fought on the 13th November, 1715. Both sides claimed the victory.

Several songs were composed to commemorate this battle, such as “Up and warn a’, Willie,”—“There’s some say that we wan, some say that they wan.” There was another which was entitled “A Dialogue between Wil Lickladle and Tom Cleancogue, Twa Shepherds, wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil-Hills on the day the battle of Sherriff-Muir was fought. The chorus to be sung after every verse to the tune of the Cameron’s March.” This

dialogue, however, was written by the late Mr Barclay, the Berean minister in Edinburgh, many years after the event to which it alludes. It is annexed.

I.

W. PRAY came you here the fight to shun,
Or keep the sheep wi' me, man ?
Or was ye at the Sheriff-moor,
And did the battle see, man ?
Pray tell whilk of the parties won ;
For weel I wat I saw them run,
Both south and north, when they begun
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With muskets snell, and pistols knell,
And some to hell

Did flee, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

II.

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,
Whilk o' the two did lose, man ;
For, well I wat, they had good skill
To set upo' their foes, man :
The red-coats they are train'd, you see—
The clans always disdain to flee—
Wha then should gain the victory ?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
Did put to chace

Their foes, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

III.

W. -Now how deil, Tam, can this be true ?
I saw the chace gae north, man ;
T. But, weel I wat, they did pursue
Them even unto the Forth, man.
Frae Dunblane they ran, in my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge with all their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight ;
Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You'd seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

IV.

W. My sister Kate came o'er the hill
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw them running still
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :

The left wing general hadna skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will,
 That day their neighbour's blood to spill;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes,
 Yonder them goes,

D'ye see, man;

CHORUS.—*Fal, la, la, &c.*

v.

T. I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frightened crew, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man:
 For tho' his officers obey,
 His cowardly commons run away,
 For fear the red-coats them should slay;
 The sodgers' hail make their hearts fail;
 See how they skail, and turn the tail,
 And rin to flail

And plow, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

vi.

W. But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man;
 They swear they'll either die or gain,
 No foes shall them affright, man;
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,
 Give them a general to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

vii.

But Flandrekins they have no skill
 To lead a Scottish force, man;
 Their motions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man.
 You'll hear of us far better news,
 When we attack in Highland trews,
 And hash and slash, and smash and bruise,
 Till the field, tho' braid, be all o'erspread,
 But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead,
 In their cold bed,

That's moss, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

X.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?
 A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 Sta' my ewie, horn and a'.

The ewie wi', &c.

XI.

I sought her upo' the morn;
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn,
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa.

The ewie wi', &c.

XII.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
 Sworn I have as well as said it,
 Though a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra'.

The ewie wi', &c.

XIII.

I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this, sin ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie, stown awa.

The ewie wi', &c.

XIV.

O! had she deid o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies do when they are auld,
 It wadna been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.

The ewie wi', &c.

XV.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
 Had fair strae-death taen her awa.

The ewie wi', &c.

XVI.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life
 Aneath a bluidy villain's knife,
 I'm really fley't thou't our gudewife
 Will never win aboon't ava.

The ewie wi', &c.

XVII.

O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call your muses up and mourn,
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae's, an' fell't an a'.

The ewie wi', &c.

The reverend author, in a letter to Burns, dated 14th November 1787, alluding, with great modesty, to his own poetical compositions, says, “While I was young, I dabbled a good deal in these things; but, on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty much over till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions, which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions. At the same time, I hope that there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected.”

CCXCIV.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning “I gaed a waefu’ gate yestreen,” was written, in 1789, for the Museum. The heroine was Miss J**** of Lochmaben. This lady, now Mrs R*****, after residing sometime in Liverpool, is settled with her husband in New-York. The air to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, was composed by the late Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. It is very pretty, no doubt, but its compass is beyond the reach of many singers. A slight alteration of the first and two concluding bars of the second strain would both remedy this defect and improve the melody.

CCXCV.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THIS song, beginning “The Thames flows proudly to the sea,” is another production of Burns for the Museum. The tune in the Museum is erroneously called “Robie donna gorrach,” in place of a new air by R. Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. The song was intended to depict the feelings of an inhabitant of Nithsdale, then residing in London, reflecting upon the innocent scenes of his youthful days on the banks of the river Nith.

CCXCVI.

TAM GLEN.

THIS fine comic song, beginning “My heart is a-breaking,

VIII.

- T. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,
 Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man;
 They cry'd and run, grim death to shun,
 Those heroes o' the north, man;*
 They're fitter far for book or pen,
 Than under Mars to lead on men;
 Ere they came there they might weel ken,
 That female hands could ne'er gain lands,
 'Tis Highland brands that countermands
 Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.
Fal, la, la, &c.

IX.

- W. The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbours' cows, man.
 M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,
 Without phil'beg or trews, man;
 Had they behaved like Donald's core,
 And kill'd all those came them before,
 Their king had gone to France no more;
 Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
 And strait recant his covenant,
 And rent

It at the news, man.
Fal, la, la, &c.

X.

- T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
 Badenoch and Athol too, man;
 I hear they wanted the command,
 For I believe them true, man.
 Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse,
 For, tho' the red coats went them cross,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights intire

Pursue, man.
Fal, la, la, &c.

XI.

- W. But Scotland has not much to say,
 For such a fight as this is,
 Where baith did fight and run away,
 The devil take the miss is,

* The insurgents reckoned, likewise, that some noblemen and chiefs from the north did not act so honest a part; or at least did not shew so much courage as the zeal they expressed or the cause required.—Campbell's *Life of J. D. of Argyle*, page 205.

That ev'ry officer was not slain
 That run that day and was not ta'en,
 Either flying from or to Dunblane,
 When Whig and Tory, in their fury,
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow
 The sad story

Hush is.

Fal, la, la, &c.

This song did not quite please Burns. He thought the author had treated the behaviour of the clans, as well as some of their chieftains, rather too severely. Johnson, however, who was a member of Mr Barclay's congregation, seemed to be of opinion, that the song would do well enough, and as he was fond of the tune, which is called "The Camerons' March," and sometimes, "The Cameronians' Rant, or Reel," he wished to insert it in the Museum. But Burns promised to furnish him with a similar song for his work, which perhaps might please him still better. He accordingly produced the parody, beginning "O cam ye here the fight to shun," which is inserted in the Museum.

With respect to this parody, as well as its prototype, Cromek, the editor of Burns' Reliques, makes the following remarks. Speaking of the original, he says, "The mode of narration is well chosen, but the poem has little other merit, except as being a circumstantial, and a sort of gazette account of the affair." Doctors differ;—the original contains many flashes of genuine wit and keen sarcastic humour, and has a great deal of *truth* in the narrative to recommend it.

Alluding to Burns' parody of the Battle of Sherriffmuir, Mr Cromek observes, "So fine a subject could not escape the muse which immortalized the fight of Bannockburn, and in the accompanying stanzas (the reader will find them in the Museum) we have an additional proof of the ardent and inexhaustible mind of Burns, which, when roused in the cause of *patriotism*, could invest the rudest materials with the riches of its own genius. Most imitations are only foils to the original; but here, the model is like a tree in the bare poverty of winter, and the copy is the same

tree, warmed with the life, and clothed with the genuine verdure, of spring. This is one, among innumerable instances, in which he has displayed the versatility of his powers in new-modelling the ancient ballads of his country—

“ Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.”

This panegyric is all very fine and well; but the reader will not, it is believed, be displeased that Mr Barclay's original verses are preserved, by which he has it in his power to form a judgment of the respective merits of the two ballads himself.

CCLXXXIII.

SANDIE AND JOCKIE.

NEITHER the music nor words of this song are indigenous to Scotland. It is merely a modern *travestie* of part of a *pseudo* Scottish song, entitled “Jenny's Lamentation,” consisting of five eight-line stanzas, which is inserted in Roberts' *Calliope*, or *English Harmony*, vol. i.—London, in 1739.

CCLXXXIV.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

THE words of this song, beginning “The gloomy night is gathering fast,” were written by Burns in 1786, and set to music by his friend Mr Allan Masterton. “I composed this song, (says Burns) as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land.”—*Reliques*.

In a letter to Dr Moore, dated 2d August 1788, inserted in Dr Currie's *Life of Burns*, vol. i. our poet again alludes to this song. He says, “As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage-passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

‘ Hungry ruin had me in the wind.’

“I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was

on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, “The gloomy Night is gathering fast,” when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star, that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand dieu, si jamais je l’oublie!* I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh, I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manner’s living as they rise.*”

CCLXXXV.

JOHN O’ BADENYOND.

THIS excellent song, beginning “When first I cam to be a man,” is another production of the Reverend Mr John Skinner, of whom mention has been made in a former part of this work.—*See Notes on song* 201. The words are adapted to a fine old Highland strathspey.

CCLXXXVI.

FRENNET HALL.

THE subject of this ballad is related by W. Gordon, in his “History of the illustrious House of Gordon,” 1726, vol. ii. p. 135, in the following words:—

“*Anno*, 1630, there happened a melancholy accident to the family of Huntly thus.—First of January there fell out a discord betwixt (Sir James Crichton) the laird of Fren-draught and some of his friends, and William Gordon of Rothemay and some of his, in which William Gordon was killed, a brave and gallant gentleman. On the other side was

slain George Gordon, brother of Sir James Gordon of Lesmore, and divers others were wounded on both sides. The Marquis of Huntly, and some other well-disposed friends, made up this quarrel; and Frendraught was appointed to pay fifty thousand merks *Scots*, in compensation of the slaughter; which, as is said, was truly paid.

“ Upon the 27th of September this year (1630) Frendraught, having in his company Robert Crichton of Condlaw, and James Lesly, son to the laird of Pitcaple, Crichton shot Lesly through the arm, who was carried to his father's house, and Frendraught put Crichton out of his company. Immediately thereafter he went to visit the Earl of Murray, and on his return came to the Bog of Gight, now Castle Gordon, to visit the Marquis of Huntly; of which Pitcaple getting notice, convenes about thirty horsemen fully armed and with them marches to intercept Frendraught, and to be revenged of him for the hurt his son had got. He came to the Marquis's house, October 7. Upon which the Marquis wisely desired Frendraught to keep company with his lady, and he would discourse Pitcaple, who complained to him grievously of the harm he had done his son, and vowed he would be revenged of him ere he returned home. The Marquis did all he could to excuse Frendraught, and satisfy Pitcaple, but to no purpose; and so he went away in a chaff, still vowing revenge.

“ The Marquis communicated all that had passed to Frendraught, and kept him in his house a day or two; and even then would not let him go home alone, but sent his son, John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, with some others, as a safeguard to him, until he should be at home (among whom was John Gordon of Rothemay, son to him lately slain) lest Pitcaple should lye in ambush for him.

“ They conveyed him safely home, and after dinner Aboyne pressed earnestly to return; and as earnestly did Frendraught press him to stay, and would by no means part with him that night. He at last condescended to stay, though

unwillingly. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyful. The Viscount was laid in a room in the old tower of the hall, standing upon a vault, where there was a round hole under his bed. Robert Gordon and English Will, two of his servants, were laid beside him. The laird of Rothemay, and some servants by him, in an upper room above Aboyne. And, above that, in another room, George Chalmers of Noth, and another of the Viscount's servants; all of them lodged in that old tower, and all of them in rooms, one above the other. All of them being at rest, about midnight the tower takes fire, in so sudden and furious a manner, that this noble lord, the laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colin Ivat, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt to death, without help or relief being offered to be made; the laird and lady looking on, without so much as endeavouring to deliver them from the fury of those merciless flames, as was reported.

“ Robert Gordon, who was in Aboyne's chamber, escaped, as ('tis said) Aboyne might have done if he had not rushed up stairs to awake Rothemay; and while he was about that, the wooden passage and the lofting of the room took fire, so that none of them could get down stairs. They went to the window that looked into the court, and cried many times help, for God's sake, the laird and lady looking on, but all to no purpose. And finally, seeing there was no help to be made, they recommended themselves to God, clasped in one another's embraces.

“ And thus perished in those merciless flames, the noble Lord John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, and John Gordon of Rothemay, a very brave youth. This viscount was a very complete gentleman, both in body and mind, and much lamented by the whole country, but especially by his father, mother, and lady, who lived a melancholy retired life all her time thereafter. And this was all the reward the Marquis of Huntly got for his good will to Frendraught,

says my author, Spalding, who lived not far from the place, and had the account from eye witnesses.”

This ungrateful villain, and inhuman murderer, was nevertheless raised to the peerage by the title of James Crichton, Viscount Fren draught, in 1642. His wife, who might have been a fit companion for such a wretch as Lady Macbeth, was Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of John, Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis of Huntly. Gordon adds, “The family of Fren draught was then very opulent. They had a great land-estate and much money; and after that it soon went to ruin, and was sometime ago extinct.” No wonder.

The ballad, as printed in the Museum and other collections, is not supposed to be so old as the date of the event. The Rev. Mr Boyd, translator of Dante, remembered a few stanzas of an older ballad, composed, it is said, at the time, which J. C. Walker, Esq. obligingly communicated to Mr Ritson. They are here annexed.

THE reek it rose, and the flame it flew,
And oh! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,
And to the bed where Lord John did lye.

O, help me, help me, Lady Frennet!
I never ettled harm to thee,
And if my father slew thy Lord,
Forget the deed and rescue me!

He looked east, he looked west,
To see if any help was nigh,
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry,

Loup down, loup down, my master dear,
What tho' the window's dreigh and hie,
I'll catch you in my arms twa,
And never a foot from you I'll flee.

How can I loup, ye little page?
How can I leave this window hie?
Do you not see the blazing low,
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?

Ritson adds, “There are some intermediate particulars, Mr Boyd says, respecting the lady's lodging her victims in a

turret, or flanker, which did not communicate with the castle. This I have only from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing." The author of the above five stanzas, either through ignorance or design, has committed an egregious mistake, in representing the Marquis of Huntly, Lord John's father, as the murderer of Lady Frennet's husband, Sir James Crichton. In place of dying that way, or even by the gallows, which both he and his wicked strumpet so richly deserved, we find him twelve years thereafter elevated to the *peerage* by King Charles I.!

Neither is the author of the more modern ballad correct, in supposing Lord John and John Gordon of Rothemay to have been *brothers*, as in the following passage,

"FULL weel ye ken your husband dear
Was by our father slain."

The actual cause of Sir John and Lady Crichton of Frennet's provocation appears to have been, the 50,000 merks Scots, about L.27777:15:6 Sterling, which the Marquis of Huntly had awarded Sir John to pay, in compensation for the slaughter of old Gordon of Rothiemay. Poetical fictions must always yield to historical evidence.

CCLXXXVII.

YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

THIS air, with a slight alteration, was published in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. vii. page 8, under the title of "Jockey was the blythest Lad in a' our Town." The song was marked by Johnson with the letter Z, to denote that it was an old one with additions. But the whole of it, excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns.

CCLXXXVIII.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

THIS song, beginning "Whare are you gaun my bonnie lass," is not to be found in any collection prior to the Museum. In Burns Reliques, he says, "I picked up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland."

CCLXXXIX.

TULLOCHGORUM.

THIS fine song, beginning "Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried," is another production of the Reverend Mr John Skinner; the verses are adapted to the charming strathspey, called *The Reel of Tullochgorum*. Burns, in his *Reliques*, gives us the following account of the song of Tullochgorum: "THIS FIRST OF SONGS is the master-piece of my old friend SKINNER. He was, I think, passing the day at the town of Cullen; I think it was, (he should have said *Ellon*) in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. *Mrs Montgomery* observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of *Tullochgorum* wanted words; she begged them of Mr Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad. These particulars I had from the author's own son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen. *Reliques*. The following is an extract of a letter from Mr Burns to the author of *Tullochgorum*.—"Reverend and venerable Sir,—Accept, in plain dull prose, my most sincere thanks for the best poetical compliment I ever received. (Burns here alludes to the poetical epistle he had received from Mr Skinner.) I assure you, Sir, as a poet, you have conjured up an airy demon of vanity in my fancy, which the best abilities in your *other* capacity will be ill able to lay. I regret, and while I live shall regret, that, when I was north, I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw—'Tullochgorum's my delight!' The world may think slightly of the craft of song-making if they please; but, as Job says, 'O! that mine adversary had written a book!' Let them try."

Mr Cromek adds the following note respecting the words "Whig-mig-morum," which Mr Skinner introduces in the first stanza. "Whig-mig-morum occurs in Habbie Simpson's Epitaph.—

"Sae weill's he keipit his decorum,

"And all the stotis of Quhip Meg morum."

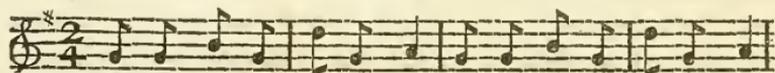
“*Stotis* means notes of music—*Quhip Meg morum*, the name of an old air; therefore the sense is, *Notes of Whip-mig-morum*.”—See Cromek’s *Select Scottish Songs*. London, 1810.

The word *Stotis*, however, evidently implies certain *steps* used in the dance called “*Quhip-meg-morum*,” long since laid aside. But the word *Quhip-meg-morum*, in Francis Semple’s Epitaph on Habbie Simpson, does not appear to have any connection with *Whig-mig-morum*, as used in Mr Skinner’s ballad, which clearly signifies *political wrangling* or controversy, and was probably coined by himself, merely for rhyme’s sake, from the term *Whig* used in a jocular sense.

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.

I have never been able to discover who framed the reel of *Tullochgorum*; but the composer has evidently taken the subject of it from the old Scottish song tune, called “*Jockie’s fow and Jenny fain*,” which may be seen loaded with variations in *Craig’s Select Tunes*, printed in 1730, and the words in *Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany*. The following is a genuine copy of the old air, and the first stanza of the ballad.

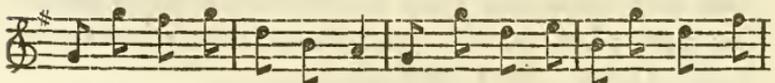
Whig & Tory JOCKIE’S FOW AND JENNY’S FAIN.



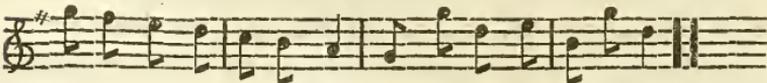
JOCKIE’S fow and Jenny’s fain; Jenny was nae ill to gain:



She was couthy, he was kind, And thus the wooer tell’d his mind:



Jenny, I’ll nae mair be nice, Gie me love at o-ny price; I



winna prig for red or whyt, Love alane can gie delight.

Ramsay wisely suppressed the rest of this old ditty, and

added three verses of his own, which were less objectionable, and printed with the letter Q, as an old song with additions.

As the song of "Tullochgorum" in the Museum contains several variations from the Rev. Author's own copy, it is annexed, with his last corrections.

I.

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what was done before them :
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum ;
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night in mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing along wi' me
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

II.

O' Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
 In conscience I abhor him :
 For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
 Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 And make a happy quorum ;
 For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

III.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' them ;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum ;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna' please a Scottish taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

IV.

Let wardly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,

And sullen sots themsells distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky ?
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,
 Like old Philosophorum !
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

V.

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him ;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them ;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

VI.

But for the sullen frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him ;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, wae's me for him !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

CCXC.

FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

THIS humorous song, beginning " Tho' women's minds, like winter winds," was wholly written by Burns, in 1789, for the Museum, except the two first lines of the chorus, which are taken from the old song to the same tune.

In 1794, Burns wrote the following capital verses to the same air, which were handed about in manuscript a considerable time before they appeared in print. They unfortunate-

ly came out at a period when political disputes ran very high, and his enemies did not fail to interpret every sentence of them to his prejudice. That he was the zealous friend of rational and constitutional freedom, will not be denied; but that he entertained principles hostile to the safety of the state, no honest man that knew him will ever venture to maintain. In fact, what happened to Burns has happened to most men of genius. During times of public commotion, there are always to be found vile and dastardly scoundrels, who, to render themselves favourites with those in power, and push their own selfish views of interest and ambition, are ever ready to calumniate the characters, and misrepresent the motives and actions of their neighbours, however good, innocent, or meritorious.

Burns introduced the verses to Mr Thomson in January 1795, with this note: "A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme:"

I.

O WHA, for honest poverty,
Wad hang his head an' a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

II.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel shaw, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

III.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, an' a' that,

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

IV.

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he manna' fa' that !
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

CCXCI.

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

THIS song was written by Burns, and set to music by Allan Masterton, in 1789. The "Willie," who brew'd a peck o' maut, was Mr William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh; and Rob and Allan, were our poet and his friend Masterton. The occasion of it was this:—Mr Nicol had purchased the farm of Laggan, in Nithsdale, by the advice of Burns, and during the autumn vacation, 1789, he went to look after his new purchase. Mr Masterton, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and our poet, went to pay Nicol a visit, and *warm his new house*. "We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business."* Accordingly, Burns produced the words, and Masterton the music.—These three honest fel-

* See *Reliques*.

lows, and men too of uncommon talents, are all now numbered with the dead.

CCXCII.

KILLIECRANKIE.*

THE chorus of this song is old. The rest of it, beginning "Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad," was written, in 1789, by Burns, on purpose for the Museum. This tune is mentioned in the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, written in 1692; as the writer tells us, that "the death of Lawderdale and Sir George Mackenzie happened last year," viz. 1691.

CCXCIII.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

THIS excellent song, beginning "O were I able to rehearse," is another production of the Reverend Mr John Skinner. The verses are adapted to a fine lively Highland reel, of considerable antiquity, which received its name from a "Ewie" of a very different breed; namely, the whisky-still, with its *crooked*, or rather spiral, apparatus.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN;

With the Author's last Corrections.

I.

WERE I but able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce,
As ever piper's drone could blow :

CHORUS.

*The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn,
Sic a ewe was never born
Hereabout, nor far awa.*

* Killiecrankie is a noted pass in the Highlands of Athol, near the junction of the Tummel river with that of the Garry. It is formed by the lofty mountains impending over the river Garry, which rushes below in a dark, deep, and rocky channel, overhung with trees that grow out of the clefts of the rock. The river is in most places invisible to the traveller, who only hears its deafening roar; and where it is seen, the water appears pouring over a precipice, forming a scene of awful magnificence. Near the north-end of this pass was fought the battle of Killiecrankie, on 27th July, 1689, in which the Dutch and English forces of King William, under the command of General Mackay, were almost instantaneously defeated by the Highland clans, commanded by James Graham of Claverhouse, (Viscount Dundee) who adhered to King James; but Claverhouse received his death-wound in this battle, which event blasted the hopes of the royal family of Stuart.

II.

I never needed tar nor keil,
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit horn did as weel
 To ken her by amo' them a'.
The ewie wi', &c.

III.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit ay her ain jog-trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweirt to lead nor ca'.
The ewie wi', &c.

IV.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her ;
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer,
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie wi', &c.

V.

Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate t'ie kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tyc'd about the barn wa'.
The ewie wi', &c.

VI.

A better, or a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For, silly thing, she never mist
 To hae, ilk year, a lamb or twa.
The ewie wi', &c.

VII.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 O' mair nor thirty head ava.
The ewie wi', &c.

VIII.

I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
 Or the fowmart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa.
The ewie wi', &c.

IX.

My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Weel deserv'd baith gerse and corn,
 Sic a ewe was never born
 Hereabout, or far awa.
The ewie wi', &c.

dear tittie," is one among many of the happy effusions of Burns' fertile muse. In the Museum, the verses are adapted to a very ancient air, of which the title "Tam Glen" is all that remains of the old song. The tune and words were both transmitted by Burns to Johnson, expressly for his Museum. The verses, however, are more generally sung to the air called "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," an excellent set of which will be found in vol. i. p. 97, of that work.

CCXCVII.

THE DRAP O' CAPIE, O.

THIS comic old ballad, beginning "There lived a wife in our gate end," was rescued from the stalls, and placed in a regular Collection of Songs and Ballads, by David Herd, in 1776. It contains a lively and humorous description of the rough, but, as it would seem, very efficacious means employed by an humble villager to reclaim his unhappy spouse from the pernicious habits of intoxication; an advice to husbands who may happen to be similarly situated; and concludes with an appropriate epitaph. It has long been a favourite at every country fireside, and may be read with pleasure in the closet. Nevertheless, the refined manners of modern life will be a bar, perhaps, to its general reception in the fashionable circle of a drawing-room. The tune to which it is adapted, is known by the name of "The Ranting Highlandman."

CCXCVIII.

THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES.

THIS congratulatory song, on the restoration of the forfeited estates in Scotland to their original proprietors, in 1784, is the production of the late Rev. Mr William Cameron, minister of Kirknewton, near Edinburgh. The verses, beginning "As o'er the Highland hills I hied," are adapted to the fine old air, called "The Haughs o' Cromdale."

CCXCIX.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING, OHO, OHO.

IN the index to the third volume of the Museum, this song is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of

the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in the castle of Lochleven, in 1567. The Earl of Argyle was on the queen's party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, and, perhaps, the tune may have been the Campbells' quick-march for two centuries past. But, nevertheless, the words of the song contain intrinsic evidence, that it is not much above a century old. In all probability it was written about the year 1715, on the breaking out of the rebellion in the reign of George I. when John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyle, was made commander in chief of his Majesty's forces in North Britain, and was the principal means of its total suppression. I have seen the *tune*, however, in several old collections.

CCC.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

THIS exceedingly humorous Scottish ballad was recovered by old David Herd, and inserted in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 159, *anno* 1776. It appears to be an amplification of the fine old song, called "Johnnie Blunt," which will be found in the fourth volume of the Museum, p. 376, song 365.

It is a curious circumstance, that this ballad furnished Prince Hoare with the incidents of his principal scene in his musical entertainment of "No Song, no Supper," acted at Drury-Lane, London, 1790, (the music by Storace) and since, at all the theatres of the united kingdom, with great success. It still continues a favourite on the acting list. Mr Hoare was also indebted to another old Scottish ballad for several other material incidents in the same piece, namely, "The Freirs of Berwik," written by Dunbar prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, in the library of the Faculty of Edinburgh, of that date, and which Allan Ramsay afterwards modernized in a poem, called "The Monk and the Miller's Wife."

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART III.

CCII.

GLADSMUIR.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, Esq., is a name too well known, although his poems are less esteemed than formerly, to require any detailed notice. He was born in the year 1704, and long enjoyed life in the fashionable circles of Edinburgh. Having involved himself in the Rebellion of 1745, he lurked for some time in the Highlands, and at length escaped to the Continent. After three years' exile, he died at Lyons, 25th of March, 1754. In the *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iii. p. 255—266, there is a minute and accurate account of his life and writings, communicated by James Chalmers, Esq. London.

Hamilton's "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir, 1745," was originally printed for private distribution, and was set to music by Macgibbon.

CCIV.

THE SMILING PLAINS.

IN Ruddiman's *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, Dec. 1773, vol. xxiii. p. 306, where this song first appeared, it is entitled "An Address to his Mistress, by the late William Falconer, Esq." It was copied at the time into several of the other *Magazines*.

CCV.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

THIS song, to the tune of "*Johnny's Gray Brecks*,"

is included in the "Poems on Several Occasions, by JOHN LAPRAIK. Kilmarnock, printed by John Wilson, 1788," 8vo. pp. 240. The author, whom Burns styles "a very worthy, facetious old fellow," was born at Laigh Dalquhram (commonly pronounced Dalfram) about three miles from Muirkirk, Ayrshire, in the year 1727. He was thus Burns' senior by thirty-two years. Having become involved as security to some persons connected with the Douglas and Heron Bank, upon its failure, in 1769, which occasioned so much distress in the West of Scotland, Lapraik's property was sold, and he himself reduced to poverty and landed in jail. He turned farmer, but afterwards settled at Muirkirk, where he died on the 7th of May, 1807, in the eightieth year of his age. These particulars are derived from an account of Lapraik, contained in the first number of "The Contemporaries of Burns."

Burns's admiration of this song, (which probably contains a few touches by his masterly hand, where it differs from the author's publication in 1788,) led him to cultivate an acquaintance with Lapraik, who was encouraged to venture on printing a collection of his verses. He was a modest man, and if, as the Ettrick Shepherd characterises him, he was "a very indifferent poet; *indeed no poet at all*;" he at least put forth no extravagant pretensions. In the preface to the volume above mentioned, he states, that, "In consequence of misfortunes and disappointments, he was some years ago, torn from his ordinary way of life, and shut up in retirement" (in jail?); and that his poems were composed to amuse his solitude, and with no design of publishing them. Or, as he elsewhere expresses it, in one of his epistles to Burns,—

O, far-fam'd Rab! my silly muse,
 That thou sae praised langsyne,
 When she did scarce ken verse by prose,
 Now dares to spread her wing;
 Unconscious of the least desert,
 Nor e'er expecting fame,

I sometimes did myself divert
 Wi' jingling worthless rhyme,
 When sitting lanely by myself,
 Just unco griev'd and wae,
 To think that Fortune, fickle joe,
 Had kick'd me o'er the brae.

CCVI.

COLONEL GARDINER.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto, Baronet, the writer of these elegiac verses on Colonel Gardiner, was the eldest son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the second Baronet, who was one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and Lord Justice-Clerk. He was born in September 1722, and being educated for the Scottish Bar, he passed as member of the Faculty of Advocates, 10th of December, 1743. He was early distinguished by his taste for elegant literature, and long continued a leading member in the literary circles of Edinburgh. 'Mr Gilbert Elliot, younger of Minto,' married Miss Murray Kynnymound, 15th of December 1746. (Scots Mag. 1746, p. 598). In 1754, he was elected Member of Parliament for Selkirkshire; and was again returned in 1761. In 1765, on a vacancy occurring in the representation of Roxburghshire he resigned his seat for Selkirkshire, and was returned as member for his native county; and also during the successive Parliaments in 1768 and 1774. On the death of his father, the Lord Justice-Clerk, in April 1766, he succeeded to the baronetcy and estates, and was successively one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Keeper of the Signet, and Treasurer of the Navy. He died at Marseilles, whither he went for the recovery of his health, in January 1777. His son, Sir Gilbert, the fourth Baronet, born in 1751, and for some time Governor-General in India, was raised to the Peerage by the title of Earl of Minto.

In his literary character, there have not been many acknowledged compositions of Sir Gilbert Elliot's given to the world. He is best known as the author of the pastoral song '*My sheep I neglected,*' inserted in this work, as No.

xciv. In the *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. p. 409, 1808, Sir Egerton Brydges published the following lines, "found among the papers of an eminent literary person, lately deceased," and said to be written 'By the late Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.'" The Editor adds, "I will not venture to say that they have never been printed before, though I do not recollect to have met with them." The lines, however, were printed in the *Scots Magazine*, October 1766, p. 543, where they are attributed "to a person of distinction;" but they merit to be better known.

The occasion was the affecting one of the funeral of the Earl and Countess of Sutherland, who died within fifteen days of each other, at Bath. The Earl was seized with fever, and his lady died before him, in consequence of her unremitting care in attending him for twenty-one successive days and nights. Their remains arrived at Edinburgh on the 4th. of July, were laid in state for some time in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, and buried in one grave in the Abbey Church, on the 9th of July, 1766.

THOUGHTS occasioned by the Funeral of the Earl and
Countess of SUTHERLAND, at the Abbey of Holyroodhouse.

[Composed, we have reason to believe, by a Person of distinction.]

SEE where the Forth, by many a winding shore,
Still undiminish'd, holds his way; and see
Yon Mountain hoar, a stranger to decay,
Still as of old, o'erlooks the walled City,
Her dwellings, spires, and rocky battlement;
E'en that proud Palace, rear'd by human toil,
Still braves the stroke of Time, though long untrod
The paved court, and silent be the hall.
These all remain: yet in the mould'ring vault
Sleep Scotland's boasted Kings, their ancient line
Extinct, and all their long-descended sway
Shrunk to this little measure: O! farewell,
Farewell, ye mighty names, for high exploits
And warlike prowess fam'd; intreated oft,
And oft assail'd, by French or English monarch.
Such are thy triumphs, and thy victory such,
O Death, relentless! whom no charm can soothe,—

Thy valour, Bruce, nor all the civil lore
 Of the first James, nor Mary's matchless bloom,
 Ill-fated Queen! Then wipe your tears away;
 I'll weep no more: let the long funeral pass,
 And darken all around: I'll weep no more.—
 True, they were young; and noble was thy birth,
 O SUTHERLAND! and in thy manly mind,
 An inmate there, was seated sweet affection.
 Yet wherefore mourn? In pity Heav'n bestow'd
 An early doom: lo! on the self-same bier
 A fairer form, cold by her husband's side,
 And faded every charm. She dy'd for thee,
 For thee, her only love. In beauty's prime,
 In youth's triumphant hour, she dy'd for thee.
 Bring water from the brook, and roses spread
 O'er their pale limbs; for ne'er did wedded love
 To one sad grave consign a lovelier pair,
 Of manners gentler, or of purer heart!

Nor man alone decays: this antique tomb,
 Where mix'd with Kings they lie; yon mountain hoar,
 And rocky battlement, one awful day
 Shall give to ruin; while alone survives,
 Bright and unquenchable, the vital flame,
 Portion of Heav'n's own fire, which once illum'd
 High-minded virtue, or with milder glow
 Warm'd the pure breast of lovers and of friends.

“MRS RICHMOND INGLIS, the daughter of Colonel Gardiner, was the ‘Fanny fair, all woe begone,’ of Sir Gilbert Elliot’s song, which was originally set to the tune of Barbara Allan.”—(C. K. S.) This lady is numbered among the poetesses of Scotland, having published “Anna and Edgar, or Love and Ambition, a tale, by Mrs Richmond Inglis, daughter of Colonel James Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Preston, 1745. Edinburgh, 1781,” 4to. “Mrs Richmond Gardiner relict of Mr Lawrence Inglis, Depute-Clerk of Bills, died at Edinburgh, 9th of June, 1795.”

CCVIII.

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

THIS song, by Lapraik, occurs at p. 193, of his volume of poems, mentioned in a preceding note. It is there directed to be sung to the tune, “*Lochaber no more*,” and has three more stanzas than are given in the “Museum.”

CCX.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

THE writer of this song was Lieut.-General SIR HENRY ERSKINE, Baronet, but not "of Torry," as erroneously stated at page 202. He was the second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother. He was Deputy Quartermaster-general, and succeeded his uncle, the Hon. General St Clair, in the command of the Royal Scots, in 1762. He was long a distinguished member of the House of Commons. He died at York, when on his way to London, 9th of August 1765. His eldest son, Sir James Erskine, who was also in the army, assumed the name of St Clair; and on the death of his uncle, Alexander, Earl of Rosslyn, in 1805, he became second Earl of Rosslyn, and died in 1831.

Mr S. mentions, that this song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1769 and 1776. It was previously printed in "The Lark," 1765. A letter of Sir Henry Erskine to Mr Oswald of Dunikeer, chiefly relating to local improvements in Fife, dated 23d of July 1754, is printed in Oswald's Correspondence, p. 326. There is a scarce portrait of him, etched by David Martin, an eminent portrait-painter of the last century.

CCXI.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THERE is no evidence for giving "Minstrel Burn," the Christian name of Nicol, or making him flourish about the middle of the sixteenth century. His ballad, belongs to the first half, or perhaps the middle, of the following century. Mr S. evidently had confounded him with Nicol Burne, a Roman Catholic priest, the author of a work called "The Disputation concerning the Controversit Headis of Religion, holden in the realme of Scotland, &c. Imprinted at Parise, 1581." 8vo.; and also of a scurrilous poem, entitled "Ane Admonition to the Antichristian Ministers in the Deformit Kirk of Scotland, 1581." 8vo.

CCXIII.

AY WAKIN, O.

“MR STENHOUSE’S copy of the old words seems to me very lame and imperfect. Here follows the ballad that I remember many people sang in my youth :

When first scho cam to toon,
 They ca’d her Jess Macfarlan.
 But now scho’s come an’ gane,
 They ca’ her the wanderin’ darlin’.
 Ay wakin’, Oh!
 Wakin ay, an’ wearie,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin’ o’ my dearie!

Whan I sleep, I dream,
 Whan I wake I’m eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking o’ my dearie!
 I took it in my head
 To write my love a letter;
 My lassie couldna read,
 And I loed her a’ the better.
 Ay wakin, Oh, &c.

“I have been informed that Miss Macfarlan was a great beauty in Edinburgh, nearly ninety years ago—but met with a sad misfortune, which much diminished the train of her admirers. Seated at a ball supper, on a bench, with her back to the wall, a long crowded table before her, and many people on each side, she was suddenly seized with a sick qualm of the stomach, when it was almost impossible to remove her—*horresco referens*—the reader must guess the rest.”—(C. K. S.)

CCXV.

BEWARE OF BONNIE ANN.

“THESE verses, to the tune, ‘Ye gallant bright,’ were written in honour of Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, author of the air of ‘Strathallan’s Lament.’ She is now (says Mr Cunningham, in 1834) Mrs Derbi-

shire, and resides in London. In her father's house the poet passed many happy evenings."

CCXXI.

BARBARA ALLAN.

"IN this note Mr S. alludes to me. Unluckily I lost the paper I found at Hoddam Castle, in which Barbara Allan was mentioned. I remember that the peasantry of Annandale sang many more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print, but they were of no merit—containing numerous magnificent offers from the lover to his mistress—and, among others, some ships, in sight, which may strengthen the belief that this song was composed near the shores of the Solway.

"I need scarcely add, that the name of Grahame, which the luckless lover generally bears, is still quite common in and about Annan. Grove, in Bishop Percy's copy of the ballad, is probably a corruption of Grahame."—(C. K. S.)

The following very clever parody of 'Barbara Allan,' by Sir Robert Murray Keith, (in 1752), is copied from a collection entitled "The Caledoniad," London, 1775, 3 vols. 12mo; which contains several other poems by the same hand, and written about the same time.

"A Paraphrase of the first four verses of Barbara Allan; made on Lord D[ouglas]'s regiment receiving orders to march from Maestrecht to Sas van Ghent, in Dutch Flanders. By Sir R——t M——y K——h.

It fell about the month of June,
Or in the month of July,
That Jan de Back,* in the Low Countrie,
Did use us very cruelly.

A letter by the post he sent
With news that was right dreary,
That we must march to *Sas van Ghent*,
Of which we'll soon be weary.

* Secretary at War.

" Rise up, Rise up, young men," he said,
 " 'Tis time that ye were stepping ;
 " Of the bad air be not afraid,
 " Take aye the t'other chappin.
 " For dinna ye mind as well as me,
 " Breda, where ye were lying ;
 " The lads that drank came off Scot free,
 " When the sober folk lay dying ?"

SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH was the eldest son of Robert Keith, Esq. of Murrayshall, in the county of Peebles, and was born about the year 1732. In the Statistical Account of the Parish of Prestonpans (1796), it is stated, that among " some gentlemen of the first merit, in their several lines of life, who were educated at the school there, were Sir Robert Murray Keith, and his brother Sir Basil Keith ; the last of whom, after an honourable life in the navy, died governor of Jamaica. The first still survives, an honour to the *corps diplomatique*, as a member of which he has done eminent services to his king and country."—(Vol. xvii. p. 81). He early entered the military profession, as appears from the following notice, in July 1747, " Robert Keith Murray, of Murrayshall, a cornet of Rothes's dragoons was appointed a captain in the regiment of foot, now raising in Scotland, for the service of the States-General."—(Scots Mag. 1747, p. 351.) He remained in the Dutch service for some years, " greatly esteemed by his brother officers for his skill and judgment, as well as for his politeness and learning." It was during this period that he wrote a number of poetical pieces, which appeared in the above-mentioned collection, " The Caledoniad." His verses display a rich vein of humour, and evince that he was capable of higher exertions than such *jeux d'esprit* to amuse his companions. He afterwards obtained a commission in the English army ; and in 1760, we find him styled Robert Murray Keith, Esq. commander of a battalion of Highlanders, which distinguished themselves during the German campaigns.

He was successively employed as minister in Saxony, “where he was greatly caressed by the ladies at the Court of Dresden;” and at Copenhagen, where his spirited conduct, in rescuing the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, (who was sister of George III.), obtained for him great praise, and his honorary title. On a vacancy in Peebles-shire, in 1775, Sir Robert Murray Keith of Murrayshall, K.B., was elected M.P. for that county. In the *Town and Country Magazine*, and in *Ruddiman’s Weekly Magazine*, for August 1772, there appeared an article, called “Memoirs of Sir R—— M—— K——, and Madame P——lle,” which contains some anecdotes of his private life. His sister, Miss Anne Keith, has been noticed in these *Illustrations*, at p. * 136. The following extract is made from the obituary of the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1795:—“June 22, died at Hammersmith, in his 63d year, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B., one of his Majesty’s most honourable privy-council, lieutenant-general in the army, colonel of the 10th regiment of foot, and formerly ambassador-extraordinary to the Court of Vienna. He was placed in the diplomatic line by General, now Marshal, Conway, when Secretary of State. Twenty-two years ago he was sent to the Court of Vienna, and his brother, Sir Basil, was soon afterwards appointed Governor of Jamaica. His sisters received pensions; and that of his father, who also had been a foreign envoy, was increased. Sir Robert was corpulent, with a short neck. He died in the arms of his servant, immediately after entertaining company at dinner. His father, Ambassador Keith, as he was called at Edinburgh, died [21st of September 1774] almost as suddenly.”—(*Gent. Mag.* 1795, P. I., p. 535.)

CCXXIV.

THE DAY RETURNS.

SOME notice of Mr Riddell of Glenriddell, a musical amateur, and eminent antiquary, will be found in another

part of this work. The lady to whom Burns alludes in his note to this song (see p. 215), was the sister-in-law of his friend Mrs Riddell, with whom he had had a quarrel, but who visited him during his last illness. In addition to the note respecting her at page * 208, it may be mentioned, that her first husband was Captain Walter Riddell, a younger brother of Glenriddell, and that, on his return from the West Indies, he purchased a property in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, which, in honour of his wife, he named Woodley Park. He died at his estate in Antigua, and his widow consoled herself, in March 1808, by marrying, as her second husband, P. L. Fletcher, Esq., an Irish gentleman of fortune. She resided latterly at Hampton Court, and died in 1812.

CCXXV.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

“THE old title of this air was, ‘Put up your dagger, Jamie.’ The words to this air are in ‘Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, by way of dialogue between Jamie and Willie,’ 1641.

Put up thy dagger, Jamie,
 And all things shall be mended,
 Bishops shall fall, no not at all,
 When the Parliament is ended.

Which never was intended
 But only for to flam thee,
 We have gotten the game.
 We'll keep the same,
 Put up thy dagger, Jamie.

‘This song,’ says the author, ‘was plaid and sung by a fiddler and a fool, retainers of General Ruthven, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, in scorn of the Lords and the Covenanters, for surrendering their strong holds.’—(C.K.S.)

CCXXVIII.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

BURNS correctly ascribes this song to Dr Fordyce ; but Stenhouse, in his additions, and Allan Cunningham after him, fall into the mistake of confounding Professor David Fordyce with his brother, the Rev. Dr James Fordyce. David Fordyce, who was born at Aberdeen, in March 1711, studied at Marischal College, and was licensed to preach, but was never ordained. In September 1742, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, and was the author of some philosophical works, which afforded the promise of his rising to eminence in the literary world, had he not been cut off by a premature death, on the coast of Holland, 7th of September 1751, when on his return from his travels in France and Italy. (*Scots Magazine*, 1751, pp. 453 and 536 ; *Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary*, vol. xiv. p. 469). His younger brother, James, was born about the year 1720, and pursued the same academical course ; and was successively minister of Brechin, and of Alloa, previous to his settling in London, as the minister of a Presbyterian Chapel there. He it was who obtained distinction for his pulpit eloquence, and who was the writer of the song, "The Black Eagle," which gives occasion for this note. It is printed at page 105, of "Poems, by JAMES FORDYCE, D.D. London: T. Cadell, 1786," 12mo., with this note: "Intended for a pathetic Air of that name, in Oswald's Collection of Scotch Tunes." He died at Bath, 1st of October 1796, in his 76th year. (*Chalmers' Biogr. Dict.* vol. xiv. p. 470).

CCXXXI.

MY BONNY MARY.

"THE first half stanza of this song is old ; the rest mine." —(Burns). "That half stanza was probably the same with the following, which occurs near the close of a homely ballad, printed in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns,

as preserved by Mr Peter Buchan ; who further communicates that the ballad was composed, in 1636, by Alexander Lesly of Edinburgh, on Doveranside, grandfather to the celebrated Archbishop Sharpe.

Ye'll bring me here a pint of wine,
 A server, and a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink, before I gang,
 A health to my ain bonnie lassie.

The fact of Burns pitching upon this one fine stanza of an old ballad, as a foundation for a new song, shows expressively the apt sense he had of all that was beautiful in poetry, and how ready his imagination was to take wing upon the slightest command."—(Note, Mr R. Chambers).

CCXXXIV.

JOHNNIE COPE.

AT page 220, the original words of this inimitable song, are ascribed to ADAM SKIRVING, of whom some account has been already given. (See p. * 189). Notwithstanding his son's silence respecting the authorship of this song, there is no reason for calling in question Mr Stenhouse's assertion, as the local character of the verses, and their caustic spirit and resemblance to his "Tranent Muir," would place this point, I think, beyond all reasonable doubt.

This song, and its lively air, have always been popular. Mr Cunningham says, "The variations are numerous: I once heard a peasant boast, among other acquirements, that he could sing Johnnie Cope with all the nineteen variations."

CCXXXV.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

BURNS has styled Marshall, of whose life some particulars will be given in the Introduction to this work, "The first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, 'The Marquis of

Huntley's Reel, His Farewell, and Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel,' from the old air 'The German Lairdie.'"

CCXXXVI.

O, DEAR MOTHER.

"THE notes of '*How can I keep, &c.*,' appear in the second of Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances, and are exactly the same with those of 'The Wren she lies in Care's bed,'—otherwise Lennox's Love to Blantyre, an air said to have been composed on the considerable legacy, including Lethington, the ancient seat of the Maitland family, then re-baptized Lennox Love, which the beautiful Miss Stewart, celebrated by Count Hamilton, bequeathed to her cousin, Lord Blantyre.

"I have always heard, '*How can I keep,*' sung to this air. The verses, which possess considerable humour, are to be found in a small volume, entitled 'A Ballad Book,' printed in Edinburgh, and dedicated, by permission, to Sir Walter Scott. On the head of '*How can I keep,*' we may observe, that the extreme indecency of the names given in former days to fashionable dances, is scarcely now to be believed.—*Vide* Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances, where the original jig of Nancy Dawson in particular bears a name too gross to be repeated.† See also 'The Dancer's Pocket Companion.' Edinb. 1774. No. 16."—(C. K. S.)

CCXXXVIII.

ALLOA HOUSE.

"THERE is an amusing anecdote concerning the author of '*The Spring returns, and clothes the green plains,*' in an

† "I believe it is not generally known that Nancy Dawson, the celebrated dancer, was a native of Scotland. She cut her first capers near Kelso, where she was born, the daughter of an humble cottager. This information I had from a lady connected with Dr Smollett. Miss Nancy's relatives continued farmers in the same vicinity forty years ago."—(C. K. S.)

unpublished letter from the Countess of Kintore, daughter of the Lord Grange to Lady Francis Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar, without date of place or year— ‘ Since I’m speaking of strange stories, I’ll tell you one I had wrote me from Edinburgh this week. A lady of the name of Grahame, sister, they call her, to the Earl of Monteth, threatened to shoot Sandie Webster, the minister, for hindering Michael Menzies (Jemmy will tell you what he is) from marrying her. Having sent Webster a letter to that purpose on the Saturday, it made him stick his preaching on the Sunday, on her appearing in the kirk.’— (C. K. S.)

Another song by Dr Webster “ *Oh! how could I venture to love one like Thee,*” also to the same tune, “Alloa House,” is printed in “The Charmer,” vol. i. p. 214, with the signature “A. W——r.” It had previously appeared in the Scots Magazine for November 1747.

ALEXANDER WEBSTER, D.D. was born at Edinburgh in 1707, and died there 25th of January, 1784, in the 77th year of his age, and 51st of his ministry. An excellent portrait of him, and a sketch of his life, appeared in the Scots Magazine for April 1802. See also Kay’s Portraits, vol. i. No. 10.

CCXLI.

ST KILDA DAY.

THE translator, or author, of this song, is merely called Mr Macdonald in Mr S.’s note. There is no doubt, however, in regard to the person, as the song occurs at page 123, of “The Miscellaneous Works of A. Macdonald; including the Tragedy of Vimonda, and those productions which have appeared under signature of Matthew Bramble, Esq.” London, 1791, 8vo.

This author, ANDREW MACDONALD, was the son of George Donald, a gardener near Leith, where he was born in the year 1757. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and having received deacon’s orders in the Scot-

tish Episcopal Church, in 1775, the Mac was prefixed to his surname. For some time he was minister of an Episcopal chapel in Glasgow, but the inability of the congregation to give him any adequate support, led him to relinquish his ecclesiastical functions; and he finally settled in London, as a literary character.

In Alex. Campbell's "Introduction to a History of Poetry in Scotland," p. 317, &c., will be found an account of Macdonald's life. He is also noticed in D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*, and in Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.*, vol. xxi. p. 49. Mr Chalmers says, "His works were lively, satirical, and humorous, and were published under the signature of Matthew Bramble. He naturally possessed a fine genius, and had improved his understanding with classical and scientific knowledge; but for want of connexions in this southern part of the United Kingdom, and a proper opportunity to bring his talents into notice, he was always embarrassed, and had occasionally to struggle with great and accumulated distress. He died in the 33d year of his age, at Kentish Town, in August 1790, leaving a wife and infant daughter in a state of extreme indigence."

CCXLV.

THE LOVER'S ADDRESS TO A ROSE-BUD.

THE authoress of this song, as stated at p. 230, was Mrs Scott of Wauchope. She was the niece of Mrs Cockburn, who wrote the set of the *Flowers of the Forest*, beginning "I've seen the smiling;" and the following particulars are partly derived from a biographical sketch prefixed to a posthumous volume of her poems.

ELIZABETH RUTHERFORD was born at Edinburgh in the year 1729. Her father, David Rutherford of Capehope, passed as advocate in 1716, and died 8th of April 1763. "She was early taught the Latin and French languages, and became a ready proficient in many branches of the *belles lettres*." Having shown an early predilection for

poetry, it is stated, that she was benefited by the advice of Allan Ramsay, and that she was intimate with Dr Blacklock, who “constantly mentioned Miss Rutherford as a writer whose talents were superior, and whose poetry was deserving of praise.”

“Our poetess was no less celebrated for her personal attractions than for her intellectual endowments. The youth who shared her affections, and with whom she was supposed to have consented to pass the remainder of her days, was unfortunately drowned in his passage from Edinburgh to Ireland. The recollection of his disastrous fate clouded her future prospects.” At rather an advanced period of life, she married Mr Walter Scott, whom her biographer styles “a country gentleman, of considerable property in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.” He was a farmer and proprietor of Wauchope, near Jedburgh; and it was from thence that she dated the rhyming epistle in Scottish verse, under the name of “The Guidwife of Wauchope-House to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard,” in February 1787. This will probably be that lady's surest claim for future notice, as it called forth that reply in which Burns so finely expresses the ardent feelings of his youth,—

When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckoned was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 * * * * *

Ev'n then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 And spar'd the symbol dear.

Burns, in his *Border Tour*, May 1787, paid a short visit to his poetical correspondent, without apparently having the effect of increasing their mutual regard. He says, "Set out next morning for Wauchope, the seat of my correspondent, Mrs Scott." "Wauchope.—Mr Scott, exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panza—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing, rather than a good thing. Mrs Scott, all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision which usually distinguish female authors." Burns, in short, appears not to have been much taken with this lady. At Dunbar, mentioning "Mrs Fall, a genius in painting," he adds, "fully more clever in the fine arts and sciences than my friend Lady Wauchope, without her consummate assurance of her own abilities." Mrs Scott did not long survive this visit. "Mrs Elizabeth Rutherford, wife of Mr Walter Scott of Wauchope, died at Wauchope, 19th of February 1789." (*Scots Magazine*, 1789, p. 104). Several years afterwards, under the care of an anonymous editor, who dates the volume from Northampton, there was published "*Alonzo and Cora, with other original Poems, principally Elegiac. By Elizabeth Scot, a native of Edinburgh. To which are added, Letters in verse, by Blacklock and Burns.*"—London, 1801, 8vo, pp. 168.

CCXLVII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

"I had heard the two lines quoted here long ago, but since have met with a copy of the ballad, which, if genuine, could never have been sung to the air now called 'Auld Robin Gray.'—Lady Anne Bernard's Ballad was first published, very lamely, in Herbert Croft's novel of *Love and Madness*, in (1780), founded on the murder of Miss Rae, by Mr Hackman, and filled with false statements, and all manner of absurdities.

“ The following little poem, attributed to Lady Anne Lindsay, was copied from the London Monthly Magazine, into the Scots Magazine for May 1805.”—(C. K. S.)

Why tarries my love?
 Ah! where does he rove?
 My love is long absent from me.
 Come hither my dove,
 I'll write to my love,
 And send him a letter by thee.

To find him, swift fly!
 The letter I'll tye
 Secure to thy leg with a string.
 Ah! not to my leg,
 Fair lady, I beg,
 But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deek,
 She drew o'er his neck
 A bell and a collar so gay,
 She tied to his wing,
 The scroll with a string,
 Then kissed him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd
 The pigeon disdained
 To seek shelter, undaunted he flew,
 Till wet was his wing,
 And painful his string,
 So heavy the letter it grew.

He flew all around,
 Till Colin he found,
 Then perched on his head with the prize
 Whose heart while he reads,
 With tenderness bleeds,
 For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

LADY ANNE BARNARD died at her house in Berkely Square, London, 6th of May 1825, aged seventy-five. Her ladyship communicated to Sir Walter Scott, a revised copy of 'Auld Robin Gray,' with two versions of a continuation or second part, which he printed, in a thin 4to volume, and presented to the members of the Bannatyne Club, in

1824. In the preface is inserted an interesting letter from Lady Anne, detailing the incidents that led to the composition of this very popular ballad, "soon after the close of the year 1771." The two versions of the second part form no exception to the character of continuations in general, as they are much inferior to the original ballad.

"Lady Anne Barnard's face was pretty, and replete with vivacity; her figure light and elegant; her conversation lively; and, like that of the rest of her family, peculiarly agreeable. Though she had wit, she never said ill-natured things to show it; she gave herself no airs, either as a woman of rank, or as the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray.'

"She resided many years in London with her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose beauty had been very uncommon. When Sir W. S. projected his contribution of a book to the Bannatyne Club, he requested Lady Anne to allow him to republish her celebrated song, to which she consented, and afterwards sent him numerous other poems by herself and her family, which he printed in a quarto volume, with the title of 'Lays of the Lindsays.' Unluckily, before the book was circulated, the lady and her friends changed their minds, and all was suppressed save the song of Robin Gray and its continuation. When Lady Anne died, she bequeathed to Sir Walter the sum of fifty pounds, probably as a compensation for the expense he had incurred respecting 'The Lays.' It is much to be regretted that this volume was buried in oblivion."—(C.K.S.)

CCXLIX.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

"I WAS once gravely told by an old woman, that, in her youth, a person crossing the churchyard of Glasgow in a moonshine night, saw a male acquaintance of his own, a sailor, who had been some time dead, and the devil dancing round the tombstone of the former, the fiend playing

“ Whistle o'er the lave o't,” on a kit, or fiddle. She added, that “ the drum gaed through the town” the next day, forbidding every body to sing, whistle, or play the tune in question.”—(C. K. S.)

CCLI.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

“ THE original words of this song,” which Mr S. has inserted at page 237, from “ The Tea-Table Miscellany,” were probably imitated from Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful verses in praise of a Happy Life.—See “ Reliquiae Wottonianæ,” edit. 1685, p. 383, and Percy's Reliques, vol. i.

CCLII.

DONALD AND FLORA.

THERE is an old stall-copy of this ballad, with the title “ Donald and Flora. On the late misfortune of General Burgoyne, and his gallant army.” The author, HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq., was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, 22d of October 1746, and died at Edinburgh, 15th of March 1818. An interesting account of his life, derived from the autobiography of the poet, appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, December 1818; where it is said to be “ a very entertaining and instructive work, and which, we understand, will probably be given to the public.” This work, however, remains still unpublished. The account given by Mr R. Chambers, in his Scottish Biography, of Mr Macneill's destitute circumstances, towards the close of his life, is far from being correct.

CCLIX.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

“ I SUBJOIN the pretty words of the old song, which was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, from a stall copy in my possession.”—(C. K. S.)

THE STRONG WALLS OF DERRY.

The first day I landed, it was on Irish ground,
 The tidings came to me from fair Derry town,
 That my love was married, and to my sad woe ;
 And I lost my first love by courting too slow.

CHORUS.

Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame,
 If we stay any longer, we'll get a bad name ;
 We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fou,
 And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.

When I was in the Highlands it was my *use*,*
 To wear a blue bonnet, the plaid, and the trews,
 But now since I'm come to the fair Irish shore,
 Adieu to Valendery and bonny Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O, bonny Portmore, thou shines where thou stands,
 The more I look on thee, the more my heart warms,
 But when I look from thee, my heart is full sore,
 When I think on the lilly I lost at Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O, Donald, O, Donald, O ! where have you been ?
 A hawking and hunting ; gar make my bed clean,
 Go make my bed clean, and stir up the straw,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer ;
 A chasing the deer, and following the doe ;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c.

There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,
 And he that speaks fairest lives longest at rest ;
 I speak by experience—my mind serves me so,
 But my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

* Due, in the original.—Sir W. S. has written on the margin, “use, perhaps.”

Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame,
 If we stay any longer well get a bad name ;
 We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fou,
 And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.

FINIS.

CCLX.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

“ THE verses printed by Bishop Percy belong to another air, well known in Scotland, and lately much in fashion. I never heard the country people sing more of the song than this :

Hoo are ye, kimmer,
 An' hoo do ye thrive ?
 Hoo mony bairns hae ye ?
 Kimmer, I hae five.

An' we're a noddin,
 Nid, nid, noddin ;
 An' we're a noddin
 At our house at hame.

Are they a' Johnnie's bairns ?
 Na, kimmer, na !
 For three o' them were gotten
 Whan Johnnie was awa !
 An' we're a' &c.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo ;
 Lads like lasses,
 And lasses lads too.
 An' we're, &c.

(C. K. S.)

CCLXIV.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

BURNS says, “ This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were in

print before." And Cromek adds, on the authority of Mrs Burns, that the last verse, '*While waters wimple to the sea,*' was written by her husband. See what he himself has said at p. 249. "This song (says Mr /llan Cunningham) is partly old and partly new; what is old is very old, what is new was written by a gentleman of the name of Pagan."

In Ayrshire, however, the song has been assigned to a different person, named ISABEL PAGAN, who kept a kind of low tippling house in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, and who published a small volume, "A Collection of Songs and Poems," at "Glasgow, printed by Niven, Napier, and Khull, Trongate," (about the year 1805?) 12mo, pp. 76. The following lines are part of what she calls, "An Account of the Author's Lifetime :"—

I was born near four miles from Nith-head,
 Where fourteen years I got my bread;
 My learning it can soon be told,
 Ten weeks, when I was seven years old,
 With a good old religious wife
 Who liv'd a quiet and sober life,
 But a' the whole tract of my time
 I found myself inclin'd to rhyme.
 When I see merry company,
 I sing a song with mirth and glee,
 And sometimes I whisky pree;
 But 'deed it's best to let it be.

CCLXVII.

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

THE REVEREND JOHN CLUNIE, whom Burns celebrated (see page 249), for his vocal skill, and to whom he attributes this song, was minister of Borthwick, Mid-Lothian. He had been schoolmaster and precenter at Markinch, previously to his being ordained. He died at Greenend, near Edinburgh, 13th of April 1819, in the 62d year of his age, and the 29th of his ministry.

CCLXIX.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

It is a mistake to suppose that Ramsay's song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, "I have a green purse," to the tune of "A rock and a wee pickle tow," has any reference to a song under that title, by Ross of Lochlee. His song was founded upon one of a much earlier date. See page 391, and the additional Note to song cccxxxix.

CCLXX.

O MERRY HA'E I BEEN TEITHEN A HECKLE.

"O MERRY *hae I been teithen a heckle—alias, the Bob of Dunblaine—and now said, but I believe falsely, to be the jig which Prince Charles Stuart danced with the Countess of Wemyss at Holyroodhouse.*"—(C. K. S.)

CCLXXV.

TODLIN HAME.

THE following excellent song, to this air, by JOANNA BAILLIE, was written for Mr George Thomson's collection of the Select Melodies of Scotland.

When white was my o'erlay as foam on the linn,*
 And siller was chinking my pouches within;
 When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
 As I gaed to my love in new cleeding so gay:
 Kind was she, and my friends were free,
 But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight,
 When piper play'd cheerly, and cruisy burnt bright;
 And link'd in my hand was the maiden so dear,
 As she footed the floor in her holy-day gear.
 Woe is me! and can it then be,
 That poverty parts sic company!

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk;
 We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk;

* *O'erlay*, a neckcloth.

And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her ey'n,
 The cheering and life o' my bosom ha'e been.
 Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
 And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride,*
 The bruse I ha'e won, and a kiss of the bride ; †
 And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
 When I utter'd my banter, or chorus'd my song.
 Dowie and dree are jesting and glee
 When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed the blyth lasses smiled sweet,
 And mithers and aunties were unco discreet,
 While kebbuck and beaker were set on the board,
 But now they pass by me, and never a word!
 So let it be—for the warldly and slee
 Wi' poverty keep na company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart ;
 The spae-wife has tell'd me to keep up my heart,
 For wi' my last saxpence her loof I ha'e cross'd :
 And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
 Cruelly, though we ilka day see,
 How poverty parts dear company.

CCLXXIX.

O MARY ! DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

“ IN the table of contents, the music of this pathetic address is said to have been composed by Miss Johnston of Hilton. This lady, Lucy Johnston, was subsequently the wife of Richard Oswald, of Auchincruive, Esq. Burns has celebrated her in a song of less merit than usual : according to Dryden,

Whate'er *she* did was done with so much ease,
 In *her* alone 'twas natural to please :
 Her motions all accompanied with grace ;
 And Paradise was open'd in her face.

* *Infare*, the entertainment made for the reception of a bride in the house of the bridegroom.

† *Bruse*, a race at country weddings, the winner of which has the privilege of saluting the bride.

“None who ever had the delight of seeing her in the ball-room, giving double charms to a minuet, or dignifying a country-dance, can question the truth of this feeble encomium.”—(C. K. S.)

Mr Stenhouse’s remark on Burns’ MS., at the end of this note, is not quite appropriate, inasmuch as he was in the habit of sending copies of his verses to different correspondents, and retaining the original draughts. Thus, for instance, that fine song, CCXXXI., ‘*Go fetch to me a pint of wine,*’ was transmitted to Johnson, but Cromek afterwards obtained another “among his MSS., in his own [Burns’] hand-writing, with occasional interlineations, *such as occur in all his primitive effusions.*”—(*Reliques*, p. 412.)

CCLXXX.

HARDYKNUTE.

ELIZABETH HALKET, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran, and wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie and Balmule, near Dunfermline, was the authoress of this noble ballad. She was born in April 1677; became, by marriage, Lady Wardlaw, in June 1696, and died in 1727.—See p. 268, or rather the *Life of Allan Ramsay*, by Geo. Chalmers, prefixed to his edition of *Ramsay’s Poems*. London, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. It is much to be regretted that we have less information than could be desired respecting a person who was possessed of unquestionable genius. From Mr Chalmers’s inquiries it appeared that Lady Wardlaw was the undoubted author of *Hardyknute*, although her brother-in-law, Sir John H. Bruce of Kinross, was employed in its publication; and that her friends concurred in saying that Lady W. “was a woman of elegant accomplishments, who wrote other poems, and practised drawing, and cutting paper with her scissors; and who had much wit, and humour, with great sweetness of temper.” The song, or ballad, of ‘*Gilderoy*,’ is the only other composition hitherto attributed to her; but, notwithstanding the great antiquity that has been claimed for

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11
"Sir Patrick Spence," one of the finest ballads in our language, very little evidence would be required to persuade me that we were not also indebted for it to Lady Wardlaw.

In the Museum, the well-known song "*Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit.* To the tune of Gilderoy," is printed under the title of 'Gilderoy;' and in the original table of contents, the name of "Sir Alex. Halket" is added as its author. Ritson, by some most unusual oversight, refers to this work as his authority for ascribing the ballad itself of Gilderoy to Sir Alexander Halket. The original ballad, which refers to "the arch-rebel, Patrick Macgregor *alias* Gilleroy," who was executed at Edinburgh in 1636, has been often printed and altered:—it is the copy that appears in Percy's Reliques, Ritson's Scottish Songs, &c., which was remodelled by Lady Wardlaw.

See ante p 71.
The song in the Museum, to the tune of Gilderoy, has latterly been confidently ascribed to Duncan Forbes of Culloden.—See Culloden Papers, Chambers's Songs, vol. i. p. 1, and p. 70 of this work. It has been shown, however, at p. * 133, that the actual author was Sir Charles Sedley, the English dramatic poet. Since that sheet was printed I find the song occurs at p. 221 of "The New Academy of Complements, &c. Compiled by L. B., Sir C. S., Sir W. D., and others, the most refined Wits of this Age. London, printed for Thomas Rooks, 1671." 18mo. The first line reads, "*Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit;*" and it contains the following concluding stanza, omitted in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and in various subsequent collections of songs.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.
Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

To return to the immediate subject of this note. Hardyknute was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott, and he used frequently to quote passages from it. On the fly-leaf of his copy of Ramsay's "Evergreen," 1724, in which the ballad appeared in an amended form, he says, "Hardyknute was the first poem I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget." Alluding to Pinkerton's attempt to complete this "most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad," he remarks, "that, in order to append his own conclusion to the original tale, Mr P. found himself under the necessity of altering a leading circumstance in the old ballad, which would have rendered his catastrophe inapplicable. With such license, to write continuations and conclusions would be no difficult task."—(Poetical Works, 12mo edition, vol. i. p. 73). Pinkerton's imitations are deservedly held in little estimation; but it is somewhat amusing to see with what indignation they were treated by Ritson, who wound up the whole, by exclaiming, "Thou write Pindarics, and be d—d!"—(Scotish Songs, 1794, vol. i. p. 66).

CCLXXXII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

THERE is some confusion in Mr Stenhouse's note on this song. The original ballad was written before either Barclay or Burns were born. Burns did little more than abridge it, in his version, printed in this Work. See Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. ii. p. 164–177.

The old ballad on the battle of Sheriffmuir, to the tune "We ran and they ran," is ascribed by Burns to the Rev. MURDOCH M'LENNAN, minister of Crathie, Dee-side. (Reliques, p. 245.) It will be found in Herd's, Ritson's, and subsequent collections, and also in Hogg's Jacobite Relics, second series. The author, to whom it is thus assigned, was settled as minister of Crathie, in 1749, but he had been previously ordained. He died there 22d of July 1783, in the 50th year of his ministry, and 32d of his age.

The Reverend JOHN BARCLAY, the author of the song printed at page 271, and founder of the religious sect named Bereans, was born in the parish of Muthill, in the year 1734. He studied at St Andrews for the church, and was licensed to preach 27th of September 1759, and was for several years assistant minister of Fettercairn. It would be out of place, however, to enter upon his subsequent history, or to enumerate his writings, of which a very full account will be found in Chambers's *Scottish Biography*, vol. i. p. 127-135, contributed by the late Mr Bower, historian of the University of Edinburgh.

Mr Barclay died at Edinburgh, 29th of July 1798. He was the uncle of Dr John Barclay, the eminent anatomist, in Edinburgh, who occasionally wrote verses: witness his song, "A hundred years hence," written for the "Gymnastic Club."

CCLXXXVI.

FRENNET HALL.

"A COMPLETE copy of this ballad is printed in Mr Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, with one small error. The second stanza should run thus—

When steeds was saddled and well bridled,
 And ready for to ride ;
 Then out it came her false Frendraught,
 Inviting them to bide.

"In the Kirk Session Records of Perth, is the following entry respecting this tragical event:—'July 8 (1631), fifteen shillings given by Andrew Bell, Master of Hospital, to an Northland gentlewoman, become frantic through tining of her husband, burnt in the place of Frendraught.'"
 —(C. K. S.)

CCLXXXIX.

TULLOCHGORUM.

THIS song appeared in the *Scots Weekly Magazine*, for

April 1776. As some account of the author is given by Mr S. in the note to song cci., it may be mentioned that the "Theological Works of the late Rev. JOHN SKINNER, Episcopal clergyman in Longside, Aberdeenshire: to which is prefixed, a Biographical Memoir of the Author," were printed at Aberdeen, 1809, 2 vols. 8vo. The Memoir, which is anonymous, was written by the author's son, Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen. It was speedily followed by the publication of "A Miscellaneous Collection of Fugitive Pieces of Poetry, by the late Rev. John Skinner, at Longside, Aberdeenshire, (being) Vol. III. of his Posthumous Works." Edinburgh, 1809, 8vo.

CCXCI.

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

DR CURRIE, in his Life of Burns, has given an account of William Nicol, one of the masters of the Grammar High School of Edinburgh, and the Poet's companion in his Tour to the Highlands. He says, "Mr Nicol was of Dumfriesshire, of a descent equally humble with our poet. Like him, he rose by the strength of his talents, and fell by the strength of his passions. He died in the summer of 1797."—(vol. i. p. 177.) Allan Masterton, the other person to whom this first rate convivial song relates, was a writing-master in Edinburgh, and did not long survive his companions. He died in or about the year 1800.

CCXCIV.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

"THE heroine of this song, '*I gaed a' waefu' gate yestreen,*' was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben. The lady, now Mrs Renwick, after residing some time in Liverpool, ultimately settled with her husband in New-York, North America. Mr Riddell, of Glenriddell, composed the air."—(Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. ii. p. 133.)

CCXCVIII.

THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES.

THE REVEREND WILLIAM CAMERON, died at the manse of Kirknewton, in the 60th year of his age, and the 26th of his ministry, on the 17th of November 1811. He was an assiduous, and not an unsuccessful wooer of the muses. His first work, a Collection of Poems, printed at Edinburgh, 1780, 12mo, was anonymous. In 1781, along with the Rev. John Logan of Leith, and the Rev. Dr. John Morison, minister of Canisbay, in the county of Caithness, (who died in 1798), Mr Cameron rendered material assistance in preparing the admirable collection of Paraphrases now in use in our Established Church. A posthumous volume of Poems was published by subscription. Edinburgh: 1813. 8vo.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART IV.

CCCI.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

THIS song, beginning "Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood," was written by Burns in 1790, on purpose for the Museum. About five years thereafter, he curtailed two verses of the original copy, and altered some of the lines. His last edition of the song is here annexed.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
When care his breast is wringing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me ;
If thou shalt love another ;
When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

The reader, by comparing the above verses with the original in the Museum, will be enabled to form his opinion, how far our bard has improved the song by his latter alterations.

Burns composed this song on a passion which a particular friend of his, Mr Gillespie, had for Miss Jane Lorimer of Kingshall, in Kirkmahoe, Dumfriesshire, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn Wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.—

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie ;
And O to be lying beyond thee !
O sweetly, soundly, may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !*

The air, called "Craigie-burn Wood," taken down from a country girl's singing, was considered by the late Mr Stephen Clarke as one of our finest Scottish tunes. At the foot of the manuscript of the music of this song is the following note, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke, *There is no need to mention the chorus. The man that would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air, should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again !!* "It is remarkable of this air (says Burns), that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity."—*Reliques*.

Dr Currie informs us, that "Craigie-burn Wood is situated on the banks of the River Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigieburn and of Dumcrieff, were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and that he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics."

CCC II.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

BURNS says, "I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is."—*Reliques*. The whole song, however, is in his own hand-writing, and I have reason to believe it is all his own. The verses

are adapted to the tune of "Carron Side," taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. viii. It is very pretty; but the composer of it has borrowed some passages from the old air, called "Todlen Hame."

CCCIII.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

ACCORDING to tradition, Robert Aldridge, bishop of Carlisle, about the year 1560, seduced the wife of Hugh Graham, one of those bold and predatory chiefs who so long inhabited what was called the debateable land on the English and Scottish border. Graham being unable to bring so powerful a prelate to justice, in revenge made an excursion into Cumberland, and carried off, *inter alia*, a fine mare belonging to the bishop; but being closely pursued by Sir John Scroope, warder of Carlisle, with a party on horseback, was apprehended near Solway Moss, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and convicted of felony. Great intercessions were made to save his life; but the bishop, it is said, being determined to remove the chief obstacle to his guilty passions, remained inexorable, and poor Graham fell a victim to his own indiscretion and his wife's infidelity. Anthony Wood observes, that there were many changes in this prelate's time, both in church and state, but that he retained his offices and preferments during them all.

Burns acquaints us, that there are several editions of this ballad, and that the one which is inserted in the Museum is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when he was a boy, it was a popular song, and that it originally had a simple old tune, which he had forgotten.—*Vide Reliques*. The copy transmitted to Johnson is entirely in Burns's own handwriting.

The reader will find an edition of this ballad in the sixth volume of Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, printed at London in 1714. It is called "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime. To the tune of Chevy-Chace." Many corruptions have crept into this copy, such

as *Grime* for Graham or Graeme; *Garland town* for Carlisle town, &c. Sir Walter Scott has given us another edition in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, which he obtained from his friend, Mr W. Laidlaw in Blackhouse, that had long been current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, has likewise published this border ditty, from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq. These different versions of the ballad nearly coincide with respect to the main incidents of the story. The tune to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, may be seen in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, under the title of "Drimen Duff." Some of the stanzas in the Museum have no doubt been corrected by Burns; and the localizing the song to Stirling in place of Carlisle, is evidently erroneous. In other respects, however, it appears to be the best edition of the ballad.

CCCLIV.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

THE words of this song were written by Mr John Learmont, gardener at Dalkeith. It was sent to Burns, who returned it to the publisher with some verbal amendments.—Mr Learmont, in 1791, published a volume of POEMS, pastoral, satirical, tragic, and comic; carefully corrected by the author. Some of his pieces possess considerable poetic merit. Mr Learmont's verses, beginning *O' mighty Nature's handywarks*, are adapted to the tune called "The Butcher Boy."

CCCLV.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

THE only remains of this curious old ballad are the tune, and the following fragment of the words, preserved by Herd.

*John, come kiss me now, now, now,
Oh! John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And make nae mair ado.*

Some will court and compliment,
 And make a great ado;
 Some will make of their gudeman,
 And sae will I of you.

John, come kiss me, &c.

In a former part of this work, see notes on song, No. 260, entitled "John Anderson," it has been shewn that the tradition, of the *Reformers* having borrowed several of the most favourite hymn tunes used in the Catholic cathedrals, and adapted them to burlesque verses, in derision of old mother church, is equally absurd, as it is contrary to the direct evidence of the service-books themselves, which were used in these churches. On the contrary, the Reformers not only called into their aid some of the finest airs among the laity, but likewise spiritualized, or rather parodied, many of their *common songs*, in order to forward their views. Of this number was the song of *John, come kiss me now*.

In a manuscript, "Historie of the Estate of the Kirke of Scotland, written by an old Minister of the Kirke of Scotland, at the desire of some of his young brethren for their informatione," A. D. 1560, which was formerly in the possession of Mr George Paton of the Custom-house, it is said, that "for the more particular meanes wherby came the knowledge of God's truth in the time of great darkness, was such as Sir David Lindseyes poesie, *Wedderburne's Psalmes and Godlie Ballands* of godlie purposes, &c." This Wedderburne, who was likewise author of "The Complaint of Scotland," printed in 1549, quotes several of the songs in that work, which we afterwards parodied in a considerable volume, published for the second time by Andro Hart, in 1621, under the title of *Ane compendius Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates*; CHANGED OUT OF PROPHAINE SANGES, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godlie ballates, not contained in the first edition. *Newlie correctit and amended by the first originall copie.*

Among these ballads, *John, come kiss me now*, makes his

appearance in his penitential habit, which, it must be admitted, is not a little grotesque, although he has been stripped of the profane dress which had promoted *sinne* and *harlotrie*. We annex, as a specimen, two stanzas of this newly-converted godly ballad.

*John, come kiss me now,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair ado.*

*My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair ado. &c. &c.*

The stanzas in the Museum were altered by Burns; of the merit of these alterations the reader will be enabled to judge, on comparing the old fragment, quoted above, with the copy of the song inserted in that work.

In Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. page 8th, there is a tune called the "New-rigg'd Ship, or Miss Findlay's Delight;" the second strain of which is a mere copy of the second part of the air of "John, come kiss me now," thrown into triple time.

The celebrated Wm Byrd, organist of the Chapel Royal in 1575, well known as the author of the musical canon of "Non nobis Domine," made fifteen learned and difficult variations upon the air of "John, come kiss me now," which are inserted in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, MSS. 1576.

CCCVI.

I'VE BEEN COURTING AT A LASS.

THE words of this song were copied into the Museum from Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 135. The author is anonymous. The verses are adapted to the old air of "Ah ha! Johnie, lad, ye're nae sae kind's you sud hae been."

CCCVII.

PEASE STRAE.

THE words of this old rural ditty, beginning "The country swain that haunts the plain," were recovered by Herd,

and inserted in his valuable Collection, in 1776. The author has not yet been discovered ; but the tune has long been a favourite reel in the Lowlands of Scotland, and is printed in many collections.

CCCVIII.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

BURNS, in his Reliques, observes, that “this is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this Collection, (viz. the Museum,) was written from Mrs Burns’s voice.”

It was an old song, however, in the days of Ramsay ; for we find the very words of it, beginning “A southland Jenny that was right bonnie,” in his Tea-Table Miscellany, with the letter Z annexed, to point out that even in his time it was known to be old. *Reference in Herd.*

CCCIX.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

THIS lively old Scottish tune, under the title of “Joh my, cock up thy Beaver,” is to be found in “The Dancing-Master,” a very curious collection of Scots, English, and Irish Tunes, published by old John Playford of London in 1657. It is likewise preserved in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. 7th, and in many other Collections.

The fragment of the ancient song, beginning “When first my dear Johnny,” as preserved in Herd’s Collection, is annexed, to shew the improvements it received from Burns before it was inserted in Johnson’s Museum.

*When first my dear Johnny came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, my Johnny, lad, cock up your beaver :
Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
Hey, my Johnny lad, cock up your beaver ;
Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
We’ll a’ to England ere it be lang.*

The improved copy, all in the hand-writing of Burns, is now before me.

CCCX.

O LADDIE, I MAUN LOE THEE.

THIS is another edition of the old Scottish song, entitled "Come hap me with thy Petticoat." See the remarks on song No 139, beginning *O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart.*

CCCXI.

O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

THIS tune is very old. There is a copy of it in square-shaped notes in a manuscript book for the Virginals, in the Editor's possession, under the title of "The newe Gowne made." The ballad, beginning "O let me in this ae night," was printed in Herd's Collection in 1776; but it was retouched by Burns, to render it less objectionable, before Johnson would give it a place in the Museum.

In 1795, Burns altered the old verses a second time. His last improvements are now subjoined.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waking I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I wou'd fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night:
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman, say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

If the song, as it stands in Herd's Collection, has lost any thing in point of wit and humour, it has at any rate gained much in respect of elegance and modesty, by the judicious alterations of our bard. We agree with Mr Thomson, that Burns has displayed great address in the above song, and that the young woman's answer is excellent, and, at the same time, takes away the indelicacy that otherwise would have attached to her lover's entreaties.

Burns, in the course of the same year, produced the following English verses to the same air.

TUNE, "Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou love but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;

And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moment's fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

CCCXII.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THE words of this song, "O meikle thinks my Luve o' my Beauty," were written by Burns in 1790, for the Museum. They are adapted to a Jig in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 3d, p. 28, composed by him from the subject of an old air, in slow common time, called "The High-way to Edinburgh." Aird of Glasgow afterwards published the Jig in his Collection of Tunes, under the title of its parent melody, and it was again published by Neil Gow & Son, in their Second Collection, as "Lord Elcho's Favourite." Burns was mistaken in asserting, in the Reliques, that Gow, or any of his family, claimed this melody as their own composition; or even that it had been notoriously taken from "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," for it is nothing more than the subject of the old air of "The High-way to Edinburgh," thrown into treble time.

In the original manuscript of the song now lying before me, Burns, in a note, says, "This song is to be sung to the air, called Lord Elcho's Favourite; but do not put the name *Lord Elcho's Favourite* above it; let it just pass for the tune of the song, and a beautiful tune it is."

CCCXIII.

THEN GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

THIS song, beginning "Gane is the day, and mirk's the night," was written by Burns, with the exception of the chorus,

which is old. In the Reliques, he says “ The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect.”

EVERY day my wife tells me,
That ale and brandy will ruin me ;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—

*O gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
O gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.*

The tune to which the verses are adapted was furnished by Burns. It seems to have been partly borrowed from the air, called “ The auld Man’s Mare’s dead.”

CCCXIV.

THE WHISTLE.

THE words of this ballad, beginning “ I’ll sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,” were written by Burns in the year 1790, and transmitted, with the music, to Johnson for insertion in the Museum, amongst with the following particulars :

“ As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our King James the VI. (1st May, 1590) there came over also a Danish gentleman, of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy

baronet of that name ; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton ; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued ; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert ; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

The editor has been told, that Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. one of this jovial party, composed the tune to the ballad.

CCCXV.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

THIS excellent song, beginning "By yon castle wa' at the close of the day," was written by Burns, and set to the old tune of "There are few good Fellows when Jamie's awa," inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 20.

In the Reliques, Burns says, that this tune is sometimes called "There's few gude fellows when Willie's awa ;" but he had never been able to meet with any thing else of the song than the title.

The Editor of this work has compared the original manuscript of the song, in Burns' own hand-writing, with the copy in the Museum, and finds it to be very correctly printed.

CCCXVI.

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

THIS humorous song was written by Burns, in 1790, expressly for the Museum. Dr Blacklock had likewise written

a long ballad to the same tune. At the foot of Burns' manuscript is the following note: "Set the tune to these words. Dr B's set of the tune is bad; I here enclose a better. You may put Dr B's song after these verses, or you may leave it out, as you please. It has some merit, but it is miserably long." Johnson thought the Doctor's song too tedious for insertion, and therefore left it out.

The tune is very old. There is a set of it in the sixth book of Oswald's Collection. In the third volume of the "Pills" the title of the song is quoted, "What shall a young Woman do with an old Man," printed in 1703.

CCCXVII.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

THIS song, beginning "O, how can I be blythe and glad," is another unclaimed production of Burns. The bard's MSS. is now before me. He took the first line, however, and even some hints of his verses, from an old song in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 1, which begins "How can I be blythe or glad, or in my mind contented be." I have not been able to discover the tune to which the verses are adapted in any other collection prior to the Museum. Burns, however, never composed any words for a song unless the tune was quite familiar to him.

CCCXVIII.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

THE words of this old song, beginning "Late in an evening forth I went," appear in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany 1724, and both the words and music in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, from whence they were copied into the Museum. Bishop Percy has likewise introduced this song into his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. iii. page 116, with the following note:—"The Auld Goodman, a Scottish Song. We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song than that printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions." The worthy prelate, how-

ever, has omitted to point out the passages which he conceived to have been vitiated.

CCCXIX.

O, AS I WAS KIST YESTREEN.

THE fragment of this comical ditty was copied into the Museum from Herd's Collection, 1776, vol. ii. page 226, in which it is said to have been composed "on the late Duke of Argyle." The song, however, is of considerable antiquity, for the tune appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v. under the title of "O, as I was kiss'd the streen." The old title of the air was "Lumps o' Pudding." It appears in the *Dancing-Master*, printed in 1657. Gay selected this air for one of his songs in the *Beggar's Opera*, beginning "Thus I stand like the Turk," acted at London in 1728.

CCCXX.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

THIS ancient and beautiful air, with the fragment of the old ballad, beginning "She sat down below a thorn," were both transmitted by Burns to Johnson, for the Museum. The reader will find a very different ballad, under the same title, in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, beginning "There were three ladies in a ha'." Both ballads, however, appear to have been sung to the same plaintive simple melody. Herd has another fragment of a ballad, beginning "And there she lean'd her back to a thorn," in his second volume; but the verses are very imperfect.

CCCXXI.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

BURNS says, "this song is altered from a Poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems. I do think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."—*Reliques*.

Sir Robert Ayton's verses appear in John Playford's

Select Ayres, London, 1659, folio, under the title of a "Song to his forsaken Mistresse; set to music by Mr Henry Lawes." They are also printed in Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, vol. iii. page 325; and we shall now annex them, that the reader may be enabled to judge of Burns' improvements.

I.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee,
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, had power to move thee :
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be lov'd by none.

II.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets ;
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 That kisseth every thing it meets ;
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

III.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells !
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

IV.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou has handled been awhile ;
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
 And I shall sigh while some will smile,
 To see thy love to every one,
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

The fine old tune, to which the Scottish version of the song by Burns is adapted, is called "The Cuckoo." There was a Jacobite song to the same air, a fragment of which is inserted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i.

CCCXXII.

IF E'ER I DO WELL 'TIS A WONDER.

THIS old comic song, beginning "When I was a young lad," appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and the music is preserved in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Compa-*

nion; book i. and several other old collections. From these sources it was copied into the Museum.

CCCXXIII.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

BURNS says, that the first verse of this song, beginning "My soger laddie is over the sea," is old, and that the rest is by Ramsay. He also adds, "the tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called 'Jacky Hume's Lament;' or 'The Hollin Buss;' or, 'Ken you what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?'"—*Reliques*.

Both the words and music of this song appear in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, from whence they were copied into the Museum. The tune must therefore have been known long before that period by the name of "My Soldier Laddie," which is the title prefixed to it in Thomson's work.

This song was reprinted in the sixth volume of Watt's *Musical Miscellany* in 1731.

CCCXXIV.

WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and printed in the first volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, under the title of "THE CORDIAL, to the tune of *Where shall our Goodman ly*." One stanza of the foolish old song runs thus:

WHERE shall our goodman lie,
O, where shall our goodman lie;
Where shall our goodman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?
Up among the hen-bawks,
Up among the hen-bawks,
Up among the hen-bawks,
Among the rotten timmer.

This tune appears in *Playford's Dancing Master*, 1657, under the title of "The Red House;" and Gay selected it for one of his songs in "Polly," beginning "I will have my humours," printed in 1729.

CCCXXV.

O, GALLOWAY TAM.

BURNS says, "I have seen an interlude acted at a wedding to this tune, called 'The Wooing of the Maiden.' These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. 'Silly puir auld Glenlae,' and this one, *The Wooing of the Maiden.—Reliques.*

Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," printed at London in 1810, accuses Johnson, the original proprietor and publisher of the Museum, of *ignorance*, in rejecting two additional verses, which he, Cromek, has recovered and united to their fellows. These verses, however, are palpable forgeries, and are, besides, both shockingly indelicate and profane.

With regard to this tune, although it appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 6th, printed in 1742, our musical readers will easily perceive, that it is the old air of "O'er the Hills and far away," changed from *common* into *treble* time. The antiquity of it is very questionable.*

CCCXXVI.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

BOTH the words and music of this song were transmitted by Burns to Johnson, for the Museum. Burns, in his *Reliques*, mentions, that it is a very popular song in Ayrshire. It does not appear in any Collection prior to the Museum.

CCCXXVII.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THE fragment of this ancient ballad, beginning "O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son," with the beautiful air to which it is sung, were both recovered by Burns, and placed in the Museum. In the second volume of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," edited by Sir Walter Scott, we have

* Galloway Tam, the hero of this song, was Thomas Marshall, a stout and athletic Galwegian gypsey, equally celebrated for making songs, snuff-mills, and horn spoons. Some of his descendants, it is said, still inhabit Nithsdale and Galloway.

a more full, though evidently a more modern, version of the ballad, under the title of “ Lord Randal,” which that ingenious and justly celebrated author introduces to his readers with the following prefatory remarks.

“ There is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald ; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy, for calling him *Randal*, because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332 at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison.—See *The Bruce*, book 20th. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story ; both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes, in his “ Remarks on the History of Scotland.” There is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by his false step-mother.

LORD RANDAL.

O, WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son ?
 O, where hae ye been, my handsome young man ?
 I hae been to the wild wood ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.
 Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?
 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man ?
 I din'd wi' my true-love, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.
 What gat ye to dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?
 What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man ?
 I gat cels boil'd in broo ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.
 What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son ?
 What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man ?
 O they swell'd and they died ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

O, I fear you are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!
 O, I fear you are poison'd, my handsome young man!
 O, yes! I'm poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.

Burns observes, that “this air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the *original of Lochaber*. In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.”—*Reliques*. His remarks are certainly just.

CCCXXVIII.

O’ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

BURNS says, that this song, beginning “Comin thro’ the Craigs of Kyle,” is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore but also a thief; and in one or other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard.”—*Reliques*. There are much older verses to this air than those in the Museum, but they are rather too loose for insertion. Stewart Lewis, a minor Scots poet, likewise wrote some verses to the same air, which were published, along with his poems, about twenty years ago. The tune was published as a reel in Bremner’s Collection, about the year 1764.

CCCXXIX.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING!

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1790, for the Museum. In his manuscript, he directs Mr Clarke to set the words to the tune of “Cornwallis’s Lament for Colonel Muirhead.” This is a modern air, by Mr M. S.

CCCXXX.

TO THE ROSEBUD.

THIS song, beginning “All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,” was written by one Johnson, a joiner, in the neighbourhood

of Belfast. The tune is evidently the progenitor of the air called "Jocky's Gray Breeks." It indeed appears, under the title of "Jocky's Gray Breeches," in Oswald's second volume, published in 1742. I observe that Burns has altered the spelling of a few words in the author's manuscript, to give this song a little more sprinkling of the Scottish language.

CCCXXXI.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. In his *Reliques*, he says, "This tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know."—*Reliques*. The reader, on turning to the notes on Song No 117, entitled "The Highland Lassie," will have no difficulty in understanding that part of the bard's private history to which he alludes. The tune, under the title of "Phebe," by *Mr Oswald*, was published in his fourth volume, in 1742.

CCCXXXII.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS song, beginning "I hae been at Crookieden," was patched up by Burns from the fragments of an old Jacobite effusion. In the copy transmitted to Johnson, the third line originally stood, "There I saw some folk I ken." Burns, I observe, has drawn his pen through this line, and written above it, "Viewing Willie and his men."

In the *Reliques*, our bard, alluding to the tune of the Highland laddie, says "As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the Musical Museum, beginning 'I hae been at Crookieden' (a vulgar cant name for hell.) One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald has it in his Collection by the name of 'The Auld Highland Laddie.' It is also known by the name of *Jinglan Johnie*, which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is

little known to the peasantry by the name of ‘ Highland Laddie,’ while every body knows ‘ Jingle Johnie.’ The song begins,

“ *Jingle John, the meikle man,
He met wi’ a lass was blythe and bonnie.*”—RELIQUES.

It is now, perhaps, impossible to determine whether Burns may, or may not, be right respecting the seniority of this tune to its other namesakes. But in Gow’s Repository, part second, there is an air called “ The Original Highland Laddie, or the Quickstep of the gallant 42d Regiment, as performed when that regiment was reviewed by his Majesty at Ashford, 7th May, 1802;” and this very tune appears in Playford’s *Dancing Master*, published at London in 1657, under the title of “ Cockle-Shells.” From this circumstance it would appear, that our poetical politicians, in after times, generally adapted their Jacobite verses to such airs as were well known and much esteemed at the time, without taking the trouble of composing *new* tunes to the words. It is curious to remark, that the same air which was played before his Majesty in 1802, must have been well known about two hundred years before that period, when the Stewart family succeeded to the imperial throne of Britain.

Signor Pasquali composed a new tune to the song, beginning “ The Lowland lads think they are fine,” written by Ramsay. This tune appears in Oswald’s first book, under the title of “ The Highland Lassie.” The words and air were afterwards reprinted in “ The Muses Delight,” at Liverpool, in 1754.

CCCXXXIII.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

IN the Reliques, Burns says, these verses were originally English, and that he gave them their Scotch dress. The tune was composed by Oswald, and inserted in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book iv. p. 30, published in 1742 under the title of “ The Maid’s Complaint ” It is certainly one of the finest Scottish airs that Oswald ever composed.

CCCLXXXIV.

DONALD COUPER.

THIS old tune is mentioned by Colonel Cleland in his mock poem on the "Highland Host," written in 1697.

*Trumpets sounded, skeens were glancing,
Some were Donald Couper dancing.*

But it was current in England long before this period, as it appears in Playford's *Dancing Master* in 1657, under the title of *Daniel Cooper*. Tom Durfey, or some of his Grubstreet brethren, wrote an execrable and indecent ballad to this tune, which is inserted in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy, vol. v. anno. 1719," entitled "Good honest Trooper take warning by Donald Cooper. To the tune of Daniel Cooper."

David Herd has preserved the following fragment of the old song; upon comparing which with the copy inserted in the Museum, the reader will be enabled to discover the humorous touches it has received from the pen of Burns.

Donald Couper and his man,
They've gane to the fair;
They've gain to court a bonny lass,
But fint a ane was there:
But he has gotten an auld wife,
And she's come hirpling hame;
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet-stool,
And brake her rump-bane.
*Sing, hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper;
He's gane awa to court a wife,
And he's come hame without her.*

The tune in the Museum has been considerably altered and modernized. The following is a genuine copy:

DONALD COUPER. A. D. 1657.



CCCXXXV.

THE VAIN PURSUIT.

THIS song, beginning "Forbear, gentle youth, to pursue me in vain," is another production of the venerable Dr Blacklock. I believe the tune is his likewise. His amanuensis brought both the words and music to Johnson.

CCCXXXVI.

EPPIE M'NAB.

THE verses in the Museum, beginning "O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie MacNab," were written by Burns as a substitute for the old song, which, he justly observes, had more wit than decency. The modern verses, in the poet's own hand-writing, are now lying before me. The tune is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vi. under the title of "Appie M'Nabb."

CCCXXXVII.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

THIS tune, in old times, was known by the name of "Lass, an I come near thee," which was the first line of the chorus of a foolish old song.

*Lass, an I come near thee,
Lass, an I come near thee,
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,
Lass, an I come near thee.*

The verses adapted to this tune in the Museum were written by Burns on purpose for that work. Mr Cromek says, that Mr Gilbert Burns told him, "this song was suggested to his brother by the 'Auld Man's Address to the Widow,' printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, which the poet first heard sung, before he had seen that Collection, by *Jean Wilson*, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Tarbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naïvete* of her character and for singing old Scots songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family-worship; and before she sung a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse, as if she had a numerous audience!"—*Reliques*.

The Auld Man's Address, above alluded to in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, is called "The Auld Man's Best Argument," to the tune of "Widow, are ye wakin?" The words and music are inserted in the fifth volume of the Museum, p. 444. The song begins, "Wha is that at my chamber door?"

CCCXXXVIII.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

THE fine old Scottish tune of "Had awa frae me, Donald," appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, which was published, 1657, under the title of "Welcome home, Old Rowley." The tune in the Museum, No 338, as well as the words, are modernized from the old song. To enable the reader to compare the ancient air with its modern representatives, it is here annexed:—

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD. 1657.



This tune, with considerable embellishments, was printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725.

CCCXXXIX.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

New Set.

THIS is the same air, with the embellishments introduced by the late Mr P. Urbani in singing the song at the concerts in Edinburgh. This gentleman published at Edinburgh, in two folio volumes, "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice, with introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello," a work of great merit. In the preface he informs us, that having been struck with the elegant simplicity of the original Scots Melodies, he applied himself for

several years, in attending to the manner of the best Scottish singers; and having attached himself to that which was generally allowed to be the best, he flattered himself that he had acquired the true national taste. He sung, during a period of four years, the Scots airs in the concerts of the *Harmonical Society* of Edinburgh, and for three years in the concerts in Glasgow. In both places he received such marks of universal applause, as convinced him that his method of singing was approved by the best judges.—*See his advertisement prefixed to the work.*

The writer of this article knew Urbani intimately. He was an excellent singer, and his knowledge of Counterpoint was very masterly and profound. In 1802, he and the late Mr Sybold, the composer and harp-player, engaged a numerous and respectable band of vocal and instrumental performers from various parts of the kingdom, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Glasgow might be gratified with hearing some of the best Oratorios of Handel, &c. This concern, although deserving of encouragement, did not succeed, and the affairs of both contractors were ruined. Sybold died that spring of a broken heart, and poor Urbani, after struggling with his misfortunes for some time in Edinburgh, was at length induced to settle in Ireland, where he continued to the period of his death, in 1816.

CCCXL.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS elegant song is the composition of Miss Cranston, now married to Dugald Stewart, Esq. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Burns acquaints us, that the song wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, and that he added the first four lines of the last stanza.—*Reliques.* The words are adapted to an air taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iv. page 8, entitled "Anthy, the lovely;" but it is not a Scottish melody. It is the composition of Mr John Barret of London, organist, a pupil of Dr Blow, who set

this air to the English song of “Ianthe, the lovely,” printed in the fourth volume of the “Pills,” in 1707. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Beggar’s Opera, beginning “When he holds up his hands arraigned for life,” acted at London in 1728.

CCCXLI.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

THESE verses, beginning “Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,” were composed by Burns, as he informs us, *on his little idol, the charming lovely Davies.*—*Reliques.* The words are adapted to the tune of “The bonie wee Thing,” in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii.—*See notes on Song No 349, entitled “Lovely Davies.”*

CCCXLII.

ROY’S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MR CROMEK says that the words of this song were written by Mrs Murray, spouse of Dr Murray, Bath. In the collections of Thomson, Urbani, &c. they are attributed to the pen of Mrs Grant of Carron. There may be two different editions of this song, which is adapted to the old tune, called “The Ruffian’s Rant.” “Roy’s Wife” is the modern name of the air.

Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated Sept. 1793, and printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie’s edition of his works, says, “I have the original words of a song for the last air, (Roy’s Wife) in the hand-writing of the lady who composed it; and they are superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen.” In another letter from the bard to the same gentleman, dated 19th November, 1794, and published in the same work, he says “Since yesterday’s penmanship, I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song, to Roy’s Wife. You will allow me, that, in this instance, my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish.” The reader will find the verses inserted in the notes on Song No 156, beginning “Can’st thou leave me thus, my Katy?”

Burns continues, "Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not so far amiss. You see I am determined to have my quantum of applause from some body."—*See his Works, vol. iv.*

Dr Currie, in a note to the above song, says, "To this address, in the character of a forsaken lover, a reply was found on the part of the lady among the MSS. of our bard, evidently in a female hand-writing, (which is doubtless that referred to in Burns's letter of September, 1793.) The temptation to give it to the public is irresistible; and if, in so doing, offence should be given to the fair authoress, the beauty of her verses must plead our excuse." The reader will likewise find the reply by the lady, in the notes to the same song, No 156. It begins, "Stay, my Willie, yet believe me."

There appears to be some obscurity in Dr Currie's account. The reader will observe, that Burns, in his letter, dated September 1793, says, he had the lady's verses of the song *at that time* in his possession. But Burns's English address was not composed till 19th November 1794, upwards of a year thereafter. Unless, therefore, we suppose that his verses were originally written in the Scottish dialect, and that he subsequently gave them an English dress, it appears impossible that the lady's verses can be considered as a reply to a song which was not then in existence.

CCCXLIII.

LADY RANDOLPH'S COMPLAINT.

THE words of this song, as the editor has been informed, were written for the Museum by Dr Blacklock. The manuscript, however, must have been either abstracted or lost, as it is not now among the original materials furnished to Johnson for his fourth volume. The verses, beginning "My hero, my hero, my beauteous and brave," are adapted to the tune of "Earl Douglas's Lament," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 7th, page 30. This beautiful tune, however, if it be not the progenitor of the melodies of

“ When I hae a sixpence under my thumb—*Robidh donna Gorrach*,” &c. &c. is evidently nearly connected with them. The song appears to have been written subsequent to the appearance of Home's celebrated tragedy of Douglas, in which Lady Randolph is one of the principal characters.

CCCXLIV.

COME, HERE'S TO THE NYMPH THAT I LOVE!

THE words of this song are taken from *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the letters J. W. Q. subjoined to it. The editor has not yet learned who is the author. The verses are adapted to the air of “ Auld Sir Simon the King,” according to the direction of their author. This tune is very old. It appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, in 1657; in *The Pills to Purge Melancholy*, it frequently occurs with *one strain* only, which undoubtedly was the original simple melody. In Playford's second part of “ *Musick's Handmaid*,” published in 1689, the melody is published with variations for the Virginals, under the title of “ Old Simon.” It is, perhaps, impossible to decide whether the tune is originally Scottish or English, for it has been a favourite in both countries past the memory of man.

CCCXLV.

THE TITHER MORN.

BURNS says, “ This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.”—*Reliques*. The musical reader will easily observe, that the second strain of this *Highland* tune is almost note for note the same with the second part of the air of “ Saw ye Johnie comin', quo' she.” It is, however, a fine tune for all that, and was sent by Burns to Mr Johnson, alongst with the pretty verses adapted to it; which, it is believed, are the composition of our bard.

CCCXLVI.

A COUNTRY LASS.

THIS old Scots Song had found its way into England about the year 1700; for it appears in the second volume of

The Pills to Purge Melancholy, printed that year. Henry Playford, the editor and publisher of the three first volumes of that work, had not however known the original tune, as he directs it to be sung to the air called "Cold and Raw;" and to make the verses suit this tune, he has altered some of the words, as well as the terminating letter *O* into *A*, at the end of every alternate line, thus :

What tho' I am a country lass,
 A lofty mind I bear *a* ;
 I think myself as good as those
 That gay apparel wear *a*.

This alteration renders the song perfectly ludicrous, and opposite to the intention of the old homely minstrel who composed it. The song, however, is fortunately preserved in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and directed to be sung "*to its ain tune.*" Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, has adapted the verses to a tune not unlike, and probably the original melody, which Carey afterwards altered a little to suit his song of *Sally in our Alley*. The fine original air, of one simple strain, however, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson; and the verses were at last adapted to *their ain tune* in the Museum.

Burns likewise sent the rude fragment of the old ballad, called "Geordie," beginning "There was a battle in the north," which he had heard sung to the same tune. This ballad seems to relate to George Earl of Huntly, who was sent on an expedition to Shetland, in 1554, by the Queen Regent of Scotland to seize a certain person who had proved offensive to her. He, however, returned without being successful. Upon this he was incarcerated, and his titles and estates were forfeited. He was afterwards liberated and restored to his dignities, and chosen to be one of the privy counsel to Queen Mary.—*See Holinshead's Scottish Chronicle.*

CCCXLVII.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE SEVER.

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1790, on purpose for

the Museum. In his original manuscript, now before me, he directs it to be set to the tune of "Rory Dall's Port," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. This has accordingly been done by the editor, and his friend, Mr Clarke.

The first couplet of this song had probably been suggested to our bard, on hearing the introductory stanza of the English song, which begins—

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

CCCXLVIII.

AS I WAS A WAND'RING.

THIS beautiful Gaelic melody was obtained by Burns during his excursion in the north of Scotland, in the year 1787. It is entitled *Rinn m' eudail mo mhealladh*, i. e. "My dear did deceive me." The verses in the Museum were likewise transmitted by Burns. They are said to be a correct Scottish metrical version of the Gaelic song, from an English translation communicated to Burns with the original air.

A modern and a much inferior set of this tune has lately (1816) appeared in Fraser's Collection of Original Highland Airs, which, he says, but for him, *would in all probability have perished with his life.*

CCCXLIX.

LOVELY DAVIES.

THIS is another production of Burns, in compliment to the young lady (Miss Davies) formerly noticed, whose personal and mental accomplishments have more than once been the theme of our bard's poetical encomiums.—*See notes on Song 341, entitled "The bonnie wee Thing."* In his original manuscript, I observe that the 9th line began "Ilk eye she cheers," which he afterwards altered to "Each eye it cheers;" and in the twenty-second line, the word *humble* is struck out, and *willing* is substituted. The verses, beginning "O how shall I unskilfu' try," were adapted to the tune called "*Miss Muir*," at his own request.

CCCL.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE tune and title of this song were taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. The humorous verses were supplied by Burns, on purpose for the Museum. The bard has only altered one word in his original manuscript, viz. *suck*, at the end of the third line of the second stanza, is scored through with his pen, and *souk* substituted as being more euphonical.

CCCLI.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

THIS song was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The words are adapted to the old air, called "When the King came o'er the Water," which was the title of a song composed on the battle, fought on the banks of the River Boyne in Ireland, between William III. and his father-in-law, James II. in 1690. King James was totally defeated, and afterwards retired to France, where he died in 1710.

Johnson has erroneously given the above air the name of "Come kiss with me, come clap with me," which is quite a different and a much older tune. It originally consisted of one strain, and was printed in this simple manner even so late as 1733, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, *edition second*.

AIR, "COME KISS WITH ME, COME CLAP WITH ME."



In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, one of the songs, beginning "My Jocky blyth for what thou'st done," is directed to be sung to this lively old air. Oswald added the second strain to it.—See notes on Song No 415.

A second strain being afterwards added to it, and adapted to some licentious verses, it became known by the name of "Had I the wyte, she bade me."—See *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vii. page 20. It is now known by the name of "The Bob of Fettercairn."—See *Gow's Third Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, &c.*

CCCLII.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

THIS old tune is taken from *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*. It was formerly adapted to some trifling verses, beginning

I HAE a wife o' my awn,
I'll be haddin' to naebody;
I hae a pat and a pan,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

The verses in the Museum were written for that work by Burns, a few days after his marriage. "At this period (says Dr Currie) sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination, and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, he had ever experienced." In this situation he expressed his feelings in the vigorous and energetic lines inserted in the Museum, formed on the model of the old ballad.

CCCLIII.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED.

THE fragment of this ancient ditty, which is preserved in Herd's Collection, required some burnishing before it could be presented to the subscribers for the Museum. Burns undertook to make it passable, and, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, it must be admitted, that he has performed the task with great skill and dexterity. The musical reader will scarcely require to be informed, that this spirited air, of one simple strain, is among the oldest of our Scottish melodies. It is preserved in the first book of *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*, with some of his own variations

upon the air. It also appears in Mrs Crookat's Manuscript Book of Tunes, dated 1709.

CCCLIV.

O, FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

THIS fragment of a humorous old Scottish ballad, with its original melody, was communicated by Herd. The words were previously printed in the second volume of his Collection in 1776. They were slightly retouched by Burns for the Museum.

CCCLV.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

THIS comic song, the manuscript of which is before me, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The subject of the song had a real origin: A young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection.

The verses are adapted to an old tune, called *The Mouldiewart*. In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "this song is mine."

CCCLVI.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

THE frequent wars between England and Scotland, for a series of ages, were extremely injurious to both kingdoms, but more especially to their frontiers, which, being continually liable to be ravaged and laid waste, afforded few or no inducements for cultivating the soil. Driven from the quiet pursuits of a pastoral life, the manners and character of the inhabitants became totally changed: those hands that once held the plough, or guided the scythe and the sickle, now brandished the sword, the spear, and the battle-axe. The peasantry, associating under the banners of their respective

chieftains, formed themselves into various hostile clans, whose interests were perpetually clashing, their principal means of support being derived from rapine and pillage. The conflicts between these border septs, however, were not viewed by their relative sovereigns in the light of national quarrels. Much of the country they possessed was claimed by both kingdoms, and the mutual jealousies of the two courts enabled these marauders to plunder one another, as well as their more peaceable neighbours, without challenge or control.

Accustomed to depend upon the sword for their livelihood, and inured to every species of danger and fatigue, they paid no respect to private property. Their ideas of justice were suited to their mode of living. Every thing they could seize was considered to be fair booty, and as such they protected it at all hazards. Notwithstanding their roving and predatory life, they, nevertheless, were ardent and faithful in their attachments, and always ready to devote themselves in revenging injuries done to their relations and friends. When called upon to espouse the national cause, they flocked with cheerfulness to the standard of their sovereign, and their services in the field proved their vast superiority over those raw troops that were raised in the interior of the kingdom. But as the military services of these chieftains were generally rewarded by large grants of territories, as well as titles of honour, some of them, by degrees, became so powerful and arrogant as even to disregard the royal authority.

Amongst the clans on the Scottish side, the Armstrongs were formerly one of the most numerous and potent. They possessed the greater part of Liddesdale and of the debateable land. All along the banks of the Liddal, the ruins of their ancient fortresses may still be traced. The habitual depredations of this border race had rendered them so active and daring, and at the same time so cautious and circumspect, that they seldom failed either in their attacks or in securing their prey. Even when assailed by superior num-

bers, they baffled every assault, by abandoning their dwellings, and retiring with their families into thick woods and deep morasses, accessible by paths only known to themselves. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Terras-moss, a frightful and desolate marsh, so deep that two spears tied together could not reach the bottom.

Although several of the Scottish monarchs had attempted to break the chain which united these powerful and turbulent chieftains, none ever had greater occasion to lower their power, and lessen their influence, than James V. During his minority, the kingdom was torn by their dissensions, the laws were disregarded, and even the rights of the sovereign were deeply infringed. But no sooner did this gallant young prince free himself from the vassalage in which he had been held by Douglas earl of Angus, and his brother, than he began to reform the abuses in his kingdom with such spirit and zeal, as manifested a determined resolution to suppress them. After banishing the Douglasses, and restoring order and tranquillity to the interior, he next directed his attention to the due administration of justice on the Border. He accordingly raised a powerful army, chiefly composed of cavalry, "to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddesdale, and other parts of the country." Aware, however, that these depredators could never be effectually crushed, unless the chieftains who protected them were properly secured, he took the necessary precaution of forfeiting, or committing the whole of them to ward, with the exception of Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, commonly called the King of the Border, who were publicly executed. About the beginning of June 1529, the king departed from Edinburgh at the head of his army, and marched rapidly through Ettrick Forest, and Ewsdale. During this expedition, John Armstrong of Gilnockie, the hero of the ballad, presented himself before the king with thirty-six of his followers, in expectation of obtaining pardon. This Armstrong, as we are told by Pitscottie, "was the most redoubted chieftain

that had been for a long time on the borders either of Scotland or England. He ever rode with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottish man." It is said that, from the borders to Newcastle, every Englishman, of whatever state, paid him tribute. Glenockie came before the king with his foresaid number, (thirty-six,) richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of this free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, frowardly turned himself about, and bade them take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, *What wants that knave that a king should have?* John Armstrong made great offers to the king, that he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottish man. *Secondly*, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "*It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: But, had I known this, I should have lived on the borders in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know that king Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.*" Lindsay of Pitscottie's History, p. 145. This execution is also noticed by Hollinshead, who says, that "In the month of June 1529, the king, with an army, went to the borders, to set order there for better rule to be kept, and to punish such as were known to be most culpable. And hereupon, he caused *forty-eight* of the most notable thieves, with their captain, *John Armestrang* to be apprehended; the which, being convicted of murder, theft, and treason, were all hanged on growing trees, to the example of others. There was one cruel thief among the rest, who had burned a house with a woman and her children within it; he was burned to death. *George Armestrang*, brother to *John*, was pardoned, to the end he

should impeach the residue, which he did; so they were apprehended by the king's commandment, and punished for their misdoings, according as they had deserved." Hollinhead's *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 182. This historian appears, however, to have confounded John Armstrong and his party, with the whole other depredators who were executed during the march.

The place where John Armstrong and his followers suffered, was at Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. They were buried in a desert church-yard, where their graves are still pointed out. The peasantry in these districts hold the memory of John Armstrong in high estimation, and scruple not to affirm, that the growing trees mentioned by the historians withered away as a manifest sign of the injustice of the execution. They likewise assert, that one of Armstrong's attendants, by the strength and swiftness of his horse, forced his way through the ranks of the surrounding host, and carried the tidings of the melancholy fate of his master and companions to Gilnockie castle. This castle was situated upon a rock, surrounded by the river Esk, at a place now known by the name of the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, and its ruins still serve to adorn one of the most romantic and picturesque landscapes in all Scotland. The very rigorous measures which were pursued by James V., for suppressing the unruly border clans, however, did not produce the effects he so anxiously expected. The unfortunate defection of his troops at the raid of Solway Moss, in 1541, proved, that the prompt severities he had exercised against these septs were impolitic rather than wise; having soured the tempers and lessened the affections of those restless but brave subjects, who had so frequently protected the throne at the expense of their lives. This unlucky affair, indeed, made such an impression on his mind, from the moment the intelligence of it reached him, that he became quite dispirited and melancholy; and, not long thereafter, he sunk

into an untimely grave, on 14th December, 1542, in the 33d year of his age.

Although George Armstrong of Mangerton had received a pardon from the late sovereign, the death of his brother John was neither to be soon forgotten, nor the descendants of the sufferers easily to be pacified. Indeed, the hostile and turbulent spirit of the Armstrongs was never broken or suppressed, until the reign of James VI., when their leaders were brought to the scaffold, their strong holds razed to the ground, and their estates forfeited and transferred to strangers. So that, throughout the extensive districts formerly possessed by this once powerful and ancient clan, there is scarcely left, at this day, a single landholder of the name.

The death of this redoubted border hero is noticed by Buchanan. It is likewise frequently alluded to by the writers of that age. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in his "Satyre of the Three Estates," introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in reliques, who, in enumerating his halie wares, is made to say,

HERE is ane coird baith grit and lang,
 Quilk hangit *Johne the Armestrang*,
 Of gude hemp soft and sound ;
 Gude hailie peopill, I stand ford,
 Quha ever beis hangit with this coird,
 Neids never to be dround !

In the "Complaynt of Scotland," John Armestrang's dance is also mentioned as a popular tune.

The celebrated ballad of "Johnie Armestrang," was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, in 1724, who tells us, that he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman of the name of Armstrong, who was the sixth generation from the above John. The reciter likewise informed him, that this was ever esteemed the genuine ballad, the common one false. By the common one, Ramsay means an English ballad upon the same subject, but differing from the one he had thus obtained in various particulars. The English ballad may be seen in Ritson's Select Collection of English Songs, vol. ii p. 322.

As the Editor of the Museum was under the necessity of leaving out the greater part of this fine old Scottish ballad for want of room, it is here annexed.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
 And siclyke men of hie degrie ;
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
 Sum tyme calld laird of Gilnockie.
 The king he wrytes a luving letter,
 With his ain hand sae tenderly,
 And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
 To cum and speik with him speidily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene ;
 They were a gallant company :
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful king,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plenty,—
 We'll welcome hame our royal king,
 I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie.

They ran their horse on the Langum 'Howm,'
 And brake their speirs with meikle main ;
 The ladies lukit frae their loft windows :
God bring our men weil back again !
 Quhen Johnie came before the king,
 With all his men sae brave to see,
 The king he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me ;
 For my name is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of zours, my liege, said he.
Away, away, thou traytor strang,
Out of my sicht thou may'st sune be ;
I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I will gie to thee,
 Full four-and-twenty milk whyte steids,
 Were a' foald in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a the zeir to me.
 These four-and-twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
 And as meikle of gude reid quheit,
 As all thair happens dow to bear.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,
 Sall for thee fecht though all sould flee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee ;
 All betwene heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay their zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, king, he says,
 Althocht a king and prince ze be ;
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well sayit, but honesty :
 But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
 Twa bonie dogs to kill a deir ;
 But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
 Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho suld have found me meil and malt,
 And beif and mutton in all plentie ;
 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said,
 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
 To seik het water beneath cauld yce,
 Surely it is a great folie ;

*I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But their is nane for my men and me.*

But had I kend, or I came frae hame,
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the border syde,
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.
 Wist Englands king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man waid he be !
 For anes I slew his sister's son,
 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle about his middle,
 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
 Bespangled with the same mettle,
 Maist beautiful was to behold.
 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
 And ilk an worth three hundred pound :

*What wants that knave that a king suld haif,
But the sword of honour and the crown ?*

*O quhar gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie ?*

I gat them in the field fechtin,
Quher, cruel king, thou durst not be.
Had I my horse and my harness gude,
And ryding as I wont to be,
It sould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
The meiting of my king and me.

God be with thee, Kirsty, my brither,
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun—
Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,
Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down.
And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Quhair thou sits on thy nurses knie ;
But and thou live this hundred zeir,
Thy fathers better thoul't never be.

Farweil, my bony Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Esk-syde thou standest stout,
Gif I had livd but seven zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.

John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant companie ;
But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,
To see so many brave men die.

Because they savd their country deir
Frae Englishmen, nane were sae bauld ;
Quhyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,
Nane of them durst come neir his hald.

The air of this ballad, commemorating an event in 1529, is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and in Ritson's Collection of Scottish Songs, as well as in the Museum. It would appear to be the progenitor of that class of airs so frequently noticed under the name of *Todlen Hame*—*Lament for the Chief*—*Robidh donna gorradh*, and several others. Robert Hastie, formerly town-piper of Jedburgh, who was a famous reciter of the old Border ballads, had a similar, but still more simple, set of the tune than any of them. It extended only to four lines of the poetry, in place of eight in the printed collections. The notes, as he chanted them in my infancy, (for he really was

Edinburgh, now in the possession of the present Editor, he observes, that Burns has made several alterations on the old verses. These, however, do not always appear to be for the better; and the tune is evidently altered for the worse. The original air consists of one simple strain, and this is repeated for the chorus. It is here annexed with the old verses, which are said to be the composition of Lady Ann Lindsay, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray."

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Lo-gie of Buchan, O Lo-gie the laird, They hae
 ta'en a-wa Ja-mie that delv'd in the yard, Wha play'd on the
 pipe and the vi-ol sae sma', They hae ta'en a-wa Jamie, the
 flow'r o' them a'.

Chorus to be sung to the same notes.

*He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa ;
 He said, think nae lang, lussie, tho' I gang awa ;
 For simmer will come when cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite of them, a'.*

II.

Tho' Sandie has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house, and a hadden, and siller forbye ;
 Yet I'd tak mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him wi' the houses and land.

CHORUS.—*He said, think nae lang, lassie, &c.*

III.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor ;
 Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

IV.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loed mè sae weel ;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gae me the half o't, when he gaed awa.

*Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.*

CCCLIX.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

THE hero of this ballad was the Right Honourable William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south-west of Scotland in 1715. Having left Kenmure at the head of about two hundred horsemen, and formed a junction with the troops under the command of General Forster, he marched as far as Preston in Lancashire. Here, however, his lordship surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion, and was appointed to be conducted, with many of his unfortunate followers, to London, in 1715. Arriving at Highgate, each of the prisoners was placed on horseback, with his arms firmly pinioned, and a foot soldier holding the reins of his bridle. On the 9th of that month, General Tatton, who commanded the detachment, left Highgate with the prisoners, and proceeded to London, drums beating a victorious march, and the mob strengthening the chorus with the horrid din of marrow-bones, cleavers, and warming-pans. In this disgraceful

triumph were the unhappy captives led through the streets of the city, amidst the hootings and insults of a barbarous rabble, and conducted to the several prisons assigned to receive them. Lord Kenmure and several other noblemen were committed to the tower. He was afterwards tried, and (very unjustly, as some thought) beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February 1716.

Burns transmitted the ballad in his own hand-writing, with the melody to which it is adapted, to Mr Johnson. Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," printed in 1810, has inserted three additional stanzas, which he pretends are of equal merit and antiquity with those in Ritson's Scottish Songs (copied from the Museum), but they are evidently spurious and modern. They are here annexed, however, for the reader's inspection.

THERE'S a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie ;
 There's a rose Kenmure's 'cap ;
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blede
 Afore the battle drap.

He kissed his ladie's hand, Willie ;
 He kiss'd his ladie's hand ;
 But gane's his ladie-courtesie,
 When he draws his bludie brand.

His ladie's cheek was red, Willie ;
 His ladie's cheek was red ;
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smell'd o' deadly feud.

It might rather have been supposed, that the lady's cheeks would have assumed a pale in place of a red colour, situated as she was; and as to the expressions, *ruddie heart's blede* and *ladie courtesie*, they seem inexplicable.

CCCLX.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

THIS song, beginning "O, leeze me on my spinning-wheel," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The beautiful melody to which the verses are adapted was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth book of his

Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 10th, under the title of "Sweet's the Lass that loves me."

CCCLXI.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

THE words of this song, beginning "Where live ye, my bonny lass," as well as the tune, were transmitted by Burns to Johnson in the poet's own hand-writing. It appears in no other collection. In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "I do not know a blyther old song than this." The greater part of it, however, is his own composition.

CCCLXII.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THIS old comic song appears in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. It contains two verses more than the copy inserted in the Museum, which were chiefly omitted on the score of delicacy. The pretty tune to which the words are adapted in the Museum was communicated by Burns; but a respectable old lady informed the Editor, that, in her early days, the verses were usually sung to the well known air of "Bab at the Bowster," *alias* "The Country Bumpkin."

CCCLXIII.

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," was recovered by Ramsay, and printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1725. Both Bishop Percy and Mr Ritson have inserted it in their respective Collections. Ritson says, that "the two last stanzas were probably added by Ramsay; they are evidently spurious." The verses recovered by Ramsay are only a fragment of the old ballad. The first part of it, entitled "Willie and May Margaret," may be seen in Gilchrist's Collection, vol. i. Willie, the hero of the piece, resolves to visit his sweetheart, Margaret, contrary to the advice of his mother. He accordingly sets out, and, arriving at her door, is peremptorily refused admittance. On his return home, he is drowned in attempting to cross the River Clyde. His ghost afterwards appears to the

fickle Margaret. Such are the leading incidents of the ballad, which appears to have been a great favourite with our ancestors. Several stanzas of it are interwoven with another old piece, entitled "Clerk Saunders," printed in the second volume of "The Minstrelsy of the Border." It is a curious fact, that the chief incidents of Burger's celebrated German ballad, *LEONORA*, which has been admirably translated by Mr Taylor of Norwich, Sir Walter Scott, and others, have evidently been taken from the old Scottish ballad of "WILLIAM'S GHOST." In Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v., is an air entitled "William's Ghost," but it is evidently modern. The tune, as inserted in Ritson's Collection and in the Museum, is genuine.

CCCLXIV.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HOME.

THIS song, beginning "The noble Maxwells and their powers," was written by Burns, as a tribute of respect to Mr Maxwell of Nithsdale. The verses are adapted to an air composed by the late Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. The old castle of Terreagles, to which the poet alludes, is situated in a parish of the same name, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

CCCLXV.

JOHNIE BLUNT.

THIS old song, beginning "There liv'd a man in yonder glen," as well as its ancient simple air, were transmitted by Burns for the Museum. It is said that this song is the original of "Get up and bar the Door," inserted in the third volume of the Museum.—*See Notes on Song, No 300.* Tradition reports, that John Blunt resided in the parish of Crawford in the county of Lanark.

CCCLXVI.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning "In simmer, when the hay was mawn," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The verses are adapted to the old air, entitled "The Coun-

try Lass," which is inserted in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. Henry Carey, in composing the melody to his song, "Of all the girls that are so smart," or, "Sally in our Alley," has evidently borrowed from this tune; as he has taken the greater part of the melody of "God save the King," from that of "Remember, O thou man," inserted in Forbes Cantus, printed at Aberdeen in 1666, merely by changing the key from the minor to the major mode.

CCCLXVII.

FAIR ELIZA.

THIS song, beginning "Turn again, thou fair Eliza," was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to a Perthshire air, taken from Macdonald's Collection. In Burns' MSS. I observe, that the original title of the song was *Fair Rabina*, which was afterwards altered to *Fair Eliza*, for the sake of euphony. Burns, in a note to Johnson, which is annexed to the song, says, "So much for your Rabina—How do you like the verses? I assure you, I have tasked my muse to the top of her performing. However, the song will not sing to your tune; but there is a Perthshire tune in Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, which is much admired in this country. I intended the verses to be sung to that air. It is in page 17th, and No 112. There is another air in the same Collection, an Argyleshire air, which, with a trifling alteration, will do charmingly; it is in page 20, No 133." Rabina was a young lady to whom Mr Hunter, a friend of Mr Burns, was much attached. This gentleman went to Jamaica, and died there shortly after his arrival.

CCCLXVIII.

FAIR ELIZA.

THIS is the same song as the last, adapted to the Argyleshire air, No 133 of Macdonald's Collection, mentioned by Burns, with a slight variation in order to suit the words.

CCCLXIX.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

THIS very humorous ballad, beginning "Hearken, and I will tell ye how," is published in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, with the signature Z, to denote that it was then considered to be very old. It was likewise printed in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* with the music, in 1725. The tune also appears in Mrs Crockat's *Manuscript Collection*, written in 1709, now in the Editor's possession.

Burns says, "this lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times, *whan thieves were rife*, and the lads went a-wooning in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or launces. Willie's durk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person."—*See Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, with Critical Observations by Robert Burns, edited by R. H. Cromek, vol. ii. London, 1810.*

CCCLXX.

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

WE are indebted to old David Herd for recovering this curious fragment of romantic ballad, beginning "As I was a-walking all alone." Herd published it in his *Collection*, first edition, in 1769, and Ritson copied it, with the melody, from the *Museum*, in which the words and music appeared together for the first time. It is said that Sir Walter Scott is now in possession of a complete copy of the ballad, communicated to him by the late Mr Joseph Ritson.

CCCLXXI.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

THIS Jacobitical effusion is another unclaimed production of Burns. It is adapted to an air which has always been a favourite in the low country, and to which several of their songs have been sung. The ballad on the celebrated pirate, Paul Jones, beginning "You've all heard of Paul Jones, have you not? have you not?" was sung to the same

tune. There is another ballad to the same air, beginning "My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame," published as a single sheet song by N. Stewart and Co. Edinburgh, said to have been written by a lady on the death of an officer, 1794. The late Hector Macniell, Esq. told me, however, that he was the author of this ballad himself.

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY.

My luve's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame ;

My luve's in Germany, send him hame ;

My luve's in Germany,

Fighting for royalty,

He may ne'er his JEANIE see,

Send him hame.

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

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

He's brave as brave can be,

He wad rather fa' than flee,

His life is dear to me,

Send him hame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonny dame, bonny dame ;

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonny dame ;

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,

For he fell in Germany

In the cause of Royalty,

Bonny dame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea—Willie's slain, Willie's slain ;

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea—Willie's slain ;

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,

To his luve and ain countrie ;

The warld's nac mair for me—

Willie's gane !

CCCLXXII.

THE POOR THRESHER.

THIS ballad, beginning "A nobleman liv'd in a village of late," was transmitted by Burns, in his own hand-writing, to Johnson. In a note, accompanying it, the bard says, "*It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never, that I know of, was printed before.*"

CCCLXXIII.

THE POSIE.

THIS song, beginning "O luve will venture in where it darena weel be seen," was written by Burns for the Museum.

In the Reliques, Burns says, "It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his Roslin Castle on the modulation of this air. In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses, to which it was sung when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit. The following is a specimen :

THERE was a pretty May, and a milken she went,
 Wi' her red-rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair ;
 And she has met a young man coming o'er the bent,
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

O where are you going, my ain pretty May,
 Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair ?
 Unto the yowes a milken, kind sir, she says,
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
 Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair ?
 Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir ? she says,
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

&c. &c. &c.

Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, printed in Dr Currie's edition of Burns' Works, dated 19th October, 1794, says, "The Posie, in the Museum, is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country; but the old words are trash. By the bye, take a look at the tune again, and tell me if you do not think it is the original from which Roslin Castle is composed. The second part in particular, for the first two or three bars, is exactly the old air."

Burns labours under a mistake, in supposing that Oswald composed the beautiful air of Roslin Castle. The tune did not receive this name, until Mr Hewit, who was Dr Blacklock's amanuensis, wrote the song of Roslin Castle, and adapted it to the old air, entitled "The House of Glammis, or Glammis Castle," in Forfarshire, the seat of the Earl of

Strathmore. It is printed with the old title in Macgibbon's Collection, book ii.

Neither in the Caledonian Pocket Companion, nor in the Forty-three Scots Airs, with Variations, dedicated to the Earl of Bute, does Oswald himself make the least pretensions as the composer of the air of Roslin Castle, although he prefixes an asterisk to the other tunes which were composed by him. Indeed he could not have claimed it without instant detection.

CCCLXXIV.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

THIS song, beginning "*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,*" was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to an air, formerly called *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, which was the joint composition of Mr James Miller, Deputy teind-clerk, Edinburgh, and the late Mr Stephen Clarke, organist in the same city. The Editor was acquainted with all the parties, and therefore the following facts, as related by Burns, may be depended upon. In a letter to Mr Thomson, dated November, 1794, the bard says, "There is an air, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. *Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon*; this air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the *black keys*; but this account

which I have just given you, Mr Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to shew you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted, that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish Gentleman, who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a Countess informed me, that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I, myself, have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them."

Burns alludes to the following passage in Ritson's Historical Essay on Scottish song, page 102. As truth, not system, is the object of this inquiry, the following communication, from a very ingenious and much esteemed musical friend, appeared too interesting to be suppressed.—“When I was in Italy, it struck me very forcibly, that the plain chants which are sung by the friars or priests, bore a great resemblance to some of the oldest of the Scottish melodies. If a number of bass voices were to sing the air of *Barbara Allan* in the ecclesiastical manner, the likeness would appear so great to a person who is not accustomed to hear the former frequently, that he would imagine the one to be a slight variation from the other. That accident might be the cause of original invention, the underwritten will prove,—About twelve years ago (1782), on trying my Piano-forte, after tuning, by putting my fingers casually (with some degree of musical rhythmus) upon the short keys, avoiding the long ones, it surprised me much to hear an agreeable Scottish melody. This is so curious and so certain, that those who are totally ignorant of music may amuse themselves by playing the same measure and motion of any well known tune upon the short keys only, which, in modern instruments, are

made of ebony, to distinguish them from the long ones, which are generally made of ivory."

It remains to be observed, that the two stanzas in the Museum are the genuine production of Burns. The original manuscript of the song, which is written upon a slip of Exercise paper, with red ink lines on the back, is now lying before the present Editor. The two additional stanzas in the Glasgow Pocket Encyclopedia Song-book, beginning "O blow ye flow'rs your bonnie bloom," are spurious. They were written by the late John Hamilton, Music-seller, in Edinburgh, as he himself informed me.

CCCLXXV.

DONOCHT-HEAD.

THIS charming song, beginning "Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-Head," was written by Thomas Pickering, Esq., author of several other fine songs. Mr Thomson inquired of Burns if he was the author of Donocht-Head, and received the following answer: "Donocht-Head is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald; and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." See his letter to Mr Thomson, dated 19th October 1794, printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of his works.

The verses are adapted to the fine old pathetic air, called *Gordon Castle*, which was published in M'Gibbon's Scots Tunes, and afterwards by Oswald in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 9th. X

The reader is presented with another specimen of Mr Pickering's poetical talents.

A LAPLAND SONG,

By THOMAS PICKERING, Esq.

THE snows are dissolving on Torno's rude side,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide;
Thy stream, O Lulhea, flows swiftly away,
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to-day.

Far off the keen terrors of winter retire,
And the north-dancing streamers relinquish their fire;

The sun's genial heat swells the bud on the tree,
And Enna chants forth her sweet warblings with glee.

The rein-deer unharness'd in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er Odin's deep precipice stray ;
The wolf to the forest recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides through the sky.

Then haste, my fair Enna, oh ! haste to the grove,
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love,
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,
For the winter of life scarce a transport can know.

This song was arranged as a glee for three voices by Dr Horsley, and dedicated to his friends the Misses Stapleton.

CCCLXXVI.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

THIS very humorous song, beginning *Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed*, was written by Burns purposely for the Museum. The words are adapted to a tune called "The Eight Men of Moidart," which was formed into a strathspey, and published by Bremner, in his Collection of Reels and Country Dances, about the year 1764.

CCCLXXVII.

LADY MARY ANN.

THIS fine song, with the very beautiful old air to which it is adapted, were communicated by Burns. It was modelled by Burns from a fragment of an ancient ballad, entitled "Craigton's Growing," still preserved in a manuscript collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, in the possession of the Rev. Robert Scott, minister of the parish of Glenbuckect. Several old ballads, which have hitherto been considered as lost, appear in this collection.

CCCLXXVIII.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

THIS song, beginning "Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame," is likewise an unclaimed production of Burns. It is adapted to the old air, entitled "A Parcel of Rogues in the Nation," which appears both in M'Gibbon and Oswald's Collections. Dr Blacklock had also written a song to the same melody ;

for Burns, in a note subjoined to his verses, says, *I inclose what I think the best set of the tune. Dr B's words, inclosed, may follow the same tune.* Johnson, however, omitted the Doctor's verses, as he had no room on the plate.

CCCLXXIX.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THIS comic ballad, beginning "There lived a Carle in Kelly-burn braes," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. Burns, however, modelled his ballad from an old one sung to the same tune. Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song," has published the following verses, entitled "Original of Burns' Carle of Kelly-burn Braes."

THERE was an auld man was hauding his plow,
Hey! and the rue growes bonnie wi' thyme!
 By came the devil, say, "How do you do?"
And the thyme it is withered and rue is in prime.

It's neither your ox, nor your ass that I crave,
Hey! &c.
 But its your auld scaulding wife, man, and her I maun have,
And, &c.

Go take her, go take her, the auld carle said,
Hey! &c.
 Ye'll no keep her lang, and that I'm afraid,
And, &c.

The devil he mounted her on his back,
Hey! &c.
 And awa like a pedlar he trudged wi his pack,
And, &c.

He carried her on till he came to hell's door,
Hey! &c.
 And bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,
And, &c.

He placed her on his big arm chair,
Hey! &c.
 And thousands o' devils came round her to stare,
And, &c.

But ay as they at the auld carlin play'd pouk,
Hey! &c.
 She gaed them a bann, and she lent them a clout,
And, &c.

A reekit wee devil glowr'd owre the wa',

Hey! &c.

Says, help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a',

And, &c.

The deil he came up wi' a good brunstane rung,

Hey! &c.

And out at the door the auld carlin he swung,

And, &c.

He hynt up the carlin again on his back,

Hey! &c.

And awa fu' blythely he trudged wi' his pack,

And, &c.

He carried her owre an acre or two,

Hey! &c.

Till he came to the auld man hauding his plow,

And, &c.

And ay as the auld carle ranted and sang,

Hey! &c.

In troth my auld spunkie ye'll no keep her lang,

And, &c.

Gude-morrow, most sadly, the auld carle said,

Hey! &c.

Ye're bringing me back my auld wife I'm afraid,

And, &c.

I try'd her in spunks, and in caudrons I try'd her,

Hey! &c.

And the wale o' my brunstane wadna hae fry'd her,

And, &c.

I stapped her in the neuk o' my den,

Hey! &c.

But the vera damn'd ran whan the carlin gaed ben.

And, &c.

Sae here's a gude pose for to keep to yoursel',

Hey! &c.

She's nae fit for heaven, and she'll ruin a' hell,

And, &c.

In a note annexed to the foregoing ballad, Cromek says, "This original and highly-relieved song, was retouched by Burns. Yet there is reason to believe he had not seen the whole of the verses which constitute the present copy, as it contains many characteristic traits that his critical taste would have held sacred."

The reader, on comparing Cromek's ballad with that of Burns' inserted in the Museum, will have no difficulty in discovering that a considerable portion of Cromek's pretended original, as he calls it, is a contemptible modern fabrication, and is as inferior, in point of humour, to that of Burns, as any two compositions can possibly be. It is really too bad to affirm, that Burns would have held *sacred* such abominable trash. He was a man of a very different stamp.

CCCLXXX.

EVANTHE.

THIS song, beginning "When, dear Evanthe, we were young," was written by Dr Blacklock for the Museum. The air is likewise the Doctor's composition. The original words and music, copied by his amanuensis, are in the Editor's possession.

CCCLXXXI.

JOCKEY FOU, AND JENNY FAIN.

THIS song is printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, who affixes the letter Q to it, to show that it was an old song with additions. Burns added the four following lines to suit the tune to the words.

LET love sparkle in her ee,
 Let her loe nae man but me;
 That's the tocher gude I prize,
 There the lover's treasure lies.

Burns, upon the manuscript sent to Johnson, has the following note: "These are the old words, and most excellent words they are: set the music to them, and let Dr Blacklock's words follow to the same tune." The air in the Museum has received some recent embellishments. See notes on song No 298.

CCCLXXXII.

AY WAKIN', O.

SEE notes upon another set of this tune, which is inserted in the third volume of the Museum, page 222, song No 213 of that work. This set of the tune was transmitted by Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, Esq. to Mr Stephen Clarke.

CCCLXXXIII.

PATIE'S WEDDING.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "As Patie came up frae the glen," was published by David Herd in the second volume of his Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1776. The words are adapted to a modernized set of the air, to which a foolish old ballad was sung, beginning

WE'LL put the sheep-head in the pat,
 Horns and a' thegither ;
 We'll make broth of that,
 And a' sup thegither ;
 We'll a' sup thegither,
 A' lye thegither,
 We'll make nae mair beds,
 Till it be warmer weather.

This curious song is inserted in the fifth volume of the Museum. See notes on song No 479.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

THE words and music of this song, beginning *It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral*, were communicated by Burns for the Museum. The air, it is said, is an original African melody.

CCCLXXXV.

ORAN AN AOIG; OR, THE SONG OF DEATH.

THIS charming song, beginning "Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies," was written in 1791 by Burns, for the Museum. The verses are adapted to a Gaelic melody in Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs. In a letter addressed to Mrs Dunlop, dated Ellisland, 17th December, 1791, and printed in the second volume of Dr Currie's edition of Burns' works, the bard says, "I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology.

"SCENE—A field of battle—Time of the day, Evening,—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following

“SONG OF DEATH.”

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad-setting sun !
 Farewell, loves and friendships ; ye dear tender ties !
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors—thou life's gloomy foe !
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou for the brave !

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name !
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark,
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last-ebbing sands—
 O who could not die with the brave !

“The circumstances that gave rise to the foregoing verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran an Aoig* ; or, *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.”

Both Mr Ritson and Mr George Thomson have copied this song from the Museum into their respective Collections. The former has retained the original Gaelic air, but the latter has adapted the verses to the tune of “My Lodging is on the cold Ground.” Dr Currie has pronounced this song to be “worthy of the Grecian Muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for wisdom and valour.” In a note inserted in the first volume of Dr Currie's edition, it is said, that “the poet had an intention, in the latter part of his life, of printing it separately, set to music, but was advised against it. The martial ardour, which rose so high afterwards on the threatened invasion, had not then acquired the tone necessary to give popularity to this noble song, which, to the Editor, seems more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence in a season of real pressing danger, than any production of modern times.

CCCLXXXVI.

AFTON WATER.

THIS song, beginning "Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes," was written by Burns, and presented by him, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, to Mrs Stewart of Afton Lodge, for the notice she had taken of the bard, being the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life. He afterwards transmitted the verses, alongst with the beautiful melody to which they are adapted, to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum.

Afton is a small river in Ayrshire, a tributary stream of the Nith. Mrs Stewart inherited the property of Afton Lodge, which is situated upon its banks, in right of her father.

CCCLXXXVII.

BONNY BELL.

THIS song, beginning *The smiling morn comes in rejoicing*, is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the Museum.

CCCLXXXVIII.

GREEN SLEEVES.

THIS song, beginning "Ye watchful guardians of the fair," was written by Allan Ramsay, and printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. The verses are adapted to the old tune, called *Green Sleeves, and Pudding Pies*, the first line of an old licentious song. Bishop Percy says, "It is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and bawdy were composed, to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green Sleeves, and Pudding Pies*, (designed to ridicule the popish clergy,) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns. *Maggy Lauder* was another; *John Anderson, my jo*, was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine." See Percy's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. Tradition, in this instance, however, is opposed to written evidence, as has been

fully demonstrated in the notes to “John Anderson, my Jo,” and elsewhere. See notes on song No 260.

The air of “Green Sleeves,” originally consisted of one strain, and was equally popular in England as in Scotland, upwards of two centuries ago; many of the old English ballads being directed to be sung to this tune, which also went under the name of “Nobody can deny.” It may be seen almost in its primitive state, under the title of *The Blacksmiths*, in Henry Playford’s *Wit and Mirth*, vol. i. London 1698. The second strain, however, is at least as old as 1657, as it appears in “The Dancing-Master” of that year. John Christopher Pepush, *Musc. Doc.*, who, at the request of Gay and Rich, selected and prepared the music to the *Beggar’s Opera* in 1727, from various ballads and country-dance tunes then in vogue, adapted Gay’s song, beginning *Since laws were made for ev’ry degree*, sung by Macheath, to the tune of *Green Sleeves*.

CCCLXXXIX.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

THIS song, beginning “Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,” was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to a beautiful air, communicated by himself, and selected from the first book of Aird’s (of Glasgow) Collection, under the title of *The Weaver’s March*.

The White Cart is a small river in Renfrewshire, which takes its rise in the parish of Eaglesham, and, after passing the town of Paisley, celebrated for its various *productions of the loom*, joins the Black Cart at Inchinnan-bridge, and falls into the Clyde near Renfrew.

CCCXC.

SLEEPY BODY.

THIS song is a translation of the following Latin verses, printed in Ramsay’s *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the letter Q affixed, to denote that the verses were old with additions. The only addition is, the translation of the original Latin verses into Scottish metre.

Somnolente, quaeso repente
 Vigila, vivat, me tange.
 Somnolente, quaeso repente
 Vigila, vive, me tange.
 Cum me ambiebas,
 Videri solebas
 Amoris negotiis aptus ;
 At factus maritus
 In lecto sepitus
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

Thomson published the Scottish translation with the original tune in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1733, and left out the Latin verses, which were sung to the same air.

It is a curious circumstance, that Oswald, although he had inserted this air in the third book of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, page 17th ; yet, in his fourth book, page 7, he has a *jig* to the air of *The Plowman*, nearly in the same notes which constitute the melody of *Sleepy Body*. This charming old air, however, is certainly deserving of much better words than any of those, whether Latin or Scottish, to which it has hitherto had the misfortune of being united.

CCCXCI.

I LOVE MY JOVIAL SAILOR.

THE words and music of this song were sent anonymously to Johnson, who thought them entitled to a place in the Museum. They are to be found in no other work yet extant. The tune, however, seems to be nearly allied to an air called *The auld Man's Mare's dead*, which likewise goes under the name of *The Oyster Wench*.

CCCXCII.

HEY CA' THRO', CA' THRO'.

THIS lively old air, with its humorous verses, beginning "Up wi' the Carles of Dysart," were communicated by Burns to the Editor of the Museum. This song is not yet to be found in any other publication.

CCCXCIII.

WHILE HOPELESS, AND ALMOST REDUC'D TO DESPAIR.

THIS plaintive song was composed, and communicated to Johnson, by Mr R. Mundell of Edinburgh, with the air to which the verses are adapted in the Museum.

CCCXCIV.

O CAN YOU LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN.

IN the second volume of *Select Scottish Songs*, with Critical Observations by Burns, edited by Mr Cromek, Burns informs us, that this song, beginning *I feed a man at Martinmas*, has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite. The first verse should be restored to its original state.

I FEED a lad at Roodmass,
 Wi' siller pennies three;
 When he cam hame at Martinmass,
 He coudna labour lea.
 O can ye labour lea, young lad?
 O can ye labour lea?
 Indeed, quo' he, my hand's out,
 And up his graith pack'd he.

“The old way, (says he) is the truest; for the terms Roodmass is the hiring fair, and Hallowmass the first of the half year.” But the present Editor always heard the first line of the song in these words, “I feed a lad at Michaelmas,” which is the head hiring fair.

This old tune was modelled into a strathspey, called the “Miller’s Daughter;” which Shield selected for one of his airs in the overture to *Rosina*; and Gow afterwards printed the air from that overture, under the name of “Sir Alexander Don’s Strathspey.” It is now called “Auld Lang Syne.”

CCCXCV.

ON THE DEATH OF DELIA’S LINNET.

THIS elegiac song, beginning “O all ye loves and groves lament,” with the modern Scottish air to which the words are adapted, appeared for the first time in the *Museum*. The author, however, is still anonymous.

CCCXCVI.

THE DEUKS DANG O’ER MY DADDIE.

THIS humorous ditty, beginning “The bairns gat out wi’ an unco shout,” was written by Burns for the *Museum*. The bard, however, has introduced two or three lines from the old words, which it would have been better to have left out.

This tune was probably introduced into England about the union of crowns in 1603; for it was well known in the early days of old John Playford, who published it along with many other Scots tunes in his *Dancing Master*, in 1657, under the title of the "Buff Coat." The import of the old Scottish name of the tune could not be generally, if at all, understood in England. Dr Pepush adapted Gay's song to this air, beginning "Why that languish? O, he's dead! O, he's lost forever!" introduced in the musical opera of *Polly*, or the second part of *The Beggar's Opera*, in 1729.

CCCXCVII.

AS I WENT OUT AE MAY MORNING.

THE words and music of this old ballad were communicated to Johnson by Burns, in the poet's own hand-writing. Some of the verses seem to have been retouched by our bard; but it would have been better had he altered a little more of it.

CCCXCVIII.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

BURNS picked up this charming old melody in the country, and wrote the verses to which it is so happily adapted in the Museum. Gow has lately introduced this beautiful tune in the third book of his *Complete Repository*, dedicated to the Countess of Loudon and Moira, page 9th.

CCCXCIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THIS comic song, beginning "The Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town," was written by Burns for the Museum. The original is written upon a slip of excise paper, ruled on the back with red lines. It is said, that at a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries, our poet, on being called for a song, handed these verses extempore to the president upon the back of a letter. The old name of the tune, to which the words are adapted, was "The Hemp-dresser;" and it is published with the genuine title in old Playford's *Dancing-Master*, so frequently alluded to. It was afterwards known by the name of "The Sun had loos'd his weary Team," from the first line

of a comic English ballad which appeared in the first volume of the "Pills to purge Melancholy," printed at London in 1698.

CCCC.

MISS WEIR.

THE words and music of this humorous song, beginning "O love, thou delights in man's ruin," were transmitted to Johnson for his Museum, by Burns, in the poet's own handwriting. It is said to be the composition of a dissenting clergyman at Biggar.

END OF PART FOURTH.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART IV.

CCCIV.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

THIS song is altered and improved, from one that appears (at p. 85.) in the volume of Poems mentioned by Mr Stenhouse, which was printed by subscription, and has the following title: "Poems Pastoral, Satirical, Tragic, and Comic. By JOHN LEARMONT. Carefully corrected by the Author.

My Muse is a queer wayward wight,
 And cramm'd with many a quirky flight:
 She soaring whiles mounts out of sight,
 Beyond the moon;
 Next dizzy 'mong the shades of night
 Comes donart down.

"Edinburgh, printed for the Author, &c. 1791." 8vo. pp. 414. The dedication to "Charles Earl of Dalkeith, and heir-apparent to his Grace Henry Duke of Buccleugh," is dated from Dalkeith. The prefatory address to the public, states, that "The author is a gardener by profession, and a poet (if he deserves that appellation) by propensity; and labours under the disadvantage of a stinted education." The volume includes a dramatic piece, entitled "The Unequal Rivals, a Pastoral." In a poetical dedication, he thus alludes to his connexion with Eskdale; but he himself, it is supposed, was a native of Tweeddale.

Accept, O Eskdale, these a Bardy's lays,
 Ta'en frae thy gowany glens, and cowslip bras:

Accept o' this frae him—a tribute due
 Unto thy bold inhabitants and you.
 I on your banks attun'd my rustic strains,
 Till fell misfortune drove me frae your plains.
 Tho' Fate convey me to the Snowy Isles,
 Where ne'er a flower reflects the sunny smiles
 To generous Eskdale I wad tune my lays ;
 And lilt her grottos and her sunny braes ;
 Her birken bowers, &c.—(p. 260.)

Before the publication of this volume, the author had obtained the situation of head gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch at Langholm Lodge, while his namesake and relation, John Learmont, was head-gardener at Dalkeith Palace. The latter retired, at an advanced age, before 1806, and was succeeded by Mr Macdonald ; while the former, who is described as having “ studied poetry more than raising garden-stuff,” lost his situation. After this he lived, I understand, near Colinton, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he died probably more than thirty years ago.

CCCXIV.

THE WHISTLE.

“ THERE are some odd blunders in the legend of the Whistle, which a pedigree of the Maxwelton family in my possession enables me to mention. There was no Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton prior to, or during the reign of King James the Sixth. Stephen, the third son of John Laurie, the first of the family on record, and an inhabitant of Dumfries, purchased the lands of Maxwelton from the Earl of Glencairn in the year 1614. He was succeeded by his son, John, who died in the year 1649 ; and his son and heir, Robert, was created a baronet on the 27th of March, 1685. By his second wife, Jean Riddel, daughter of the Laird of Minto, he had three sons and four daughters, of whom Catharine was married to Walter Riddel of Glenriddell, and Anne to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch. His son, Sir Robert, was killed, when a lad, by a fall from

his horse in the year 1702. So the story of Queen Anne's drunken Dane may be regarded as a groundless fable, unless such a person came over in the train of Prince George of Denmark, the husband of our last Queen Anne, which is not very probable."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXI.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

“THIS is the song which Burns altered, and thought he had ‘improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.’ It is usually attributed to Aytoun, and is just as likely, from its easy and graceful style, to have been written by him as by any of his contemporaries; but in Watson's Collection, part iii. p. 91 (where Burns probably found it), it is anonymous; as it also is in Playford's earlier musical collection of ‘Select Ayres and Dialogues, 1659.’ There are a few slight variations between the two copies which it is not necessary to specify.”—(Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. i. p. 323).

Sir ROBERT AYTOUN, a younger son of the family of Kinaldie in Fife, was born in the year 1570, and educated at St Andrews. He was knighted by King James, and dying at London, in March 1638, he was interred in Westminster Abbey. Some account of his life, and a collection of his Poems are contained in “The Bannatyne Miscellany,” Vol. I. p. 299–324. Edinb. 1828, 4to.

CCCXXIV.

WHAR WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

“THE more modern version of this song was said to have been composed on the beautiful Lady Anne Cochrane, Duchess of Hamilton, who, at an early age, died in child-bed. She is still remembered by tradition as ‘bonnie Annie;’ but her portrait at Holyroodhouse, and a cast of her face at Hamilton, inspire no admiration of her charms. The former, indeed, is very ill done; and I have been told

that the latter was taken after her death. Her Epithalamium and Elegy are to be found among the poems of Allan Ramsay.”—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXV.

GALLOWAY TAM.

MR STENHOUSE concludes his note with expressing a doubt as to the antiquity of this air. “Gallua Tam,” occurs, however, as the title of an air in Sir R. Gordon of Straloch’s MS. Lute Book, 1627.

CCCXXVII.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

“The nursery song ran thus:—

O, WHAR ha’ ye been a’ day,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
O, I’ve been at my stepmither’s,
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did scho gie to you to eat,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?—
Scho gied to me a wee fishie;
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did scho catch the fishie in,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
Scho catch’d it in the gutter hole,
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did ye do wi’ the banes o’t
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
I gied them to my little dog,
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did your little doggie do,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
It stretch’d out its head an’ its feet, and dee’t,
An’ sae will I, mammie, noo.

“The nurse, or nursery-maid, who sung these verses (to a very pretty plaintive air), always informed her juvenile audience that the stepmother was a rank witch, and that

the fish was an ask (*i.e.* newt) which was in Scotland formerly deemed a most poisonous reptile. In that very amusing book, the Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, "asks" are explained "newts—animals of the lizard species; they are always considered to have poison somewhere about their *hinnerliths*."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXVIII.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

JEAN GLOVER, to whom this song is ascribed by Burns, and whom he describes in language sufficiently explicit, was the daughter of a weaver in Kilmarnock. The author of the "Contemporaries of Burns," has succeeded in collecting some information regarding her history, from which it appears that she was born in that town, 31st of October 1758. Having become enamoured with a strolling player who frequented that part of the country at fairs, and other occasions, she eloped with him; and afterwards pursued an irregular course of life, but perhaps not quite so disreputable as Burns's words imply. She occasionally visited her native town in company with the "slight-of-hand blackguard," whom Burns mentions, and whose name was Richard. She is still remembered in that neighbourhood. "An old woman, with whom we conversed (says the author of the work referred to), also remembered to have seen Jean at a fair in Irvine, gaily attired, and playing on a tambourine at the mouth of a close, in which was the exhibition-room of her husband the conjurer. "Weel do I remember her," said our informant, "an' thocht her the bravest woman I had ever seen step in leather shoon."—P. 37.

Jean Glover pursued this vagrant course of life till the year 1801, when she died, it is supposed, at Letterkenny in Ireland, in the 43d year of her age.

A ballad, under the same title, "O'er the Muir amang the Heather," by Stewart Lewis, is inserted at p. 338 of Mactaggart's Gallovidian Encyclopedia. Lond. 1824. 8vo.

CCCXXXIV.

DONALD COUPER.

THE mock poem, the "Highland Host," was printed in 1697, in a posthumous volume of Cleland's Poems, but it must have been written at least eight or ten years earlier, as the author, Lieut.-Col. WILLIAM CLELAND, was killed at Dunkeld in August 1689, at the early age of twenty-eight.

CCCXL.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

IN the Index to the Museum, "This Song of Genius" (as Burns calls it), is assigned to "Miss C*****n," and it has been correctly attributed to MRS DUGALD STEWART; with the exception of the first four lines of the last stanza, which were supplied by Burns to suit the music. See page 319. This lady, HELEN D'ARCY CRANSTOUN, was the third daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun, youngest son of William Fifth Lord Cranstoun. (Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. i. p. 369). She was born in the year 1765; married Professor Dugald Stewart, of Catrine, Ayrshire, 26th of July 1790, and died at Warriston House, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, 28th of July 1838.

The following verses, I have reason to believe, were also written by Mrs Stewart. They breathe, in graceful language, the same strain of tender feeling, with her justly admired song, "*The Tears I shed*;" and I am sure the reader will be gratified in thus possessing another specimen of her lyrical talents, hitherto confined to the circle of a few private friends of that accomplished Lady.

Returning Spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the Earth, and smooths the deep;
All nature smiles, serene and gay,
It smiles, and yet, alas! I weep.

But why, why flows the sudden tear,
Since Heaven such precious boons has lent,

The lives of those who life endear,
And though scarce competence,—content.

Sure when no other bliss was mine
Than that which still kind Heaven bestows,
Yet then could peace and hope combine
To promise joy and give repose.

Then have I wander'd o'er the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view ;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt,
That happy bosom knew no ill,
That those who scorn'd me time would melt,
And those I loved be faultless still.

Enchanting dreams, kind was your art
That bliss bestow'd without alloy ;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter still than joy.

Oh! whence the change that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye ;
And conquers the once powerful charms
Of Youth, of Hope, of Novelty.

'Tis sad Experience, fatal power,
That clouds the once illumin'd sky,
That darkens life's meridian hour,
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far
From that which youthful fancy drew ,
Shows joy and prudence oft at war,
Our woes increased, our comforts few.

And when, perhaps, on some loved friend
Our treasured fondness we bestow,
Oh! can she not, with ruthless hand,
Change even that friend into a foe ?

See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the rose to 'scape the thorn,

And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more ;
Alas ! are all my hopes betray'd ?
Can nought my happiness restore ?

Relentless power, at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart ;
Give caution, but withhold distrust,
And guard, but harden not my heart.

CCCXLII.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALOGH.

IN some collections, this favourite song is ascribed to MRS GRANT of Carron, and, in others, to MRS MURRAY of Bath. This difficulty has been explained by a note received from George Thomson, Esq., the correspondent of Burns, and Editor of the "Scottish Songs." "Mrs Grant of Carron," says Mr T., "is the same lady who married Dr Murray of Bath, but I know not her maiden name, nor whether she be alive or dead,—dead probably, for she was well up in years when she married the Doctor, whom I knew well, a warm-hearted Irishman, and a very good flute player. She was generally understood to be the writer of "Roy's Wife," but I cannot help you to any written authority for the fact. You are quite right in suspecting traditional authorities *in general*. They are little to be relied on."

Through the obliging inquiries of John P. Grant, Esq. (son of the late Mrs Grant of Laggan), I have since learned the following particulars respecting this lady. Her maiden name was Grant, and she was born, near Aberlour, on the banks of the river Spey, about the year 1745. She was twice married, first to her cousin, Mr Grant of Carron, near Elchies, on the river Spey, about the year 1763; and, secondly, to a physician in Bath, whose name is stated to have been Dr Brown, not Murray. She died at Bath

sometime about 1814; and is not known to have written any other song than "Roy's Wife."

In regard, however, to the name of Mrs Grant's second husband, I cannot think there can be any question, after what Mr Cromek states in his "Select Scottish Songs," Lond. 1810. In giving the substance of an interesting conversation he had with that lady, he expressly terms her "Mrs Murray (married to Dr Murray of Bath), and authoress of the celebrated song, 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.'"—(vol. i. p. 55).

Cromek has also, in the same work, given a communication from "Mrs Murray of Bath" respecting Ross of Lochlee (who died in 1783), and after alluding to 'his humble abode,' and the character of the inhabitants of that secluded district, she says, "I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland."—(vol. i. p. 206.)

CCCXLVI.

A COUNTRY LASS.

"MR RITSON, in his Northumberland Garland, gives what is probably the original of this ballad—the hero of which was George Stoodle, 'dwelling some time on Gate-side Moor, and some time at Newcastle.' He was executed, A. D. 1610."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXLVII.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE SEVER.

AT page 358 of the music, this song is said to have been "written for this work by Robert Burns." It was, in fact, written by him as a kind of parting address to the lady with whom he corresponded under the assumed name of Clarinda (see p. 220), at the time when she meditated a trip to the West Indies, for the benefit of her health.

Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review on Burns's Reliques, refers to this song, and says, "The

following exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales:—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Lord Byron also, quotes the same lines as a motto to his “Bride of Abydos.”

Burns, in his directions to Johnson, desires the words to be set to “Rory Dall’s Port,” a tune included in Oswald’s and other collections. This popular air, however, is ascertained to be of greater antiquity than was imagined; as it occurs in Gordon of Straloch’s Lute-Book, written in 1627. As these Highland Ports, are a very uncommon description of music, an exact copy of the air, as it occurs in Gordon’s MS., but here given in modern notation, is subjoined, through the kind assistance of George F. Graham, Esq.

Mr Graham, in answer to a request that he would harmonize one or other of these old Scottish airs, remarks, that “all the best tunes in that MS. are not susceptible of any thing like a regular and continuous harmony. By applying to them any thing of that kind, I might attempt in vain to exercise ingenuity while I utterly ruined the peculiar style and character of these airs. They never were intended for *harmony*—such as we find in ancient or modern elaborated compositions. I allude especially to the *Ports*, which are the wildest, most peculiar, and best of these tunes; and *certainly Scottish*, if there is any faith in national tradition. All the best of our old Scottish melodies have been destroyed in their true characteristics by the *forced* application to them of a *modern* system of *harmony*, which belongs to a system of composition that has little or nothing in common with the old and purely *melodic* style belonging to *all the most ancient* national airs in the world; when such a thing as artificial harmony was not dreamed of. I have alluded strongly to

this modern error in the latter part of the appendix to my
" Essay on Music."

RORY DALL'S PORT.

A musical score for a piece titled "RORY DALL'S PORT." The score is written on ten staves, each containing a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The music is a single melodic line with a bass line indicated by a colon and a bass clef. The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first staff contains the first four measures. The second staff contains the next four measures. The third staff contains the next four measures, with a double bar line and repeat sign after the second measure. The fourth staff contains the next four measures. The fifth staff contains the next four measures. The sixth staff contains the next four measures, with a double bar line and repeat sign after the second measure. The seventh staff contains the next four measures. The eighth staff contains the next four measures. The ninth staff contains the next four measures. The tenth staff contains the final four measures, ending with a double bar line and repeat sign.

The following remarks, suggested by this and the other Ports contained in the Straloch MS., are from the pen of a musical friend to whom a copy of the tunes had been submitted.

“ With respect to the tune called ‘ Rory Dall’s Port,’ lately deciphered from Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch’s MS., it will be at once seen, that, although it bears the same name with that given in the ‘ Museum,’ it is totally dissimilar from it. The former, of course, is the genuine air, and being of a date contemporary with its author, and written for the lute, an instrument somewhat analogous to the harp, for which it was composed, it may be presumed to have been but little altered from the original.

“ Macdonald, in his *Essay on Highland Music* (p. 11), and Gunn, in his ‘ *Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland*’ (pp. 95, *et seq.*), have furnished us with some interesting particulars relative to a blind harper, called Roderick Morison, who was generally known by the name of *Rory Dall*, or Blind Rory, and whom they describe as ‘ the last person in this country who possessed the talents of bard and harper, of poet and composer of music, in an eminent degree.’ He is said to have been born a gentleman, and to have lived on that footing at Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, in the family of a Laird of Macleod, one of the last of the Celtic proprietors who kept up, on a liberal scale, the full retinue of the Highland chief. Mr Macdonald, whose *Essay* was published in 1781, says, that after the death of this Macleod, the establishment was abandoned; ‘ a measure which the poor neglected bard lamented, in an excellent elegy on his patron, which was printed in a late collection of Gaelic poems.’

“ This may probably be a specimen of Rory’s poetry; but whether that which we have here given is to be considered as a specimen of *his* music, or the music of some predecessor of the same name, is somewhat doubtful. The date of the

Straloch MS. is 1627, and the Rory Dall above mentioned, is said by Macdonald to have flourished *in the end* of the 17th century. Mr Gunn also speaks of a pupil of his—one Murdoch Macdonald, called Murdoch *Clarsair*, or 'the Harper,' who remained in the family of Coll in quality of harper, until the year 1734, and, if these statements are correct, there must have been more than one Rory Dall of musical celebrity. But as traditional information of this nature is seldom to be depended upon with respect to dates, it is more probable that we could never boast of more than one of these personages, who, in the imposing language of Mr Macdonald, 'like Demodocus, was blind, and like him, graced his poetry with the music of the harp;' and that the true era of the bard was the age of James VI., a supposition which is not irreconcilable with a circumstance alluded to by Mr Gunn, as having occurred after the breaking up of his old patron's establishment, when, *about the year* 1650, he says, that he accompanied the Marquis of Huntley on a visit to Lude House, and there composed a 'Port' or air, which was called 'Suiper Leoid,' or 'Lude's Supper.' Mr Gunn also speaks of another harper and composer, who lived in the reign of James VI. and Charles I., called John Garves Maclean of Coll.

"We are sorry to observe that our Highland countrymen have, for these many years, been so much engrossed in sounding the praises and tracing the pedigrees of their pipers, and in reviving the warlike strain of the 'piob mhor,' that they seem to have ceased to feel any interest in the softer, more delicate, and peaceful instrument, the harp, and its more poetical and accomplished professors. Nor is it easy to account for the circumstance that while so enlightened and powerful an association as the Highland Society have done so much for the encouragement of pipes and pibrochs, they should have made no attempt to revive the practice of an instrument once in such high estimation

in this country, and to which most of our ancient airs, both Highland and Lowland, were originally adapted. A little more, at least, might, with propriety, have been done, and may still be accomplished, towards the recovery of the many fine 'Luineags' and 'Ports' with which Scotland at one time abounded, and some of which it may not yet be too late to arrest in their progress towards oblivion. So many years, however, have elapsed since the harp was cultivated in the Highlands, that in any enquiries of this kind we can place no faith whatever in tradition, by which we are certain that the original airs must have been altered and modernized;* but must look entirely to early transcripts, such as those of the Skene and Gordon MSS. The former contains only one of the class of airs, called 'Ports,'† viz. 'Port Ballangowne,' and this happens to be *the same* with the Rory Dall's Port of the Straloch MS., although the particular version given in the latter, and which is here published, differs from and is, we think, very superior in style and character to that contained in the Skene MS. The musical reader cannot fail to regard it as a great curiosity. It is a precious relic of the last of the Highland bards; not like most of our old airs taken down from its ancient model and rebuilt after the modern fashion, but presented to our view, as nearly as possible, in its original state. The Straloch MS. has also been

* "Macdonald remarks, 'There is indeed a strong likeness between the Irish songs and the Highland luineags. *If the latter are shorter and more incomplete, it seems owing to their being preserved by oral tradition among a people who of late had no regular musicians.* Whereas the great Irish families continued to the last passionately fond of their national peculiarities, and entertained, in their houses, harpers that were the depositaries of their best pieces of music.'"

† "Port, in Gaelic, signifies an air, either sung or played upon an instrument; but Mr Tytler, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, very correctly describes this species of composition as of the plaintive strain and *modulated for the harp.* Every 'Port' which we have seen answers this description."

the means of restoring four other Ports which Mr G. F. Graham has translated, and all of these are equally remarkable with that now mentioned, exhibiting along with the vigorous and strongly marked features of a bygone age, not a little of the 'master's hand and poet's fire,' for which Scotland was anciently so renowned. The style of their modulation is particularly bold and striking, and if we were to compare them with any music of the present day with which we are acquainted, we would say that they reminded us chiefly of some of the wilder and more gloomy conceptions of Beethoven's adagios. In these particulars, and as showing that the 'land of the mountain and the flood' at one time possessed a style of harp minstrelsy peculiarly its own, and different from that of Ireland and Wales, these remains are not only interesting but instructive."

I beg to subscribe to the above suggestion, that some encouragement to Harp-playing, even at the expense of what our Celtic brethren consider their national music, would be highly worthy of the Highland Society. There can be no doubt, I think, that the Rory Dall who gives his name to the Port in the Straloch MS. must have flourished at the end of the 16th, or early part of the 17th century; and unless the traditionary notices are altogether erroneous, he must have had a successor of the same name, distinguished as a harper. In "Waverley," there is mention thus made of Roderick Morison: "Two paces back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands." In a notice appended to the last edition of Macintosh's Gaelic Proverbs, p. 199, Edinburgh, 1819, 12mo., it is stated that a harper, named "Rory Dall, lived in the family of Macleod of Macleod, in Queen Anne's time, in the double capacity of harper and bard to that family; and that many of his songs and poems are still repeated by his countrymen. But there is a Gaelic proverb,

in that volume, "Am Port is feàrr a sheinn Ruadhrih riamh, ghabhta seirbh dheth." *The best tune Roderick ever played, one may tire of.*

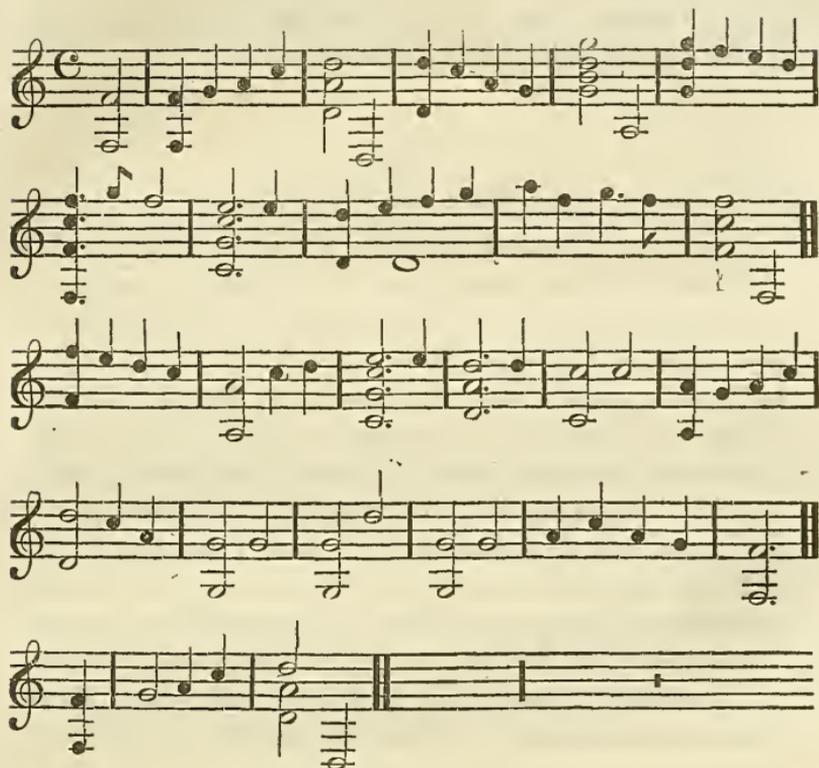
As there are four other Ports contained in the Straloch Manuscript, I avail myself of this opportunity to introduce two of these old, wild characteristic airs, as they are likely to possess more than common interest to persons who may wish to examine the earlier relics of genuine Scottish melody. The first is simply entitled

A PORT.

The musical score for "A PORT" is presented on six staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff continues the melody, featuring a double bar line and a repeat sign. The third staff continues the melody with a double bar line. The fourth staff continues the melody with a double bar line. The fifth staff continues the melody with a double bar line. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Two others bear a similar title ; but the following specimen which we have here selected, is called—

JEAN LINDSAY'S PORT.



On the subject of Highland airs, in general, the reader may be referred to P. Macdonald's Collection, to Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, two vols., to Angus Mackay's Pipe Tunes, 1838, and to the volume entitled "An Historical Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland; from the earliest times, until it was discontinued, about the year 1734." By John Gunn, F. A. S. E. Edinburgh, 1807, 4to.

CCCLI.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

"It is a mistake to say that this song was written on purpose for Johnson's Museum, as it was first published in the

Kilmarnock edition of Burns, 1786, before the poet had any connexion with Johnson. It was, indeed, one of his earliest compositions—on a girl named Margaret Thomson at Kirkoswald.—See his autobiographical letter to Dr Moore.”—(Note by Mr R. Chambers).

CCCLVII.

JOHIE ARMSTRONG.

MR STENHOUSE, at the close of his long note on this old popular ballad, inserts the air to which he was accustomed to hear it chaunted when a youth, by Robert Hastie, town-piper of Jedburgh. (See page 335.) At page 389, he has also given another favourite air of the Border Musician's, as performed in his younger days. The late Mr Alexander Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology, made occasional tours to different parts of the country, partly with the object of collecting local tunes; and I possess a MS. Journal by him, in 1816, when he visited Roxburghshire, in which he has introduced a notice of the most eminent Border pipers of the last century, which I may take this opportunity to extract. As stated, it was written down from the communication of Mr Thomas Scott at Monklaw, (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott,) who was himself a skilful performer.

“ Monday, 21st [Oct. 1816], Mr Thomas Scott performed many pieces on the pipe, two of which I noted down; after which, I jotted down the particulars following regarding the best Bag-pipers of the Border, most of whom he himself knew personally.

“ A List of the best Border Bag-pipers (together with a few particulars regarding them) who lived from about the beginning of the year 1700, down till about the commencement of the year 1800, noted down from Mr Walter Scott's uncle, Mr Thomas Scott, presently resident at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, 21st Oct. 1816:—

“ 1. Walter Forsyth, piper to Mr Kerr of Littledean, Roxburghshire: He was an excellent performer.

“ 2. Walter Forsyth (son of the former) was gamekeeper to the then Duke of Roxburghe; the son was reckoned likewise a good piper. The third in succession of celebrated Border pipers was,

“ 3. Thomas Anderson, by trade a skinner, in Kelso. The father and grandfather of Thomas Anderson were esteemed good performers on what is called *the Border or Bellows-bagpipe*. They lived about the close of the seventeenth century.

“ 4. Donald Maclean, piper at Galashiels (father to the well-known William Maclean, dancing-master in Edinburgh), was a capital piper, and was the only one who could play on the pipe the old popular tune of “ Sour Plums of Galashiels,” it requiring a peculiar art of pinching the back hole of the chanter with the thumb, in order to produce the higher notes of the melody in question. He died about the middle of the eighteenth century. Richard Lees, manufacturer in Galashiels, has the said William Maclean’s bagpipes in his possession.

“ 5. John Hastie, piper of Jedburgh, lived about the year 1720 (see his elegy). He was the first performer who introduced those tunes now played in Teviotdale on the bagpipe. Mr Thomas Scott is decidedly of opinion, that the Border bellows-bagpipe is of the Highland (or, at any rate, the north-east coast) origin, as all the pipers with whom he was acquainted positively declared. This is a remarkable fact, not generally known, and difficult of belief. The small Northumberland bagpipe differs considerably from the one alluded to, particularly in the mode of execution. The successor of John Hastie, was

“ 6. Robert Hastie (nephew of the former). Mr Thomas Scott, thinks that Hastie succeeded his uncle about the year 1731: he was reckoned a good performer.

“ 7. George Syme, was supposed to have been born and

bred in one of the Lothians. He was the best *piper of his time*; he knew the art of producing the high octave by pinching the back hole of the chanter, which was reckoned a great improvement. He was the best piper of his day. He lived about the middle of the eighteenth century.

“The earliest Pipers (Mr Thomas Scott says) of the *Scotish Border*, properly speaking, were of the name and family of Allen, who were born and bred at Yettam, in Roxburghshire. They were all tinkers. The late James Allen was piper to the Duke of Northumberland, and was the best performer on the loud and small bagpipes of his time. He being a *Border-lifter*, the poor fellow was caught hold of in some of his *lifting exploits*, and cast into prison; but escaping justice, and set at large, he renewed his *bye-jobs*, was again incarcerated, and condemned to be hanged; which sentence was, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Northumberland, changed to imprisonment for life. He died in jail, at the advanced age of eighty years and upwards, about two months before his pardon came down from the King: this happened in the year 1808.

“After jotting down the preceding notices respecting the most celebrated Pipers of the Border, I took my leave of the venerable, cheerful, intelligent, and worthy gentleman who so liberally made the communication, and proceeded to Jedburgh, which is within little more than a mile from Monkton, to deliver my letter of introduction to Robert Shortreed, Esq., the Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, the old and intimate friend of his brother sheriff, Walter Scott.”

Sir Walter Scott records, that his uncle, Mr Scott, “died at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, at two of the clock, 27th January 1823, in the 90th year of his life, and fully possessed of all his faculties. He read till nearly the year before his death; and being a great musician on the Scotch pipes, had, when on his death-bed, a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him

in full possession of it. After hearing it, he hummed it over himself, and corrected it in several of the notes. The air was that called *Sour Plums in Galashiels*.”—(Lockhart’s Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 102. 12mo edit.)

It may be added that, in Kay’s Portraits, vol. ii. p. 137, there is a biographical sketch and portrait of George Syme, one of these pipers. He was an inhabitant of Dalkeith, and died probably about 1790. The print is dated 1789, and has this inscription—

This represents old Geordy Sime,
A famous piper in his time.

CCCLVIII.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY was certainly not the authoress of this song, or ballad, which is said to have been composed by George Halket, schoolmaster at Rathen, in the year 1736 and 7. She was born in 1750. See page *311.

Mr Peter Buchan, in a little volume of “Gleanings of scarce old Ballads,” Peterhead, 1825, 12mo, has inserted this ballad, with a minute account of the alleged author, from which an extract follows:—“GEORGE HALKET, was born in Aberdeenshire, but in what place, or in what year, is not certain; he was, however, parochial schoolmaster at Rathen, in the years 1736 and 7. He inherited a rich vein of humour for satirical poetry; which was dedicated, like most of his contemporaries, to the service or aggrandizement of the Jacobite party. His poetry was long familiar to the peasants in that corner of the country, and rehearsed and sung by them at their festivals and merry meetings with great eclat, some of them having a religious tendency. He is the author of the well known Jacobite song of ‘Whirry Whigs awa’, man,’ although he contrived to father it upon a

————— Will Jack
Who had Corskelly boats in tack;

But who could neither read nor write,
Tho' wonderfully could indite.

Which are the lines commonly appended to most copies of this song, and which have led people to think this William Jack was the author. From Rathen, he was obliged to remove to the fishing town of Cairnbulg, for having a scuffle with Mr Anderson (who was at that time minister) in the church upon a Sunday. He continued long in Cairnbulg, and had a full school. It was here where 'Whirry Whigs' was written. In the year 1750, he removed to Memsie, &c. Mr Halket died where he had spent the most pleasant part of his life, at Memsie, in the year 1756, and was buried within the old churchyard of Fraserburgh, at the west end of the aisle."

CCCLIX.

O, KENMURE'S IN AND AWA', WILLIE.

THE three stanzas quoted from Cromeck, were written by Allan Cunningham.

CCCLXIII.

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THIS ballad occurs in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, which was probably not printed before 1734. In June 1728, at least, Allan Ramsay advertised the work as in three volumes (*Caled. Mercury*); and the London edition, 1733, contains the three in one, and professes to be "the completest and most correct of any yet published." In the preface, Ramsay states, that in the first two volumes, he himself had written verses for above sixty of the songs, and that "about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection." It is

to be regretted that Ramsay has not specified the names of "the ingenious young gentlemen" to whom he was indebted, but, at the head of the Index, he mentions, that "the Songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c., are new words by different hands; X, the author unknown; Z, old songs; Q, old songs with additions." The following is a list of the songs thus marked. The references are to the pages of the 1733 edition.

W. B. (Sir William Bennet of Grubet?)—Sandy and Betty, p. 157.

C. (Robert Crawford). 1. The Bush aboon Traquair, p. 2.—2. Tweedside, p. 4.—3. The Rose in Yarrow, p. 40.—4. Down the Burn, Davie, p. 49.—5. My Deary, if thou die, p. 59.—6. Song, *Beneath a beech's grateful shade*, p. 76.—7. Allan Water, *What numbers shall the muse repeat*, p. 93.—8. Song, *One day I heard Mary say*, p. 140.—9. Cowdenknows, *When Summer comes*, p. 155.

2 C. (Sir John Clerk?)—To Mrs A. H. on seeing her at a Concert, *Look where my dear Hamilla smiles*, p. 19.

D. (Dickson?)—An Ode, *Though beauty like the Rose*, p. 3.

G. ().—A Song, *Subjected to the Power of Love*, p. 32.

H. (Hamilton of Bangour).—Song, *Adieu, Ye Pleasant Sports and Plays*, p. 191. There are seven other Songs by Hamilton, but without any initials at the end.

I. H. (Heywood?), Jamaica.—Song, *I Toss and Tumble through the Night*, p. 152.

I. (Attributed to King James V).—The Gaberlunzie Man, p. 84.

L. (Lauder?)—1. To Chloe, *O, Lovely Maid*, p. 15.—2. Song for a Serenade, *Teach me, Chloe*, p. 17.—3. Song, *Come, Fill me a Bumper*, p. 52.

M. (Joseph Mitchell).—1. The Promised Joy, *When we meet again, Pheby*, p. 10.—2. A Song, *Leave Kindred and Friends, Sweet Betty*, p. 30.—3. Song, *As Sylvia in a Forest Lay*, p. 65.

D. M. (David Malloch, or Mallet).—William and Margaret, p. 148.

O. (Oliphant?)—1. The Faithful Shepherd, *When Flowery Meadows*, p. 11. 2. A Song, *Celestial Muses, tune your Lyres*, p. 31.

P. (Major Pack?)—Song, *Beauty from Fancy takes its Arms*, p. 120.

Q. (Old Songs with additions), pages 24, 63, 88, 106, 108, 141, 164, 165, 169, 170, 195, 211.

R. (Robertson of Struan?)—1. To Delia, on her drawing him to her Valentine, p. 11. 2. Song, complaining of Absence, *Ah, Chloe! thou Treasure*, p. 37.

S. R. ()—The Broom of Cowdenknows, p. 14, *How blyth ilk morn was I to see*.

T. R. ()—Song, *Of all the Birds, whose Tuneful Throats*, p. 137.

S. (Symmers?)—Song, *Is Hamilla then my own*, p. 5.

W. ()—Song, *Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why*, p. 33.

I. W. Q. ()—A Bacchanal Song, *Come, here's to the Nymph that I love*, p. 172.

W. W. (Walkinshaw, or Hamilton? See pages 128, *205).—Willy was a Wanton Wag, p. 206.

X. (Songs by authors unknown), pages 6, 18, 38, 40, 41, 50, 51, 72, 73, 128, 130, 134, 145, 150, 204, 212.

Z. (Old Songs), pages 7, 21, 28, 64, 76, 89, 98, 119, 123, 133, 135, 138, 142, 153, 167, 181, 184, 186, 192.

Of the several contributors to the Tea-Table Miscellany, the first place is justly due to the author of "Tweedside," and "The Bush aboon Traquair." At page *113, I endeavoured to identify him as ROBERT CRAWFURD, the second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy, by his first marriage, with a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry. Since then, I was gratified to find that the enquiries of my friend Mr Chalmers had led him to a similar conclusion. Mr C. further informs me, that Patrick Crawford, or Crawford, the father, died on 12th of May 1733, and his son Robert, the song writer, nearly at the same time, according to the following notice in a MS. obituary kept by Charles Mackie, Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh. The notice in Professor Mackie's "Index Funereus," is thus stated, —

"Crawford (Peter) of Achenaims, May 1733."

"———— (Robert) son to do, May 1733."

Mr Chalmers says, "the mother of Robert having died long before his father, Patrick Crawford married a second wife,

Jane, the daughter of Archibald Crawford of Achinames, whereby he acquired the estates of Achinames and Crosby. His second wife survived him, and died in June 1740; when her eldest son, Patrick Crawford, succeeded her in the estate of Achinames, &c. He was M.P. for Ayrshire, from 1741 till 1754; and for Renfrewshire, from 1761 till 1768. He died 10th of January, 1778. As he was called *old Peter Crawford*, he must have died advanced in years, and been born in the beginning of that century; and his half brother, Robert, the song writer, being a son of the first marriage, was probably born at the end of the preceding century, and we may suppose, was near forty years old when he died, in 1733."

CCCLXXI.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

"WE learn from the Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, that the song of Paul Jones, formerly so popular, was composed by one Hackston, who petitioned King George the Third for the office of laureate, subscribing himself poet and private English teacher, parish of Borgue. Paul Jones hath of late times burst forth as an historical hero, and a knight of romance. I allude to his graver biography, and the very ingenious fiction composed by Mr Cunningham—his sister Jenny, who becomes a sort of queen in the latter work, was chambermaid to William Kirkpatrick of Allisland, second son of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn—and an honest pains-taking servant, though she never reached the dignity of a sovereign princess."—(C. K. S).

MR ALLAN CUNNINGHAM ascribes the ballad on Paul Jones, alluded to at p. 343, to "a schoolmaster in Gallo-way." He says, that the song in the Museum was founded by Burns on some old verses; and that "the air is very popular, and has been compelled to bear the burthen of much indifferent verse."—(Edit. of Burns, vol. iv. p. 243). I hope he does not mean to include in this number his own fine

verses, which originally appeared in Cromek's *Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*; and which have been honoured by Sir Walter Scott, by quoting some of the lines in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. They are included also in Hogg's *Collection*, although it is absurd enough to consider such a song as belonging to the Jacobite series. Let the reader, however, judge for himself.

I.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
 The larks shall sing me hame to my ain countrie;
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

II.

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 And green it will grow in my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

III.

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
 But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

IV.

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
 But the sun thro' the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e,
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The following is an older version of "A favourite Song," not to be found in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, transcribed from a common stall copy, printed about the year 1780.

There is no mistaking their meaning; as they evidently refer to the year 1746, and the Duke of Cumberland.

And from home I wou'd be,
 And from home I wou'd be,
 And from home I wou'd be,
 To some foreign country;
 To tarry for a while,
 Till heaven think fit to smile;
 Bring our King from exile
 To his own country.

God save our royal King,
 And from danger set him free;
 May the Scots, English, and Irish,
 Flock to him speedily;
 May the ghosts of the Martyrs,
 Who died for loyalty,
 Haunt the rebels that did fight
 Against King and country.

May the *Devil* take the Dutch,
 And drown them in the sea;
 Butcher *William*, and all such,
 High hanged may they be;
 Curse on the volunteers,
 And an ill death may they die,
 Who did fight against our *Prince*
 In his own country.

May the rivers stop and stand,
 Like walls on every side;
 May our Highland laddie fight,
 And Jehovah be his guide.
 Dry up the river Forth,
 As thou didst the Red Sea,
 When the Israelites did pass
 To their own country.

Let the *Usurper* go home
 To his own country with speed,
 Even far beyond the main,
 With all his spurious breed;
 Then we'll crown our lawful *Prince*,
 With mirth and jollity;
 And we'll end our days in peace,
 In our own country.

CCCLXXVII.

LADY MARY ANNE.

“ THE words of the ballad mentioned by Mr S. as ‘ Craigston’s growing,’ are subjoined from a MS. It may be observed that young Urquhart of Craigston, who had fallen into the power of the Laird of Innes, was by him married to his daughter Elizabeth Innes, and died in 1634. —See Spalding’s History, vol. 1. p. 36.”—(C. K. S).

Father, she said, you have done me wrang,
For ye have married me on a child young man,
For ye have married me on a child young man,
And my bonny love is long a growing.

Daughter, said he, I have done you no wrang,
For I have married you on a heritor of land ;
He’s likewise possess’d of many a bill and band,
And he’ll be daily growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing

Daughter, he said, if ye do weel,
Ye will put your husband away to the scheel,
That he of learning may gather great skill ;
And he’ll be daily growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

Now young Craigston to the college is gane,
And left his lady making great mane,
And left his lady making great mane,
That he’s so long a growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

She dress’d herself in robes of green,
She was right comely to be seen ;
She was the picture of Venus the queen,
And she’s to the college to see him.

Growing, deary, growing, growing
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

Then all the colligeners war playing at the ba',
 But young Craigston was the flower of them a',
 He said—" play on, my school fellows a' ;"
 For I see my sister coming.

Now down into the College Park,
 They walked about till it was dark,

* * * * *

And she'd no reason to compleen of his growing.
 Growing, deary, growing, growing :
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly's my bonny love growing.

In his twelfth year he was a married man ;
 In his thirteenth year there he gat a son ;
 And in his fourteenth year his grave grew green,
 And that was an end of his growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly's my bonny love growing.

The song in the Museum was communicated by Burns, who had noted both the words and the air from a lady, in 1787, during his tour in the North of Scotland. The old ballad upon which it is founded, was first published by Mr Maidment, in the " North Countrie Garland," Edinburgh, 1824, 12mo. A traditional copy of the ballad, as preserved in the West of Scotland, will be found in Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. iii. p. 42.

CCCLXXIX.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THE original ballad, still preserved by tradition, was much improved in passing through Burns's hands.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

" I BELIEVE that Burns took the idea of his verses from ' the Betrayed Maid,' a ballad formerly much hawked about in Scotland, of which a transcript from the stall copy is subjoined.

Listen here awhile, a story I will tell
 Of a maiden, which lately fell.
 It's of a pretty maid, who was betray'd,
 And sent to Virginio.

“ It's on a bed of ease, to lie down when I please,
 In the land of fair England, O ;
 But on a bed of straw they lay me down full low,
 And alas ! I'll be weary, weary, O .

Seven years I served to Captain Gulshaw Laird,
 In the land of Virginio ;
 And he most cruelly sold me to Madam Guy ;
 And alas, I'll be weary, weary O .

He billets from the woods upon our backs doth bring ;
 In the land of Virginio ;
 And water from the spring upon our heads we bring,
 And alas, I'll be weary, weary O .

Our master he doth stand with a lash in his hand,
 Crying—‘ come boys, come away ’—
 And we must not stay to gang, but away we do run,
 And alas, I'll be weary, weary O .

Our lady goes to meat, when we have nothing to eat,
 In the land of Virginio ;
 At every meal of meat they lash us with a whip,
 And alas ! I'll be weary, weary O .

Our lady goes to walk, we must be at her back,
 In the land of Virginio ;
 And when the babe doth weep, we must lull it to sleep,
 And alas, I'll be weary, weary O .

I have no company but the silly spider fly,
 In the land of Virginio :
 And down below my bed, where she works her tender web,
 And alas, I'll be weary, weary O .

'Tis needless for me to think of liberty,
 From the land of Virginio.
 We're watch'd night and day, for fear we run away,
 And alas, I'll be weary, weary O .

We are yoked to the plough, and wearied sore enough,
 In the land of Virginio.

With the yoke about my neck, my back is like to break,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

If it were my chance to Old England to advance,
From the land of Virginio ;
Never more would I be a slave to Madam Guy ;
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

“ Perhaps some of my readers will be surprised to learn, that the Slave trade was carried on here in the year 1768, and probably later. The following Advertisement is extracted from the Edinburgh Evening Courant. Monday, April 18, year above-mentioned.

“ A Black Boy to Sell.

“ To be Sold, a Black Boy, with long hair, stout made, and well limb'd, is good tempered, can dress hair, and take care of a horse indifferently. He has been in Britain near three years.

“ Any person that inclines to purchase him, may have him for L.40, he belongs to Captain Abercrombie, at Broughton.

“ This Advertisement not to be repeated.”—(C. K. S).

CCCXCIII.

WHILE HOPELESS AND ALMOST REDUC'D TO DESPAIR.

DR ROBERT MUNDELL, the author of this Song, and of the air to which the words have been adapted, still survives at Closeburn, at a very advanced age, having been born in the month of September 1758. After completing his studies at the College of Edinburgh, where he obtained the degree of A. M. he was, in the year 1784, appointed assistant and successor to his father, Mr Alexander Mundell, then Rector of the celebrated Grammar School and Academy at Wallace Hall, in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire. On the death of his father, in 1791, Mr M. succeeded to the sole charge of the Academy, and he still continues to discharge its duties. In the course of last

year, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Glasgow.

CCCXCVI.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

“ ORIGINAL words, from a 4to MS. Collection of Old Songs in my possession.”—(C. K. S.)

The nine pint bicker's fa'n off the bink,
 And broken the ten pint cannie;
 The wife and her kimmers sat down to drink,
 But ne'er a drap gae the gudemannie.

The bairns they a' set up the cry,
 The deuks hae dung o'er my daddy"—
 “ There's no muckle matter,” quo the gudewife,
 “ For he was but a daidling body.”

CCCXCIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

MR LOCKHART, in his *Life of Burns* (8vo edit. p. 310), has given a different account from that related at page 359 of this volume, of the circumstances under which these clever verses were composed.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART V.

CCCCI.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THIS song, with the exception of the first half stanza, which is old, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum; the air is the composition of Oswald. It was published in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 9. under the title of "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," with an asterisk in the index, a mark which he annexed to such tunes as were originally composed by himself.

Cromek observes, "That Burns's most successful imitation of the old style seems to be in these verses, entitled "The Lovely Lass of Inverness." He took up the idea from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. That he passed some of these as the popular currency of other years is well known, though only discovered from the variations which his papers contain. He scattered these samples, to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited."—See *Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern*, edited by R. H. Cromek, vol. ii. p. 129.

CCCCII.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune, "MAJOR GRAHAM'S STRATHSPEY."

THIS song, beginning "O, my luve's like a red, red rose," was written by Burns, and sent to Johnson for the Museum. The original manuscript is now before me. Burns, in a note annexed to the verses, says, "The tune of this song is in Neil Gow's first Collection, and is there called *Major Graham*. It is to be found on page 6 of that Collection.

Mr Clarke, after arranging the words of the song to the tune of Major Graham, observes, in a note written upon the music paper, that "once through the tune takes in all the words, except the last four lines, so that more must be added, or these left out." But this eminent musician might easily have made the words suit the melody, without adding or taking away one line, by either repeating both strains of the tune, or by singing each strain only once over. This was evidently the poet's intention; but Mr Clarke has made the second strain twice the length of the first, and this has occasioned the seeming deficiency.

CCCCIII.

Old Set—RED, RED ROSE.

THIS song contains the same words which Burns had intended for the tune of "Major Graham," above mentioned, including the four lines left out in Song No 402, from the mistake which Mr Clarke had fallen into in arranging the melody. The verses are here adapted to a very old and plaintive air, entitled "Mary Queen of Scots."—*See the following song.*

CCCCIV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.

THIS charming and pathetic ballad, beginning "Now nature hangs her mantle green," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. It is unquestionably one of the finest compositions of our immortal bard. With matchless skill, he has portrayed the situation and feelings of this beautiful

but unfortunate queen, languishing in a miserable dungeon, without a ray of worldly hope to cheer her afflicted soul. Can any thing be finer than the concluding lines, in allusion to her son, James VI. and the prospect of her own dissolution?

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

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn-winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !

And in the narrow house of death,
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

The verses are adapted to the ancient air, entitled " Mary Queen of Scots' Lament," which Burns communicated to the Editor of the Museum, amongst with the ballad. It consists of one simple plaintive strain, ending on the fifth of the key, and has every appearance of being one of our earliest tunes.

CCCCV.

A LASSIE ALL ALONE .

THE words of this song, beginning " As I stood by yon roofless tower," were written by Burns for the Museum. They are adapted to a tune, called " Cumnock Psalms," which was also communicated by the bard. The original manuscript is before me ; but Burns afterwards made several alterations on the song, in which the chorus was struck out and the title entirely changed. It is here reprinted, with his last corrections.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And by the moon-beam shook to see,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posy—LIBERTY !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear ;
 But, oh ! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times ;
 But what he said, it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

Dr Currie informs us, that “ The scenery so finely described is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden or Clouden, and by the ruins of Lincluden-Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV., of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, or Grose's *Antiquities* of that part of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with ærial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed, that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of *Libertie*, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be ques-

tioned whether, even in the researches of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation.—*Burns' Works, vol. iv.*

CCCCVI.

THE WREN'S NEST.

THIS nursery song, beginning "The Robin cam to the Wren's nest," appears to be a parody of some foolish old verses of a similar song, preserved in Herd's Collection, vol. ii., entitled "The Wren scho lyes in Care's Bed," or "Lennox's Love to Blantyre." The reader will likewise find the song alluded to in the fifth volume of the Museum, with its original tune, page 497.

Mr Clarke has the following note on his manuscript of the words and music. "The tune is only a bad set of 'Johnny's Gray Breeks.' I took it down from Mrs Burns' singing. There are more words, I believe. You must apply to Burns." But Johnson has written below Mr Clarke's observation, "there are no more words."

Compounded with the old & new words

CCCCVII.

PEGGY IN DEVOTION.

THE words inserted in the Museum to this tune, beginning "Sweet nymph of my devotion," are by an anonymous hand. The old verses, beginning

PEGGY in devotion,
Bred from tender years,
From my loving motion,
Still was called to prayers—

may be seen in Playford's Pills, first edition of volume ii. printed at London in 1700. They are there adapted to the same tune inserted in the Museum, entitled "The Scotch Parson's Daughter." The old song, however, is only a *pseudo-Scottish* production. It is likewise both indelicate and profane.

CCCCVIII.

JAMIE O' THE GLEN.

THIS humorous old song, beginning "Auld Rob, the laird o' muckle land," has long been a favourite in the south

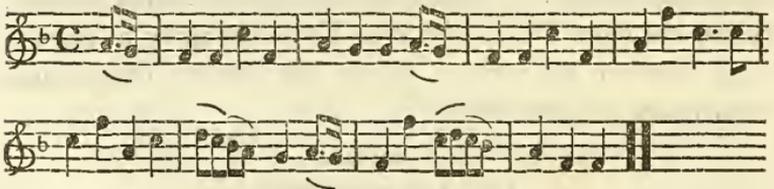
of Scotland, where the Editor has heard it sung from his earliest infancy; but neither the author of the words nor the composer of the tune are known. There is a striking coincidence in several bars of this old air and the tune called "O'er the Muir among the Heather."

CCCCIX.

O' GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUEDEMAN.

THIS ancient tune originally consisted of one strain. The second part was taken from one of Oswald's variations of the original melody, printed in the fourth volume of his Pocket Companion. The following is a correct set of the original melody, from a very old manuscript in the Editor's possession.

I WISH THAT YE WERE DEAD, GUEDEMAN.



This tune must have been quite common in Scotland long before 1549; for it is one of the airs to which the Reformers sung one of their spiritual hymns, beginning

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,
Keip faith and love till our gudeman;
For our gudeman in heuen does reigne
In gloir and bliss without ending.

The foolish old verses of the profane sang as it was called, are annexed.

CHORUS.

*I wish that you were dead, goodman,
And a green sod on your head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhead
Upon a rantin Highlandman.*

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

I wish, &c.

There's beef into the pat, goodman,
 There's beef into the pat, goodman;
 The banes for you, and the broo' for me,
 And the beef for our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

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

I wish, &c.

There's sax kye in the byre, goodman,
 There's sax kye in the byre, goodman,
 There's nane to you, and twa to me,
 And the lave to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

Upon comparing the old verses with the manuscript of this song, which Burns transmitted to Johnson in his own hand-writing, the present Editor observes, that our poet has made some verbal alterations, and omitted three stanzas of the original words; but, in their stead, he has added eight lines of his own.

CCCCX.

MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

THE author of this humorous and delightful song is unknown. It is neither to be found in the Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724, nor in Yair's Collection of 1749. It appears in Herd's Songs, printed in 1769. The song therefore was probably written between the years 1749 and 1769.

The verses have been adapted to different airs. The tune in the Museum was communicated by Burns, and answers the words extremely well, but it is evidently borrowed from "Merry may the Maid be that marries the Miller."—See the Museum, vol. ii. song 123. In Ritson's Scottish Songs, the words are set to a still more modern and a very indifferent air. In Gow's Fifth Collection of Reels and Strathspeys, page 32, is an air called "My Wife she's taen the Gee," said to be old, and communicated by the late Alexander Gibson Hunter, of Blackness, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh. The first strain of this tune precisely fits the words of the

song, and it may have been the genuine air to which the verses were originally sung.

The following anecdote relative to this song was related to the Editor, by a Field Officer of the Bombay establishment. Several years ago, some British Officers had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Tippoo Saib, who threw them into a dungeon in Seringapatam, where they were treated with great severity. Towards the approach of the then ensuing Christmas, they resolved to save a little out of the small pittance allowed for their support, in order to celebrate that natal day. With the fruits of their economy, they were accordingly enabled to purchase some liquor; and after their Christmas dinner, the glass, the toast, and the song, went cheerfully round. One of the officers, a Scotchman, when called upon for a song, favoured his messmates with "My Wife has taen the Gee." Next morning, Tippoo, as usual, inquired at the officer on guard, how the prisoners had conducted themselves over night? "They were very merry, and sung several of their national songs," was the answer. "Did you understand the import of any of them?" Only one, Sire, and it was all in praise of *Ghee*." (This is the name of a clarified oil, made from buffalo-milk, and greatly relished by the Asiatics.) "Have they ever had any *ghee* to their rice?" asked Tippoo. "No, never," replied the officer. "Then," said Tippoo, "let them henceforth have a suitable allowance of it daily." Accordingly, from that period until they obtained their liberty, these officers were regularly supplied with plenty of *ghee*, and their sufferings in other respects were considerably mitigated.

CCCCXI.

TAM LIN.

THIS romantic ballad or tale, beginning "O, I forbid you maidens a'" is of unquestionable antiquity. It has been a favourite on the borders of Scotland time out of memory.—The tale of the young *Tamlane* is mentioned in Vedderburn's Complaynt of Scotland, printed at St Andrews in

1549. The air, to which the words are uniformly chanted, had probably been used in former ages as a dancing tune, for the Dance of *Thom of Lynn*, which seems a variation of *Tam Lin*, is noticed in the same work.

The ballad is likewise quoted in a Christmas or Yule Medley, inserted in Wode's manuscript of the Psalms of David, set to music, (the bass part) with the following docket. "Set in IIII partes be an honorable man; David Peables, I. S. Noted and wreattin by me 'Thomas Wode, 1. December, A. D. 1566." This part of a curious and unique musical work, now lying before me, is at present (1820) the property of William Blackwood, Esq. bookseller in Edinburgh. The *soprano* part of the same work, written by the same person, belonging to the College Library of Edinburgh, has likewise been sent to the Editor for perusal, through the kindness of Principal Baird and Dr Duncan, junior. The reader is here presented with a few lines of this curious old medley.

" I saw three ladies fair
Singing, hey and how, upon yon green land-a;
I saw three marinells
Sing, row rinn below, upon yon sea strand-a.
As they begoud their notts to toone,
The pyper's drone was out of toone,
Sing, *Jollie Robin*; sing, *Young Thomlin*.
Be mirrie, be mirrie, be mirrie, be mirrie,
And twice so mirrie with the light of the moon;
Hey, hey, downe a downe; hey, downe a downe-a."

Sir W. Scott, in his "Minstrely of the Border," observes, that, like every popular subject, the tale of Tam Lin seems to have been frequently parodied as a burlesque ballad, beginning "Tom o' the Lin was a Scotsman boru," is still well known; and that he had seen it alluded to in another ancient manuscript in the possession of John Graham Dalyell, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh.

A fragment of this ballad, under the title of "Kerton Ha'," or "the Fairy Court," is in Herd's Collection. It begins—

SHE's prickt hersell, and prin'd hersel,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa to Kertonha'
 As fast as she can gang.

"What gars ye pu' the rose, Jenny?
 What gars ye break the tree?
 What gars ye gang to Kertonha'
 Without the leave of me?"

"Yes, I will pu' the rose, Thomas,
 And I will break the tree,
 For Kertonha' shou'd be my ain,
 Nor ask I leave of thee."

&c. &c. &c.

Kertonha' is a corruption of the name of Carteshaugh near Selkirk. The ballad in the Museum, as well as the original air, were communicated by Burns, in his own handwriting, to the editor of that work. This copy, with some alterations, was afterwards reprinted in the *Tales of Wonder*.

Sir W. Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, has likewise favoured the public with another edition of the ballad, under the title of "The Young Tamlane;" to which he has prefixed a long and ingenious essay on the fairies of popular superstition. Many of the stanzas in Sir W. Scott's version, however, if not by himself, are evidently the work of a modern hand. The language itself betrays the era of the writer.

The scene of the ballad of Tam Lin is laid in Selkirkshire. Carterhaugh is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, about a mile above Selkirk. Sir W. Scott says, "The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be the traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped, in order to effect his disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. *Miles Cross*, (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross) where fair Janet waited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh."—*Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 176.

CCCCXII.

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

THE words and air of this song were communicated by Burns; but neither of them are genuine. The words consist of a verse of a Jacobite song, with verbal alterations by Burns himself. The tune has half a bar in the first strain more than it should have; and Johnson, to mend the matter, has marked the time $\frac{9}{8}$ in place of $\frac{3}{8}$. A correct copy of the words and music is annexed.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO HIM THAT'S AWAY.

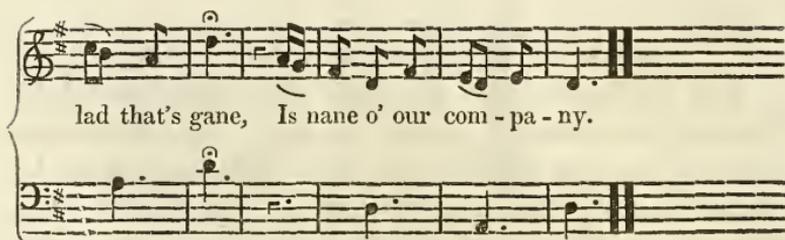
HERE'S a health to him that's a - way, Here's a health to

him that's a - - way, Here's to him that was here yestreen,

But durst nae a - bide till day. O wha winna drink it

dry? O wha win-na drink it dry? Wha win-na drink to the

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The time signature is 9/8. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system includes a double bar line in the middle of the vocal line. The fourth system concludes the lyrics.



*Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's to him that was here yestreen,
 But durst nae abide till day.*

O let him be swung on a tree,
 O let him be swung on a tree,
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Can ne'er be the man for me.

*Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's to him that was here yestreen,
 But durst nae abide till day.*

It's good to be merry and wise ;
 It's good to be honest and true ;
 It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
 Afore we be on wi' the new.

Burns left the following unfinished parody of the above song, which was found among his papers after his decease.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
 May never gude-luck be their fa'.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
 It's gude to be honest and true ;
 It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
 And abide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's a health to Charlie,* the chief o' the clan,
 Altho' that his band be sma'.

May liberty meet wi' success !
 May prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !

* The Right Honourable Charles James Fox.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's a health to Tammie,* the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's Chieftan M'Leod,† a chieftan worth gowd,
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw.

CCCCXIII.

AULD LANGSYNE.

BURNS communicated this old fragment, with the third and fourth verses written by himself, to the publisher of the Museum. Johnson accordingly marked it with the letter Z, which was usually put to old songs with additions or alterations, in that work.

In a letter which Burns addressed to Mrs Dunlop, dated December, 1788, he says, "Apropos is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Langsyne* exceedingly expressive. There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet, as I suppose Mr Ker will save you the postage. (Here follow the verses, as printed in the Museum, vol. v.) Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment ! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians. Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily." Here follows the song, beginning *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*, which is inserted in the Museum, vol. iii. page 240. Burns, however, in his Reliques, afterwards admits that the whole of this song,

* Lord Thomas Erskine.

† M'Leod of that ilk.

called "The Silver Tassie," excepting the first four lines, was his own.

In the *Reliques*, published by Cromek, Burns has the following remark: "Ramsay, as usual with him, has taken the idea of *Auld Langsyne* from the old fragment, which may be seen in the *Museum*, vol. v." And, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated September, 1793, he says, "One song more, and I am done—*Auld Langsyne*. The air is but *mediocre*; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

Mr Cromek justly observes, that Burns sometimes wrote poems in the old ballad style, which, for reasons best known to himself, he gave the public as songs of the olden time. "Auld Langsyne—Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine—The lovely Lass of Inverness"—are all proofs of this fact. He admitted to Johnson, that three of the stanzas of *Langsyne* only were old, the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the *cup*, the *pint stoup*, and a *gude willie-waught*. Those two introduced by Burns, have only relation to the innocent amusements of youth, contrasted with the cares and troubles of maturer age. Burns brushed up many of the old lyrics of Caledonia in a similar manner, and several of them certainly required the pruning-hook to render them even tolerable to the present generation. Ramsay did the same thing, and it was this that offended Ritson, the antiquary. "Burns," says he, "as good a poet as Ramsay, is, it must be regretted, an equally licentious and unfaithful publisher of the performances of others. Many of the original, old, ancient, genuine songs, inserted in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, derive not a little of their merit from passing through the hand of this very ingenious critic."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*.

With regard to the tune to which the verses are adapted in Johnson's *Museum*, it is the original air of "Auld Lang-

syne," preserved in the Orpheus Caledonius of 1725, and other old collections. As Burns had mentioned that the old tune was but *mediocre*, Mr Thomson got the words arranged to an air introduced by Shield in his overture to the opera of Rosina, written by Mr Brooks, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bagpipe-tune, in which the *oboe* is substituted for the *chanter*, and the bassoon for the *drone*. Mr Shield, however, borrowed this air, almost note for note, from the third and fourth strains of the Scottish strathspey in Cumming's Collection, under the title of "The Miller's Wedding." In Gow's First Collection, it is called "The Miller's Daughter;" but the strathspey itself is modelled from the Lowland melody of "I fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas."—See Notes on Song No 394. Gow also introduced the air, as slightly altered by Shield, in his Collection of Reels, &c. book i. and gave it the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," in compliment to his friend, the late Baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was both a good violin-player, and a steady patron of the musical art.

As the latter air has, in a great measure, supplanted the proper tune of "Auld Langsyne," it is here annexed.

AULD LANGSYNE.

An old Scotch drinking Song, with additions by BURNS.

Tune—"I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas."

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot, And ne-ver brought to

mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang-

2 E

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Auld Lang Syne'. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are grouped together with a brace on the left. The first staff is a treble clef and the second is a bass clef. The music is in 6/8 time and features a simple melody with a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

syne. For auld langsyne, my dear, For auld langsyne, We'll

tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld langsyne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stowp !
 And surely I'll be mine !
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

*We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Since auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.*

*We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 From morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae row'd
 Since auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.*

And there's a hand my trusty frere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 We'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

This song has been very happily arranged as a glee, for four voices, by Mr William Knyvett, of London.

CCCCXIV.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

BURNS, in the Reliques, says, " These words are mine." He likewise communicated the fine old air to which the verses

are adapted. This is another production of our bard in praise of his "Jean," afterwards Mrs Burns.

CCCCXV.

HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BAD ME.

THIS old song partook too freely of the broad humour of the former age to obtain admission into the Museum, until Burns pruned it of some of its luxuriances. The old verses omitted are perhaps still too well known. The tune was originally called "Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me," and consisted of one strain, viz. the first. The reader will find it in its native simplicity in the Orpheus Caledonius, as well as in a former part of this work. See *Notes on Song No 351*. The second strain is added in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vii. page 20, and the tune is there entitled "Had I the wyte she bad me."

CCCCXVI.

THE AULD MAN HE CAM OVER THE LEA.

THE words and music of this song were communicated by Burns as an ancient fragment, for the Museum. It is an humorous parody of the old song, entitled "The Carl he cam o'er Craft." The tune is said to be very old.

CCCCXVII.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE.—1st SET.

THIS song was written by Burns. The air is taken from the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called "The Miller's Daughter." See Gow's First Collection.

CCCCXVIII.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE.—2d SET.

THE words and music of this song, beginning "Gin a body meet a body," are parodied from the first set, which was published as a single sheet song before it was copied into the Museum. Mr John Watlen, musician and music-seller, formerly in Edinburgh, now in London, afterwards altered the first strain of the former tune a little, and published it with the new words. His edition had a considerable run.

CCCCXIX.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

“THERE is a song,” says Burns, “apparently as ancient as the *Ewe-bughts Marion*,” which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins, “The Lord o’ Gordon had three daughters.”—*Reliques*. The words of the ballad are no doubt sometimes sung to the air of *Ewe-bughts Marion*, in the south of Scotland; but it is owing to their ignorance of the original air to which the ballad is uniformly sung in the North. Mr Clarke took down the air as it was chanted by a lady of his acquaintance, and thus restored the ballad to its original tune. The words and music first appeared together in print in the Museum. Ritson has inserted the ballad in his Collection of Scottish Songs; but, as he did not know the tune, he has left a blank space for the music in his work.

Alexander, third Earl of Huntly, was succeeded, in 1523, by his grandson Alexander, Lord Gordon, who actually had three daughters. I. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John, Earl of Athol. II. Lady Margaret, married to John, Lord Forbes. III. Lady Jean, the youngest, married *first* to James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom she was divorced in 1568; she married, *secondly*, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594; and surviving him, she married, *thirdly*, Captain Alexander Ogilvie, son and successor of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Boyne, who died in 1606 without issue.

The first line of the ballad, as quoted by Burns, is evidently more correct than that inserted in the Museum or in Ritson’s Collection, for the dukedom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684. Johnson has omitted eighteen verses of the ballad for want of room, but the reader will find the whole of it in Ritson’s Scottish Songs.

CCCCXX.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A’ THE PLAIN.

THIS beautiful song is another unclaimed production of Burns. The words are adapted to the plaintive and well known air, entitled “The Carlin o’ the Glen.”

CCCCXXI.

OUT OVER THE FORTH, &c.

THIS song was written by Burns, and adapted to the air entitled "Charles Gordon's welcome Home." It was afterwards reprinted in his *Reliques*, by Cromek.

At the end of the song, Burns has the following note:—"The inclosed tune is a part of Gow's 'Charles Gordon's welcome home;' but I do not think the close of the second part of the tune happy. Mr Clarke, on looking over Gow's air, will probably contrive a better."

Mr Clarke has retained Mr Gow's tune, but at the close of the second strain he has attended to the hint given him by the bard.

CCCCXXII.

WANTONNESS FOR EVERMAIR.

THIS *bagatelle* was written, and communicated by Burns. Clarke thought it worthy a place in the Museum, that the tune might be preserved, which is ancient, and deserving of better lines than those furnished by the bard.

CCCCXXIII.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

THIS fine old humorous ballad, beginning "In Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar," was recovered by David Herd, and printed in his *Collection*. The tune was communicated to Johnson by the late Mr Robert Macintosh, musician in Edinburgh, who obtained it from an old acquaintance that used to sing this ballad with great glee. Mr James Johnson, on sending the air to be arranged, wrote Mr Clarke the following note: "Sir,—The above is the exact tune taken down by Mr R. Macintosh. It is a very funny song, and sought after by many.—J. J."

CCCCXXIV.

THE ROWIN'T IN HER APRON.

THIS ancient fragment, beginning "Our young lady's a hunting gane," with its original air, were recovered by Burns, and transmitted in his own hand-writing to Johnson for the

Museum. The scene is laid in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The old castle of Terreagles stood on the banks of the Nith, near its junction with the Cluden.

CCCCXXV.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—1st SET.

BURNS informs us, that “the author of this song, beginning ‘O weel may the boatie row,’ was a Mr Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to *There’s nae luck about the house.*”—*Reliques.*

This fine ballad is set to three different tunes in the Museum. The first four bars of the air, No 425, are taken from the tune called “Weel may the Keel row,” and all the rest from the tune of “There’s nae Luck about the House.” The words, however, are seldom sung to this mongrel melody.

CCCCXXVI.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—2d SET.

THIS air to the same words was inserted by desire of Mr Clarke, who wrote the following note under the manuscript of the music:—“You must take this, as the other music is printed already in a former volume.” This tune, however, has never become a favourite with those who sing the ballad.

CCCCXXVII.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—3d SET.

THIS fine modern air is the genuine tune of the ballad. Some years ago it was arranged as a glee, for three voices, by Mr William Knyvett of London, and has deservedly become very popular.

CCCCXXVIII.

CHARLIE HE’S MY DARLING.

THIS Jacobite song, beginning “’Twas on a Monday morning,” was communicated by Burns to the editor of the Museum. The air was modernized by Mr Clarke. The reader will find a genuine copy of the old air in Hogg’s *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 92.

CCCCXXIX.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

THIS song is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724, where it is marked with the letter M, which is the initial letter of its composer's surname, viz. David Malloch, Esq. when he was a tutor in the family of Mr Home. The verses are adapted to the tune called "The Maid's Complaint," which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fourth book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 40. The last two bars of the second strain were improved by Mr Stephen Clarke, as the reader will perceive upon comparing the air in the Museum with Oswald's tune. Mallet's verses were published in the Orpheus Caledonius, to the air of "Pinkie House."

CCCCXXX.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

THIS humorous song, beginning "Gat ye me, O gat ye me," is a production of Burns'. It is adapted to a fine old lively air, communicated by Burns, which is well known by the name of "Jack o' Latin," printed, with variations, in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and several other collections. Ecclefechan is a well-known village in Dumfries-shire.

CCCCXXXI.

THE COUPER O' CUDDY.

THIS humorous song, beginning "We'll hide the couper behind the door," is another production of Burns. He directs it to be set to the well-known dancing tune called "Bab at the Bouster." At the end of his manuscript he writes, "This tune is to be met with every where." If the delicacy of this song had been equal to its wit, it would have done honour to any bard.

CCCCXXXII.

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING ?

THIS song, beginning "Wha is that at my chamber door?" was written by Ramsay, and printed in his Tea-Table Miscel-

lany, 1724. It is there entitled “The Auld Man’s best Argument,” and is directed to be sung to the tune of “Widow are ye wakin,” a licentious but witty old song, long anterior to the days of Ramsay. The Editor is in possession of a very old copy of this tune, but it is nearly the same as that in the Museum.

CCCCXXXIII.

THE MALTMAN.

THIS is another production of Ramsay. It possesses uncommon humour, but a sort of double meaning runs through the verses, and renders them somewhat liable to objection. The lively old air to which the words are adapted appears in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion.

CCCCXXXIV.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

THIS beautiful old air was communicated by Burns. The stanza to which it is adapted, beginning “Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,” was written by Burns, who intended to have added some more verses, as appears from the following memorandum, written by Johnson on the original manuscript of the music. “Mr Burns is to send words;” but they were never transmitted. He appears to have had the old fragment of the ballad called *Leezie Baillie* in view, when he composed the above stanza. See *Notes on Song No 456*. A large fragment of the old ballad of *Leezie Lindsay*, however, may be seen in Jamieson’s *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii.

CCCCXXXV.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

THE genuine air inserted in the Museum likewise appears in Crockat’s *Manuscript Music Book*, written in 1709, under the title of “The old Wife beyond the Fire.” It would therefore seem, as if Ramsay had softened down an older and less *Scotified* song, preserving as much of the spirit and broad humour of the original as might appear consistent with the manners and taste of the times in which he lived. His biographer, however, attributes the whole of the song to Ram-

say ; but Ramsay himself marks this song with the letter Q, to shew that it was an *old song* with additions. The tune, under the title of “Set the old Wife beyond the Fire,” was printed in John Walsh’s Caledonian Country Dances.

CCCCXXXVI.

FOR THE SAKE O’ SOMEBODY.

THE whole of this song, as printed in the Museum, beginning “My heart is sair, I darna tell,” was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay’s song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion. To this work, Burns, in a note annexed to the manuscript song, refers Johnson for the music.

Ramsay’s verses are in the shape of a dialogue between a lover and his sweetheart ; but they possess very little merit. The old air consists of one simple strain, ending on the third of the key. The second strain is merely a repetition of the first. It is probable, that the melody had been originally adapted to a much older set of verses than those of Ramsay, and that the old song consisted of stanzas of four, in place of eight lines each.

CCCCXXXVII.

THE CARDIN O’T.

THESE verses, beginning “I coft a stane o’ haslock woo’,” were written by Burns, whose original manuscript is at present before the Editor. The words are adapted to a lively old Scotch measure, called “Salt Fish and Dumplings.”

CCCCXXXVIII.

THE SOUTERS O’ SELKIRK.

MR TYTLER, in his ingenious “Essay on Scottish Music,” alluding to the fragment of this old song, beginning “Up wi’ the Souters o’ Selkirk,” has the following remarks:—“This ballad is founded on the following incident : Previous to the battle of Flodden, the town-clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *souters*, or shoemakers of that town, who joined the royal army ; and the town-clerk, in reward of his

loyalty, was created a knight-banneret by that prince. They fought gallantly, and most of them were cut off. A few who escaped, found, on their return, in the forest of Ladywood edge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back ground a wood; and on the sarcophagus the arms of Scotland."

"For all this fine story (says Ritson, in his *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 34.) there is *probably* no foundation whatever. That the souters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount to fourscore fighting men, is a circumstance utterly incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed, that all the shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an army, at a period when shoes must have been less worn than they are at present." He then proceeds to acquaint us, that Dr Johnson was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers; that tall boys run without shoes in the streets; and, in the islands, even the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet. "Away then (says Ritson) with the fable of *The Souters of Selkirk!*"

It is matter of deep regret to observe, that some men of education, and even of very superior abilities, are occasionally betrayed into error and inconsistency, by allowing their minds to get entangled in the mazes of national and unmanly prejudice. Several instances of this fact, with regard to Scotland, disfigure the writings of Dr Johnson and Mr Joseph Ritson. In other respects their literary labours are exceedingly meritorious and valuable. These erudite and very ingenious authors have not scrupled to affirm, that the natives of North Britain are more prone to believe in absurd and extravagant traditions than any other nation whatever; that the Scots had no shoes until Cromwell's soldiers taught the people to make them; and that all Scotland could scarcely have mustered an army of eighty shoemakers at the battle of Flodden.

In short, Scotland seems to have appeared to them in the same light as it did to another Englishman, who expresses his ideas of the country in the following curious lines:—

Bleak are thy hills, O North!
 And barren are thy plains;
 Bare-leg'd are thy nymphs,
 And bare a— are thy swains.

But a candid and patient inquirer will neither permit himself to be deceived by vague assertion, nor will he degrade his character by a similar mode of retaliation, which, though easy, can never benefit the cause of truth. Sober reflection will convince every man, that the Omniscient Author of our existence has adapted every animal to the element it is destined to inhabit. Nor has he denied to mankind, wherever situated on the habitable globe, the means and the ingenuity of accommodating their dress in conformity to the nature of the climate. Amongst all the nations that inhabit the bleak and barren regions of the north, however rude or uncivilized, none have yet been discovered that were destitute of the necessary habiliments for protecting every part of the body from the inclemency of the weather. Nor was Scotland an exception to this rule until the days of Cromwell. On the contrary, it appears that the Scottish legislature, at an early period, directed its attention to the manufacturers of shoes, who had attained such skill in their profession, as to render their goods an object of foreign commerce. It was even found necessary to prohibit the export both of the raw and of the manufactured material: "Sowters sould be challenged, that they bark lether, and makes shoone otherwaies than the law permittes; that is to say, of lether quhere the horne and the care are of ane like length. They make shoone, buites, and other graith, before the leather is barked (tanned)."—*Chalmerlan Air*, c. 22. Again, by the fourth Parliament in the reign of James IV. who fell at Flodden, cordoners (i. e. shoemakers) are prohibited, under a severe penalty, from taking custom from such of their own craft as come to the weekly markets,

except what was wont by *old law*. Barked hides (i. e. tanned leather) and *made shoes*, are among the list of articles which were prohibited to be exported by act of the fourth parliament held in the reign of James VI, c. 59.

Now, these ordinances were all made long before Cromwell was born. Away, then, with the fable of Cromwell's soldiers first teaching the inhabitants of Scotland to make shoes. It seems evident, that the Doctor had never been an eye-witness of the dress of the peasantry in Scotland during the rigours of winter; nor had Ritson been more fortunate in viewing any procession of the shoemakers in a royal Scottish burgh on the day of St Crispin, a festival long celebrated in Scottish song. That eighty souters were capable of making shoes for a population of nearly two millions of inhabitants, is indeed so very absurd as to require no serious refutation.

It may be observed, *en passant*, that the epithet of "The Souters of Selkirk" does not exclusively mean those members of the incorporation who are actually shoemakers by profession. This appellation is given to the burgesses of Selkirk, whether shoemakers or not; and it appears to have originated from the singular custom observed at the admission of a new member, a ceremony which is on no account dispensed with. Some hog-bristles are attached to the seal of his burgess ticket; these he must dip in wine, and pass between his lips, as a tribute of his respect to this ancient and useful fraternity. Sir Walter Scott himself has the honour of being one of their number.

That the once populous and important royal burgh of Selkirk was pillaged and laid waste by the English, in revenge of the signal bravery displayed by its "Souters" in battle; and that James V. the succeeding monarch, testified his gratitude for their loyalty and valour, as well as his compassion for the sufferings of its surviving inhabitants; are facts that can be fully elucidated. Thus, on the 4th March 1536, that prince, on the narrative that the greater part of Selkirk had been laid waste, and destroyed by war, pestilence, fire, &c. he

erects it of new into a royal burgh, with all the privileges annexed to such corporations. On the 20th of June 1536, the same prince, “ for the gude, trew, and thankful service done and to be done to ws be owre lovittis, the baillies, burgesses, and communitie of our burgh of Selkirk, and for certaine othir reasonable causis and considerationis moving ws, be the tenor hereof, GRANTIS and GEVIS license to thame and their successors to ryfe out, breke, and teil yeirlie ane thousand acres of thair common landis of our said burgh, in what part thair of they please, for the policy, strengthing, and bigging of the samyn; for the wele of ws and of lieges repairand thairto, and defence againis owre auld innemyis of England and otherwayis; And Will and Grantis that thai sall nocht be callit, accusit, nor incur ony danger, or skaith thairthrow, in thair personis, landis, nor gudis, in ony wise in time cuming, Nochtwithstanding ony owre actis or statutis maid or to be maid in the contrair in ony panys contenit tharein, anent the quhilkis we dispens with thame be thir owre letters: With power to occupy the saidis landis with thare awne gudis, or to set thame to tenentis as thai sall think maist expedient for the wele of our said burgh; With free ishe and entrie, and with all and sindry utheris commoditeis, freedomes, asiamentis, and richtis pertinentis whatsumever pertenyng, or that rychtuisly may pertene thairto, perpetually in tyme cuming, frelie, quietlie, wele, and in peace, but ony revocation or agane calling whatsumever. Gevin under owre signet, and subscrivit with owre hand, at Striveling, the twenty day of Junii, the yeir of God ane thousand five hudreth and thretty six yeris and of owre regne the twenti thre yeir.” Here follows another grant by that prince, dated about nine weeks after the one that has just been narrated: “ We, understanding that owre burgh of Selkirk, and inhabitants thair of, continualie sen the Field of Flodoune has been oppressit, heriit and owre run be theves and traitors, whairthrow the hant of merchandice has cessit amangis thame of langtyme bygane, and thair heriit thairthrow, and we defraudit of owre custumis and

dewties: THAIRFOR, and for divers utheris resonable causis and considerationes moving ws, be the tenor heirof, of owre kinglie power, free motive and autorite ryall, Grantis and Gevis to thame and thair successors, ane fair day, begynand at the feist of the conception of owre Lady next to cum aftere the day of the date hereof, and be the octaves of the sammyn perpetually in time cuming; To be usit and exercit be thame als frelie in time cuming, as ony other fair is usit or exercit be ony utheris owre burrowis within owre realme; payand yeir-lie custumis and dewties, aucht and wont, as effeiris, frelie, quietlie, wele, and in pece, but ony revocation, obstakill, impediment, or agane calling whatsumever. Subscrivit with owre hand, and gevin under owre signet, at Kirkcaldy, the secund day of September, the yeir of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty sex yeiris, and of owre regne the twenty three yeir."

The Royal Charter, confirming the three foregoing deeds, and ratifying them in the most full and ample manner, is dated at Edinburgh the eighth day of April 1538, and is preserved in the records of the burgh of Selkirk.

William Brydon, the town-clerk of Selkirk, who led "the Souters" to the field of battle, was knighted for his gallant conduct at Flodden. This fact is ascertained by many deeds still extant, in which his name appears as a notary-public. John Brydon, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal descendant, is still alive, and in possession of the sword of his brave ancestor. A standard, the appearance of which bespeaks its antiquity, is still carried annually, on the day of riding their common, by the corporation of weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English in the field of Flodden. This the Editor has often seen. Thus every circumstance of the traditional story is corroborated by direct evidence.

That the ballad, a corrupted fragment of which is inserted in the Museum, relates to the eventful battle of Flodden, the Editor, who was born and educated in the neighbourhood of Selkirk, has not the smallest doubt. The late Mr Robert-

son, minister of Selkirk, indeed mentions, in his statistical account of the parish, that the song,

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
And down with the Earl of Home—

was not composed on the battle of Flodden, as there was no Earl of Hume at that time, nor till long after; but that it “arose from a bet betwixt the Philiphaugh and Hume families; the Souters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk against the men of Hume, at a match of football, in which the Souters of Selkirk completely gained, and afterwards perpetuated their victory in that song.” The late Andrew Plummer, Esq. of Middlestead, who was sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk, and a faithful and learned antiquarian, in a letter to the late Mr David Herd, dated 13th January 1793, says, “I was five years at school at Selkirk, have lived all my days within two miles of that town, and never once heard a tradition of this imaginary contest till I saw it in print.”

“Although the words are not very ancient, there is every reason to believe that they allude to the battle of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the souters and Lord Hume upon that occasion. At election dinners, &c. when the Selkirk folks begin to get *fou* (merry), they always call for music, and for that tune in particular. At such times I never heard a Souter hint at the football, but many times speak of the battle of Flodden.”—*See Scott's Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 118.

Neither Mr Robertson nor Mr Plummer, however, appear to have heard or seen any more than three or four lines of the song, otherwise not a doubt could have been entertained on the subject. The words, as well as the genuine simple air of the ballad, both of which have been shockingly mutilated and corrupted, are here restored, as the Editor heard them sung and played, by the border musicians, in his younger days. The original melody is a bag-pipe tune, of eight diatonic intervals in its compass; a bass part has therefore been added, in imitation of the drone of that instrument.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

Lively.

UP wi' the Souters o' Selkirk, And down wi' the fazart Lord

Hume, But up wi' il-ka brow callant That sews the single-soal'd

shoon; And up wi' the lads o' the Forest, That ne'er to the

Southron wad yield, But deil scoup o' Hume and his menzie, That

stude sae abiegh on the field.

II.

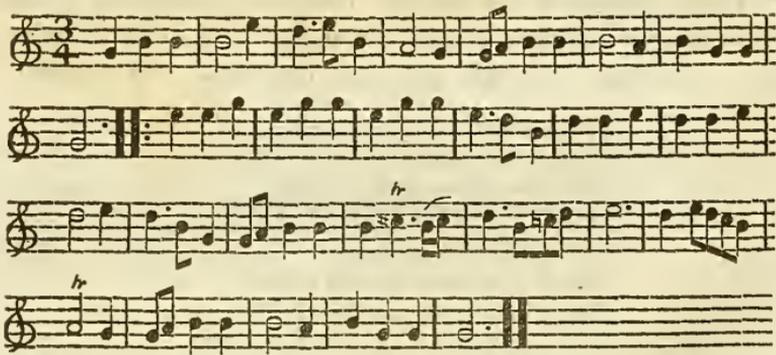
Fye! on the green and the yellow,
 The craw-hearted loons o' the Merse;
 But here's to the Souters o' Selkirk,
 The elshin, the lingle, and birse.
 Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 For they are baith trusty and leil;
 And up wi' the lads o' the forest—
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

CCCCXXXIX.

THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE is a very old set of verses to this tune, but they are rather coarse for insertion. A copy of the tune, under the title of "A Scottish March," appears in John Playford's *Musick's Hand-Maid*, published in 1678; but the second strain contains a redundant bar, which spoils the measure. It is reprinted, with all its imperfections, in *Smith's Musica Antiqua*, vol. ii. p. 175. The tune is annexed.

A SCOTTISH MARCH. 1678.



Ramsay wrote new words to the same air, beginning "I hae a green purse wi' a wee pickle gowd," printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724. Mr Alexander Ross, formerly schoolmaster at Lochlee in the county of Forfar, likewise wrote a song on the old model, beginning "There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow," in which he has incorporated several lines of the original verses with those of his own composition, and has spun out the song to nineteen stanzas of eight lines each. The reader who may wish to peruse the whole of Mr Ross's song, which possesses considerable merit, although it is by far too long to be inserted in this work, will find it annexed to his beautiful poem of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," first printed at Aberdeen in 1768. The verses in the *Museum* are an abridgment of Ross's song, it is believed by himself, and are taken from Herd's *Collection* in 1776.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

ALTHOUGH the Editor has heard this old song from his earliest infancy, he never saw a correct copy of it in print till it was inserted in the Museum. An imperfect fragment appears in Herd's Collection of 1776. Ramsay has a song in his Miscellany, in 1724, to the same tune, but it is not in his best style. It begins "Tibby has a store of charms," and is entitled "Genty Tibby and Sonsy Nancy," to the tune of "Tibby Fowler in the Glen." Since the publication of the Museum, two modern stanzas have appeared in some copies of the old song; but they are easily detected. For instance,

IN came Frank wi' his lang legs,
 Gard a' the stair play clitter clatter;
 Had awa, young men, he begs,
 For, by my sooth, I will be at her.

Fye upon the filthy snort,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her;
 Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;
 There's seven and forty wooing at her.

Fye upon the filthy snort of the man that could write such nonsense. It is really too bad to disfigure our best old songs with such unhallowed trash.

Cromek, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Song," tells us, "that in the trystes of Nithsdale there are many variations of this curious song;" and he accordingly presents his readers with a medley, which he "picked up from a diligent search among the old people of Nithsdale." But any person, by glancing at Cromek's medley, will at once discover his verses to be modern, and toally destitute of the exquisite humour of the original. Indeed, this author unfortunately betrays his own secret; for, after having amused us with his sham verses, he presents his readers with "The old words," which are copied, without the slightest alteration or acknowledgment, from Johnson's Museum.

CCCCXLI.

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

THE air as well as the words of this song, beginning "Blest are the mortals above all," were composed by the late Mr Allan Masterton of Edinburgh, the mutual friend of Burns and the present Editor. He is the Allan, who is celebrated in the song of "Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut," mentioned in a former part of this work. Mr Stephen Clarke, in a note subjoined to the manuscript of the music, says to Johnson, "The words and music of this song are by Mr Allan Masterton. You must get the rest of the words from him." Johnson did so.

CCCCXLII.

THERE'S THREE GUDE FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

THE title and tune are all that remain of the old song, which is taken from Macgibbon's First Collection of Scots Tunes, p. 18. Oswald afterwards printed it under the new title of "There's Three Good Fellows down in yon Glen," in the fifth book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 1.

The four lines in the Museum, beginning "Its now the day is daw'ing," introduced in the solo, were hastily penned by Burns at the request of the Publisher, who was anxious to have the tune in that work, and the old words could not be discovered. The word *fu' in* is erroneously printed *fain* in the Museum. This beautiful old air, however, well merits a better set of verses than those in the above-mentioned work.

CCCCXLIII.

THE WEE THING, OR MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

THIS charming ballad, beginning "Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing," was written by Hector Macneil, Esq. author of the celebrated poem of "Will and Jean," and several other esteemed works. It first appeared in a periodical publication, entitled "The Bee," printed at Edinburgh in May 1791. Mr Macneil informed the writer of this article, that the tune to which his song is adapted in the Museum is the genuine melody that he intended for the words.

CCCCXLIV.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

THE words and music of this nursery song were communicated by Burns to the publisher of the Museum, in which it first appeared in print; but the bard has left us no hints respecting the history of the song. The late Mr Urbani of Edinburgh, an excellent musician and composer, who was very fond of the melody, afterwards introduced it, with new accompaniments by himself, in the second volume of his valuable Collection of Scottish Songs. Since that period it has always been a favourite. I have heard another verse of this ditty: It runs—

I've placed my cradle on yon holly top,
 And aye as the wind blew, my cradle did rock;
 O hush a ba, baby, O ba lilly loo,
 And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee dow.

Hee O! wee O!

What will I do wi' you, &c.

CCCCXLV.

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

THIS ballad, beginning "In lovely August last," was originally composed by Mr Thomas D'Urfey, in imitation of, and introduced by him as, a Scottish song, in his comedy of "The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters," acted at London in 1676 with great applause. Mr John Playford afterwards published it with the music in the second volume of his Choice Ayres and Songs, London 1679. It was again printed in Henry Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth" in 1698. Allan Ramsay reprinted it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, as an old song with additions. Ramsay's additions, however, are neither more nor less than alterations of some words in the original song, of which Durfey, from his ignorance of the Scottish dialect, seems neither to have understood the spelling nor the sense. At the request of Johnson, Burns brushed up the three first stanzas of Ramsay's version, and omitted the remainder for an obvious reason.

With regard to the tune, to which the words were originally adapted, it is evidently a florid set of the old simple air of "Willie and Annet," which has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, under the new title of "Jock of Hazledean, a ballad written by Sir Walter Scott. As the curious reader may wish to compare both tunes; they are here annexed, note for note, with the first stanza of their respective verses.

WILLIE AND ANNET.

Liv'd ance twa lu-vers in yon dale, And they luv'd i-ther

weel; Frae ev'ning late to morning aire, Of luving luv'd their

fill. Now, Willie, gif you luvve me well, As sae it seems to me, Gar

build, gar build a bonnie schip, Gar build it spee - di - lie.

IN JANUARY LAST,

An Anglo-Scottish Song in DURFEE'S Fond Husband, 1676, reprinted in PLAYFORD'S "Choice Ayres," Book Second, London, 1679.

IN Ja-nu-a--ry last, on Munnday at morn, As
I a-long the fields did pass, To view the winter's corn, I
leaked me be-hind, and I saw come ore the knough, Yan
glenting in her apron, with bonny brent brow.

The tune to which Durfee's song, as altered by Burns for the Scots Museum, is adapted, was taken from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725,) where the whole verses, as altered by Ramsay, may likewise be seen. They have since been reprinted in Herd's Collection, and several others.

CCCCXLVI.

O WALY, WALY!

THIS is merely the first verse of the old song inserted in the second volume of the Museum, page 166, adapted to a different set of the air. With regard to this tune, the Edi-

tor observes the following note on the back of the original manuscript of the music, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke, addressed to the publisher.—“ If you choose to print this song, it is right; but the alterations are little from the other, and much to the worse in my opinion. I took it down at the late Glenriddel’s desire, and put the bass as it now stands; but I thought you had had enough of the poor Captain’s variations before.”

CCCCXLVII.

SHE SAYS SHE LO’ES ME BEST OF A’.

THIS song, beginning “ Sae flaxen were her ringlets,” was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an Irish tune, entitled *Onagh’s Waterfall*. Respecting this tune, Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated Sept. 1794, says, “ The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort of her’s shall have merit;” still I think, that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the Scots Musical Museum, and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song to the air above-mentioned, for that work.” [Here follows the song as printed in the Museum.]

CCCCXLVIII.

THE BONNIE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

BURNS wrote this amatory ballad in imitation of the olden style. His model was an old ballad, which tradition affirms to have been composed in an amour of Charles II. with a young lady of the house of Port-Letham, whilst his Majesty was skulking about Aberdeen in the time of the usurpation. It begins—

THERE was a lass dwalt in the north,
 A bonnie lass of high degree;
 There was a lass whose name was Nell,
 A blyther lass you ne’er did see.

O, the bed to me, the bed to me,
 The lass that made the bed to me;

Blythe and bonnie and fair was she,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 &c. &c. &c.

A corrupted version of this ballad, under the title of "The Cumberland Lass," may be seen in Playford's "Wit and Mirth," vol. ii. first edition, London 1700; but neither the air nor the words (although the sense is retained) are genuine. Had the delicacy of this old ballad been equal to its humour, the writer of this article, who has frequently heard it in his youth, would gladly have inserted it in this work; but it is inadmissible, and even Burns' first draught of the imitative verses are not altogether unobjectionable. Of this the bard was afterwards fully sensible, and it is one of those pieces, which, in his letter to Johnson, he says might be amended in a subsequent edition. The following version of the ballad contains the last alterations and corrections of the bard.

WHAN winter's wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the North I bent my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.
 A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,
 Just in the middle o' my care,
 And kindly she did me invite,
 Her father's humble cot to share.
 Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
 Her limbs like marble fair to see;
 A finer form nane ever saw,
 Than her's that made the bed to me.
 She made the bed baith lang and braid,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
 She bade "Gude night," and smiling, said
 "I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'."
 Upon the morrow, whan I raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;
 A blush cam o'er the comely face
 Of her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne ;
 The tear stude twinkling in her ee ;
 O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,
 Ye ay sall mak' the bed to me.

The air, to which the verses in the Museum are adapted, was communicated by Burns, and is reputed to be very ancient. The musical reader will observe a remarkable coincidence between the first four bars of this tune and the well-known air of "Johnnie Cope." They may possibly be productions of the same minstrel.

CCCCXLIX.

SAE FAR AWA.

THIS song, beginning "O sad and heavy should I part," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a Scots measure, or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection, under the title of "Dalkeith Maiden Bridge." The bard's original manuscript of the song is at present in the Editor's possession. Johnson has committed a mistake in printing the seventh line of the first stanza, which mars the sense. In place of "*Gin* body strength" it should be "*Gie* body strength," as in the manuscript.

CCCCL.

PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

THIS is a mere fragment of one of these satirical and frequently obscene old songs, composed in ridicule of the Scottish Bishops, about the period of the reformation. The tune and title are preserved in the Collections of Macgibbon, Oswald, and several others.

CCCCLI.

HALLOW FAIR.—THERE'S FOUTH O' BRAW JOCKIES AND JENNYS.

THIS humorous song was written, and communicated by Robert Ferguson to David Herd, who published it after the poet's decease, in the second volume of his Collection, in 1776. 1721
 Hallow Fair is held annually at Edinburgh, after the winter Sacrament in November. The verses in the Museum are adapted to an old tune called "Wally Honey," taken

from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii. page 6.

CCCCLII.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

THIS song, beginning "My dear and only love I pray," was written by James Graham, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, whose great bravery, military talents, and fidelity to his sovereign, Charles I. during the latter period of his reign, place him on a level with the most renowned heroes of antiquity. In his latter days, however, like his royal master, he experienced a sad reverse of fortune. After a gallant but fruitless resistance against Colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish Parliament, he took refuge in a remote part of the estate of Macleod of Assint; but Macleod basely betrayed and delivered him up to General Leslie, his most bitter enemy. After a mock trial, for what was called treason, he was condemned to death by the very Parliament who had acknowledged Charles as their lawful king, and under whose commission and orders he had acted. This gallant nobleman was accordingly executed at Edinburgh, with every mark of indignity and revenge that the malice and cruelty of his enemies could suggest, on the 21st May 1650.

The verses in the Museum, though abundantly long for any ordinary song, are only the *first part* of Montrose's ballad; but the curious reader will find the whole of it in Watson's Collection, Book iii. printed at Edinburgh in 1711, or in Herd's Collection, so often referred to, in 1776.

The words in the Museum are adapted to the ancient tune of "Chevy Chace."

CCCCLIII.

MY FATHER HAS FORTY GOOD SHILLINGS.

MR RITSON informs us, that there is an old English ballad, in the black letter, entitled "The Maiden's sad Complaint for want of a Husband; to the *new* west country tune, or, Hogh, when shall I be married? By L. W.;" the first, second, and fifth stanzas whereof (for there are fourteen in

all) are either taken from, or have given rise to, the present song. To enable the reader to judge for himself, Mr Ritson annexes the following stanzas, which are copied from his work.

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.

My father hath forty good shillings,
Hogh, good shillings,
 And never a daughter but me:
 My mother is also willing,
Hogh, so willing,
 That I shall have all if she die.

My mother she gave me a ladle,
Hogh, a ladle,
 And that for the present lies by:
 My aunt she hath promised a cradle,
Hogh, a cradle,
 When any man with me does lie.

From the peculiar metre of the third and sixth lines of the second stanza, however, the old black letter ballad quoted by Ritson would appear to have been originally of Scottish origin, for the word *die* is never pronounced *dee* in England as it is in Scotland; and, moreover, the old tune, which is well known in Scotland, had eluded every research of this diligent antiquarian.

CCCLIV.

OUR GOODMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

THE words of this extremely curious old ballad were recovered by David Herd, and printed in his Collection in 1776. Johnson, the publisher of the Museum, after several unavailing researches, was at length informed, that an old man of the name of Geikie, a hair-dresser in the Candlemaker-row, Edinburgh, sung the verses charmingly, and that the tune was uncommonly fine. Accordingly, he and his friend Mr Clarke took a step to Geikie's lodgings, and invited him to an

inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made him very merry ; and on being requested to favour them with the song, he readily complied, and sung it with great glee. Mr Clarke immediately took down the notes, and arranged the song for the Museum, in which work the words and music first appeared together in print. Mr Anderson, music engraver in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Mr Johnson, informs me, that Geikie died about four days after the tune was taken down.

Ritson copied the words from Herd's into his own Collection ; but he could not discover the music when that work was printed in 1794.

CCCCLV.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

THIS curious, ironical, and burlesque old song, beginning " O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm," was recovered by Yair, and printed in the second volume of his " Charmer" in 1751. It also appears in Herd's Collection in 1776. The tune is to be found in Aird's Collection, and several others. It is evidently the same melody with that called " O fare ye weel my auld Wife." See the song, No 354, in the fourth volume of the Museum.

The song is said to have been composed on a former Baronet of Lochore and his friend Mr Don, who, it is alleged, rather annoyed their bottle companions with the history of their adventures after the glass began to circulate.

CCCCLVI.

MY BONNY LIZAE BAILLIE.

THIS old ballad appears in Herd's Collection in 1776, with the following introductory stanza, which was omitted in the Museum.

" Lizae Baillie's to Gartantan gane
To see her sister Jean,
And there she's met wi' Duncan Graeme,
And he's convoy'd her hame."

The charming old simple melody of one strain, to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, was communicated by

Burns. It is the genuine original air of the song, which has long been a favourite at every farmer's fireside in Scotland. The words and music never appeared together in print, however, until the publication of the Museum. Many other beautiful old airs, and fragments of their original words, still remain uncollected, but continue to be handed down from one generation to another by oral communication. Several of these are well deserving of publication.

CCCLVII.

THE REEL OF STUMPIE.

THIS fine lively old reel tune wanted words, and Burns supplied the two stanzas, beginning "Wap and row the feetie o't," inserted in the Museum. The tune may be found in the Collections of Aird, Gow, and many others. The Reel of Stumpie was formerly called "Jocky has gotten a Wife," and was selected by Mr Charles Coffey for one of his songs, beginning "And now I am once more set free," in the opera of "The Female Parson, or Beau in the Suds," acted at London 1730.

CCCLVIII.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

THIS song, as well as the other, beginning "O wat ye wha's in yon town," were both written by Burns for the Museum, the original manuscript of which are in the Editor's possession. Both of the songs were composed in honour of "His Jean," afterwards Mrs Burns. They are adapted to the fine old air called "I'll gang nae mair to yon Town," which was the first line of an old ballad that began thus—

"I'LL gang nae mair to yon town,
O, never a' my life again;
I'll ne'er gae back to yon town
To seek anither wife again."

The tune appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion under the title of "I'll gae nae mair to yon Town," and in Aird's First Book it is called "We'll gang nac mair to yon Town." This air was introduced as a rondo, with variations,

in a Violin Concerto, composed by the late Mr Girolamo Stabellini, and performed by him at Edinburgh with great applause. It has likewise been arranged as a lesson, with variations for the piano-forte, by Butler, and several other musicians.

CCCCLIX.

WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

THIS ballad was furnished by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old reel, printed in Bremner's Collection in 1764, entitled "Will ye go and marry, Kettie?"

At the foot of his manuscript, Burns, in a note to Johnson, says, "You will find this tune in Neil Gow's, and several other Collections. The bard alludes to Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. in which the tune appears under the name of "Marry Ketty."

CCCCLX.

BLUE BONNETS.

THIS fine old pastoral air appears in the modern part of Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Music-book, dated 1709, under the title of "Blew Bonnets." It is also printed in Macgibbon and Oswald's Collections.

As the old words could not be found, Burns wrote two songs to the tune; the first begins "Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?" and the second, "Powers[celestial! whose protection." Both songs are printed in the Museum. In a note to Johnson, Burns says, "See Macgibbon's Collection, where you will find the tune. Let this song follow, 'Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?'"

In any future edition of the Museum, the title of the song should be "Wherefore Sighing," or "Powers Celestial," written by Burns to the tune of "Blue Bonnets;" because the present title has no relation whatever to the words of either of the songs.

CCCCLXI.

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY.

THIS fragment of an ancient song, beginning "It's whis-

per'd in parlour, it's whisper'd in ha," together with the elegant original little air of one strain, to which the words are adapted, were recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for his Museum. This song is to be found in no other work.

CCCCLXII.

THE RANTIN LADDIE.

THIS old ballad, beginning "Aften hae I play'd at cards and the dice," as well as the original air, were also communicated by Burns to the publisher of the Museum. The chasm which appears near the conclusion of the ballad ought to be filled up, by restoring the two following lines:—

As to gar her sit in father's kitchen neuk,
And balow a bastard babie.

Johnson, in place of the word *balow*, (that is, *to hush* or *sing to sleep*), has printed it *below*. This error destroys the sense, and should therefore be corrected.

CCCCLXIII.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOWN.

THE humorous song, beginning "What think ye o' the scornfu' quine?" was written and composed by the late Mr Alexander Robertson, engraver, Edinburgh, who for a long time played the music bells of the High Church in that city. He likewise for many years engraved most of the landscapes which embellished the Edinburgh Magazine. The words are adapted to the "Orchall Strathspey" in Aird's Collection, vol. iii. p. 193. *902 27 2784*

CCCCLXIV.

O MAY, THY MORN.

This song was written by Burns for the Museum. The air was likewise communicated by the bard; but it is evidently a slight variation of the ancient tune called "Andro and his Cutty Gun," inserted in a former part of the work. Burns' manuscripts of the music and words are in the Editor's possession.

CCCLXV.

MY MINNIE SAYS I MANNA.

THIS air is taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, where it is inserted under the title of "My Mother says I maun not." Dr Pepush arranged this tune as the melody of one of Gay's songs in "The Beggar's Opera," 1728, to be sung by Polly, beginning "I like a ship in storms was tost." Another English song, to the same tune, appears in the sixth volume of the Pills, edited by T. Durfey, in 1719.

The words in the Museum are only a fragment of the old Scottish song, which is rather a coarse one, and on that account Johnson would not insert any more of it. The air, however, well merits good verses.

CCCLXVI.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

Tune.—"The Banks of Helicon."

THIS very singular ballad, beginning "About ane bank, with balmy bewis," was written by Captain Alexander Montgomery, who is denominated by Lord Hailes, as "The elegant author of the Cherrie and Slae." This ballad was written prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, compiled of that date, now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Captain Montgomery married the youngest daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Eglinton. His poetical talents procured him the patronage and friendship of his sovereign James VI. who was pleased to notice some of his verses, and this ballad in particular, in a work published by its royal author in 1584, under the title of "The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poetry." The period of Montgomery's death is uncertain, though it is supposed he died about the year 1600. Most of his poetical compositions are preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript. There is, likewise, a manuscript volume of his poems in the College Library of Edinburgh.

The ingenious Mr Tytler, in his "Dissertation on Scottish Song," observes, that the Cherrie and the Slae, as well

as a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father of the famous Secretary Maitland, ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale, is directed to be sung to the tune of "The Banks of Helicon." "This must have been a well-known tune," he continues, "upwards of two hundred years ago, as it was sung to such popular words; but it is now lost. It cannot exist in other words, as the metrical stanza of 'The Cherrie and the Slae' is so particular, that I know of no air at this day that could be adapted to it."

Mr Tytler, however, was not correct in asserting the tune to be lost, for it is preserved in several old manuscripts. In one of the volumes of Thomas Wode's manuscript of the Psalms of David, set to music in four parts by Andrew Blackhall, Andrew Kemp, Dean John Angus, and others, in the College Library of Edinburgh, which was mostly transcribed between the years 1560 and 1566 (as is instructed by another volume of the same work, belonging to Mr Blackwood, bookseller in Edinburgh), the counter-tenor part of this tune is inserted near the end, under the title of "About the Bankis of Helicon—Blakehall;" and in another manuscript of the same period, now in the Editor's possession, there is a copy of the tenor part of the tune, under the same title.

This Andrew Blakehall (or Blackhall, for his name is variously spelled), appears to have been an eminent musician. Several of his "Gude ballats" are inserted in the manuscripts alluded to. He is designated "Minister of God's word at Mussleburgh." The transcriber, Thomas Wode, styles himself "Vicar of Sanctandrous." Another copy of the tune "About the Bankis of Helicon," is preserved in a manuscript which formerly belonged to the Rev. Mr Cranstoun, minister of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and afterwards to Dr John Leyden. A printed copy of the music likewise appears in Campbell's Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, Edinburgh 1798, and another in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. Edinburgh 1802. These two

printed copies agree with the old manuscript almost note for note, but the tune in the museum is that handed down by oral communication. The reader is here presented with a genuine copy of the music, in modern notation, but crotchets and quavers are substituted for the lozenge-shaped minims and crotchets in the manuscript, and bars are introduced for dividing the measure, which are omitted in the ancient copies.

THE BANKS OF HELICON.

From a MS. in 1566.

DECLARE, ye banks of He-li-con, Par-nas-sus hill and

dails ilk one, And fountain Ca-bel-lein, Gif o-ny of your

Muses all, Or Nymphis, may be pe-re-gall Un-to my la-dy

schein; Or if the la-dies that did lave Their bo-dies by your

brim, So seimlie wer, or yet so suave, So beau-ti-ful or

trim. Con-tem - pill, ex - em - pill Tak by her proper port, Gif

o - - ny, sa bo - nie, Amang you did resort.

The image shows a musical score for two stanzas of a song. Each stanza consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 7/8. The first stanza is bracketed together with the second. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

No, no. Forsuith wes never none
 That with this perfect paragon,
 In bewtie might compair.
 The Muses wald have given the gree
 To her, as to the *A per see*,
 And peirles perle preclair.
 Thinking with admiration
 Her persone so perfyte.
 Nature in hir creatioun,
 To form hir tuik delyte.
 Confess then, express then
 Your nymphes and all thair race,
 For bewtie, of dewtie
 Sould yield and give hir place.

This poem was probably composed on the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It would exceed our limits to give the whole words, consisting of nine additional stanzas in the same hyperbolic style; but the original is preserved in the Pepys' Collection in the University of Cambridge. The poem may also be seen in Pinkerton's Maitland Collection, and in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, with the Musical Notes, vol. iii. p. 185 *et seq.*

CCCCLXVII.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

THE first stanza of this song is old, the second stanza was written by Burns, and Johnson, accordingly, marked it with the letter Z, to shew that it was an old song with additions

or alterations. The words are adapted to an air taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i, page 12th, entitled "The Highland Lassie."

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "Another Highland Laddie is also in the Museum, vol. v. which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus 'O my bonnie Highland lad, &c.' It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus, and has humour in its composition;—it is an excellent, but somewhat licentious, song. It begins,

As I cam o'er the Cairney mount,
And down among the blooming heather, &c.

This air, and the common *Highland Laddie*, seem only to be different *sets*."

Our bard, however, was mistaken in supposing the air of this song to be Ramsay's original Highland Laddie. The Highland Laddie, to which Ramsay's words and the old chorus are adapted, is printed in *The Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. It consists of one simple strain, as has been mentioned in a former part of this work, and is now annexed.

THE AULD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

O MY bon-nie bon-nie High-land lad-die, O my
bonnie bonnie Highland lad-die; When I was sick, and like to
die, He row'd me in his Highland plaidy.

The verses written by Ramsay are inserted in the first volume of the Museum, pages 22, and 23; but the reader, upon comparing the airs of the old "Highland Laddie," and "As I came o'er the Cairney Mount," will easily see that they are quite different tunes.

CCCLXVIII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS song, beginning "The bonniest lad that ere I saw," was compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses, entitled "The Highland Lad and Lawland Lassie," printed in the celebrated "Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. 1750." The original verses are annexed; and, upon comparing these with the words in the Museum, the reader will at once discover the share that Burns had in this remodelled song.

THE HIGHLAND LAD AND LAWLAND LASSIE.

(A DIALOGUE.)

TUNE.—"If thou'lt play me fair play."

1.

THE cannons roar and trumpets sound,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' Charles resound,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

2.

In vain you strive to sooth my pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 With that much long'd for glorious name,
Bonny Highland laddie.
 I too, fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 With which you now so freely part,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

3.

No passion can with me prevail,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 When king and country's in the scale,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Though this conflict in my soul,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 Tells me love too much does rule,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

4.

Ah! dull pretence—I'd sooner die,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Than see you thus inconstant fly,
Bonnie Highland laddie ;
 And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Of Whiggs to mock for trusting you,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

5.

Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 I never will my love forsake,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Be now content—no more repine,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For James shall reign, and ye'se be mine,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

6.

While thus abandon'd to my smart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To one more fair ye'll give your heart,
Bonnie Highland laddie ;
 And what still gives me greater pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Death may for ever you detain,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

7.

None else shall ever have a share,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 But you and honour, of my care,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 And death no terror e'er can bring,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 While I am fighting for my king,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

8.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere ought thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 My fondness shall no more controul,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Your generous and heroic soul,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

9.

Your charms and sense, your noble mind,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 Wou'd make the most abandon'd kind,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

For you and Charles I'd freely fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 No object else can give delight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

10.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 And when victorious, you shall find,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 A *Jenny* constant to your mind,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Another Jacobite song, to the same tune, appears in the work just quoted, which we also annex for the gratification of such as are curious in these matters.

"IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR PLAY."

1.

If thou'lt play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Another year for thee I'll stay,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 For a' the lasses hereabouts,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Marry none but Geordie's louts,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

2.

The time shall come when their bad choice,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 They will repent, and we rejoice,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 I'd take thee in thy Highland trews,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Before the rogues that wear the blues,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

3.

Our torments from no cause do spring,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 But fighting for our lawful king,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Our king's reward will come in time,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And constant Jenny shall be thine,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

4.

There's no distress that earth can bring,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 But I'd endure for our true king,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 And were my Jenny but my own,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 I'd undervalue Geordie's crown,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The air to which the foregoing songs are adapted is very spirited. It appears without a name in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 36, under a slow air called "The Highland Laddie." But the old appellation of the air was "Cockle Shells," and was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's "Dancing Master," first edition, in 1657. The Jacobites, as has already been observed, composed no new tunes, but adapted their songs to such airs as were well-known favourites of the public.

In the Reliques, Burns, alluding to this tune, says, "another Highland Laddie, also in the Museum, vol. v. is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines:

"Whare hae ye been a' day,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Down the back o' Bell's brae,
 Courtin' Maggie, courtin' Maggie."

CCCLXIX.

CHRONICLE OF THE HEART.

THIS ballad, beginning "How often my heart has been by love overthrown," was written by the Rev. Dr Thomas Blacklock. The verses are adapted to the tune called "Gingling Geordie," which seems to be an old Highland pibroch. Indeed, it has such a striking resemblance to the air published in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of "Pioberachd Mhic Dhoniul," and lately reprinted with variations in Albyn's Anthology, vol. i. with the title of "Pibroch of Donald Dubh," that there can scarcely be a doubt as to the locality of the air.

CCCCLXX.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

THIS charming little song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the first strain of an old strathspey, called "The Souter's Daughter." Burns, in a note annexed to the words says, "tune *The Souter's Daughter* N. B.—It is only the first part of the tune to which the song is to be set."

The Souter's Daughter is printed in Bremner's Collection of Reels, in 1764. It also appears in Niel Gow and Son's Collection, and in several others.

CCCCLXXI.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

This song, beginning "O Lovely Polly Stewart," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old favourite tune, called "Miss Stewart's Reel," to which some Jacobite verses, written about the year 1748, were adapted when the tune received the new name of "You're Welcome Charlie Stewart." These verses were printed in the Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. 1750, and are now annexed to give the reader an idea of the spirit of those times.

CHORUS.

*You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
There's none so right as thou art.*

Had I the power as I've the will,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
Thy foes I'd scatter, take, and kill,
From *Billingsgate* to *Duart*.

You're welcome, &c.

Thy sympathising complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France ;
But woe is me for thy mischance !
Which saddens every true heart.

You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun
By *Lockhart* and such cowards.

You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence, to thee a friend,
 A lovely maid did timely send,
 To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou charming Charlie Stewart.
You're welcome, &c.

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray,
 That she and we may see the day,
 When Britons all with joy shall say,
 You're welcome Charlie Stewart.
You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
 Doth thirst and hunger after blood,
 Just Heaven will preserve the good
 To fight for Charlie Stewart.
You're welcome, &c.

When e'er I take a glass of wine,
 I drink confusion to the swine ;
 But health to him that will combine
 To fight for Charlie Stewart.
You're welcome, &c.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
 But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall ;
 We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
 For liberty and Stewart.
You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye Britons, and set on
 Your lawful king upon the throne ;
 To Hanover we'll drive each one
 Who will not fight for Stewart.
You're welcome, &c.

CCCCLXXII.

THE HIGHLAND BALOW.

THIS curious song, beginning "Hee balow, my sweet wee Donald," is a versification, by Burns, of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady. The bard's original manuscript is in the Editor's possession.

Cromek, in his "Select Scottish Songs," vol. i. p. 73, has copied this song without acknowledgment from the Museum ; and he thus introduces it to his readers :—"The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began

their nightly depredations, was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked, that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a *Michaelmas-moon* is proverbial; and, by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn, (the moon,) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. Nay, to this day a Highlander, that is not a sturdy moralist, does not deem it a very great crime to *lift* (such is the phrase) a sheep now and then. If the reader be curious to contemplate one of these heroes *in the cradle*, he may read the following Highland balow or nursery song. It is wildly energetic, and strongly characteristic of the rude and uncultivated manners of the Border Islands."

HEE, balow, my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture of the great Clanronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie cragie,
 An thou live, thou'll steal a nagie;
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou furdur—
 Herry the lowns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

CCCCLXXIII.

AULD KING COUL.

THIS humorous old ballad appears in Herd's Collection, in 1776, under the title of "Old King Coul." The version in the Museum was furnished by Burns. It is, however, almost verbatim the same as Herd's copy. Auld King Coul was the fabled father of the giant Fyn M'Coule. The following account of this latter personage is given by HECTOR BOETIUS, as translated by BELLENDYNE:—"It is said, that FYN MAC-COULE, the sonne of COELUS, *Scottisman*, was in thir days (of KYNG EUGENIUS, fifth century) ane man of huge sta-

ture, of seventeen cubits hycht. He was ane gret hunter, rycht terrybill for his huge quantitie to the pepyll, of quhom *ar mony vulgar fabyllis amang us*, nocht unlyke to thir fabyllis that *ar rehersit* of KYNG ARTHURE. But becaus his dedis is nocht authorist by *autentic* authoris, I will rehers nathyng thairof, bot declare the remanent gestis of KYNG EUGENIUS."

Bishop Lesley's account (*anno 1570*) is in these words:—
 "Multorum opinio est, FINNANUM quondam, Coeli filium, nostra lingua FYN-MAC-COUL dictum, ingentis magnitudinis virum, ea tempeste (A. D. 430) apud *nostros* vixisse, et tanquam ex veterum gigantum stirpe exortum."

The reader will find a curious description of the great Fyn MacCoule and his gigantic wife, in Sir David Lindsay's interlude of the Droichs. It is the very quintessence of absurdity. The following verse of it may suffice. Of Fyn MacCoule, it is said—

HE had a wyfe was mekile of clift,
 Hir heid was heichar nor the lyft;
 The hevin rerdit when she wad rift;
 The lass wes nathing schlender.

Scho spatt Loch Lowmond with her lippis;
 Thunder and fire flawght flew fra her hippis,
 Quhan scho was crabbit, the sone-thol'd clippis,
 The feynd durst nocht offend her.

The well-known English song of "Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all in a Row," which first appeared in the sixth volume of the "Pills," in 1712, is evidently a parody of this ballad of Auld King Coul.

CCCLXXIV.

THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

THIS comic song, beginning "A laddie and a lassie dwelt in the south countrie," is preserved in Yair's Collection, vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1751, and in Herd's Collection, 1776. The lively air to which the words are adapted, was communicated to Mr Clarke by a gentleman from Roxburghshire, who sung the song with great humour and spirit.

CCCCLXXV.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL.

THIS fine old tune was originally called "The Killogie;" but the words beginning "A lad and a lassie lay in a Killogie," are inadmissible. In 1688, Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William Ker, Earl of Lothian, afterwards created Earl of Ancram and Marquis of Lothian, wrote a satirical song on the Revolution, which was adapted to the same air. It was called "Cakes of Crowdy." A copy of this curious production may be seen in the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*. Another song to the same tune, beginning "Bannocks of bear-meal and bannocks of barley," is still sung, but it possesses little merit. Burns wrote the stanzas in the *Museum* in the *Jacobite* style, in which he interwove the latter title of the song with the new words.

Cromek, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Songs," has the following remark:—"In the Scots Musical Museum there is but one verse and a half preserved of this song. One is surprised and incensed, to see so many fine songs shorn of their very best verses for fear they should exceed the bounds of a page. The editor (Cromek) has collected the two last heart-rousing verses, which he believes will complete the song." Here they are:

AND claw'd their back at Falkirk's fairly,
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks of barley?
 Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie,
 An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly,
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

If Cromek, or his Nithsdale friends who furnished him with the *old songs* for that work, had only looked into the *Museum*, they would have observed, that the chorus is repeated to the *first* strain of the air, and the two remaining lines to the *last*,—so that Burns' words are quite complete, and re-

quire the tune to be sung twice over. Nay more, they would have discovered that there was plenty of room on the plate, had Burns chosen to write a verse or two more. It is therefore to be hoped, for the credit of our bard, that his verses will never be united to the trash that Cromek has endeavoured to palm upon the country as the remnant of what he calls a heart-rousing old song.

It is a curious fact, that Oswald has inadvertently copied the air twice in his Caledonian Pocket Companion. In the third volume of that work, it is printed under the title of "Bannocks of Bear-meal;" and, in the sixth volume, it again appears under the name of "There was a Lad and a Lass in a Killogie," from the first line of the old indelicate words alluded to.

CCCCLXXVI.

WAE IS MY HEART.

THIS simple old air of one strain was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to the Editor of the Museum, along with the three beautiful stanzas written by himself, to which the tune is adapted. The original manuscripts of the melody, and Burns' verses to it, are in the possession of the Editor.

CCCCLXXVII.

THERE WAS A SILLY SHEPHERD SWAIN.

THIS old ballad was taken from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1776. In the third volume of Playford's Wit and Mirth, first edition, in 1702, there is a ballad, beginning "There was a knight, and he was young," in which, though the hero is of higher degree than the silly shepherd swain in the Scottish ballad, yet the leading incidents, and even some of the stanzas, are so similar, that the one must have been borrowed from the other. For instance,

THERE was a knight, and he was young,
A riding along the way, Sir,
And there he met a lady fair
Among the cocks of hay, Sir.

* * * * *

So he mounted her upon a milk-white steed
 Himself upon another ;
 And then they rid upon the road
 Like sister and like brother.

And when she came to her father's house,
 Which was moated round about, Sir,
 She stepped straight within the gate,
 And shut this young knight out, Sir.
 * * * * *

If you meet a lady fair
 As you go by the hill, Sir,
 If you will not when you may,
 You shall not when you will, Sir.

The English ballad is adapted to the old Scottish tune called "Boyne Water."

CCCCLXXVIII.

KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

THE words of this song, beginning "Robin is my only jo," are taken from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Songs*, printed in 1776. There is a much older set of verses to the same air, however, but they are not quite fit for insertion.

In the "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," which was written in the year 1692, it is said, that Mr James Kirkton, in October last, preaching on hymns and spiritual songs, told the people—there be four kinds of songs—profane songs, malignant, allowable, and spiritual songs ; as,

My mother sent me to the well—
 She had better gane hersell ;
 For what I gat I darna tell,
 But kind Robin loes me.

This author of the *Presbyterian Eloquence*, however, was incorrect in giving these four lines as a verse of "Kind Robin loes me," for the three first lines belong to an old song called "Whistle o'er the Lave o't," which may be seen

in Herd's Collection above referred to. The old words of "Kind Robin loes me" begin thus:

*Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin loes me.*

Robin, Robin, let me be
Until I win the nourrice fee;
And I will spend it a' wi' thee,
For kind Robin loes me.
&c. &c. &c.

The following beautiful verses to the same tune, which is one of our best melodies, were published in the "Vocal Magazine," printed by Charles Stewart and Co. at Edinburgh in 1798.

1.

COME all ye souls devoid of art,
Who take in virtue's cause a part,
And give me joy of Robin's heart,
For kind Robin lo'es me.
O happy, happy was the hour
And blest the dear delightful bow'r,
Where first I felt love's gentle pow'r,
And knew that Robin lo'ed me.

2.

O witness ev'ry bank and brae!
Witness, ye streams, that thro' them play!
And ev'ry field and meadow gay,
That kind Robin lo'es me!
Tell it, ye birds, from ev'ry tree!
Breathe it, ye winds, o'er ilka lea!
Ye waves, proclaim from sea to sea,
That kind Robin lo'es me!

3.

The winter's cot, the summer's shield,
The freezing snaw, the flow'ry field,
Alike to me true pleasures yield,
Since kind Robin lo'es me.
For world's gear I'll never pine,
Nor seek in gay attire to shine;
A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,
The lad that truly lo'es me.

CCCLXXIX.

WE'LL PUT THE SHEEP HEAD IN THE PAT.

THIS is merely a fragment of an old silly ballad, which was printed in the sixth volume of "Wit and Mirth," London 1712. It consists of six stanzas, beginning "Poor Sandy had marry'd a wife;" but they are not worth the transcribing.

CCCLXXX.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

THIS short song, of two stanzas, beginning "Although my back be at the wa'," was written by Burns. The words are adapted to a tune, called "The Job of Journey Work," in Aird's Collection, vol. iii. The song has a jocular allusion to the situation of Mrs Burns previous to her marriage with the bard. See *Currie's Life of Burns*, vol. i.

CCCLXXXI.

THE MAID GAED TO THE MILL.

THIS foolish song was copied from Herd's Collection, and adapted to the old air of "John Anderson, my Jo." Many similar double-meaning ditties occur in Playford's Wit and Mirth, and Herd's version seems to have been compiled from one of them.

CCCLXXXII.

SIR PATRICK SPENS:

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "The King sits in Dumfermline town," has been a favourite in Scotland for many generations. Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. i. printed in 1765, published a copy of it under the title of "Sir Patrick Spence, a Scottish ballad, from two M.S. copies transmitted from Scotland." "In what age (continues this learned editor) the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened, that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to

discover ; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my observation." *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i. p 71.

Though history is silent respecting some incidents of the ballad, uniform tradition is not. Alexander III. of Scotland, (whose favourite residence was at Dunfermline,) having the misfortune, before his decease, to lose his queen and all his children, assembled a parliament at Scoone in 1284, when it was settled, that, in the event of his death, the crown of Scotland should descend to his grand-daughter Margaret, styled by historians, "*The Maid of Norway*," who was the only child of Eric, King of Norway, by his Queen Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. Anxious to see his grand-daughter and successor, he despatched one of his ablest sea-captains, Sir Patrick Spens, to Norway, accompanied by several Scottish nobles, to fetch the young princess to Scotland. King Eric, however, after various procrastinations, refused to allow his daughter to embark, and Sir Patrick Spens, on returning, at a late season of the year, from this fruitless expedition, was shipwrecked in a hurricane off the coast of Scotland, and all on board perished.

In the mean time, Edward I. of England conceived the idea of marrying his eldest son, Edward Prince of Wales, to the heiress of Scotland, a measure equally agreeable to Alexander and the Scots nobles ; for by this marriage the two kingdoms would have been united, and those bloody and destructive wars, which afterwards desolated both kingdoms for three centuries, would, in all probability, never have taken place ; but Providence had otherwise decreed it. Alexander III. being accidentally killed by a fall from his horse near Pettycur, the Scottish parliament despatched Sir David Wemyss and Sir Michael Scott on a second expedition, to receive their young queen, but the death of the Maid of Norway totally ruined a scheme concerted between England and Scotland, which

might have been productive of the most beneficial consequences to both kingdoms.

“ It is somewhat remarkable (says Arnot, in his History of Edinburgh) that there are but three celebrated captains mentioned in Scottish story, Sir Patrick Spens, Sir Andrew Wood, and Andrew Barton, of whom the two first perished in storms, the last in a naval engagement with the English.” Scotland, indeed, appears to have been almost destitute of a navy at this period ; nor did the habits of the people, in these times, dispose them to follow maritime affairs. Hence the insufficiency of their ships, their ignorance of naval tactics, and the liability to shipwreck in rough seas. Even so late as the reign of James III. it was enacted, “ That there be nae schip fraughted out of the realm, with ony staple gudes, frae the feast of Simon’s and Jude’s day, unto the feast of the purification of our lady, called Candlemas,” (that is to say, from the 28th of October to the 2d of February thereafter,) under the penalty of £5. And this penalty was raised to £20 in the reign of his grand-son James V. What a miserably picture of the state of the naval tactics and commerce of Scotland in these days !

Bishop Percy informs us, that “ in some modern copies, instead of Sir Patrick Spens, hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral, who flourished in the time of Edward IV. but whose story has nothing in common with this ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.”—*Percy’s Reliques*.

The copy of the ballad in the Museum is exactly the same as that inserted in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which has been elegantly translated into the German language by Professor Herden, in a work entitled the “ *Volk Leider*.” It has since been printed, with additions, in Sir Walter Scott’s *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. i.

CCCCLXXXIII.

THE WREN, OR LENNOX'S LOVE TO BLANTYRE.

THIS old *Nursery Song*, beginning "The wren scho lies in care's bed," was taken from Herd's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*. The words are adapted to the beautiful air called "Lennox's Love to Blantyre," which is frequently played as a dancing-tune. This tune is modelled from the air called "O dear Mother what shall I do."

CCCCLXXXIV.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS old ballad, commemorating some real or supposed achievements of "the hero of Scotland," was recovered by Burns, and transmitted, alongst with the melody (taken down from oral communication) to the publisher of the *Museum*. The bards MSS. of the music and the words are in the possession of the editor.

That the heroic Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie, near Paisley, was the subject of many songs and ballads, though now, perhaps, irrecoverably lost, cannot be doubted; for some of them are expressly referred to as evidence of this historical fact in Fordon's *Scotichronicon*, vol. ii. page 176. That in the *Museum*, beginning "O for my ain king, quo' gude Wallace," is the only ballad relating to the actions of this hero that the Editor has either met with or heard sung. It is, however, evidently imperfect, and has no doubt suffered greatly, in passing, by oral recitation, from one generation to another. The leading incidents of the ballad are nevertheless corroborated by a similar account in *Blind Henry the Minstrel's Metrical Life of the Acts and Deeds of Wallace*, book v.

Many of the adventures and exploits related by this ancient minstrel, however, have been reckoned apocryphal, and even apparently supernatural. The destruction of the early historical records of Scotland unfortunately leaves the truth or

falsehood of these traditional relations in a great measure undecided. But we have sufficient evidence to convince us, that Wallace possessed uncommon strength and activity of body ; a constitution capable of enduring the most severe privations and fatigue ; a mind at once firm, bold, and energetic ; he not only delivered his country from the oppression and tyranny of Edward I., but likewise made severe retaliations on the dominions of that monarch. He became the scourge and terror of the English, who watched every opportunity to destroy him. Notwithstanding his eminent and glorious services in behalf of Scotland, he was, at length, treacherously betrayed by his countryman, Sir John Menteith, and delivered into the hands of the relentless and cruel Edward, who basely murdered the gallant hero, in the year 1303.—All these facts are on record, and it is not quite fair to disregard traditional relations, in so far, at least, as they do not appear inconsistent with probability. Indeed, many other equally miraculous exploits of the Scottish hero have been handed down by tradition, and are still current among the peasantry in England, with whom Wallace could scarcely be thought to be a favourite.

CCCCLXXXV.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THE words and air of this comic old song were composed by Patrick Birnie of Kinghorn, a celebrated musician and rhymmer of his day. It is probably as old as 1660. Ramsay, in one of his poems printed in 1721, entitled "Elegy on Patie Birnie," says,

Your honour's father, dead and gane,
 For him he first wad make his maue,
 But soon his face cou'd make ye fain,
 When he did sough ;
O wiltu, wiltu, do't again ?
 And gran'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke, "*The auld man's mare's dead—
 The peats and turfs and a's to lead ;*"

O fy upon her!
 A bonny *auld thing* this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

CCCCLXXXVI.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. It begins "But lately seen in gladsome green." He likewise communicated the plaintive air to which his verses are adapted. It is apparently borrowed from the English tune of Chevy-Chace, in Dale's Collection.

CCCCLXXXVII.

GOOD MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS.

THE words of this song were taken from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs in 1776. The original air, which is really beautiful, was communicated to Mr Clarke by a gentleman who sung the song with much pathos and feeling.—Mr Ritson copied the words into his Collection, and left blank lines for the music, as he was unable to discover the genuine air. The words and music first appeared together in the Museum, but the song is known to be pretty ancient.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

THIS popular Scottish ballad, beginning "As I came in by Auchindown," was long hacked about among the stalls before it found its way into any regular collection. Ritson published it with the musical notes in his Scottish Songs, in 1794, and he subjoins the following paragraph with regard to it: "No notice is taken of this battle in the history of Montrose's wars, nor does any mention of it elsewhere occur. The only action known to have happened at Cromdale, a village in Inverness-shire, was long after Montrose's time."

This explanation, however, is neither accurate nor satisfactory. Cromdale is an extensive parish, nearly equally situ-

ated in the counties of Inverness and Moray. Its length is fully twenty, and its breadth, in some places, nearly twelve miles. Though the appearance of the country is somewhat bleak, and the soil in general thin and arid, yet the haughs, or low grounds, on the banks of the river Spey are very fertile. In this parish, the covenant forces at first obtained a slight advantage over the Highlanders, but were soon thereafter routed with great slaughter.

With respect to the ballad, it seems either to have been written at a later period than the events which it is intended to record took place, or else, it has been imperfectly transmitted by oral communication. The old name of the tune, as appears from a manuscript of it in the Editor's possession, was "Wat ye how the Play began?" and this is likewise the title of it in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. Besides, the troops which were raised by the Lords of the Covenant to oppose Montrose were not styled Cromwell's men, as they are denominated in the last stanza of the ballad, although that appellation not long thereafter came to be bestowed on the parliament armies which combated the royal forces.

But to return to the ballad. After taking Dundee by assault, the Marquis of Montrose delivered up that ill-fated town and neighbourhood to be pillaged by his ferocious and blood-thirsty troops. The approach of the "Army of the Covenant," however, under the command of Generals Baillie and Urry, put a stop to these ravages, and compelled Montrose to retreat upwards of sixty miles, and to take shelter amongst the mountains of Perthshire. Baillie and Urry having afterwards imprudently divided their forces, the latter pushed forward his division to Cromdale, where he surprised and routed some Highlanders under the command of Alexander M'Donald, a firm royalist, and staunch adherent of Montrose, from his earliest career. As soon as Montrose obtained intelligence of this event, and of the separation of the Covenant forces, he commenced a most rapid and dexterous march

from Loch Katrine to the heart of Inverness-shire, and on the 4th May 1645, having come up with the troops under the command of Urry at the village of Aulder, he defeated them with prodigious slaughter, although his forces scarcely amounted to the half of those of his opponent. Baillie, who was a veteran and skilful officer, now advanced to Strathbogie to revenge Urry's defeat; but he experienced a similar disaster, the greater part of his men being left dead on the field in the vicinity of Alford. Encouraged by these brilliant successes, Montrose now descended into the low country, and fought another bloody and decisive battle near Kilsyth, where 6000 covenanters fell under the Highland claymores. These splendid victories at length opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose, and Charles I., as a reward for his services, appointed him Captain-general and Deputy-governor of that kingdom, upon which he summoned a Parliament to meet at Glasgow, on the 29th October 1645. But neither Charles nor Montrose were destined long to enjoy the fruits of these victories, for the former had the misfortune to be brought to the scaffold by his rebellious subjects, on 30th January 1649, and Montrose, after having been defeated by General Leslie at Philliphaugh, in the county of Selkirk, and afterwards by Colonel Strachan in the county of Ross, shared a similar fate at Edinburgh, on the 21st May 1650.

In excuse for the Scots, it must be remembered, that the bloody battle of Kilsyth, where 6000 brave but inexperienced soldiers fell a sacrifice while fighting for their religion, the freedom of conscience, and the liberties of their country, combined with the cruelties which Montrose had committed on the inhabitants of Dundee and in various other parts of Scotland, *were still fresh in the minds of his antagonists.* Nor was Montrose himself free from the guilt of murder and apostacy. For, at first he joined the covenanters, and in his zeal forced the inhabitants of Aberdeen to take the covenant; he even crossed the Tweed in 1640,

and routed the vanguard of the King's cavalry. Yet, in 1643, he abandoned the religious tenets he had sworn to adhere to, espoused the royal cause, and delivered up the town of Aberdeen to destruction and pillage, in order to expiate the very principles which he himself had formerly imposed upon them. Montrose was undoubtedly one of the most able and brave generals that ever existed, but his memory will ever be tarnished by the horrid acts of cruelty and oppression which he exercised on his unfortunate countrymen.

CCCCXXXIX.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "I chanc'd to meet an airy blade," was copied from Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. p. 347, printed at Edinburgh in 1751. It also appears in Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs. Ritson likewise inserted it in his Collection in 1784, and left blank lines for the music, as he could not discover the tune. But the late James Balfour, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, who was a charming singer of Scottish songs, obligingly communicated the original melody, which enabled the publisher of the Museum to present both the words and music to the public for the first time in that work.

The Editor is credibly informed, that this ballad was written by the late Rev. Mr Nathaniel Mackay, minister of Cross-Michael, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

CCCCXC.

THE TAILOR.

THIS jocose effusion of Burns, beginning "For weel he kend the way, O," was written on purpose for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old reel tune in Bremner's Collection, 1764, entitled "The Drummer." This tune was selected by Mr O'Keefe, for one of his songs in the comic

opera of “The Poor Soldier,” which was first acted in Covent Garden in 1783. It begins, “Dear Kathleen, you no doubt.”

CCCCXCI.

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

THIS exquisitely comic and humorous Scottish ballad, beginning “There was a wee bit wifeikie, and she gaed to the fair,” was written by Dr Alexander Geddes, a catholic clergyman, author of *Lewie Gordon*, and several other poetical pieces of merit.

The words of the song are adapted to a Highland strathspey composed by the same author, but it is evidently modelled from the tune called “The Boatie rows.” Dr Geddes likewise altered the old air of “Tarrie Woo,” to suit the words of his “*Lewis Gordon*.”

CCCCXCII.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH IN OUR KAIL YARD.

THIS song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the Museum. It is accordingly marked with the letter Z, to denote its being an old song with additions. Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted. It is apparently the progenitor of the improved tune, called “For the lake of gold she’s left me,” to which Dr Austin’s words are adapted, and which the reader will find inserted in the second volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 163.*

CCCCXCIII.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAINS.

THIS song was also written by Burns for the Museum. He took the tune from Oswald’s *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vii. page 17th, where it is inserted under the title of “At setting Day.”

But it is not a genuine Scottish melody; for the air was composed by the late Samuel Howard, Mus. Doctor, to the

verses which Allan Ramsay wrote as a song for Peggy in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd," beginning

At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 &c. &c. &c.

Ramsay directed his verses to be sung to the fine tune of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, which is unquestionably far superior to Dr Howard's air, although the latter, with Ramsay's words, became a very popular song in England, and was frequently sung by Mr Lowe, at Vauxhall, with great applause. This Anglo-Scottish song was printed in Robart's "Caliope, or English Harmony," vol. ii. London 1739, and again in another work, entitled "The Muse's Delight," printed at Liverpool in 1754.

The anonymous editor of the work entitled "Musical Biography," printed at London in 2 vols 8vo, 1814, informs us, that Dr Howard, "who was educated at the Chapel Royal, was not more esteemed for his musical talents than he was beloved for his private virtues, being ever ready to relieve distress, to anticipate the demands of friendship, and to prevent the necessities of his acquaintance. He was organist of the churches of St Clement Danes and St Bride. His *ballads* were long the delight of natural and inexperienced lovers of music, and had at least the merit of neatness and facility to recommend them. He preferred so much the style of music of his own country to that of any other, that nothing could persuade him out of a belief that it had not then been excelled. He died at his house in Norfolk-street, in the Strand (London) on the 13th of July 1782, and was succeeded in his situation of organist of St Clement's by Mr Thomas Smart, and that of St Bride's by Mr Thomas Potter, the son of the flute-maker of that name."—*Mus. Biog.* vol. ii. p. 200.

CCCCXCIV.

O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

THE Editor has not yet been able to discover the author of the words, or the composer of this air. Johnson copied the song from a single sheet, published by Messrs Stewart & Co. music-sellers, South Bridge, Edinburgh, which is entitled "The favourite duet of *O dear, what can the matter be?*" It appears to be an Anglo-Scottish production, not many years anterior to the publication of the Museum, and is still a favourite.

CCCCXCV.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a beautiful strathspey tune, called "Laggan Burn," which Burns communicated along with another air to the same words, that Mr Clarke might have the option of adopting either of the two he pleased.

The Editor, on looking into the manuscript of the music, observes the following note to Johnson, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke: "This song must have a verse more or a verse less. The music intended for it was so miserably bad, that I rejected it; but luckily there was a tune called 'Laggan Burn' on the opposite side, which will answer very well, by adding a verse or curtailing one. I know that Burns will rather do the former than the latter.

"P. S. When I wrote the above, I did not observe that there was *another verse* on the opposite page."

There is a striking resemblance between this tune of "Laggan Burn" and "Lady Shaftsbury's Strathspey," composed by Mr Nathaniel Gow, and published in his Third Collection, page 15.

CCCCXCVI.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

THE old words of this song, beginning "And a' that e'er my Jenny had," were copied from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, Edinburgh 1776, and are adapted to their ori-

ginal air, which has long been a favourite dancing tune. The following humorous verses, to the same air, do credit to the pen of their ingenious author, Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P.

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

The first, a captain to his trade,
 Wi' skull ill-lin'd, but back weel clad,
 March'd round the barn and by the shed,
 And pap'd 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.

A lawyer niest, wi' blethrin gab,
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
 In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,
 And a' for a fee :
 Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
 And tradesmens' tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
 And now he thought to clout his gown
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird niest trotted up,
 Wi' bawsend naig and siller whup,
 Cried, " There's my beast, lad, had 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.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,
 A THING cam niest (but life has rubs,
 Foul were the roads and fou the dubs,
 And jaupit a' was he.
 He danc'd up, squintin 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 kaim his wig,
 The soger no to strut sae big,
 The lawyer no to be a prig;
 The fool cried, " Tehee !
 I kent that I could never fail !"
 But she prin'd the dishclout to his tail,
 And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

CCCCXCVII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

THIS is another production of Burns, in allusion to " the royal family of Stuart," and the unfortunate fate of many of its adherents. The beautiful air to which his verses are adapted, consisting of one strain, was also communicated by the bard. Mr Hogg had been informed by some person, who thought this an old song, that it was written by a Captain Ogilvie, who was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and was afterwards killed on the banks of the Rhine in 1695.

CCCCXCVIII.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THIS pathetic ballad, of eight stanzas, beginning " Oh ! I am come to the low countrie," was *wholly* composed by Burns for the Museum, unless we except the exclamation *Ochon, ochon, ochrie !* which appears in the old song composed on the massacre of Glencoe, inserted in the first volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 89.*

Burns likewise communicated the plaintive *Gaelic* air, which he obtained from a lady in the north of Scotland, and of which he was remarkably fond. The bard's own manuscripts, both of the words and of the music, are in the present Editor's possession. Burns, it is observed, had misplaced some of the bars in the melody, which Mr Clarke has rectified in the Museum. The words and music first appeared in print in the fifth volume of that work.

Burns never could reflect on the unnecessary and indiscriminate severities which the Duke of Cumberland exerci-

sed on the unfortunate inhabitants of the Highlands after the battle of Culloden (fought on the 16th April 1746), but his heart thrilled with sensations of the deepest detestation and horror. In the month of May following, the Duke advanced as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments to ravage the whole country. "The castles of Lovat, Glengary, and Lochiel, were destroyed; the cottages were burnt to the ground; the cattle driven away; and the wives and children of the hapless rebels, if spared from conflagration and the sword, were driven out to wander, houseless and without food, over the desolate heath. So alert were these ministers of vengeance in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen within the compass of *fifty miles*; all was ruin, silence, and desolation."—*Simpson's Hist. of Scotland*. The keen sensibility which these barbarities excited in the feeling and susceptible mind of Burns, gave rise to several exquisite ballads from his versatile pen, in allusion to these horrid times of butchery and havoc. "The Lovely Lass of Inverness;" "It was a' for our rightfu' King;" "The Highland Widow's Lament;" and several other of his songs, in the Museum, are proofs of this fact.

The present ballad, however, like many others of our great bard, has had the misfortune to be disfigured since its first publication, by three additional verses of a modern poet-aster, who has neither paid regard to the *measure* of the original stanzas, nor to the *melody* to which they were adapted. Cromek, as usual, first set the example, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Song," and he has since been copied by later publishers of Scottish songs. The interpolated verses are annexed, to enable the reader to distinguish the old lines from the spurious.

" I HAE nocht left me ava,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher band,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 My winsome Donald's durk and bran',
 Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bludie crowns
 To them gar't Donald die!!!"

These fabricated stanzas are no more to be compared with the fine verses of Burns, than the daubings of a sign-painter with the pictures of Raphael.

CCCCXCIX.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

THIS charming and pathetic song, beginning "Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a plaintive, slow air, which was also communicated by the bard. This song was originally intended for the air, "Here awa, there awa', bide awa', Willie," which would have answered it far better; but, as that tune had been printed in a former part of the Museum, Johnson wished another for the sake of variety.

D.

EVAN BANKS.

THIS fine song, beginning "Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires," was likewise written by Burns for the same work. The words are adapted to a slow air, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 18, entitled, "Green grows the Rashes," but it is evidently the same tune as "Gude Night and Joy be wi' you," slightly varied.

Evan is a small river in Dumfries-shire, in the parish of Moffat, which takes its rise at Clydesnan, very near the source of the Clyde.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART V.

CCCCI.

THE LASS OF INVERNESS.

THIS subject has been finely treated by Mr Allan Cunningham, in a pathetic song called “The Lovely Lass of Inverness,” which first appeared in Cromek’s *Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*.

CCCCIX.

O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

“THE concluding stanza of this Song is,

Then round about the fire wi’ a rung she ran,
 An round about the fire wi’ a rung she ran,
 An round, &c.

Saying—‘Haud awa’ your blue breeks frae me, gudeman.’”
 (C. K. S.)

CCCCXI.

TAM LIN.

“THE name of Walter de Lynne is to be found in Raggman’s Roll. This Walter,” says Nisbet, “is without doubt the ancestor of the Lynnes of that ilk, a little ancient family in Cuningham, but lately extinct.”—The Christian name of Thomlyne occurs also in several old Romances.

“On the subject of such poetical names, it may be mentioned here, that Tristram was the ancient appellation of the Earl of Howth’s family, till it was changed, owing to a signal victory gained by one of the chiefs on St Laurence’s day.” (*Vide Pedigree of the Earls of Howth, in the Irish Peerage.*)

“ It is remarkable that none of our Scottish ballads contains the names, or is founded on any incident to be met with in the collections of Ossianic poetry, as far as I have ever observed; this cannot easily be accounted for; as many picturesque stories are set forth in these poems, which probably, if the whole be not a dream, must have been familiar to the Scottish Lowlanders.”—(C. K. S.)

The account given of Wood's MS. 1566, at pages 369, 407, &c., is not quite accurate. The volume quoted as “ Mr Blackwood's MSS.” is now in my possession, and is unquestionably an interesting relique of its kind, although of less antiquity than Mr S. has assigned to it. The Medley which he quotes, was not written by Wood in 1566, but has been inserted, along with various miscellaneous airs, by a different hand, probably between 1600 and 1620. The Medley itself is contained along with the “ Pleugh Song,” in the second edition of the “ Cantus, &c,” printed at Aberdeen, 1666. See the Introduction to the present work.

CCCCXIII.

AULD LANGSYNE.

IN Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III. Edinb. 1711. 8vo, there is a poem entitled “ Old Longsyne,” written about the middle of the 17th century. It contains ten stanzas, divided into two parts, of which the first and sixth stanzas may serve as a specimen. It is probably an English ballad, and founded upon one of an earlier date.

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

If e'er I have a house, my Dear,
 That truly is call'd mine,
 And can afford but country cheer,
 Or ought that's good therein ;
 Tho' thou wert Rebel to the King,
 And beat with wind and rain,
 Assure thyself of welcome Love,
 For Old-long-syne.

CCCCXXV.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

BURNS has attributed this Song to a person whose death was thus announced in the Obituaries of the time.

“ Oct. 21, 1821—Died at Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, JOHN EWEN, Esq., who was a most useful member of society, and one of the most respectable public characters of that place for more than half a century. His exertions in favour of charitable institutions, and for every individual case of distress that came under his notice, were zealous and unremitting; his conduct, as connected with public affairs, was strictly disinterested; while his great information on subjects of general interest, merited, upon all occasions, the respectful attention of the community. Strangers visiting Aberdeen, who very frequently had introductions to Mr Ewen, will long recollect his assiduous and polite attentions. Though not a native of Aberdeen, he had long been regarded as one of her most eminent citizens. With the exception of various sums left to the public charities of Aberdeen, he has bequeathed the bulk of his property (perhaps L.15,000 or L.16,000) to the Magistrates and Clergy of Montrose, for the purpose of founding an Hospital, similar to Gordon's Hospital of Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of boys.”—(*Scots Magazine*, 1821, p. 620.)

This bequest gave rise to a protracted litigation, in the course of which, the conduct of “this respectable public character,” in his family settlements, appeared in a very

singular point of view. He was not, however, a person of so much note as to make it worth while to state all the particulars; but the following notice has been kindly communicated by James Maidment, Esq., Advocate, who was one of the counsel employed.

“ JOHN EWEN was born in Montrose—he was of humble origin, and his parents had not the means of giving him almost any education. His frugality and industry having early in life enabled him to scrape together a few pounds, he went to Aberdeen in 1760, and set up a small hardware shop for the sale of goods.

“ From 1760 to 1766, Mr Ewen was not particularly prosperous, but in the last-mentioned year, he bettered his circumstances by marrying Janet Middleton, one of the two daughters of John Middleton, yarn and stocking-maker, Aberdeen, and of Elizabeth Mac-Kombie, his wife. In right of this lady, whose father was then dead, Mr Ewen became possessor of one-half of the property (chiefly heritable) of his deceased father-in-law. On the 27th Dec. 1766, a postnuptial contract of marriage was entered into between the husband and wife, by which she conveys to her husband her place of the heritage, which consisted of certain tenements in Aberdeen, a bond for L.100, and certain furniture valued at L.43, 7s. He, in return, conveyed to her, in case of her surviving him, all his moveable effects; but declaring, that if a child or children be alive at the dissolution of the marriage by Ewen's death, that, in that case, her right should be restricted to one-half of the furniture, and an annuity of L.10 per annum. In case of his survivance, and there being issue, he became bound to give them all his property, heritable or moveable, which he might die possessed of.

“ Mrs Ewen did not long survive after giving birth to a daughter. This young lady married in 1787. As Mr Ewen's parsimony effectually prevented him making any suitable provision on this occasion, and as his son-in-law had

only the fortune of a younger brother, the newly-married pair resolved to leave Scotland, and try their fortune in a foreign clime. This circumstance, perhaps, originally induced the father to think of devoting his accumulations to the endowment of an hospital; however, as the conditions of the marriage-contract with Miss Middleton necessarily fettered him, he resolved to endeavour to procure a discharge of the provisions in the deed, upon payment of small sum of money. This he was enabled to effect, and he thereupon became absolute and unlimited master of property, real and personal, of considerable value.

“ Ewen died in Oct. 1821, never having taken a second wife, and leaving behind him a very ample fortune, which on deathbed he devised to trustees for the purpose of endowing an hospital at Montrose, upon a similar footing with that of Gordon’s at Aberdeen. This settlement was challenged by his daughter; and after various conflicting decisions, was, to the satisfaction of every one, finally set aside by the House of Peers, on the 17th Nov. 1810, on the clear legal ground, which had been very superficially considered in the Court below, that the deed was void, in consequence of its *uncertainty* and want of precision both as to the sum to be accumulated by the trustees before they were to commence building the hospital, and as to the number of boys to be educated in it when built.”

A full report of this lawsuit is contained in Wilson and Shaw’s “ Cases decided in the House of Lords on Appeal from the Courts of Scotland,” vol. iv. p. 346-361.

In the Museum, three different sets of this popular air are given. The following verses, written by JOANNA BAILLIE, for Mr Thomson’s Collection, are here copied from that work, which is enriched with several others by the same lady. She has imbibed so much of the true character and feeling of our older lyric poetry, that it is matter of regret she had not directed herself more to this branch of composition.

O swiftly glides the bonny boat,
 Just parted from the shore ;
 And to the Fisher's chorus note,
 Soft moves the dipping oar.
 His toils are borne with happy cheer,
 And ever may they speed,
 That feeble age and helpmate dear,
 And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
 Our nets are floating wide,
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide :
 And happy prove our daily lot,
 Upon the summer sea ;
 And blest on land our kindly cot
 Where all our treasures be.

The Mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The Witch may weave her charm,
 Nor Water-sprite nor eldrich thing
 The bonny boat can harm.
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Thro' many a stormy gale,
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.
 We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

CCCCXXIX.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

THIS song, as stated at page 381, appeared in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. The following passage, in a letter of Malloch's, dated Dreghorn, 10th Sept. 1722, seems to refer to that collection, which is usually considered to have been first published in 1724. " I saw Captain Hamilton (of Gilbertfield) some time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his Life of Wallace ; and, at the same time, so far sunk his character with people of taste, that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr Ramsay, again, aspires no higher than humble Sonnets at present. He has published several collections of Scotch

Songs, and wonderfully obliged the young creatures of both sexes; the men, by giving them an opportunity of letting the world see they are amongst the number of those *Quos æquus amavit Apollo*; and the women, by making public those pretty love-songs, where their sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and snowy breasts, are so tenderly described. *His Miscellany Songs are wrote by various hands.* These are the present entertainments in town."

The above is an extract from one of a series of original letters by Malloch, addressed to Professor Ker of Aberdeen, between the years 1720 and 1727. It is to be regretted that he has not described more particularly the various hands "that wrote these Miscellany Songs." See page *383.—Malloch's letters, which are printed in "The Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany" for 1793, contain a number of curious literary notices, including some particulars of his own life.

Mr Stenhouse has, not only in this place, erroneously ascribed, "As Sylvia in a forest lay," to Malloch, or Mallet, but in a former note, at page 58, he has very superfluously inserted the whole of the song verbatim, (also calling it one of Mallet's earliest compositions,) overlooking, I presume, the circumstance that it occurred in this volume of the Museum. The author of the song was JOSEPH MITCHELL, a countryman of Mallet's, who, like him, had proceeded to London to better his fortune. He was the author of one or two dramatic pieces, as well as poems, and has been noticed by Mr S. at pages 54 and 59. See also an account of his life in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, vol. xxii. p. 204.

That Mitchell was the author of this song is indubitable, as it is contained with some variations, under the title of "Sylvia's Moan," in vol. ii. p. 236, of the collection of his "Poems on Several Occasions," Lond. 1729, 2 vols. large 8vo.

Another song by Mitchell, well known as "the Duke of

Argyle's Levee," has been usually attributed to Lord Binning. The following letter on the subject, was written, I believe, by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, and is copied from the Edinburgh Magazine for April 1786.

"The ballad known under the name of 'Argyle's Levee' has been often printed, and Lord Binning has been held out to the public as its author.

"It is fit that the public should at length be undeceived. That Lord Binning was the author of that satirical ballad, is reported on no better authority than a vague popular rumour.

"To this I oppose, first, the mild character of that young nobleman, who was a wit indeed, but without malice. Secondly, the assertion of his brother, who told me, that Lord Binning, before he went to Naples, where he died, solemnly declared, that it was not he, but one Mitchell, the author of a book of poems, who wrote that ballad.

"Should any person wish to know who it is who gives you this information, he shall be satisfied on leaving his address with you. I do not choose to let my name be seen in a magazine; but I am ready to satisfy the curiosity of any person who wishes to be satisfied, at the expense of giving up a popular opinion.

"Give me leave to add, that the notes subjoined to the ballad, are incorrect and unsatisfactory. It would be easy for me to explain the obscure passages in it; but it would be a task equally disagreeable and useless, to point out the meaning of obsolete scandal."

CHARLES HAMILTON, LORD BINNING, the eldest son of Thomas sixth Earl of Haddington, was born in the year 1696. He served as a volunteer, along with his father, at the battle of Sherrifmuir, 13th of November 1715. A song in praise of Æmilius, supposed to be written by him while a youth, in his own commendation, contains a jocular allusion to his father's terror during that conflict with the

rebels. Lord Binning is allowed to have had a fine genius for lyric poetry, and was much beloved for his amiable disposition. He married Rachel, daughter of George Baillie of Jerviswood, by his wife Lady Grissel Baillie.

It is singular that his much admired pastoral Song, "Ungrateful Nanny," should not have found a place in the Musical Museum. It is no doubt full of conceits somewhat unsuited to such a composition; but there are not many pastorals of that age superior to it for elegance of expression and easy flow of verse; and if ladies and gentlemen will assume the character of shepherdesses and shepherds, they will not incur any disgrace should they indite such strains as the following song.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
 As I ungrateful Nanny do?
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
 Was ever broken heart so true?
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
 Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bid me run?
 She only had the word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done:
 I always thought on her, but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay?
 Though to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two:
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep,
 Within my folds in frost and snow?
 Have they not there from cold been free,
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan ;
 Oh, how those hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain.
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be
 But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me,

If Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitcher fill ;
 Full as they were I brought them home,
 Her corn I carried to the mill :
 My back did bear her sacks, but she
 Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best ;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least :
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she
 Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo ?
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.

Lord Binning died at Naples, the 27th of December 1732, O.S., in his 36th year, whither he had gone, with some of his relations, for the sake of his health.

An epitaph on Lord Binning, by Hamilton of Bangour, occurs in his Poems, p. 82, edit. 1760, 12mo.

CCCCXXXIX.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

ALEXANDER ROSS was born on the 13th of April 1699, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neill, Aberdeenshire ; and passed through a regular course of study at Marischal College, where he took his degree of A.M. in the year 1718. In 1726 he was appointed schoolmaster of Lochlee, in the

county of Angus; and in this secluded and romantic spot he continued in the humble discharge of that office during the long period of fifty-six years. He died on the 20th of May 1784, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His principal work, "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," a pastoral tale, was first published at Aberdeen, 1768, 8vo, and has passed through several editions. To the latest edition, printed at Dundee, 1812, small 8vo, there is prefixed a minute and interesting account of the author's life, by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, minister of Lentrathen. It is to be regretted, however, that Ross's miscellaneous poems had not been added to the volume.

CCCCXL.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

MR R. CHAMBERS, in his collection of "Scottish Songs," has the following note on this song: "Said to have been written by the Rev. Dr Strachan, late minister of Carnwath, although certainly grounded upon a song of older standing, the name of which is mentioned in the Tea-Table Miscellany. The two first verses of the song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776. There is a tradition at Leith, that Tibbie Fowler was a real person, and married, sometime during the seventeenth century, to the representative of the attainted family of Logan of Restalrig, whose town house, dated 1636, is still pointed out at the head of a street in Leith, called the Sheriff-Brae. The marriage contract between Logan and Isabella Fowler is still extant, in the possession of a gentleman resident at Leith.—See Campbell's History of Leith, note, p. 314." (vol. ii. p. 378.)

Unfortunately, we cannot rely on the above appropriation of this song, for the simple reason, that there was no Dr Strachan, minister of Carnwath, during at least the last three hundred years.

CCCCXLVI.

WALY, WALY.

IN his previous note on this pathetic song, at page 147, Mr Stenhouse has quoted some lines from Wood's MS.; but that portion of the MS. was written long subsequent to 1566. See Note ccccxI. at page * 439.

“ In the West country (says Burns), I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines beginning, ‘ When Cockle-shells,’ &c., the other way ran thus :

‘ O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin' my fause love has me forsook,
And says, he'll never luvè me mair ! ’”

Reliques, p. 245.

CCCCLI.

HALLOW FAIR.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, the eminent but unfortunate precursor of Burns, was born at Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1750. He received part of his elementary education at Dundee, and, with the view of coming out for the Church, he was sent to pursue his studies at St Andrew's. Circumstances having occurred to make him change his views, he came to Edinburgh, and was chiefly employed in copying law-papers in the office of the Commissary-clerk. At the same time, he became a stated contributor of verses to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, while his convivial talents led him to indulge too much in idle society. He died on the 16th of October 1774, aged twenty-four, at the time of life when it might have been expected that the brilliant promises of his youthful genius would have been realized. - It is a beautiful and an affecting incident in Burns's life, that one of his first acts, after he himself had acquired any degree of public fame, was to raise a humble monument to Fergusson's memory, by erecting at his own expense a

headstone over his grave, in the Canongate churchyard. It is certainly not creditable to the literature of Scotland, that no decently printed edition of his Poems has ever appeared.

It may be noticed, in proof of Fergusson's early celebrity, that some of his songs were sung at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, while he himself subsisted as a drudge by copying deeds, at about twopence a page. The following is the title and the names of the actors in the English Opera of Artaxerxes, as performed at Edinburgh, in 1769.

“ Artaxerxes, an English Opera, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. The Music composed by Tho. Aug. Arne, Mus. Doc. with the addition of Three favourite Scots airs. The words by Mr R. Fergusson. Edin. printed by Martin and Wotherspoon, 1769.” 12mo.—The performers were:—Artaxerxes, Mr Ross—Artabanus, Mr Phillips—Arbaces, Mr Tenducci—Rimenes, Mrs Woodman—Mandane, by ****—Semira, Miss Brown.—The actress whose name is left blank, was Madame Tenducci.

CCCCLVI.

MY BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

“ THE heroine of this song was a daughter of Baillie of Castle Carey, and sister, as it is said, to the wife of Macfarlane of Gartartan. A MS. copy of the verses, of some antiquity, commences thus :”—(C. K. S.)

It was in and about the Martinmass,
When the leaves were fresh and green,
Lizzie Baillie's to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister Jean.

She was nae in Gartartan
But a little while,
When luck and fortune happen'd her,
And she gaed to the Isle.

When she gaed to the bonny Isle,
She met wi' Duncan Grahame ;

Sae bravely as he courted her,
 And he convoy'd her hame.
 My bonnie Lizzie Baillie, &c.

CCCCLXI.

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY,

“ Is now printed complete in Mr Motherwell's collection of Scottish ballads, p. 90.”—(C. K. S.)

THE following verses to this air, are by CAPTAIN SKIRVING, to whom I have been indebted for other communications.

TO THE TUNE OF “ *I'll never gae down the Broom.* ”

He courted her kindly, consent was avow'd,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 Her interest procured him a kirk well endow'd,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

He found one more wealthy, although somewhat old,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The kirk was secure ; lo ! he grasp'd at the gold,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

Her friends, much incensed, have recourse to the law,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The wise say 'tis safer to haud than to draw,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

The last now is first, but she's caught by a knave,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The first may at last come in peace to her grave,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

CCCCLXIII.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOUN.

MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Engraver, who rang the music-bells of this city for many years, and was the writer of this song, died at Edinburgh, 22d of September 1819. The following notices of him are derived from the Council Registers. On the 14th of December 1785, Alexander

Robertson, residenter in Edinburgh, was appointed joint ringer of the music-bells. From an act, 15th of March 1809, it would seem that the whole office had then devolved on him, for it is ordered that he draw the whole salary. On the 13th of October 1819 (three weeks after his decease), sundry petitions for the vacant office were laid before the Council; and, on the 17th of November following, the Council ordered a quarter's salary to be paid to John Menzies, engraver, "to enable him to defray the expense of the funeral of Alexander Robertson, late performer on the music-bells." His original coadjutor, as ringer, was a Mr John Hay, the son of a Scots merchant, settled at Dantzic.—(See Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, vol. ii. p. 129.) It is well known that there is a very complete set of music-bells in St Giles's church, and the old custom of playing on them daily between the hours of one and two o'clock, is still kept up, although that hour of dinner, and the practice of merchants and tradesmen in the town then shutting up their shops, are completely changed. As stated at page 405, Robertson continued for many years (at least from 1783 to 1799) to engrave the views of gentlemen's seats which adorn the pages of the Edinburgh Magazines, in a style that quite suited the literary department of these periodicals.

CCCCLXVI.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

THE verses in the Museum, are merely the first four stanzas of "The Cherrie and the Slae," the well-known poem, by Captain Alexander Montgomery; whereas, Mr S., in his note at p. 406, describes them as a "very singular ballad," evidently imagining them to be something quite different. Neither are these verses contained in Bannatyne's MS., which has only a few of the minor compositions by Montgomery, and which undoubtedly were inserted in the

MS. at a later period than 1568, when the greater part of the volume was written. In fact, there is no evidence of this elegant and accomplished poet having written any thing prior to 1584; and as "The Banks of Helicon," which is preserved in Sir R. Maitland's MSS. is anonymous, it has been attributed to him only by conjecture. A collected edition of Montgomery's Poems, most of which, with the exception of "The Cherrie and the Slae," and "The Flyting," had remained unpublished, appeared in one vol. at Edinburgh, 1821, small 8vo.

"There is an admirable portrait of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, Countess of Winton, the supposed heroine of 'The Cherrie and the Slae,' in the possession of Mr Hay of Drummelzier."—(C. K. S.)

The MS. containing the air "The Banks of Helicon," which Mr S. (at p. 407) mentions as having belonged to the Rev. Mr Cranstoun and to Dr Leyden, was presented by the latter to Mr Heber; and, since the dispersion of his princely collection, it has found a place of repository in the Advocates' Library.

Mr S. further says that this song, "The Banks of Helicon," "was probably composed on the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots;" but there is no evidence for such a supposition. It was, indeed, composed during her life, which is more than can be asserted of the once popular song, "Ye meaner beauties of the Night," inserted by Allan Ramsay, in his Tea-table Miscellany, as a song, "said to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady Mary, Queen of Scots." Mr R. Chambers, in his "Scottish Songs," (vol. ii., p. 562), improving upon this title, adds, "said to have been *written by Lord Darnley*, in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage." It was in fact written by Sir Henry Wotton, "on his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia," probably thirty years after that Queen's grandmother, the unfortunate Mary, had been beheaded. (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 381, Lond. 1685, 8vo.)

CCCCLXVII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AMONG Burns's communications for the Musical Museum, he sent the following verses of a well-known Jacobite Song, but of which Johnson did not avail himself. The Song itself is printed in Hogg's Jacobite Relics, vol. i. p. 146, under the title, "What murrain now has ta'en the Whigs," although a better set might have been found. In Burns's MS., the verses are entitled—

THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

What merriment has ta'en the Whigs,
I think they ha'e gaen mad, sir,
Wi' playing up their Whiggish jigs,
Their dancin' may be sad, sir.

CHORUS.

Sing, heedle liltie, teedle liltie
Andum, tandum, tandie ;
Sing fal de dal, de dal, lal, lal,
Sing howdle liltie dandie.

The Revolution principles
Has put their heads in bees, sir.
They're a' fa'en out amang themsels,
Deil tak the first that grees, sir.
Sing heedle, &c.

CCCCLXIX.

CHRONICLE OF THE HEART.

DR THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the author of this Song, had been a frequent contributor to the Museum, but he was dead some years before this volume appeared. His life has been so often written, that it may suffice to mention that he was born at Annan in the year 1721, and lost his sight by the smallpox in infancy ; that he studied for the Scottish church, and was licensed to preach in 1759 ; but his blindness proved the means of preventing his settlement as a parochial minister : and that after this time he continued to reside in Edinburgh, devoting the remainder of his life to

literary pursuits, and was much respected. In 1766, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Marischal College, Aberdeen. He died at Edinburgh in July 1791, in the seventieth year of his age.

CCCCLXXIII.

AULD KING COWL.

It is a mistake to attribute the Interlude of the Droich's (or Dwarf's) part of the Play, quoted at p. 418, to Sir David Lyndsay.—See Dunbar's Poems, vol. ii. p. 410.

CCCCLXXV.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MILL.

In this note, and in a variety of other places, Mr Stenhouse has referred to the volume published by Robert H. Cromek, under the title of "Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," London, 1810, 8vo, and has usually coupled such references with remarks not altogether called for. Mr S. might have known, that the volume which is so often the subject of his abuse, consisted, in fact, almost wholly of verses written by Mr Allan Cunningham, who, in a very harmless way, had imposed on Mr Cromek's credulity. The success that attended his "Reliques of Burns," had induced Cromek to glean what he considered the neglected minstrelsy of that district; and various circumstances at the time, led his friend to rather an extensive manufacture of traditional Songs and Ballads; but few persons were deceived as to the genuineness of such pretended originals. See an article in Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vi. p. 314. Mr Cromek himself was much esteemed for his enthusiastic attachment to the Fine Arts. Mr Cunningham, in a letter of a late date, says, "I loved the man much: he had a good taste, both in Poetry and Painting, and his heart was warm and kind: I have missed him much." He died at London, 14th of March 1812, aged about forty-five. He was the publisher, by subscrip-

tion, of the large and splendid edition of Blair's Grave, with original designs by Blake, in 1808. This edition was again published, or re-issued, by Ackermann of the Strand, London, with a short memoir of Mr Cromek prefixed, but I have not been able to see a copy of that new edition in Edinburgh.

CCCCLXXXII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THIS ballad has usually been regarded as one of the oldest in the series of Scottish Historical Ballads. In referring to it in a former note (see p. * 320), I forgot that it was included in this work; but I shall now take the liberty of adding a few more words respecting it. That the ballad was intended to embody some remote event in Scottish history, is quite evident; and it would have been difficult to fix on a more poetical incident than it presents, although not strictly adhering to historical facts. Had the ballad really possessed any claims to such high antiquity as would fix its composition near to the epoch of Margaret, the "Maiden of Norway," on whom her grandfather, Alexander the Third, had devolved the Crown of Scotland before the close of the thirteenth century, it is hardly conceivable that it should never have been heard of till it was sent to Bishop Percy, in 1765, by some of his correspondents in Scotland, along with other traditional ballads of still more questionable antiquity. Since his time, it has been printed in a hundred different shapes, generally with some additional verses or improvements "fortunately recovered," &c., but most of which improvements are palpable interpolations.

On referring to Finlay's "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," vol. i. p. 46, Edinb. 1808, I find the following remark: "The present editor, however, cannot think that the ballad, as it is, has a claim to such high antiquity. Indeed, the mention of *hats* and *cork-heeled shoon*, would lead us to infer that some stanzas are inter-

polated, or that its composition is of a comparatively modern date." Bishop Percy also remarks (vol. i. p. 81, note), that "an ingenious friend thinks the author of Hardyknute has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing and other old Scottish songs in this collection." It was this resemblance, with the localities Dunfermline and Aberdour, in the neighbourhood of Sir Henry Wardlaw's seat, that led me to throw out the conjecture, whether this much admired ballad might not have been written by Lady Wardlaw herself, to whom the ballad of "Hardyknute" is now universally attributed.

The ballad, accompanied with two different sets of the air, will also be found in the second volume of Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*.

Coleridge, at the commencement of one of his Odes, thus alludes to "Sir Patrick Spence," after quoting as a motto, the lines "*Late, late, yestreen.*"

Well! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made
 THE GRAND OLD BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE;
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, &c.

CCCLXXXIV.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS is another ballad of an alleged antiquity, the correctness of which may reasonably be doubted. I am persuaded it is merely an altered or abridged copy of one that appeared in a common *chap form*, along with some Jacobite ballads, printed about the year 1750. The following is a copy of the ballad in question, which seems, in fact, to be only a passage in *Blind Harry the Minstrel's* poem modernized, (Book V.)

ON AN HONOURABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF SIR WILLIAM
 WALLACE, NEAR FALKIRK.

"Had we a king," said Wallace then,
 "That our kind Scots might live by their own,

But betwixt me and the English blood
 I think there is an ill seed sown."
 Wallace him over a river lap,
 He look'd low down to a linn ;
 He was not war of a gay lady,
 Was even at the well washing.
 " Well mot ye fare, fair Madam," he said,
 " And ay well mot ye fare ; and see !
 Have ye any tidings me to tell,
 I pray you'll show them unto me ?"
 I have no tidings you to tell,
 Nor yet no tidings you to ken ;
 But into that hostler's house
 There's fifteen of your Englishmen :
 And they are seeking Wallace, then,
 For they've ordained him to be slain ;
 O, God forbid ! said Wallace then,
 For he's o'er good a kind Scotsman.
 But had I money me upon,
 And ev'n this day, as I have none,
 Then would I to that hostler's house,
 And ev'n as fast as I could gang.
 She put her hand in her pocket,
 She told him twenty shillings o'er her knee :
 Then he took off both hat and hood,
 And thank'd the lady most reverently.
 If e'er I come this way again,
 Well paid money it shall be ;
 Then he took off both hat and hood,
 And he thank'd the lady most reverently.
 He lean'd him two-fold o'er a staff,
 So did he three-fold o'er a tree ;
 And he's away to the hostler's house,
 Even as fast as he might dree.
 When he came to the hostler's house,
 He said, Good-ben, quoth he, be here.
 An English captain being deep load,
 He asked him right canker'dly,
 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,
 And in what place and what country ?
 'Tis I was born in fair Scotland,
 A crooked carle although I be.
 The English captain swore by th' Rood,
 We are Scotsmen as well as thee,
 And we are seeking Wallace, then
 To have him, merry we should be.

The man, said Wallace, ye're looking for,
 I seed him within these days three,
 And he has slain an English captain,
 And ay the fear'der the rest may be.
 I'd give twenty shillings, said the captain,
 To such a crooked carle as thee,
 If you would take me to the place
 Where that I might proud Wallace see.
 Hold out your hand, said Wallace then,
 And show your money and be free,
 For tho' you'd bid an hundred pound,
 I never bade a better bode.
 He struck the captain o'er the chafts,
 Till that he never chewed more.
 He stick'd the rest about the board,
 And left them all a sprawling there.
 Rise up, goodwife, said Wallace then,
 And give me something for to eat,
 For it's near two days to an end
 Since I tasted one bit of meat.
 His board was scarcely well covered,
 Nor yet his dine well scanty dight,
 Till other fifteen Englishmen
 Down all about the door did light.
 Come out, come out, said they, Wallace then,
 For the day is come that ye must die ;
 And they thought so little of his might,
 But ay the fear'der they might be.
 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,
 It put them all into a fever ;
 Then five he sticked where they stood,
 And five he trampled in the gutter.
 And five he chased to yon green wood,
 He hanged them all out o'er a grain ;
 And 'gainst the morn at twelve o'clock
 He dined with his kind Scottish men.

Bower, the continuator of Fordun, thus mentions the circumstance of Wallace's exploits being frequently celebrated in verse :—" Post enim conflictum de Roslyn, (A.D. 1298.) Wallace, ascensa navi, Franciam petiit ; ubi quanta probitate refulsit, tam super mare a piratis quam in Francia ab Anglis perpressus est discrimina, et viriliter se habuit, *nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsa Francia quam Scotia, attestantur.*" (vol. ii. p. 176.)

CCCCCLXXXV.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THERE is an admirable portrait of Patie Birnie, the famous fiddler of Kinghorn—a face full of comic humour and indicative of genius—at Leslie House. It is supposed to have been painted by Aikman, who died in 1731; and the old head of Patie, with Ramsay's lines, is also said to have been etched by Aikman from his own drawing in red chalk, which was sold at a sale in Edinburgh a few years ago.

CCCCCLXXXVII.

GOOD-MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS.

“THIS fragment seems to be part of an English ballad, called ‘The Duchess of Newcastle's Lament,’—it begins,

There is not a taylor in all London town
Can shape Newcastle's fair lady a gown,
Her belly's turn'd big and her face pale and wan;
She's fallen with child to her own servant man.

Thou worst of all women, thou emblem of strife,
I took thee a servant and made thee my wife, &c.

(C. K. S.)

CCCCCLXXXIX.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THIS song has been variously attributed. The following extract respecting it, is copied from Buchan's “Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads,” Peterhead, 1825, 12mo:—

“The author of this excellent song,” says Mr B., “was the Rev. JOHN FORBES, Minister at Deer, Aberdeenshire. This eccentric character was born at Pitnacalder, a small estate near Frazerburgh, of which his father was proprietor. From the name of his paternal spot, he was commonly designated Pitney, and better known by that appellation than that of his office. In his younger years, and before

he was appointed incumbent at Deer, he wrote the well-known song of 'Nae Dominies for me, Laddie,' which seems to be a picture of himself drawn from real life, and which he took the greatest delight in singing, and hearing sung.

"He was a rigid Presbyterian, and said by some to possess the gift of prophecy. Many curious anecdotes are told of him. He died in 1769, and was buried in the churchyard of Old Deer, where a plain stone is placed to his memory, bearing the following appropriate inscription: 'Dedicated by Mrs Margaret Hay, widow, to the memory of John Forbes of Pitnacalder, M.A., Minister of Deer, who died anno 1769, in the 81st year of his age, and the 52d of his ministry. With a manly figure he possessed the literature of the scholar, the elocution of the preacher, and the accomplishment of the gentleman. As a pastor, his character was distinguished by piety, virtue, and entire devotion to the cause of Christ. Beloved by his relatives, respected by his acquaintances, venerated by the body of his people; his life was useful, and his end was peace.'"

The ballad has been preserved in the form of a broadside, printed apparently about the year 1740. Mr Stenhouse, in his note at page 431, states, that he was credibly informed it "was written by the late Rev. Mr Nathaniel M'Kay (M'Kie), Minister of Crossmichael, in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright." The above account seems, however, the most probable; but it may be added, that the Rev. NATHANIEL M'KIE, Minister of Crossmichael, was a writer of verses. About the middle of the last century, John Gordon of Kenmure, Esq., commonly called Lord Kenmure, addressed a letter in verse to the Rev. Nathaniel M'Kie, challenging him to a game at curling. This rhyming epistle, with the answer by Mr M'Kie, also in verse, and Lord Kenmure's rejoinder, are preserved in a volume entitled, "Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia," p. 95. Dumfries, 1830, 8vo.

Mr M'Kie died at his manse of Crossmichael, 26th of

January 1781, in the 66th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry. (Scots Mag. 1781, p. 55.)

CCCCXCI.

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

ALEXANDER GEDDES, LL.D., the author of this song and of "Lewis Gordon," No. LXXXVI., is mentioned by Mr S. in his note on the latter song, at p. 90. Of this singular person, a detailed biography was published under the title of "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Reverend Alexander Geddes, LL.D. By John Mason Good." London, 1803, 8vo. Geddes was born in the county of Banff, in the year 1737. Being destined for the Roman Catholic Church, after a preliminary education at Scalau, a seminary in the Highlands, he spent six years in the Scots College at Paris, and returned to Scotland, where he officiated as a priest in different parts of the country. The University of Aberdeen, in 1780, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and at this time he removed to London, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 26th of February 1802, in the 65th year of his age.

Dr Mason Good has given a very graphic description of his person and manners, on being first introduced to this learned but eccentric character. It may be here quoted:—"It was about this period, the year 1793, I first became acquainted with Dr Geddes. I met him accidentally at the house of Miss Hamilton, who has lately acquired a just reputation for her excellent Letters on Education: and I freely confess that, at the first interview, I was by no means pleased with him. I beheld a man of about five feet five inches high, in a black dress, put on with uncommon negligence, and apparently never fitted to his form: His figure was lank, his face meagre, his hair black, long, and loose, without having been sufficiently submitted to the operations of the toilet—and his eyes, though quick and vivid, spark-

ling at that time rather with irritability than benevolence. He was disputing with one of the Company when I entered, and the rapidity with which, at this moment, he left his chair, and rushed, with an elevated tone of voice and uncourtly dogmatism of manner, towards his opponent, instantaneously persuaded me that the subject upon which the debate turned was of the utmost moment. I listened with all the attention I could command; and in a few minutes learned, to my astonishment, that it related to nothing more than the distance of his own house in the New Road, Paddington, from the place of our meeting, which was in Guildford Street. The debate being at length concluded, or rather worn out, the doctor took possession of the next chair to that in which I was seated, and united with myself and a friend who sat on my other side, in discoursing upon the politics of the day. On this topic we proceeded smoothly and accordantly for some time; till at length, disagreeing with us upon some point as trivial as the former, he again rose abruptly from his seat, traversed the room in every direction, with as indeterminate a parallax as that of a comet, loudly, and with increase of voice, maintaining his position at every step he took. Not wishing to prolong the dispute, we yielded to him without further interruption, and, in the course of a few minutes after he had closed his harangue, he again approached us, retook possession of his chair, and was all playfulness, good humour, and genuine wit." (p. 302.)

CCCCXCII.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

"MR ROBERT CHAMBERS has written an excellent song to this air, only to be found in a volume of his poetry not printed for sale—by his permission it is here inserted."—(C. K. S.)

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa',
 Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa';
 'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thretty-twa,
 That Randal, the Laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
 And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
 And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the Castle wa',
 And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she spier,
 "Oh, whan will ye be back, my binny and my dear?"
 "Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa',
 Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed awa',
 And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
 Like the merrie, merrie look, in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an alert man whan he came hame,
 A sair alert man was he, whan he came hame;
 Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
 And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
 And down came a ladye to see him come in,
 And after the ladye came bairns feifteen—
 "Can this muckle wife be my true love, Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame;
 "Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
 "Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
 "In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about, wi' a waeiful ee,
 And a heart as sair as sair could be;
 He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
 And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
 And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
 And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
 For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

The mention of Dr Austin's name in this note, furnishes an opportunity of adding to the notice at page 214, that Adam Austin received his degree of M.D. at Glasgow, 15th of May 1749; that he was licensed to practise, by the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, 7th of August 1753; and that he was admitted a Fellow of the College, 3d of August 1762.

CCCCXCIX.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

THESE pathetic verses were addressed by Burns to Clarinda, otherwise Mrs M'Lehose.—See Mr Cunningham's edit. of Burns, vol. iv. p. 330.

CCCCXCVII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

“THESE verses were not entirely, if indeed at all, the composition of Burns; one stanza at least belongs to a ballad, very common formerly among the Scotch hawkers, called bonny Mally Stuart. I give it entire from my stall copy.

1.

The cold winter is past and gone,
 And now comes on the spring,
 And I am one of the King's life-guards,
 And I must go fight for him, my dear,
 And I must go fight for my king.

2.

Now since to the wars you must go,
 One thing, I pray, grant me,
 It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
 And I will travel along with thee, my dear,
 And I will travel along with thee.

3.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
 That my love endanger'd were,*
 The rattling drums and shining swords
 Will cause you great sorrow and woe, my dear,
 Will cause you great sorrow and woe.

4.

I will do the thing for my true love
 That she will not do for me ;
 It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red clothes,
 And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
 And mourn till the day I die.

5.

I will do more for my true love
 Than she will do for me ;
 I will cut my hair, and roll me bare,
 And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
 And mourn till the day I die.

6.

So farewell my father and mother dear,
 I'll bid adieu and farewell ; †
 Farewell my bonny Mally Stuart,
 You're the cause of all my woe, my dear,
 You're the cause of all my woe.

7.

When we came in to Stirling town,
 As we all lay in camp : ‡
 By the King's orders we were drawn,
 And to Germany we were sent, my dear,
 And to Germany we were sent.

8.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
 And the maids therein also,
 And farewell bonny Mally Stuart,
 You're the cause of all my woe, my dear,
 You're the cause of all my woe.

* Probably this should be, " That my love were endangered so."

† Probably, " I'll bid farewell and adieu !"

‡ " Tent," perhaps.

9.

She took the slippers off her feet,
 And the cockups off her hair,
 And she has taken a long journey,
 For seven long years and mair, my dear,
 For seven long years and mair.

10.

Sometimes she rode, sometimes she gaed,
 Sometimes sat down to mourn ;
 And aye the o'er word of her tale,
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come ? my dear,*
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come ?

11.

The trooper turn'd himself about,
 All on the Irish shore ;
 He has given the bridle reins a shake,
 Saying, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 Saying, adieu for evermore!

“ The ballad, as it appears in the Museum, was much admired by Sir Walter Scott ; he was delighted to hear it sung by his daughter, Mrs Lockhart.”—(C. K. S.)

D.

EVAN BANKS.

JOHNSON committed a mistake in affixing the name of Burns to this song, and various editors of his works, by trusting to this, have fallen into a similar mistake. Currie, aware of this error, withdrew it in his second edition. But Cromek in the “ Reliques,” having given the song anew in Burns's name, Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review on that volume, says, “ Mr Cromek ought to have known that this beautiful song was published by Dr Currie in his first edition of Burns's works, and omitted in all those which followed, because it was ascertained to be the composition of Helen Maria Williams, who wrote it at

* “ Shall I e'er see my bonny lad return ?”

the request of Dr Wood. Its being found in the hand-writing of Burns occasioned the first mistake, but the correction of that mistake leaves no apology for a second." (vol. i. p. 34.)

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS was born in the North of England in 1762. In the earlier part of her life she published various poems which attracted notice at the time when such writers as Hooke, Hayley, Seward, and Pye, flourished, and were in vogue. She resided at Paris during the time of the French Revolution, devoting herself to literary pursuits, and was best known by her "Letters written from France, &c." She was also the translator of Humboldt's Personal Narrative. She died at Paris in December 1827.

The imprint of the 1740 Tea-Table Miscellany
London: Printed for A. Miller, at Buckman's
Head, over-against St Clement's Church in the Strand: And
sold by him, and by J. Hodges, at the Looking-Glass over London-
Bridge M. DCC. XL.

THE delay that has occurred in printing these additional sheets, enables me to present the reader with some further Notes and Illustrations to the first four volumes.

RAMSAY'S TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY.

AT pages *108 and *382, I endeavoured to ascertain the dates of publication of the several volumes of this popular collection, so intimately connected with the history of lyric poetry in Scotland. That the work, as Ramsay complains, was pirated, is certain; and I have since met with an edition dated "Dublin: Printed for E. Smith; and sold by the Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, 1729." 3 vols. in one, 12mo, pp. 334.

To an advertisement in the *Caledonian Mercury*, February 20th, 1735, Ramsay has added what follows as a postscript:—"N. B. Some spurious editions of the *Collections of SCOTS SONGS* having been published, most incorrect, on bad paper, and sold cheaper than the right Edinburgh edition, in 3 vols. That purchasers may be better served and cheaper, these are to advertise, That now Mr RAMSAY sells his 3 vols., handsomely bound, at 4 sh., or separately, at 1 sh. 6d. each vol.; and his *Poems*, in 2 vols. 8vo. bound, at 7sh., and either of them separately at 3 sh. 6d."—Of this small edition I have lately met with Vol. i. "the Seventh edition," and Vol. iii. "the Second edition," both dated "Edinburgh, printed for, and sold by Allan Ramsay," 1738, 18mo.

That the collected edition of the work, in 1740, was then first enlarged with a fourth volume, we learn from the following advertisement in the *Caledonian Mercury*, July 17th,

1740 :—“ This day is published, neatly printed in a pocket volume, the Tenth Edition, being the completest and most correct of any yet published, with the Addition of one hundred and fifty songs, The Tea-Table Miscellany; or a Collection of the most choice Songs, Scots and English. By Allan Ramsay. Printed for A. Millar at Buchanan’s Head, in the Strand, and sold by him, &c.; and by the Booksellers in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Aberdeen, Berwick, and Newcastle.”

These additional 150 Songs form the 4th vol., of which a separate edition was likely printed at the time. The eleventh edition, London 1750, 4 vols. in one, 12mo, and the subsequent ones, are merely reprints of each other.

It may likewise be here noticed, that some time between 1724 and 1730, there was published in six parts, “ Musick for Allan Ramsay’s Collection of Scots Songs. Set by Alexander Stuart, and engraved by R. Cooper. Vol. First. 156 Edinburgh, printed and sold by Allan Ramsay,” pp. 154, small oblong 8vo. It contains the tunes of seventy-one songs, selected from the first volume of that Collection, and no second volume ever appeared. Each of the six parts is inscribed to a lady of rank or beauty by Ramsay.

MRS SCOTT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

THE very capital song, beginning ‘ *The grass had nae freedom of growing,*’ by this lady, to the tune of “ Woo’d and married an’ a’,” which Mr Stenhouse has inserted at page 6, occurs, with some variations, in “ The Charmer,” vol. ii., edit. 1782, p. 316. It is also contained in Mr Mansfield’s MS. volume of Poems. I regret not having succeeded in obtaining any very exact information regarding the lady by whom it was written.

“ In the third volume of Humphrey Clinker, there is an amusing account of an old gentleman, nicknamed the Admiral, with a long beard, who terrified Humphrey while

at Cameron. This was a Mr Scott, descended from a family that once enjoyed large landed property in Dumbar-tonshire. His son, or grandson, married a Miss Yule ; and then possessed a small estate called Woodside. The race is now extinct.

“ The last Mrs Scott lived to a great age. I am informed by a lady who knew her well, that she had no talent for writing songs. This is all I can say about the matter.”—(C. K. S.)

SKENE'S MANUSCRIPT.

THAT Stenhouse completely mistook the age of this manuscript, in his note at page 18, &c., has been shown at page * 110. The work there alluded to, has since been published under the following title, and has excited much interest in the musical world :—“ Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a Manuscript of the Reign of King James VI. With an Introductory Enquiry, illustrative of the History of the Music of Scotland, by William Daune, Esq., F.S.A., Scot.” Edinburgh, 1838, 4to. Mr Daune conceives that the separate parts of Skene's MS. were written at different times. I should think there could not have been any great interval in the time of writing ; and, upon again examining the MS., I have some doubts whether it should not be considered as ten years subsequent in date either to 1615 or 1620.

WILLIAM DUDGEON.

THE author of the popular song, “ The maid that tends the goats,” at p. 40, and in other collections, is, by mistake, called *Robert Dudgeon*. For the following notice of the poet, I am indebted to Mr James Miller, author of “ St Baldred of the Bass,” and other poems, who states that his informant was Andrew Howden, Esq., farmer, Law-head, near Tynninghame, an intimate friend of Dudgeon, and himself a writer of songs.

“ MR WILLIAM DUDGEON, author of ‘The maid that tends the goats,’ was born at Tynninghame village, East Lothian, where his father, Mr John Dudgeon, possessed a farm, the property of the Earl of Haddington. His mother, Miss. Ainslie, was aunt to Mr Robert Ainslie, W.S., Edinburgh, the friend of Burns. Besides the above song, which obtained its popularity from a Mr Kilpatrick having it sung upon the stage by some vocalist at the time, he was the author of various others, although it is not known that any of them appeared in print. His talents were varied and conspicuous. He was taught by a Mr Gibson, mathematical teacher, Dunbar, (who afterwards removed to Perth,) along with John Rennie, the celebrated civil engineer, both of whom Gibson considered the two best scholars he ever taught. He excelled as a painter and a musician. Some specimens of his drawings are in possession of his only surviving brother, James Dudgeon, which give proof of his genius in that line. As a musician, the violin in his hands gave an expression to ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ and others of our old Scottish airs, which are still remembered with pleasure. To these proofs of his genius was added another valuable quality, of abstracting his mind from the refined to the useful arts of life; for he proved himself to be a most correct, successful, and exemplary farmer. In this line his father placed him in a farm in the neighbourhood of Dunse, upon a lease of thirty years. The farm was extensive, and a large proportion of it in a state of nature. He gave it the rural appellation of Primrose-hill, and lived to improve it to a high degree. To the regret of his friends, he was arrested by death in the midst of prosperity, when approaching to the mature age of sixty, about twenty-three years ago. [He died 28th of October 1813.] His remains repose in the churchyard of Prestonkirk, where his ashes mingle with those of a respectable race of progenitors.

“ Burns, the poet, when on his Border tour in May

1787, in company with the late Mr R. Ainslie, W.S., Edinburgh, visited Berrywell, near Dunse, the residence of the father of Mr Ainslie, who was land-steward to Lord Douglas in Berwickshire. Here the subject of our present notice was introduced to Burns, who, with his usual *hasty* discrimination of character, made the following observation in his journal:—‘ Mr Dudgeon, a poet at times—a worthy remarkable character—natural penetration—a great deal of information, *some* genius, and extreme modesty.’ ”

JOHN MAYNE.

SINCE the note at page *116 was printed, I find that the author, shortly before his death, published a revised and enlarged edition of “ The Siller Gun, a poem in five cantos.” London, 1836, 12mo, in which Mr MAYNE not only gives the history of that poem from its embryo state of twelve stanzas, printed at Dumfries on a quarto page in 1777, accompanied with a number of interesting notes respecting some of the remarkable characters about Dumfries in his younger days; but he has likewise mentioned that his beautiful song, “ Logan Water,” was written and circulated in Glasgow about the year 1781, and alluded to the other circumstances stated by Mr Stenhouse at p. 423. In addition to the two stanzas there printed, the following is given.

At e'en, when hope' amaist is gane,
 I dander dowie and forlaue,
 Or sit beneath the trysting-tree
 Where first he spak o' love to me.
 O! could I see thae days again,
 My lover skaithless, and my ain;
 Revered by friends, and far frae faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

Mr Allau Cunningham having kindly applied in my name to his friend W. H. Mayne, Esq. (the son of the Poet,) for some points of information, that gentleman, who holds an official situation in the India-House, says,—

“ If Mr Laing will also refer to the Gentleman’s Magazine for May 1836, pages 556 and 7, he will find a brief memoir of the author written with much kindly feeling. To this I beg to add for his further information the following dates :—

- 1st, Born at Dumfries, 26th March 1759.
- 2d, Under an engagement with Messrs Foulis of the Glasgow University Press, from 1782 to 1787.
- 3d, Visited London apparently for the first time, 1785.
- 4th, Settled in London, 1787.
- 5th, Died in his house, No. 2, Lisson Grove, South, 14th March 1836.
- 6th, Buried in the family vault, Paddington churchyard, 21st March 1836.

“ I would just add, that at the end of the fourth paragraph of the Notice in the Gentleman’s Magazine, the words, ‘ *Greathead, near that city,*’ intended to designate the residence of my grandfather and his family, near Glasgow, should be ‘ at the Head of the Green near that city.’
—W. H. MAYNE.”

THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

At page *118, it should have been noticed that this Song occurs in Herd’s Scottish Songs, 1776, vol. ii. p. 152 ; “ The Nightingale,” Edinburgh, 1778, p. 321 ; “ The Charmer,” vol. ii., edit. 1782, p. 304 ; “ The Goldfinch,” Edinb. 1782, p. 170, and in other collections. A copy of it is also contained in the MS. volume written about 1780, which is mentioned in vol. vi. page 529.

More has been written and said respecting the authorship of this Song than it perhaps merits ; but I feel much inclined to support the claims of Jean Adams. Before it was admitted into the several collections of Songs just noticed, there is no doubt that it obtained a wide circulation in the West, in the common form of a stall-ballad.

One copy, for instance, printed at Glasgow not later than 1774, gives it in its probably original rude state, with some additional verses, which were struck out when the song received its present amended form. The "Answer," being the Song entitled, "Nae luck about the house when our Gudewife's awa," (see No. DXCv. in the present collection,) was printed also at the same time.

PINKY HOUSE.

THE Song "As Sylvia in a Forest lay," which Mr Stenhouse inserts in his note at p. 58, is the same as Song cccxxix. in the Musical Museum; but in both places he erroneously attributes it to Mallet, instead of Joseph Mitchell, the undoubted author. See the additional note, page *444.

MRS COCKBURN.

SOME additional particulars concerning this lady may be here introduced. Mr Freebairn, styled "Professor of the French," in 1727, published at Edinburgh a tract, entitled "L'Eloge d'Ecosse, et des Dames Ecossoises," in which all the rank and beauty of the time pass in review, and are described in the most glowing terms. He sums up the whole by an enumeration of the very young ladies, as follows:—

"Mais, O Ciel! quelle foule de jeunes Beautéz que le Tems n'a pas encore meuries ne vois-je pas paroître en les aimables personnes de Mademoiselles Peggie Campbell, Murray, Pringle, Drummond, &c., &c., [nineteen others are named,] et ALICE RUTHERFURD. Voici une charmante et nombreuse troupe, dont l'Amour va bientôt combattre tous ceux, qui renoncent à sa souveraineté. Les petits Cupidons sont de jour en jour, occupez à forger des traits, et à polir leur charmes naissantes, dont elles remporteront bientôt une victoire complète, sur les cœurs mêmes les plus rebelles."

Miss Alice Rutherford, who closes this galaxy of beauty among “*les Dames Ecossoises*,” was married in 1731, according to the extract from the parish register given at p. *129, (for which I ought to have acknowledged my obligations to Mr Chambers.) The following is an extract of a letter from a lady to Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., in reference to Mrs Cockburn.

“ Her Christian name was Alicia. She lived for many years before her death in Crighton Street. She had a pleasing countenance, and piqued herself upon always dressing according to her own taste, and not according to the dictates of fashion. Her brown hair never grew grey; and she wore it combed up upon a toupee—no cap—a lace hood tied under her chin, and her sleeves puffed out in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth, which is not uncommon now, but at that time was quite peculiar to herself.”

The following “*Characters*” of Mrs Cockburn are now first printed. The first is by herself; the second was written by ANDREW PRINGLE, (a son of Pringle of Haining,) one of the Senators of the College of Justice under the title of LORD ALEMORE. He was raised to the Bench 14th June 1759, and died at Hawkhill, near Edinburgh, 14th January 1776.

THE CHARACTER OF MRS C——N, BY HERSELF.

Born with too much sensibility to enjoy ease;
 With high ideas of perfection, which I cannot attain;
 With understanding enough to feel I have too little,
 Some strong beats from my heart misguide my head,
 And I yield more to impulse than to reason.
 More guided by compassion than by duty,
 More hurt by pride than by remorse;
 Experience hath taught me to conceal my errors,
 But neither the Bible hath taught me to amend them,
 Nor David Hume to be easy under them.
 If I am never to be better and happier than I am,
 I had better never been.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME, BY LORD A——E.

Born with too much fickleness ever to enjoy the present ;
 With the highest ideas of perfection, to which I have fully attained ;
 With so much understanding that I can get no improvement,
 And trusting too much to my head misguided my heart,
 I am moved more by whimsie than by reason,
 More guided by passion than by duty ;
 Too much supported by pride to yield to remorse ;
 Hypocrisy has enabled me to conceal my errors,
 But neither hath the Bible taught me to dread a future state,
 Nor David Hume to be indifferent about it.
 As I can neither be better nor happier than I am,
 I must be shocked at the thought of not to be.

Mrs Cockburn died at Edinburgh on the 22d (not the 24th, as stated at p. *122) of November 1794. In her latter will and testament, which was "given up by Mark Pringle, Esq. of Clifton, and Alexander Keith, W.S.," her executors, and confirmed 23d of January 1795, she is there styled "Mrs Alison Cockburn, relict of Mr Patrick Cockburn, Advocate. This, independent of other proofs, places beyond doubt the mistake Sir Walter Scott fell into by calling her Catharine. But it confirms his statement in another particular, as to the bequest to his mother. "I promised Mrs Walker [Walter] Scott my emerald ring : with it she has my prayers for her and hers ; much attention she and her worthy husband paid me in my hours of deepest distress, when my son was dying." It appears that Mrs Cockburn left property to the amount of L.3800, the bulk of which went to two nieces, Anne Pringle and Mrs Simpson. She mentions some of her poorer relations in affectionate terms, and leaves them small annuities ; and frequently alludes to her son who died in 1780. A lock of her hair was enclosed for two hair-rings for "my earliest and most constant and affectionate friends, Mrs Keith of Ravelston and her brother William Swinton." Also a ring with Sir Hugh Dalrymple's [see p. *127] hair, intended for Mrs Dalrymple, is now to be given to her son Sir Hugh D., for whom Mrs C. has

great affection. She desires that her sister Fairmillie, if she outlives her, “ may have twenty pounds for mourning, besides the ring already mentioned ; and also I leave her the charge of my favourite cat.” She gives some directions about her funeral, and seems to have written an epitaph for herself, as she adds, “ Shorten or correct the Epitaph to your taste.”

In a MS. collection of Songs belonging to Thomas Mansfield, Esq., written about the year 1780, “ by a Lady residing in Edinburgh, and an intimate friend of Mrs Cockburn,” is the following Song in burlesque of Prince Charles’s Manifesto. It has no author’s name affixed, but my friend Mr R. Chambers, who had the use of that manuscript, has ascribed it to her, (Scottish Songs, p. 586,) and it evidently is the parody to which Sir Walter Scott alludes in his recollections of that lady. See vol. i. p. 124* of the present work.

THE PRETENDER’S MANIFESTO.

To the Tune, CLOUT THE CALDRON.

1.

Have you any laws to mend ?
 Or have you any grievance ?
 I am a Hero to my trade,
 And truly a most leal Prince.
 Would you have war, would you have peacc,
 Would you be free of taxes ?
 Come chapping to my Father’s door,
 You need not doubt of access.

2.

Religion, laws, and liberty,
 Ye ken, are bonny words, sirs ;
 They shall be all made sure to you,
 If ye’ll fight 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,
Then all things shall be tight, boys.

3.

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

4.

I'm sure, for seven years and mair,
Ye 've heard of sad oppression ;
And this is all the good ye got
O' 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.

5.

And, for your mair encouragement,
Ye shall be pardon'd byganes ;
Nae mair fight on the Continent,
And leave behind your dry-banes.
Then come away and dinna stay,
What gars ye look sae laundart ?
I'd have ye run, and not delay,
To join my Father's standard !

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THIS fine old air is fortunately preserved in the " Skene Manuscript," and is much superior, in its original simplicity, to the common sets of the air. I have much pleasure in being enabled to insert it in this place, as harmonized by George Farquhar Graham, Esq., by the kind permission of Mr Daunev, from the volume recently published, which is mentioned above at page *395.

Now there's a moan-ing on il-ka green loan-ing,

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a quarter note D5, and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

The Flow'rs of the Fo - rest are a' wede a - way.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a slur over the notes. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *>* (accent) over a note in the right hand.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, ending with a double bar line. A dynamic marking of *pp.* (pianissimo) is present in the left hand.

JAMES OSWALD.

MR STENHOUSE, in his Note at page 95, and in other places, has incidentally fallen into an error regarding the date of Oswald's Collections. The volumes of "The Caledonian Pocket Companion" were not published at Edinburgh in 1740, 1742, &c., as he repeatedly asserts, but at London, perhaps not before 1756. The work noticed in the Scots Magazine, November 1742, is a less comprehensive one, in two thin parts, entitled "A Collection of Curious Scots Tunes," folio.—Some account of Oswald's publications will be given in another part of this work.—See Introduction, p. *xlviii*.

JAMES OSWALD, whose name is entitled to honourable mention as a composer, and an editor of our National Melodies, first appears as a Teacher of Dancing at Dunfermline. He probably held the office of "Music-master of Dunfermline and Precentor," which was advertised as vacant 12th of January 1736. We find, at least, that shortly before that time, Oswald had removed to Edinburgh, where he taught both music and dancing. After remaining in Edinburgh for a few years, he left Scotland in 1741, and set up a music-shop in London; where he seems to have remained the rest of his life.

On the occasion of Oswald's leaving Edinburgh, the following poetical Epistle was addressed to him. It was printed in the Scots Magazine for October 1741; and as it contains some interesting particulars regarding his compositions, whilst it shows in what respect Oswald was held in this country, it was thought worthy of insertion in this place. It has no author's name, but it might be ascribed to Allan Ramsay.

AN EPISTLE.

Dear OSWALD, could my verse as sweetly flow
As notes thou softly touchest with the bow,
While all the circling fair attentive hing
On ilk vibration of thy trembling string,

I'd sing how thou wouldst melt our souls away
 By solemn notes, or cheer us wi' the gay,
 In verse as lasting as thy tunes shall be,
 ✓ As soft as thy new polish'd *Danton me*.

But wha can sing that feels wi' sae great pain
 The loss for which *Edina* sighs in vain?
 Our concert now nae mair the Ladies mind;
 They've a' forgot the gait to Niddery's wynd.
 ✓ Nae mair the *Braes of Ballandine* can charm,
 ✓ Nae mair can *Fortha's Bank* our bosoms warm,
 ✓ Nae mair the *Northern Lass* attention draw,
 ✓ Nor *Pinky-house* gi' place to *Alloa*.

O JAMIE! when may we expect again
 To hear from thee, the soft, the melting strain,
 And, what's the loveliest, think it hard to guess,
 ✓ *Miss St—t* or thy *Lass of Inverness*? ✓
 ✓ When shall we sigh at thy soft *Cypress-grove*,
 So well adapted to the tale of love?
 When wilt thou teach our soft *Æidian* fair
 To languish at a false Sicilian air;
 Or when some tender tune compose again,
 And cheat the town wi' *David Rizo's* name?
 Alas! no more shall thy gay tunes delight,
 No more thy notes sadness or joy excite,
 No more thy solemn bass's awful sound,
 Shall from the chapel's vaulted roof rebound.
London, alas! which aye has been our bane,
 To which our very loss is certain gain,
 Where our daft Lords and Lairds spend a' their rents,
 In following ilka fashion she invents,
 Which laws we like not aft on us entails,
 And where we're forc'd to bring our last appeals.
 Still envious of the little we had left,
 Of JAMIE OSWALD last our town bereft.
 'Tis hard indeed—but may you now repent
 The day that to that spacious town you went.
 If they thy value know as well as we,
 Perhaps our vanish'd gold may flow to thee.
 If so, be wise; and when ye're well to fend,
 Return again and here your siller spend.
 Mean-while, to keep our heavy hearts aboon,
 O publish a' your works, and send them soon.
 We'll a' subscribe, as we did for the past,
 And play while bows may wag or strings can last.
 Farewell—perhaps, if you oblige us soon,
 I'll sing again to a new fav'rite tune.

On the title of Oswald's *Airs for the Seasons*, published in four separate parts, they are said to have been "printed for the Author, and sold at his Musick-shop in St Martin's Churchyard." The privilege of publishing these *Airs*, for the usual term of fourteen years, is dated 23d of Oct. 1747. At a later period we "learn that Mr James Oswald was appointed Chamber Composer to his Majesty." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, January 1761, p. 44.) The time of his decease has not been ascertained.

MISS GRAHAM.

IN the notices given of this lady at page *141, &c., I omitted to add, that she died at Edinburgh in April 1805, in the eighty-second year of her age.—Instead of the words, near of the top of page *144, ("derived probably from Stenhouse's note at page 101,") *read*, (according to Stenhouse's note at page 101, derived probably from Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, vol. i. p. 161.)

GALA WATER.

THE following local version of this favourite song (No. ccxv.) is given from the MS. collection already mentioned, as written about 1780.

1.

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Out o'er yon bonny bush of heather,
 O all ye lads wha e'er ye be,
 Shew me the way to Gala Water.
 Bra, bra lads o' Gala Water,
 Bonny lads o' Gala Water,
 The Lothian lads maun ne'er compare
 Wi' the bra lads o' Gala Water.

2.

At Nettle-flatt 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.
 Bra', bra', &c.

3.

There's Blindie and Torwoodlie,
 And Galashiels is meikle better,
 But young Torsonce he bears the gree,
 Of a' the Pringles on Gala Water.
 Bra', bra', &c.

4.

Bucklaw is a bonny place,
 But Appletree-leaves is meikle better,
 But Cockle-ferry bears the gree,
 Fra ilka laird on Gala Water.
 Bra', bra', &c.

5.

Lords and lairds come here to woo,
 And gentlemen wi' sword and dagger,
 But the black-eyed lass o' Galashiels
 Wad ha'e none but the gree o' Gala Water.
 Bra', bra', &c.

6.

Lothian lads are black wi' reek,
 And Tiviotdale lads are little better,
 But she's kilted her coats aboon her knee,
 And gane wi' the lad o' Gala Water.
 Bra', bra', &c.

7.

Tho' corn rigs are good to see,
 Yet flocks o' sheep are meikle better,
 For oats will shake in a windy day
 When the lambs will play in Gala Water.
 Bra', bra', &c.

8.

Adieu Sour-plumbs in Galashiels,
 Farewell my father and my mother !
 For I'll awa' wi' the black-hair'd [herd ?] lad,
 Wha keeps his flocks on Gala Water.

Bra', bra' lads o' Gala water,
 Bonny lads o' Gala water,
 Let them a' say what they will,
 The gree gaes aye to Gala Water.

When copying out this Song, I was not aware that Mr Robert Chambers had inserted it in his collection of Songs, p. 592. But such local ditties, I think, possess more than usual interest, and are worthy of being printed oftener than once. Mr C. observes in his note, "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 in song and music, has been entirely owing to the charms of *ae bonnie lass*. So much may one person do for a country."

JOHNIE FAA, OR THE GIPSIE LADDIE.

THE following verses to this tune (No. CLXXXI,) are preserved in the same MS. I do not recollect meeting with them in any other collection.

1.

The Coopers they came to Lord Cassillis at Colzean,
 With their hoops all tight and ready,
 From London they came down, baith the black and the brown,
 And they wanted to gie him a lady.

2.

Your Lordship, we pray, may not say us nae,
 For it's now full time you was girded,
 Quoth the Earl, Faith my dears, so great are my fears,
 In conscience I'd rather be yearded.

JOHN BRUCE.

At pages 100 and 236, the airs, "Whistle o'er the lave o't," and "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," have been attributed to JOHN BRUCE, a fiddler in Dumfries. Mr Mayne, author of "The Siller Gun," has introduced him among other worthies, (edit. 1836, p. 45.)—

To hear John Bruce exert his skill,
You'd never grudge anither gill, &c.

In the Notes on that poem, he has given an account of Bruce, from which we learn, that he was born at Braemar, that he was actively engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, but was taken prisoner, and for a time confined in Edinburgh Castle. He afterwards settled at Dumfries, where he spent the remainder of his days. "He is supposed, by Burns (says Mr Mayne,) to have been the composer of the favourite Scots air of '*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*' This opinion is altogether erroneous; for, although John Bruce was an admirable performer, he never was known as a composer of music. The air in question was composed long before he existed."

SIR HENRY ERSKINE.

To the notice given at page 298*, it may be added, that Sir Henry Erskine was member of Parliament for many years; and that, in 1756, he lost his rank in the army for his conduct, by opposing the importation of the Hanoverian and Hessian troops. After the accession of George III., in November 1760, he was restored to his rank in the army, and appointed Colonel of the 67th regiment of foot.

"Major-General Sir Henry Erskine, Bart., only surviving son and representative of Sir John Erskine of Alva, deceased, and M. P. for the boroughs of Anstruther, was married at Edinburgh, 25th of April 1761, to Miss Jenny Wedderburn, only daughter of Lord Chesterhall, deceased."

LASS GIN YE LOO ME TELL ME.

MR CHAMBERS, in his *Scottish Songs*, p. 134, has attributed this song to JAMES TYTLER, of whom some notice has been given at pages 73 and 134.*

THE following version of this popular Song (No. CCXLIV.) occurs in Mr Mansfield's manuscript volume of Songs.

1.

I ha'e a cow, I ha'e a calf,
Lass, gin you lo'e me, tell me now,
A braw new bonnet, but an a new staff,
An' I canna come every day to woo.

2.

I ha'e a mark tyed up in a rag,
Lass, &c.
It lyes in the chimney for faut of a bag,
An' I, &c.

3.

I've a wie bit cheese lyes up in the shelf,
Lass, &c.
An' I cannae eat it a' myself,
An' I, &c.

4.

I've a wee bit lairdship down i' the Merse,
Lass, &c.
The ninth part of a goose's girss,
An' I winna come every day to woo.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

THE Song under this name, inserted as No. CCXCIII. in the Musical Museum, is sufficiently well known. I am not certain whether the author, the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, might not have been indebted for the idea of his song to the following silly enough verses, which are here printed from the above manuscript volume.

1.

Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn,
Ilka day ye steal my corn, ewie wi' the crooked horn ;
A' the ewes come hame at even, a' the ewes come hame at even,
A' the ewes come hame at even, crooked hornie bydes awa'.
Ewie wi' the crooked horn, &c.

2.

Ilka ewie has a lambie, ilkie ewie has a lambie,
 Ilka ewie has a lambie, crooked hornie she has twa,
 Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn,
 Ilka day, &c.

3.

A' the ewes gies mil^k eneugh, a' the ewes gies milk eneugh,
 A' the ewes gies milk eneugh, but crooked horn gies maist ava',
 Ewie wi' the crooked horn, &c.

ALLAN MASTERTON.

THIS intimate friend of Burns is mentioned slightly at page 323*. The Town-Council of Edinburgh, on the 26th of August 1795, elected Dugald and Allan Masterton, and Dugald Masterton, jun., to be joint writing-masters in the High School, in the room of George Paton, dismissed. In little more than five years, the office had become vacant; and on the death of Dugald Masterton (27th of September 1800,) the last survivor, Allan Dow, was appointed his successor, 8th of October 1800.

WILLIAM MARSHALL.

HAVING been favoured with the use of an interesting MS. Memoir of Marshall, in the possession of Joseph MacGregor, Esq., Accountant, Edinburgh, I avail myself of the privilege of extracting the following notices of that composer, who passed through life much esteemed for his personal respectability as well as genius.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, a celebrated composer of Scottish airs and melodies, and no less eminent as a performer on the violin, was born at Fochabers, in the county of Banff, the 27th of December 1748, o. s. He was almost wholly self-taught, and was early distinguished for skill in practical mechanics, as well as musical genius. When about twelve years of age, he entered the service of the Duke of

Gordon, and was first employed at Fochabers under the house-steward, and became a general favourite. "The consequence was, that he was soon advanced to the situation of butler and house-steward, and continued to fill that station, and to take the management of the whole family establishment, for nearly thirty years, much to the satisfaction of the family; and whether at Gordon Castle, or during their winter residences at London, Edinburgh, at watering-places, or elsewhere, Mr Marshall always attended them. Hence opportunities were afforded him of much intercourse with the world, and of cultivating and improving those various talents with which nature had so freely gifted him." "Judging from his letters, (says Mr MacGregor,) he appears to have been well educated, as in composition as well as beautiful penmanship, they would do credit to persons of much higher pretension."

"His talent for music," the Memoir continues, "rapidly developed itself; and in the cultivation of it, he was much encouraged by all the family of Gordon, all of whom possessed a fine taste for music, and were enthusiastic admirers of Mr Marshall's productions. Among his first musical compositions, were 'The Duke of Gordon's Birth-day,' 'The Bog of Gight,' 'The Marquis of Huntly's Strathspey,' 'Miss Admiral Gordon,' 'The Marquis of Huntly's farewell,' 'Johnie Pringle' (afterwards called 'Miss Jane Stewart of Pittyvaich,') &c. &c. Two of these airs have been immortalized by the Scottish Muse, viz.—'The Marquis of Huntly's Strathspey,' by the humorous and lively verses adapted to it by the venerable and reverend John Skinner, author of 'Tullochgorum,' and 'Miss Admiral Gordon's (now Mr Forbes of Seaton) Strathspey,' by Burns's beautiful and greatly admired song 'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.'

“ The correctness of Marshall’s ear was unrivalled, and his style of playing strathspeys and reels lively and inspiring, while his fine taste and peculiarly touching manner of executing the slow and more plaintive Scottish airs and melodies, delighted all who heard him.

“ At the age of twenty-five, Mr Marshall married Jane Giles, a very respectable and then good-looking woman, by whom he had a family of five sons and a daughter. About the beginning of the year 1790, owing to the delicate state of his health, he was obliged to relinquish his situation at Gordon Castle, and retired for a short time to a small farm in the neighbourhood of Fochabers. The same year, he removed to the now extensive farm of Keithmore, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, in the lordship of Auchendown, and parish of Mortlach, where he entered keenly into the spirit of farming. He was shortly thereafter appointed factor or land-steward to his Grace, over a very extensive range of his estates in Banff and Aberdeenshires, comprehending the districts of Cabrach, Auchendown, Glenlivat, Strathaven, and Strathdown, &c. This situation he filled with fidelity and honour till the year 1817, continuing during the whole of this long period in the fullest confidence of his noble constituent, and idolized by the tenantry for his strict integrity and adherence to his word and promises, and for the many acts of kindness they received at his hands, for he was a sincere friend to them all.”

Mr Marshall died at Newfield Cottage on the 29th May 1833, aged eighty-five; and his wife died at the same place, and at the same age, on the 12th December 1825.

A Collection of Marshall’s “ Airs and Melodies,” was published (by subscription) in May 1822, but many of them had appeared in a detached form before the close of the last

century. The volume contains 176 tunes; and it was followed by a supplement of about 74 additional tunes. Messrs Robertson, music-sellers, Edinburgh, before Marshall's death, purchased the copyright of the whole of his Tunes, with the view of publishing a complete and uniform edition of his works. It would undoubtedly add very much to the interest of such a collection, if Mr MacGregor were prevailed on to draw up a memoir of the composer, for which, I believe, he is in possession of very copious materials, as well as of a considerable number of Marshall's original letters.

REV. MURDOCH MACLENNAN.

In the notice at page *321—instead of the words, he died “in the 50th year of his ministry, and 32d of his age,” read, “and 82d of his age.”

THOU ART GANE AWA'.

THIS Song, included in this work as No. cccxxxix. occurs with a slight variation in stanza third in “The Charmer,” vol. ii. p. 194. Edin. 1782. It is likewise included, with several variations, in Mr Mansfield's MS., beginning, “Thou'st run awa', thou'st run awa'.”

KELSO RACES.

Not having had an opportunity at the time to collate the verses on “Kelso Races,” which are printed at page 529, I find it necessary to point out the following corrections:—

Line 14, “*Tall* Archibald;”—l. 18, “*any* old Jew;”—l. 22, “*bett* on;”—l. 34, “*Sir* John *Fantocini*” (in the margin) “*Sir* John Nisbet;” and l. 42, “*bravely* to *blaw*.”

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART VI.

DI.
MY PEGGY'S FACE.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum, but having been mislaid, it did not make its appearance till the publication of the last volume of that work. In a letter, inclosing the song and the fine air to which it is adapted, the bard thus addresses Mr Johnson: "Dear Mr Publisher, I hope, against my return, you will be able to tell me from Mr Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the *second* volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian music. Farewell. R. Burns." Burns alludes to the manuscript music in the library of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.

Mr George Thomson has inserted this song in the third volume of his Collection; but the name of the heroine, in place of "Peggy," is changed for that of "Mary," and the words are directed to be sung to the tune called "The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn." These alterations, however, do not appear to be for the better. It will generally be found, that the tune which the poet himself had in view when composing a song, if not superior, is, at least, more in unison

with the sentiments expressed, than any other that can be selected.

DII.

MY BOY TAMMY.

THIS fine ballad, beginning "Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy, Tammy?" was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. It first appeared in a magazine, printed at Edinburgh in 1791, entitled "The Bee," which was conducted by his friend Dr James Anderson. It has since been printed in the author's poetical works, and has deservedly become a favourite with the public. Miss Duncan (afterwards Mrs Davidson) the celebrated actress, used frequently to sing this ballad on the stage with great applause.

The melody, to which the words are adapted, is very ancient and uncommonly pretty. The old song, however, was quite puerile; the Editor has often heard it sung by old people, when he was a boy, and he still remembers some of the verses. One of them ran thus :

Is she fit to soop the house,
 My boy, Tammy?
 Is she fit to soop the house,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She's just as fit to soop the house
 As the cat to tak' a mouse;
 And yet she's but a young thing
 New come frae her mammy.

Another verse contained a very singular sort of puzzle :

How auld's the bonnie young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 How auld's the bonnie young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She's twice six and twice seven,
 Twice twenty and eleven;
 And yet she's but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

DIII.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

THIS song was written by Robert Couper, Esq. M. D. author of two volumes of poetry, chiefly in the Scottish lan-

guage, printed at Inverness in 1804, and dedicated to the late Jane, Duchess of Gordon. The title of the song, in the Doctor's works, is "Kinrara, —*tune*, "Niel Gow."

In the Museum, the song has accordingly been set to the beautiful strathspey, called "Niel Gow," which was composed by Mr Macintyre, the musician, in honour of the late father of Scottish *ball music*, Niel Gow of Dunkeld. Kinrara Lodge was the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon.

DIV.

O, STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN.

RAMSAY wrote a bacchanalian song to this ancient tune, and printed it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. He very properly suppressed the old song, enough of which is still but too well known. The first four lines of the song in the Museum were taken from Ramsay's, and the rest of it was written by Burns for that work. Johnson has made a mistake in copying the fifth line of the second stanza. It should be "Ne'er break your heart for *ae* rebute," as in the manuscript.

DV.

WHEN I GAE'D TO THE MILL.

THIS song was copied from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, printed in 1776. It is adapted to a tune, which Oswald, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book ix. calls "The Birth of Kisses," which was probably the original title of the song. The author's name has not yet been discovered.

DVI.

WHAR ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THIS beautiful song, according to the information of the publisher of the Museum, was written by Mr Carey. It is adapted to a very beautiful and plaintive old air, called "I'll never see him more," printed in the sixth book of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 16. This tune is omitted in the Index of Oswald's work.

Mr Carey's song, five years after its appearance in the sixth volume of the Museum, which was published on the 4th of June 1803, appeared, for a second time, in the fourth number of Mr George Thomson's Collection, printed in 1808, with the following alterations, which are evident improvements. In place of the 8th, 10th, and 12th lines in the Museum, read, as in Mr Thomson's edition,

I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower—line 8th.
 A modest sweet and lovely flower—line 10th.
 To grace and cheer my bonnie bower—line 12th.

Mr Thomson says the author is unknown, and that "The Esk here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of ROSLIN, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful." There are, at least, six rivers of that name in Scotland, whose banks are all particularly romantic, and there is not one line in the song that fixes the locality to the Esk which washes the ruins of Roslin Castle. Mr Thomson directs the words of Carey's song to be sung to the "Braes of Ballochmyle," a song written by Burns, set to music by A. Masterton, and published in the second volume of the Museum, page 285, in the year 1790.

DVII.

THO' FOR SEVEN YEARS AND MAIR.

THIS poetical dialogue between two rustic lovers, was written by Ramsay to the tune of "I'll never leave thee," and printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. Some lines of the ancient song of "I'll never leave thee," however, are interspersed here and there in Ramsay's production. The editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, having preferred Crawford's song, beginning "One day I heard Mary say," to the same air, published it in that work in 1725.

Mr John Watt, in the fourth volume of his "Musical Miscellany," printed at London in 1730, published Ramsay's song, adapted to the tune of "A Lad and a Lassie lay in a Killogie," which was afterwards called "Bannocks o' Bear Meal, and Bannocks o' Barley," under the following

title, "A dialogue between Jenny and Nelly, to the tune of I'll never leave thee." As Crawford's song to the genuine air, was published in the first volume of the Museum, page 92, Johnson adapted the same tune that Watt had selected for Ramsay's dialogue, which suits the words nearly as well as the proper tune of "I'll never leave thee" would have done.

DVIII.

ROW SAFTLY, THOU STREAM.

THIS beautiful song, entitled "Captain O'Kaine," was written by the late Mr Richard Gall, a young man of the most promising poetical talents, and author of several songs in the sixth volume of the Museum. The tune is certainly Irish.

Richard Gall was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in the month of December 1776. At an early period he was sent to the school at Haddington, where he soon acquired a proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic. On leaving school, his parents placed him under the charge of a relation, to learn the trade of a house-carpenter; but, ere long, he felt such antipathy to the occupation that he left it. He was next placed with a respectable builder and architect, to acquire a knowledge of his profession. After a trial of this new line of business however he found it nearly as disagreeable to him as the other; he therefore gave it up also, and went to Edinburgh, to which city his father and mother had recently removed.

Soon after his arrival in the Scottish metropolis, he was bound apprentice to Mr David Ramsay, a respectable printer, and publisher of the Edinburgh Courant. This mode of life proved quite congenial to the feelings of young Gall. Indeed, the attention and friendship which his worthy master showed him on every occasion, attached him so strongly to his employer, that after the expiration of his indenture, he continued in the service of that gentleman during the rest of his life.

Whilst in this situation Gall employed his spare hours in acquiring various branches of education, and in wooing Scotia's muse. His poetical efforts soon began to attract considerable attention, and procured him the friendship and correspondence of several literary characters, amongst whom were Burns and Macneill. About the beginning of 1801, an abscess broke out in his breast, which, notwithstanding every possible care and the best medical assistance, put a period to his existence on the 10th of May 1801, in the 25th year of his age.

During his last illness, although unable from weakness to hold a pen, he committed several of his poems to paper, written with a black lead pencil. Mr Stark, in his *Biographica Scotica*, justly observes, that "Of all the writings of Mr Gall, the tendency is *uniformly virtuous*. But this is not their only merit. A rich vein of poetry pervades them; the sentiments are striking; the language simple and unaffected."

Mr Gall's Poetical Works were lately published in a neat volume 12mo, by Messrs Oliver & Boyd, with a Life of the Author, elegantly written, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart.

DIX.

AS I WENT O'ER THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

THIS is the well-known ballad of "Peggy Bawn," which has long been a favourite at the firesides of the peasantry of Scotland, although it does not appear to have been honoured with a place in any regular collection until the publication of the Museum. The air is said to be Irish, but the ballad itself is unquestionably of Scottish origin. The tune, however, is very pretty. It was made into an excellent rondo, with variations for the piano-forte or harpsichord, by Butler the organist, which has had a considerable run. The author of the words and music has not yet been discovered.

DX.

O, CHERUB CONTENT.

THIS beautiful song was written by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, and many other excellent poems. The words are adapted to the favourite Irish air, called *Coolun*. Mr Campbell evinced considerable abilities, both as a poet and a scholar, at a very early period of life. The present Editor recollects of having read a poem, called "The Choice of Paris," written by Mr Campbell, when he was a boy at the high-school of Glasgow. Mr Campbell entered that seminary on 10th October 1785.

DXI.

AS WALKING FORTH TO VIEW.

THIS ballad was printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the letter Q annexed, to denote that it was an old song with alterations. It is entitled "Omnia vincit amor," i. e. "Love conquers all."

In Skene's music manuscripts, written in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, there is an air with the same Latin title inserted in book sixth, after "Lady Rothemayes Lilt." The original ballad must therefore have been a favourite long before the year 1600. It seems to have been set to various tunes, for in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. there is a slow air, in common time, entitled "Omnia vincit amor," which is quite different from the air in Skene's MSS. as well as that in the Museum. But the Editor is of opinion, that neither the airs published by Oswald nor Johnson are so old as the words.

DXII.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

THIS old ballad, beginning "Frae Dunidair, as I can through," gives a very minute and faithful account of the cause and issue of the battle of Harlaw, fought on the 24th day of July 1411, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Earl of Mar, son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent

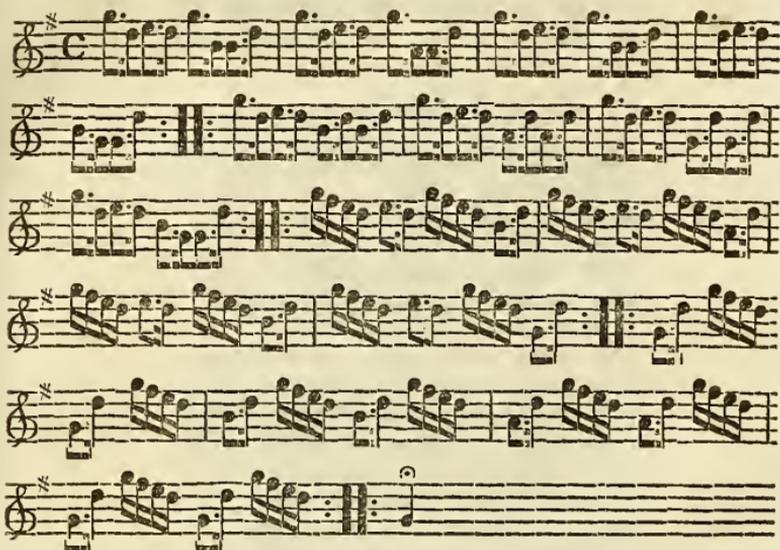
of Scotland, during the captivity of his nephew, James I. King of Scots. Harlaw, where the battle took place, is situated in Garioch, a district in Aberdeenshire. The royal army on this occasion were completely victorious; Donald's forces being defeated with great slaughter.

“The Battel of Hayrlaw” is quoted as one of the “sweet sangis,” in Wedderburn’s “Complainte of Scotlande,” printed in 1549; but, so far as we know, no printed edition of this celebrated ballad has yet been discovered, prior to that in Ramsay’s Evergreen, published at Edinburgh in 1724, from an ancient manuscript copy. The late Lord Hailes seemed to have entertained some doubts of its being a genuine production of the 15th century; because Ramsay did not scruple on some occasions to retrench, or substitute verses of his own for originals of the ancient poetry which he collected. The present ballad, however, is so very different from the style and structure of every production of Ramsay, and bears such evident and strong marks of antiquity, that, making allowance for some verbal alterations which may, perhaps, have been substituted for a few of the more ancient and obsolete words, there can scarcely remain a doubt of its genuine authenticity. Indeed, Ritson, who in general had little or no faith in any of the *Scottish* traditions, thus expresses himself with regard to this ballad. “The Battel of Hayrlaw,” (mentioned by Wedderburne) is presumed to be the fine poem printed in the “Evergreen,” which, with submission to the opinion of the late Lord Hailes, may, for any thing that appears either in or out of it to the contrary, be as old as the 15th century.”

In Drummond of Hawthornden’s mock-heroic poem, which was edited, with notes and illustrations, by Bishop Gibson in 1691, mention is made of a bagpipe tune, called the Battle of Harlaw—

“*Interea ante alios dux Piper Lains heros,
Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,
Incipit HARLAW cunctis sonare BATTELLUM.*”

The present Editor is in possession of a folio manuscript of Scots tunes of considerable antiquity, wherein this pibroch is inserted under the title of the "Battle of Hardlaw." It is nere annexed :

BATTLE OF HARDLAW. *A Pibroch.*

Mr Ritson conjectures, that this ballad must have been sung to a very slow air ; but none of these long ballads were sung in *adagio* time. It seems highly probable, that this ballad was chanted to the first strain of the old pibroch, which contains the whole air, and suits the measure of the stanza. The other strains of this wild pibroch are evidently mere variations of the *theme* or first strain.

As Johnson was under the necessity of curtailing this fine old historical ballad, on account of the limited size of his sixth volume, it is here reprinted from Ramsay's *Evergreen*, 1724.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam through,
 Doun by the hill of Banochie,
 Allangst the lands of Garioch,
 Grit pitie was to heir and se,
 The noys and dulesum hermonic,
 That evir that driery day did daw,

Cryand the corynoch* on hie,
 “ Alas, Alas ! for the Harlaw ! ”

II.

I marvlit what the matter meint,
 All folks were in a fiery fairy, †
 I wist not quha was fae or friend,
 Zit quietly I did me carrie :
 But sen the days of auld King Harrie, ‡
 Sic slauchter was not hard or sene ;
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For bissiness in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requesting him to mak me 'quaint
 Of the beginning and the event
 That happenit thare at the Harlaw ;
 Then he entreated me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me schaw.—

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
 Unto the lands of Röss sum richt,
 And to the Governour he came,
 Them for to haif gif that he micht ;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
 And thairfore answerit with disdain ;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodword § back again.

V.

But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vow'd to God Omnipotent
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif :
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargane sould be deirly bocht.

* *Corynoch*, i. e. a funeral dirge, or lament for the dead.

† Bustle and confusion.

‡ Whilst our Malcolm IV. was on the Continent with Henry II. of England, Somerled, Thane of Argyle, who aspired to the throne of Scotland, raised a formidable rebellion in the north, which was fortunately quelled by the Earl of Angus, commander of the royal army, who defeated Somerled's forces with immense slaughter. It is a singular coincidence, that Donald, Lord of the Isles, likewise took the opportunity of urging his claim to the lands of Ross, during the absence of his Sovereign ; James I. being, at this period, a captive in England.

§ Reply, or message.

VI.

Then haistylie he did command
 That all his weir-men should convene,
 Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein ;
 He waxit wraith and vowit tein,
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the north,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Merns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding boun,
 With money made, with forss and wyles,
 Right far and neir, baith up and down,
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Alangst the land of Ross he roars,
 And all obeyit at his bandown,
 Evin frae the north to suthren shoars.

VIII.

Then all the countrie men did yeild,
 For nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battil in the field,
 Be forss of arms to beir him bak ;
 Syne thay resolvit all, and spak
 The best it was for their behufe,
 They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing weil he did them lufe.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray-Land to mak a raid
 Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness ;
 And, furthermair, he sent express,
 To schaw his collours and ensenyie
 To all and sindry, mair and less,
 Throuhout the boundis of Boyn and Enyie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhasoever durst gainstand,
 That race they should full sairly rew.
 Then he bad all his men be trew,
 And him defend by forss and slicht,
 And promist them rewairds anew,
 And mak them men of mekle nicht.

XI.

Without resistans, as he said,
 Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But Garioch was all agast ;
 Throw all these fields he sped him fast,
 For sic a sicht was nevir sene,
 And then forsuith, he langd at last
 To see the bruch of Aberdene.

XII.

To hinder this prowd enterprise,
 The stout and mighty Erle of Mar,
 With all his men in arms did ryse,
 Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
 And down the syde of Don richt far,
 Angus and Mearns did all convene,
 To fecht, or Donald cam sae nar,
 The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of Mar,
 Marcht with his men in richt array,
 Before the enemie was aware,
 His banner bauldly did display ;
 For weil eneuch they kend the way,
 And all their semblance weil they saw,
 Withoutin dangir or delay,
 Came haistily to the Harlaw.

XIV.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,
 Of Angus Sheriff principal ;
 The Constabill of gude Dundé,
 The vanguard led before them all ;
 Suppose in number they were small,
 They first richt baulddie did pursew,
 And maid their faes befor them fall,
 Quha then that race did sairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,
 The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
 The Stalwart laird of Lawriestoune,
 With ilk thair forces all and sum ;
 Panmuir with all his men did cum ;
 The Provost of brave Aberdene,
 With trumpets and with tuick of drum,
 Came shortly in their armour schene.

XVI.

These, with the Erle of Mar, came on
 In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
 Their enemies to set upon,
 In awful manner hardily ;
 Together vowit to live or die,
 Since they had marchit mony miles,
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of doubted Donald of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie along did ride,
 With Malcolmtosh and fell Maclean,
 With all their power at their syde ;
 Presumeand on their strength and pryde,
 Without all feir of ony aw,
 Richt bauldlie battill till abyde
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring drums alloud did tuik,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the field sould bruik ;
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk,
 Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk
 Of them that there did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
 The bludy battill lastit lang ;
 Each man his nibour's forss there felt,
 The weakest aft-times gat the wrang ;
 There was nae mowis there them amang,
 Naething was hard but heavy knocks,
 That echo maid a dulefull sang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

XX.

But Donald's men at last gaif back,
 For they war all out of array,
 The Erl of Mar's men throw them brak,
 Pursewing shairply in thair way,
 Thair enemys to tak or slay,
 Be dint of forss to gar them yield ;
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And sae for feirdness tint the fray.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 To mountains hich for all his micht,
 For he and his war all agast,
 And ran till they war out of sicht ;
 And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
 Thoch mony men with him he brocht,
 Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is (quod he) the richt report
 Of all that I did heir and knaw,
 Thoch my discourse be sumthing short
 Tak this to be a richt suthe saw.
 Contrair God and the King's law,
 Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
 Into the battil of Harlaw :
 This is sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

But zit a bonny whyle abide,
 An I sall mak thee clearly ken,
 Quhat slauchter was on ilka syde,
 Of Lowland and of Highland men ;
 Quha for thair awin haif ever bene,
 Theselazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
 Chessit lyke deirs into thair den,
 And gat thair wages for rewaird.

XXIV.

Malcolmtosh of the clan heid chief,
 Maclean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and relief
 War dulefully dung to the deid ;
 And now we are freid of thair feid
 And will not lang to come again
 Thousands with them without remeid
 On Donald syd, that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther syd war lost,
 Into the field that dismal day,
 Chief men of worth (of mekle cost),
 To be lamentit sair for ay ;
 The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and mekle main,
 Grit dolour was for his decay
 That sae unhappylie was slain.

XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was
 The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
 The sheriff-principal of Angus
 Renownit for truth and equitie,
 For faith and magnanimitie ;
 He had few fallows in the feild
 Zit fell by fatal destinie,
 For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddop, knicht,
 Grit Constabill of fair Dundee,
 Unto the duleful deith was dicht,
 The King's chief banner-man was he,
 A valiant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predecessors wan that place
 At Spey, with gude King William frie,
 'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
 The much renownit laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was better sene,
 Quhen they were semblit all and sum,
 To praise him we sould not be dumm,
 For valour, witt, and worthyness,
 To end his days he there did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidyles.

XXIX.

And there the knicht of Lawriston
 Was slain into his armour schene ;
 And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
 Quha Provost was of Aberdene ;
 The knicht of Panmuir, als was sene,
 A mortal man in armour bricht,
 Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene,
 Left to the world thair lost gude nicht.

XXX.

There was not sin King Keneth's days
 Sic strange intestine cruel stryf
 In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
 Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe ;
 Quhilk made divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony children fatherless,
 Quhilk in this realm hath been full ryfe,
 Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress !

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even',
 That four-and-twenty dismall day,
 Twelve hundred ten score and eleven
 Of Zeirs sen Chryst, the suth to say ;
 Men will remember, as they may,
 Quhen thus the verite they know,
 And mony ane may mourn for ay
 The brim battill of the Harlaw.

In the reign of Henry the II. of England, Scotland was torn by intestine broils and insurrections. This was occasioned by the servile conduct towards that monarch, both by MALCOM, and his brother and successor WILLIAM, kings of Scotland, which disgusted and enraged the Scottish chiefs. During the reign of William, Donald, another Lord of the Isles, likewise invaded Scotland, and committed horrid ravages in the counties of Ross and Murray. This person was a progenitor of the Donald mentioned in the ballad, and claimed the crown in right of Duncan, the bastard King of Scots. This circumstance is alluded to in stanza xxvii. On the 5th July 1187, however, Roland, the gallant hero of Galloway, decided the fate of the older Donald, who was slain in an accidental rencounter of a foraging party, and the greater part of his followers were put to the sword.

The wild melody, to which the ballad of Harlaw is adapted in the Museum, is evidently the progenitor of the old Highland Pibroch formerly mentioned. The second stanza is merely a slight alteration of the first.

DXIII.

O BOTHWELL BANK, THOU BLOOMEEST FAIR.

THIS song was written by Mr John Pinkerton, the historian, who is a native of Edinburgh. The words are adapted to a fine modern air, which was composed by Mr Fergus, organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow.

In 1783, Mr Pinkerton published this song, amongst with several other pieces, as genuine old Scottish reliques. The forgery of these poems, however, being detected by a gentleman, who directly accused Mr P. by a letter inserted in

the Gentleman's Magazine, for November 1784. Our historian confessed himself guilty. In palliation of his conduct, he pleads his youth and purity of intention; professing that the imposition was only intended to give pleasure to the world. "All which, (says the satirical Ritson,) it is to be hoped he has found some charitable person to believe!" *Ritson's Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 77.

Burns makes the following remark on this song: "This modern *thing* of Pinkerton's could never pass for old, but among the sheer ignorant. What poet of the olden time, or indeed of any time, ever said or wrote any thing like the line—

"Without ae flour his grave to crown."

"This is not only the pedantry of tenderness, but the very bathos of bad writing." See *Select Scottish Songs, with Critical Remarks* by Burns; edited by Cromek. 2 vols. London. 1810.

It is neither the Editor's intention to palliate imposition, nor defend poetry that is really bad; but he is of opinion, that a slight alteration of the second stanza is all that the song requires to render it unexceptionable. Indeed Burns, in one of his letters, (see vol. iv. letter No 28, in Dr Currie's edition,) afterwards admits, that "Mr Pinkerton, in his what he calls ancient ballads, many of them, though notorious, are *beautiful enough* forgeries."

DXIV.

WEE WILLY GRAY.

THIS comic little song, intended for the nursery, was written by Burns. It is adapted to the lively tune, called, "*Wee Totum Fogg*," the first line of a much older ditty of the same description, which Burns must have had in view when he wrote the words for the Museum. It began,

WEE Totum Fogg
Sits upon a creepie;
Half an ell o' gray
Wad be his coat and breekie.

These old tunes—*Wee Totum Fogg*—*The Dusty Miller*—*Go to Berwick, Johnnie*—*Mount your Baggage*—*Robin Shure in Har'est*—*Jockey said to Jenny*, &c. &c., have been played in Scotland, time out of mind, as a particular species of “*the double hornpipe*.” The late James Allan, piper to the Duke of Northumberland, assured the present Editor, that this peculiar measure originated in the borders of England and Scotland. Playford has inserted several of them in his “*Dancing Master*,” first published in 1658. Some modern imitations of this old style appear in Gow’s *Repositories*, and several other collections of Scotch tunes.

DXV.

LAMMINGTON RACES.

THIS ballad, beginning “*When the days they are lang*,” commemorates a horse-race of Lammington, in the county of Lanark. It possesses considerable humour; and the tune to which it is adapted is lively enough; but all *jeux d’esprit*, of a local or personal nature, generally cease to be interesting when the original characters are no more. The song was written by Mr Macaulay, an acquaintance of Mr Johnson; but the composer of the air is unknown.

DXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THIS charming song, beginning “*'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing*,” was written by the late John Tait, Esq. writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Police Court, Edinburgh. It is adapted to the Irish air called *Langolee*. This song has often, though erroneously, been attributed to the Rev. Mr John Home, author of the tragedy of “*Douglas*.” It was inserted in Wilson’s *Collection of Songs*, printed at Edinburgh 1779, with some additional stanzas written by Miss Betsy B—s; but the lady’s verses are far inferior to the original. Mr Tait’s song was written in 1775, on the departure of a friend for America to join the British forces, who were at that time endeavouring “*to quell the proud rebels*” of Columbia; but the issue of

that contest was very different from the anticipations of the bard. The Americans, after a long and arduous contest, proved ultimately successful; and their independence was acknowledged, on the part of Great Britain, by a treaty of peace ratified in 1783.

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr George Thomson, dated 7th April 1793, says, “ *The Banks of the Dee* is, you know, literally *Langolee*, to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it; for instance,

“ And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree.”

“ In the first place, the nightingale sings in a low bush, but never from a tree; and in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland. Exotic rural imagery is always comparatively flat.”

The justice of these remarks appears to have been admitted by Mr Tait; for in a new edition of the song, retouched by himself, thirty years after its first appearance, for Mr Thomson’s Collection, and published in the fourth volume of that work, the first half stanza is printed thus—

’Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo’d from the tree.
At the foot of a rock, where the wild-rose was growing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

The only other corrections and alterations are as follow—

Stanza II. line 5,

For *loud roaring*, read *rude roaring*.

Stanza II. line 8,

For *And left me to stray ’mongst these once loved willows*,
Read *And left me to wander ’mongst these once loved willows*.

Stanza III. line 2,

For *dear shepherd*, read *dear Jamie*.

DXVII.

SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF PLEASURE.

THIS elegant and pathetic song was written by Mr Richard Gall, who has already been noticed in a former part of this

work.—*Vide Notes on Song No 508.* The air to which it is adapted was composed by Mr Allan Masterton, who has also been often mentioned in the course of the present Editor's remarks.

The following particulars respecting this song are extracted from Mr Stark's Sketch of the Life of Richard Gall, printed in the *Biographia Scotica*, at Edinburgh, 1805. "One of Mr Gall's songs in particular, the original of which I have by me, has acquired a degree of praise, from its having been printed amongst the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr Gall's friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the 'Scots Musical Museum' was published at Edinburgh by Mr Johnson, several of Burns's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr Gall wrote the song entitled 'Farewell to Ayrshire,' prefixed Burns' name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work. From thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of Burns. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr Gall probably thought, that under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice, which, in other circumstances, it might never have obtained, but have been doomed to waste its sweetness in the desert air."

The particulars mentioned in the preceding extract by Mr Stark, who was intimately acquainted with Mr Gall, (both of them being employed in the same printing-office,) may be relied upon as being correct. The manuscript of the song, in the hand-writing of Mr Gall, is in the possession of the Editor

DXVIII.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNY.

RITSON says, he “has heard gravely asserted in Edinburgh, that a foolish song, beginning

Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnny ;
Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the poney,

was actually made on one of Sir William Wallace the Scottish hero's marauding expeditions ; and that the person thus addressed was no other than his *fidus Achates*, Sir John Graham.—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 26. The writer of this note, however, can safely aver, that he never heard such an assertion from the lips of any Scotsman, nor ever saw such an allegation in print, till he met with Ritson's Essay. That gentleman must certainly have been imposed upon by the *gravity* of some wag. The silly old verses are usually chanted by nurses to divert their little ones, and have not the smallest allusion either to Wallace or Graham.

The words, which are adapted to the old air in the Museum, were written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, who contributed several songs to the same work. Oswald published the air, with variations, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion. It has since been arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte, by various masters.

DXIX.

'T WAS AT THE SHINING MID-DAY HOUR.

THIS burlesque parody of Mallet's beautiful ballad of “William and Margaret,” was written by Allan Ramsay for the fourth volume of his Tea-Table Miscellany, where it made its first appearance under the title of “Watty and Madge.” The words are adapted to a fine old tune, called *The Maid in the Mill*, taken from the seventh volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 27.

The reader will find Mallet's ballad of William and Margaret, adapted to a fine air composed by the late Mr Stephen

Clarke, in the sixth volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 536*. In the second edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1733, Mr William Thomson, the editor of that work, adapted Mallet's ballad to the old tune of *Chevy Chace*.

DXX.

HAVE YOU ANY POTS OR PANS?

THIS humorous song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published in his *Tea-Table Miscellany 1724*, as a substitute for the words of the old song called "Clout the Cauldron." The original tune is printed in the first volume of the Museum, p. 24, with some curious Scoto-Gaelic verses.—See the *Notes on that Song, No 23*.

In the sixth volume of the Museum, Ramsay's verses are adapted to the favourite strathspey, called "Cameron has got his Wife again."

DXXI.

NOW BANK AND BRAE ARE CLOTHED WITH GREEN.

THIS fine Scottish pastoral song was written by Gall, and is printed in his poetical works. The words are adapted to a very beautiful tune, called "Cassilis Banks."

"Girvan's fairy-haunted stream," is a well known river in Ayrshire, which rises in the parish of Dailly, and after meandering through the district of Carrick, pours its waters into the Irish Channel at the ancient village of Girvan, to which it gives its name.

DXXII.

AE DAY A BRAW WOOER.

THIS humorous song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum; but Johnson, the publisher, who was a religious and well-meaning man, appeared fastidious about its insertion, as one or two expressions in it seemed somewhat irreverent. Burns afterwards made several alterations upon the song, and sent it to Mr George Thomson for his Collection, who readily admitted it into his second volume, and the song soon became very popular. Johnson, however, did not consider it at all improved by the

later alterations of our bard. It soon appeared to him to have lost much of its pristine humour and simplicity; and the phrases which he had objected to were changed greatly for the worse. He therefore published the song as originally written by Burns for his work. In order to enable the reader to judge how far Johnson was, or was not correct, both editions of the song are here annexed.

FIRST EDITION.

Æ day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
But I said there was naething I hated like men ;
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me !

A weel stockit mailen himsel o't the laird,
And bridal aff han' was the proffer ;
I never loot on that I kend or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And said for my love he was diein' ;
I said he might die when he liket, for Jean ;
The gude forgie me for liein' !

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her,)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think, how the jade I could bear her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock ;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out oure my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neighbours shou'd think I was saucy,
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
An' if she had recover'd her hearin' ?
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchel't feet ?
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin' !

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
And just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

SECOND EDITION.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me.
 I said there was naething I hated like men ;
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he lik'd, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stockit mailen himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand were the proffers ;
 I never loot on that I kend it or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
 (The deil tak his taste to gae near her)
 He's up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I fretted with care,
 I gaed to the tryst of Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Least neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy an' sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

These alterations, in general, are certainly far from being in the happiest style of Burns. Indeed he appears to have

been in bad health and spirits when he made them; for, in the letter inclosing the song, he says, "I am at present quite occupied with the charming sensations of the tooth-ach, so have not a word to spare."

Dr Currie likewise informs us, that the third line of the fourth stanza, in the manuscript sent to Mr Thomson, runs "He up the *Gateslack* to my black cousin Bess;" but Mr T. objected to this word, as well as to the word *Dalgarnock* in the next verse. Burns replied as follows:

"Gateslack is the name of a particular place; a kind of passage up among the Lauther hills, on the confines of this county (Dumfries-shire). Dalgarnock is also the remains of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial ground. However, let the first line run, "*He up the lang loan,*" &c.

Dr Currie remarks, that "It is always a pity to throw out any thing that gives locality to our poet's verses."

It only remains to be observed, that this song is adapted to the tune called *The Queen of the Lothians*, the name of a curious old ballad, which is produced in the sixth volume of the Museum, and inserted after the modern verses by Burns.

DXXIII.

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.

THIS comic song was corrected by Burns. The greater part of the verses, however, are taken from the old satirical song formerly sung to that tune of "John Anderson my Jo." See the notes on that song, No 260. The words are adapted to the old tune of "We're a' nid noddin in our House at hame."

DXXIV.

IN BRECHIN DID A WABSTER DWELL.

THIS is only a fragment of a long ballad frequently heard at country firesides, entitled "The Brechin Weaver." It possesses some traits of humour, though not of the first order. The specimen in the Museum is certainly quite enough. The tune to which the ballad is chanted, however, is very pretty.

DXXV.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

THIS ancient fragment, with its original air, was copied from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*. London, 1725. The editor has often heard the following additional stanza, though it is omitted by Thomson.

She's taen three links o' her gowden locks ;
That hung down lang and yallow,
She's tied them about sweet Willy's waist,
And drawn him out of Yarrow.

This poetical relique of some ancient and long forgotten minstrel, has given rise to two beautiful modern ballads. The first of these, entitled, "The Braes of Yarrow," was written in imitation of the ancient Scottish manner, and inscribed to Lady Jane Home, by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq., prior to the year 1724: It is printed in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* of that date; and in the following year, Thomson published it adapted to the old tune of one strain in his *Orpheus Caledonius*. The first half stanza of Bangour's ballad, beginning, "*Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,*" is all that remains of the old song, called "*The Braes of Yarrow.*" Ramsay has also preserved the first half stanza of the original verses, in the song which he wrote to the same tune. See the first volume of the *Museum*, page 65. The other ballad, of "The Braes of Yarrow," was written by the late Rev. Mr John Logan, one of the ministers of Leith. It begins,

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
When first on them I met my lover,
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
When now thy waves his body cover.

Both these ballads may be seen in the poetical works of their respective authors, and in various other collections of poetry. It appears, on comparing Bangour's ballad, as inserted in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, and the *Orpheus Caldo-*

nus, with a later version in the author's poetical works, that he had made some slight corrections on the earlier edition.

It remains to be observed, that in the year 1777, the words of this ancient song received some alterations and additions from the pen of an Englishman, which were set to a beautiful modern air, composed by Mr James Hook of London. This Anglo-Scottish production was sung by Mrs Wrihten at Vauxhall with much applause in the summer of 1777, and was published among the other Vauxhall songs of that year. It has since been frequently reprinted.

DXXVI.

MY DADDY LEFT ME GEAR ENOUGH.

THIS humorous old ballad was taken from Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, printed with the music in 1725, under the title of "Willie Winkie's Testament." The enumeration of the testator's goods and effects is extremely comic. This curious ballad appears to have been unknown to Ramsay, as it is omitted in the Tea-Table Miscellany.

DXXVII.

STERN WINTER HAS LEFT US.

First Set.

THIS ballad was copied from Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1721. The original air, under the title of "Jocky and Jenny," is inserted in the *fifth* volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 31.

This appears to have been a very popular song, both in England and Scotland, about the middle of the last century, for the verses, although adapted to a different air from that in Oswald's Collection, are printed in the "The Muses Delight" at Liverpool in 1754, under the title of "JOCKY and JENNY, a dialogue sung by Mr Lowe and Miss Falkner."

In the Museum this ballad is adapted to two tunes. The first set a Gaelic air. The other is an Irish melody.

DXXVIII.

STERN WINTER HAS LEFT US.

Second Set.

THIS is the ballad Jocky and Jenny, above noticed, adapted to the Irish tune called *Kitty Tyrell*, Johnson had heard the ballad sung to both tunes, and being unable to decide which was best, he inserted them both that the singer might choose for himself. This ballad has therefore been adapted to four different tunes. The original Scottish air is in Oswald; the English air in the "Muses Delight;" and the Irish and Gaelic tunes the in Museum.

DXXIX.

AH, MARY! SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.

THIS charming pastoral dialogue, between Willie and Mary, was written by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P. It was originally published as a single sheet song, by Messrs Gow & Shepherd, music-sellers in Edinburgh. Mr Nathaniel Gow tells me, it was at his particular request that Mr Boswell furnished him with the words. The verses are adapted to the beautiful slow strathspey tune called "The Maid of Isla," which was communicated to Mr Gow by the late Colonel John Campbell of Shawfield and his Lady.

DXXX.

ANNA THY CHARMS MY BOSOM FIRE.

THIS sweet song of two stanzas was written by Burns, and published in the Edinburgh edition of his Poems in 1787. It is adapted to a very beautiful and plaintive air composed by Oswald, and published in the first volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of "Bonny Mary."

DXXXI.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.

THIS beautiful song, which is another of the productions of the late Mr Richard Gall, was written at the earnest request of Mr Thomas Oliver, Printer and Publisher, Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of the author's. Mr Oliver

heard it sung in the Pantomime of Harlequin Highlander, at the Circus, and was so struck with the melody, that it dwelt upon his mind; but the only part of the words he recollected were,

My love's the sweetest creature,
That ever trode the dewy green;
Her cheeks they are like roses,
Wi' the op'ning gowan wet between.—

And having no way of procuring the verses he had heard, he requested Mr Gall to write words to his favourite tune. Our young bard promised to do so; and in a few days presented him with this elegant song, in which the title of the tune is happily introduced at the close of every stanza.

DXXXII.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

THIS humorous song was written by Burns for the Museum. The old air to which his verses are adapted, originally consisted of one strain, but Oswald made two variations to it, and published them with the old melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vi. p. iv. under the title of "My wife she dang me." The tune in the Museum is composed of the original melody, and the first of Oswald's variations. I have heard several of the old verses sung, but they are of such a nature as to render them quite unfit for insertion.

DXXXIII.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

THIS fine ballad is another production of my late friend, Hector Macneill, Esq. who has frequently been noticed in the course of this work. It is adapted to a lively air called "Johnny M'Gill," after the name of its composer, Mr John M'Gill, who was a musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Burns likewise wrote some verses to the same tune, which are inserted in the third volume of the Museum. *Vide Notes on Song No. 207.*

DXXXIV.

COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME.

NEITHER the words nor music of this excellent old ballad, entitled "The Fairy Elves," are of Scottish origin, although it has long been a favourite in Scotland. The poetry is attributed to Christopher Marlow, and the melody to John Dowland, both Englishmen. The former was an eminent dramatic poet, and the latter a celebrated musician, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Marlow fell a victim to *jealousy*, the most torturing passion of the human breast; he was stabbed in a brothel, by a fellow whom he found with his mistress, and, notwithstanding the best medical care and attention, died soon after, in 1593.

Mr Gay, author of "The Beggar's Opera," wrote the following words to the same old tune in another musical opera of his, called "Achilles," printed with the music prefixed to each song by John Watts of London, in 1733, after the author's decease.

AIR.—*Fairy Elves.*

O guard your hours from care,
Of *Jealousy* beware;
For she with fancied sprites,
Herself torments and frights;
Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
Raising fears that she believes.

Bishop Percy published an edition of the Fairy Elves in 1765, taken from an old black letter copy, under title of "*The Fairy Queen.*" The ancient set of the air and that in the Museum are very similar.

DXXXV.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

BISHOP PERCY, who published this fine old Scottish ballad in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765, from a manuscript transmitted to him from Scotland, observes, that it seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones. The first of these is entitled "A

tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor; together with the Downfall of the Browne Girl." The second is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes, or Sweet William's frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night; with the sudden Death and Burial of these noble Lovers." The learned Prelate likewise acquaints us, that although the latter ballad was picked up on a stall, he considers it to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's comedy of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." This old play, as appears from the dedication prefixed to the first edition in 4to., printed at London, 1613, was written in 1611, and was not well received when acted on the stage. The reader will find some further observations on the ballad of "Sweet William and Fair Margaret," in the notes on the following song, No 536.

Upon comparing these ballads with each other, *viz.* Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor—Fair Margaret and Sweet William—Lord Thomas and Fair Annet—the present Editor, notwithstanding the conjecture of the learned Prelate, is of opinion, both from the difference in the structure of the stanzas, the language and the incidents of the several pieces, that they were composed by different hands, although it may be difficult now to decide which of the three was first written. It is very possible, that the ballads themselves are, comparatively speaking, only modernized abridgments of ancient metrical romances, familiar among all the nations of Europe many ages ago. These romances, in their turn, likewise appear to have been derived from Asiatic sources, and were gradually introduced into the western world, by successive minstrels, for the amusement of the great. As a full investigation of these facts, however, would lead us into a field by far too wide for the nature of this work, we are constrained to return to the ballad now under consideration.

In the year 1806, Mr Robert Jamieson published a Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs from tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions, among which is a ballad entitled "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," which he took down from

the recitation of Mrs W. Arnot of Aberbrothick, who, it is said, learned it when a child from an elderly maid-servant. The leading incidents of Mr Jamieson's ballad are very similar to those of the earlier edition of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet;" but the name of the hero is changed from Lord Thomas to Sweet Willie, who is represented as "*the heir of Duplin town,*" the residence of the Earl of Kinnoul in *Perthshire*. Several of the stanzas in Mr Jamieson's ballad are likewise admitted to have been altered and supplied by himself. But neither these alterations, nor interpolations, nor the changing of the scene from the borders to Perthshire, appear to have improved the original ballad. It only remains to be observed, that, in the Scots Museum, the ballad of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" is adapted to the tune called "The Old Bard," preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book xii.

DXXXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

THIS excellent ballad, beginning " 'Twas at the silent solemn hour," was written, in 1723, by David Mallet, Esq. a native of Edinburgh, editor of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, and author of several popular poems and dramatic works. It appeared in several of the newspapers a short time after it was written, as well as in various periodical publications. Ramsay printed it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, with the signature D. M. the initials of the author, in 1724; and William Thomson, who erroneously conceived it to be very old, copied it into his Orpheus Caledonius, where it is adapted to the well-known tune of *Chevy Chace*. Mallet afterwards retouched and improved the ballad. The reader will easily discover the improvements which the author made on this fine poem, upon comparing the copy in the Museum with that in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, or any of the early editions.

Mallet, in a note prefixed to the ballad printed in the edition of his Poems, 3 vols 8vo. London, 1759, informs us, that

“ in a comedy of Fletcher, called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, old MERRYTHOUGHT enters repeating the following verses :

“ WHEN it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret’s grimly ghost,
And stood at William’s feet.

“ This (he continues) was probably the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote (1611); and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago.”

The unhappy adventure, here alluded to, was a circumstance that occurred in real life. A young lady, whose hand had been scornfully rejected by her infamous seducer, when in a weak state of health, fell, in consequence, into a fever; “ and, in a few days after, (says Mallet,) I saw her and her child laid together in one grave.” See the *Plain Dealer*, No 36 and 46—a periodical paper, published by Mr Aaron Hill in 1724, and afterwards reprinted in 2 vols 8vo.

Thus far concerning the origin of Mallet’s fine poem, which Bishop Percy pronounces to be “ one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language.” Mr Ritson likewise observes, that “ we have many songs equal no doubt to the best of those written by Hamilton of Bangour, or Mr Thomson; though it may be questioned whether any English writer has produced so fine a ballad as William and Margaret, or such a beautiful pastoral as *Tweedside*.” *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 78.

Mr Mallet was mistaken in supposing the old ballad, quoted by Fletcher in 1611, to be lost. It is preserved in the Collections of Bishop Percy and Mr Herd. A more faithful copy, however, will be found in Ritson’s *Ancient English*

Ballads ; for the worthy Prelate has used some freedom with a few of the verses.

In the Museum, the ballad of William and Margaret, by Mr Mallet, is adapted to a beautiful slow melody, which was composed by the late Mr Stephen Clarke of Edinburgh, organist.

DXXXVII.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME ?

THIS humorous song, in the broad Buchan dialect, beginning " I am a young bachelor, winsome," was written by Alexander Ross, author of the songs called " A Rock and a wee pickle Tow," " The Bridal o't," &c. See the Notes on Songs No 269 and 439 of the Museum. In that author's works, printed at Aberdeen in 1768, the song of " What ails the Lasses at me," and " Jean Gradan's answer," are directed to be sung to the tune of " An the Kirk wad let me be ;" but as this air was inserted in the first volume of the Museum, (vide Song No 58,) entitled " Fye let us a' to the Wedding," Mr Johnson made choice of another lively Scots air, which answers the words extremely well.

DXXXVIII

THE SUN IN THE WEST.

THIS pathetic sonnet is another production of Mr Richard Gall. The beautiful air to which the words are adapted, is supposed to be of Gaelic origin.

DXXXIX.

SCROGGAM.

THIS humorous and eccentric song, beginning " There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen," was written by Burns for the Museum. There is another, and a very old song, to the same air, but it is quite inadmissible.

Cockpen is the name of a parish in the county of Edinburgh, of which the Earl of Dalhousie is patron.

DXL.

O, TELL ME, MY BONNY YOUNG LASSIE.

THIS fine pastoral dialogue was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. author of several songs in the Museum. Mr Macneill informed the present Editor, that he picked up the air, to which his verses are united in the Museum, during a trip to Argyleshire, and being very fond of the tune, he wrote the words for it *con amore*.

The late Mr Graham of Gartmore wrote a song, which has a similar burden with that of Mr Macneill's. It was printed in Mr Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*, under an idea that it was as old as the reign of Charles I. The chorus runs—

THEN tell me how to woo thee, love !
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But the two songs, in other respects, have no similarity, and the respective measures of the stanzas require them to be adapted to very different tunes.

DXLI.

O, MARY, TURN AWA.

THIS song was written by the late Mr R. Gall. His verses are adapted to the beautiful old air of "My Dearie, an thou die."

The second song, to the same tune, beginning "What ails this heart of mine," is the production of the late Miss Blamire of Carlisle. Both of these songs are excellent.

DXLII.

O, GUDE ALE COMES.

THIS humorous drinking song, with the exception of the chorus, which is old, was written by Burns. It is adapted to the tune, called "The Bottom of the Punch-bowl," which appears in Oswald's *First Collection*, and in many others.

DXLIII.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

THE tune and title of this song are ancient, but the rest is by Burns. In Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book fifth, page 11th, the air, with variations, is inserted under the title of "Robin shear'd in Her'st," but the old words of the song are probably now lost.

The tune, in some modern collections, is called "Bobbing John," but erroneously, for that is the name of a very old English air, printed in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' in the time of $\frac{6}{8}$, or six quavers in the bar, so far back as 1657, and in all the subsequent editions of that work. It is quite different from the Scottish air. Mr Robert Jamieson of Edinburgh, however, in his Popular Ballads and Songs, printed in 1806, has written a very humorous song to the tune, under its modern title. It follows :

BOBBING JOHN.

HEY, for Bobbing John,
Kittle up the chanter !
Bang up a strathspey
To fling wi' John the ranter.
Johnnie's stout an' bald,
Ne'er could thole a banter,
Bien in byre an' fald,
An', lassies, he's a wanter.

Back as braid's a door ;
Bow-hough'd, like a felly ;
Thick about the brands,
And o'er the breast an' belly.
Hey, for Bobbing John !
Kittle up the chanter !
Queans are a' gane gyte
To fling wi' John the Ranter.

Bonny's his black ee,
Blinkin', blythe, an' vogie,
Wi' lassie on his knee,
In his nieve a cogie ;
Syne the lad will kiss,
Sweetly kiss and cuddle ;
Cald wad be the heart
That cou'd wi' Johnnie widdle.

Sonse fa' Bobbing John ;
 Want and wae gae by him ;
 There's in town or land
 Nae chiel doesna eavy him.
 Flingin to the pipe,
 Bobbin to the fiddle,
 Knief was ilka lass
 That could wi' Johnnie meddle.

DXLIV.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

THIS comic ballad, beginning "Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggie Lawder?" was written by Francis Semple of Beltrees, Esq. in the county of Renfrew, about the year 1642. This fact is stated on the joint authorities of two of his descendants, viz. the late Mr Semple of Beltrees, who died in 1789, and his relation, the late Mr Semple of Edinburgh.

In the fifth number of the "Paisley Repository," the editor of that work has communicated the following additional information respecting the author of this favourite song:

"Anecdote of Francis Semple of Beltrees, author of *The Banishment of Poverty*—some *Epitaphs* in Penny-cooke's Collection of Poetical Pieces, and the songs of 'She rose and loot me in,' and 'Maggie Lawder.'"

"When Cromwell's forces were garrisoned in Glasgow, the city was put under severe martial law, which, among other enactments, ordained 'That every person or persons coming into the city must send a particular account of themselves, and whatever they may bring with them, unto the commander of the forces in that place, under the penalty of imprisonment and confiscation, both of the offender's goods and whatever chattels are in the house or houses wherein the offender or offenders may be lodged.' &c.

"Francis Semple and his lady set out on a journey to Glasgow, accompanied by a man-servant, some time in 1651, or a little after that, to visit his aunt, an old maiden lady, his father's sister, who had a jointure of him, which he paid by half-yearly instalments.

“ When he came to his aunt’s house, which was on the High-street, at the *bell of the brae*, now known by the name of ‘ The Duke of Montrose’s Lodging, or Barrell’s Ha’,’ his aunt told him, that she must send an account of his arrival to the captain of Cromwell’s forces, otherwise the soldiers would come and poind her moveables. Francis replied, ‘ Never you mind that ; let them come, and I’ll speak to them.’ ‘ Na, na,’ quoth his aunt, ‘ I maun send an account o’ your coming here.’—‘ Gie me a bit of paper,’ says Francis, ‘ and I’ll write it mysel.’ Then taking the pen, he wrote as follows :

Glasgow, — —

Lo doon near by the City temple,
 There is ane lodg’d wi’ auntie Semple,
 Francis Semple of Beltrees,
 His consort also, if you please ;
 There’s twa o’s horse, and ane o’s men,
 That’s quarter’d down wi’ Allan Glen.
 Thir lines I send to you, for fear
 O’ poindin of auld auntie’s gear,
 Whilk never ane before durst stear,
 It stinks for staleness I dare swear.

(Signed) FRANCIS SEMPLE.

Directed ‘ To the commander of the guard in Glasgow.’ ”

When the captain received the letter, he could not understand it, on account of its being written in the Scottish dialect. He considered it as an insult put upon him, and, like a man beside himself with rage, he exclaimed, ‘ If I had the scoundrel who has had the audacity to send me such an insulting, infamous, and impudent libel, I would make the villainous rascal suffer for his temerity.’ He then ordered a party of his men to go and apprehend a Francis Semple, who was lodged with a woman of the name of Semple, near the High Church, and carry him to the provost. Mr Semple was accordingly brought before the provost, and his accuser appeared with the insulting, infamous, and impudent libel against him. It was read ; but it was impossible for the provost to retain his gravity during the perusal ; nay,

the captain himself, after hearing an English translation of the epistle, could not resist joining in the laugh. From that moment he and Beltrees became intimate friends, and he often declared, that he considered Semple to be one of the cleverest gentlemen in Scotland. On no account would the captain part with Beltrees during his residence in Glasgow. The time, therefore, that Francis intended to have passed with the old lady his aunt, was humorously spent with the captain and the other officers of Cromwell's forces, who kept him in Glasgow two weeks longer than he otherwise would have staid.

It seems probable, that these officers of Cromwell had introduced two of Semple's songs into England before the period of the Restoration; for they were both printed, and well known in England, in the reign of Charles II. the words and music being engraven by Thomas Cross. Henry Playford afterwards introduced the song of "She rose and let me in," in his "Wit and Mirth," vol. i. printed at London in 1698. Gay introduced the air of *Maggie Lauder* in his musical opera of *Achilles*, printed in 1733. The same air had previously been used for a song, called *Sally's New Answer, set to the tune of Mogeey Lanther*, a sort of parody on Carey's *Sally in our Alley*, as well as for a song in the Quaker's Opera, written by Thomas Walker, and acted at Lee and Harper's Booth in Bartholomew Fair, anno 1728.

The following continuation of the ballad, by a modern hand, appeared in the Pocket Encyclopædia of Songs, printed at Glasgow, 2 vols 12mo, 1816. It possesses considerable merit.

THE cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
 And winter yet did blaud her,
 When the Ranter cam to Anster fair,
 And spier'd for Maggy Lauder;
 A snug wee house in the East Green,
 Its shelter kindly lent her;
 Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth-stane,
 Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
 And to the kirk he ranted ;
 He play'd the auld " East nook o' Fife,"
 And merry Maggie vaunted,
 That *Hab* himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
 Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
 For he made Anster town to ring ;
 And wha's like Rob the Ranter !

For a' the talk and loud reports
 That ever gaed against her,
 Meg proves a true and faithfu' wife,
 As ever was in Anster ;
 And since the marriage knot was tied,
 Rob says he coudna want her ;
 For he loes Maggy as his life,
 And Meg loes Rob the Ranter.

Anstruther, easter and wester, is the name of two adjacent royal burghs in the county of Fife. The scene of the ballad, however, is laid in easter Anstruther, where a fair is held on the first Tuesday after the 11th of April, another on the 5th day of July, and a third on the 12th day of November annually. This burgh has lately acquired an additional celebrity, from the excellent poem of *Anster Fair*, by Mr William Tennant, (late schoolmaster of Lasswade, now Professor in the Institution at Dollar.)

The learned editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (Bishop Percy) says, it is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, *Maggie Lawder* was one of those ridiculous songs composed to be sung by the rabble to the tune of a favourite hymn in the Latin service, and that the original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. The absurdity of this notion has already been detected in a former part of this work.—*Vide Notes on Song No 260 of the Museum.*

The service-book used in the cathedral of Dunkeld was, till lately, supposed to be the only work of this kind that had escaped the flames at the period of the Reformation in Scotland ; but this conjecture was incorrect. The service-book used in the abbey of Scone has likewise been discovered, and

is now deposited in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. It is a very large folio volume, and very neatly written. From a Latin docquet inserted in the work,* it appears to have been compiled by Mr Robert Carver, a canon of Scone, in the twenty-second year of his age, and in the sixth year after his initiation into holy orders. The Editor has carefully examined this book from beginning to end, and can safely aver, that there is not one air that has the smallest resemblance to *Maggie Lauder*, or to any other secular Scots tune in the whole compass of the work. The chaunts, hymns, and antiphones, are all, as usual, in the Latin tongue.

DXLV.

A COGIE OF ALE AND A PICKLE AIT-MEAL.

THIS song was written in 1797, by Andrew Sheriffs, A. M. author of the Scottish pastoral comedy of "Jamie and Bess," printed at Edinburgh in 1790, and other poems. The Editor was present when Mr Sheriffs sung this song on the Edinburgh stage, at his own benefit; on which occasion the author's pastoral comedy above-mentioned was performed by some of his friends who were natives of Edinburgh. Mr Sheriffs received a classical education at Aberdeen, and was for a considerable time one of the editors of "The Aberdeen Chronicle." In 1798 he went to reside in London; but the writer of this article has heard nothing of him since that period. Mr Sheriffs had the misfortune to be lame from his infancy.

The melody was composed by the late Mr Robert Macintosh, musician in Edinburgh. Mr Macintosh afterwards went to London, where he continued till his death, in February 1807. He published three Collections of Scottish Reels and Strathspeys, and composed many of the best of them himself. He was an excellent violin player.

* "Composuit Dominus Robertus Carver Canonicus de Scona, Anno Domini 1513, et ætatis suæ Anno 22, nec non ingressus suæ religionis anno 6to, ad honorem Dei et Sancti Michaelis."

DXLVI.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

THIS song, beginning "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" was written by Burns in 1795, and transmitted to Johnson for insertion in his Museum. The charming tune, to which the words are adapted, was composed by Mr Stephen Clarke, organist.

It was originally published as a single sheet song, a considerable number of which were transmitted to Mr Burns, to be distributed among the Dumfries Volunteers, of which corps he was a member. Burns, on receipt of the packet, wrote a letter to Johnson, which is printed in his *Reliques*, wherein he says, "Thank you for the copies of my Volunteer ballad. Our friend Clarke has indeed done well! 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with any thing that has pleased me so much. You know I am no connoisseur; but that I am an amateur, will be allowed me."

DXLVII.

HE'S DEAR TO ME.

THIS sweet little pastoral made its appearance about the year 1796, as a single sheet song, written by a gentleman. His name, however, the Editor has not yet learnt. The melody is very pretty, and appears to belong to the ancient class of Scottish airs of one simple strain, such as the "Braw braw Lads of Gala Water," to which indeed it bears a strong resemblance.

DXLVIII.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

THIS song appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs Grant of Laggan, beginning "O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?" on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in 1799. The words are adapted to a modern Scottish air.

DXLIX.

COLIN CLOUT.

THIS fragment of a very fine pastoral ballad, beginning "Chanticleer wi' noisy whistle," was communicated by Mr Gall. The Editor recollects having seen the whole of the ballad in that gentleman's hands, and perhaps the manuscript may yet be recovered. It well deserves to be printed. The author is anonymous.

The words are adapted to a fine melody, which was composed by the late Mr Stephen Clarke.

DL.

'TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.

THIS humorous ballad was copied from Herd's Collection, printed in 1776, where it is inserted under the title of "My Heart's my ain." It does not appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and may therefore have been composed subsequently to the year 1724. The author is unknown.

The words are adapted to the tune of "We'll kick the world before us," from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. xi.

DLI.

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was the earliest that Burns ever wrote; or, as the bard terms it, the "first time he committed the sin of rhyme." It was written in the autumn of 1773. In a letter to Dr Moore, dated 2d August 1787, Burns says, "You know our country custom of coupling a man and a woman together in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How

she caught the contagion, I cannot tell : you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. ; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours ; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp ; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly ; and it was her favourite reel (*I am a Man unmarried*) to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous, as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin ; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love ! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he ; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, my highest enjoyment."

This song was originally intended to have been sung to the old reel tune, called *I am a Man unmarried*, with the foolish chorus of *Tal lal de ral*, &c. repeated at the end of each verse. Burns afterwards gave up this idea, and had it set to the beautiful slow melody in the Museum, which he picked up and transmitted to the publisher of that work : it is said to be very ancient.

DLII.

WHEN I THINK ON MY LAD.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, as a substitute for the indelicate old Scots song, called "Jumping John." Ramsay published it in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, under the title of "Her Daddy forbad, her Minny forbad," in 1724. But as this tune, with new words by Burns, had been inserted in the second

volume of the Museum (vide Song No. 138), Johnson made choice of another air for Ramsay's words, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book^{viii}. entitled *Hark, the Cock crow'd*. Neither Oswald nor Johnson, however, seem to have been aware that this was an English tune, composed by Mr Jeremiah Clarke of Loudon, organist, and published by Henry Playford, with the original words, in the first volume of his *Wit and Mirth*, in 1698. The English song begins,

HARK ! the cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly fair morning ;
 Up Roger and James, and drive out the teams ;
 Up quickly and carry the corn in.

The old Scottish tune of *Jumping John*, was an early favourite in England. In "Playford's Dancing Master," 1657, it is printed with the name of "*Joan's Placket*," the title of a parody upon, and equally indelicate as the old northern words. In the year 1686, Lord Wharton wrote a satirical song to the same tune, beginning "Ho ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree," which contributed in no small degree towards the great Revolution in 1688. In this song, his Lordship introduced, as the burden or chorus, the words of distinction which had been used by the Irish papists in their horrid massacre of the protestants in 1641, viz. *Lilliburlero* and *Bullen-a-lah*. It was written on occasion of James II. having nominated General Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, to the lieutenancy of Ireland. Talbot was a furious papist, and had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of these times. Bishop Burnet, alluding to the ballad which had been written by Wharton, says, that it "made an impression on the (king's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army,

and at last the people both in the city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Ritson, in alluding to the same ballad observes, "what an astonishing effect these vulgar and despicable rhapsodies had upon the temper of the times; we may, in some measure, conjecture from the brags of that unprincipled character, Lord (afterwards Marquis of) Wharton, who was wont to boast, that by the most foolish of them all (Lilliburlero) he had rhymed the king out of his dominions. *Historical Essay on National Song*, p. 62. See also Notes on Song No. 138 of the Museum. This old Scots tune of Jumping Joan, having acquired the new title of *Lilliburlero* from Wharton's ballad, has erroneously been, by many, supposed to be an Irish air.

DLIII.

THE FIENT A CRUM OF THE SHE FAWS.

THIS ancient song, beginning *Return hameward my heart again*, was recovered by Ramsay, and printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, with the letter Z, to denote its antiquity. The tune to which the verses are adapted is likewise known by the name of *The Spinning Wheel*, but it is essentially different from the air called "The Spinning Wheel," in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book ix. The author and composer are unknown.

DLIV.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

THIS song was written for the Museum by Burns, in 1788. The words are adapted to a well-known strathspey, or reel tune, composed by the late Mr James Gregg, an eminent teacher of dancing in Ayrshire. Gregg composed the strathspey, called "Gregg's Pipes," and many other excellent dancing tunes. He had a taste for painting, mechanics, and natural history; made and improved telescopes; he was also skilled in the mathematics, and was frequently employed as a land-surveyor. He taught dancing, until, by old age, he could scarcely see his pupils, or hear the tones of his own

violin. He died, regretted by all who knew him, in November 1817, at a very advanced age.

Johnson long hesitated to admit this song into his Museum ; but, being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place in that work.

DLV.

MAY MORNING.

THIS little song, beginning "The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green," was communicated to Johnson by an anonymous hand. It is adapted to an old strathspey tune, which is very pretty.

DLVI.

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE, I'M GAUN TO LEAVE THEE.

HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq., informed the Editor that he wrote the whole of this song except the last verse, which the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, took the liberty to add to it, and to publish as a sheet song. "It was on this account, (Mr Macneill added,) that I did not include this song in collecting my poetical works for the uniform edition in two volumes, which has been given to the public." For a similar reason he omitted another song, likewise written by him, beginning *My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame.*

The song of *Dinna think Bonnie Lassie*, is adapted to a dancing tune, called *Clunie's Reel*, taken from Cumming of Granton's Reels and Strathspeys.

DLVII.

O, GIN I WERE FAIRLY SHOT O' HER!

THIS old song received some additions and corrections from the pen of Mr John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Johnson, the publisher. The air, under the title of *Fairlie Shot of Her*, appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Music-book, so that the tune is very old. It is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and various other collections. This tune was selected by Mr O'Keefe for one of his songs

for "Shelty" in the *Highland Reel*, beginning, "Boys, when I play, cry O Crimini," acted at Covent Garden in 1788.

DLVIII.

HEY! MY KITTEN, MY KITTEN.

THIS humorous nursery song was written, about the beginning of the last century, by the celebrated Dean Swift. The words are adapted to the old Scottish air, called *Whip Her below the Cowering*, which is inserted in the Crockat Manuscript, and was printed in *The Dancing Master*, by Playford, under the name of *Yellow Stockings*, in 1657. This tune has been a great favourite, time out of mind, in both kingdoms. The old Scots song is inadmissible, for an obvious reason; but there are several humorous English ones to the same tune, such as "Madam Fig's Gala," &c., of considerable merit.

DLIX.

SWEETEST MAY, LET LOVE INSPIRE THEE.

THIS *petit morceau*, words and music, was communicated by Burns. The tune is very simple and sweet, yet the critical reader will easily discover that Burns, in this instance, has parodied the first verse of the old song of *There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile Thee*. It begins—

My sweetest May,* let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny.

DLX.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

THIS ballad is universally attributed to John Campbell, the renowned Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, whose uncorrupted patriotism and military talents, justly entitled him to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of his country. He

* May, i. e. Maid.

died on the 4th of October 1743, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Old David Herd published a copy of this ballad in his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* in 1776, under the title of *Bannocks o' Barley Meal*, with two additional stanzas; but these were rejected in the Museum, on account of their being both spurious and indelicate. The tune is of Gaelic origin.

Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq., M.P., altered and abridged this old ballad for Mr Thomson's Collection, vol. iii., published in 1801.

DLXI.

AN P'LL AWA TO BONNY TWEEDSIDE.

THIS song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, A.D. 1726. He directs it to be sung to the tune of *We'll a' to Kelso go*. In the Museum, the words have accordingly been adapted to this lively old air, which is also preserved in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vi. p. 11. The old song of *We'll a' to Kelso go*, is supposed to be lost.

DLXII.

GENTLY BLAW, YE EASTERN BREEZES.

THIS song was written by Mr John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh. It is adapted to a very ancient and beautiful air, entitled *O gin my Love were but a Rose*, from the first line of an old but rather indelicate song, still well known. Two verses of the old song were retouched by a modern hand, and printed in Herd's Collection, in 1776.—The reader will find them in the sixth volume of the Museum (vide Song 594); but they are there adapted to a different tune, taken from Gow's Collection, called *Lord Balgonie's Delight*.

DLXIII.

IN YON GARDEN FINE AND GAY.

MR ANDERSON, author of the last song, informed the Edi-

tor, that the words and music of this were taken down from the singing of Mr Charles Johnson, father of Mr James Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*. The song was acquired by old Johnson in his infancy, and he was then informed that it was very ancient. From the simplicity of the air, which consists of one strain, and the structure of the words, there can be no doubt of the correctness of the old man's information.

DLXIV.

THE POOR PEDLAR.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "There was a noble lady so fair," has been a favourite among the peasantry of Scotland time out of mind. But the strain of double meaning, which runs through many of the verses, must ever prove a bar to its reception in the more polished circles of modern society.

DLXV.

YOU ASK ME, CHARMING FAIR.

THIS beautiful song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. The composer of the charming melody, to which the verses are united, has hitherto escaped the researches of the Editor.

DLXVI.

O, KEN YE WHAT MEG O' THE MILL HAS GOTTEN ?

THIS humorous old song was retouched by Burns in 1788, and sent to the publisher of the *Museum*, with directions to unite it to the old air called *Jackey Hume's Lament*. This was accordingly done.

Mr Burns, about five years thereafter, made several alterations on the first copy of his song, which he transmitted to Mr George Thomson, with the following introduction: "Do you know a fine air called *Jackie Hume's Lament*? I have a song of considerable merit to that air. I'll enclose you both the song and tune, as I had them ready to send to Johnson's *Museum*."

It had escaped the bard's recollection, that the original draught of the song, as well as the air, had been sent to the publisher of the Museum long before this period, and that he had altered his intention of having the second edition of the song set to the air of *Jackie Hume's Lament*; for, in Dr Currie's edition of Burns' Works, we find that it is directed to be sung to the air of *O bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack*. The song, with Burns' last alterations, is annexed for the reader's perusal.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air.—“O, bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack.”

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fallow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear-chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

DLXVII.

HOW SWEET IS THE SCENE AT THE DAWNING OF MORNING.

THIS fine song is another of the productions of the late Mr Richard Gall. The original manuscript is in the hands of the Editor. The words are adapted to the fine old air, called “The Humours o' Glen.”

DLXVIII.

SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.

THIS song was also written by Mr Gall. The original manuscript of it is likewise in the possession of the Editor. The words are adapted to a very pretty modern air, which was communicated by Mr Gall himself.

DLXIX.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

THIS song was written by the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother of Thomas late Earl of Kellie, an eminent violin performer and musical amateur. Burns admired this song very much. In a letter addressed to Mr George Thomson, dated 7th June, 1793, he says, "Mr Erskine's songs are all pretty, but his *Lone Vale* is divine."

The verses are adapted to a favourite Gaelic melody.

DLXX.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

THIS charming song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the ancient air called *Bonnie Lassie tak a Man*, which is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. The old song is supposed to be now lost.

DLXXI.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

THIS is one of Thomas Durfey's *Anglo-Scottish* productions, with some alterations by Allan Ramsay. Durfey's verses were printed with the music in Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, vol. iii. first edition, London, 1702. Some of them are very indelicate, and even the copy re-touched by Ramsay, and printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, is not altogether free from objections on the same score. Ramsay directs the song to be sung to the tune of "The Glancing of her Apron;" but this tune being already inserted in a former volume of the Museum, Johnson got the words adapted to a modern Scots air. Mr James Hook of London, about thirty years ago, composed a beautiful melody to the modernized verses.

DLXXII.

LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.

THIS Jacobite ballad was written about the time of the rebellion in 1715. Its old title was "The Chevalier's Muster-Roll, 1715." The author, of course, is anonymous.

The Dunywastles (*Dhuine Uasal*, Gaelic) were the High-

land lairds or gentlemen. The Earls of Wigton, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Derwentwater; the Viscount Kenmure, and Thomas Foster, Esq. M.P. for Northumberland, and commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's English forces; the Earl of Widdrington and Lord Nairn are the personages alluded to in the third stanza of the ballad. The names in the other verses are either those of particular clans, or such as are applicable to all.

The old tune, to which the words are adapted, was formerly called "Fiddle Strings are dear, Laddie," from the first line of an ancient, though now almost forgotten song. It began—

Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,
 Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,
 An' ye break your fiddle strings,
 Ye'se get nae mair the year, laddie.

The same tune, in Gow's and other recent collections, is called *Tail Toddle*, but from what cause the Editor has been unable to discover. The old tune, called "Cuttyman and Trecladle," which is mentioned by Ramsay in the canto which he added to the ancient poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," has a considerable resemblance to "Fiddle Strings are dear, Laddie." Both airs seem to have been composed about one period, if not by the same minstrel.

DLXXIII.

O LEAVE NOVELS, YE MAUCLINE BELLES.

THIS humorous but friendly advice to the ladies of Mauchline, a town in Ayrshire, on the dangers arising from an indiscriminate use of novels, was written by Burns in 1785. The *Rob Mossgiell* in the ballad was our bard himself, who has substituted the name of his farm in place of his own surname. The words are adapted to a favourite Scots measure, or dancing tune.

DLXXIV.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is

adapted to the favourite old tune, called *The Cordwainer's March*, which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and useful fraternity, at their annual procession on St Crispin's day. The tune is also preserved in Aird's first volume of *Select Airs*, and other collections.

DLXXV.

SAW YE THE THANE O' MEIKLE PRIDE.

THIS ballad, entitled "DUNCAN, a fragment," was written by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, and many other well-known and justly esteemed works. It was a juvenile composition; but when the late Mr Blacklock first heard the author's father read the manuscript of this poem and that of "Kenneth," as his son's compositions, he predicted that the young poet would, in his more advanced years, make a distinguished and respectable figure in the republic of literature; a prediction which has been most amply verified.

Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*, has omitted several stanzas of the ballad for want of room, but the reader will find the whole of it in Mr Mackenzie's works, printed at Edinburgh in 1812, or in Herd's *Collection* in 1776, and in various other publications.

The tune to which the words are united in the *Museum* is, perhaps, one of the sweetest melodies, in the minor mode, that ever was played or sung. The composer's name has hitherto eluded every research that the Editor has made.

DLXXVI.

GO, PLAINTIVE SOUNDS.

THIS song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. Mr William Shield of London set the words to a tune of his own composition, which is printed in *Ritson's Collection of Scottish Songs*, London 1794. In the *Museum* the words are united to a fine modern Scottish air.

DLXXVII.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

THIS justly celebrated and patriotic song, beginning "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was written by Burns on the 1st of August 1793. The following account of its origin, from the pen of his friend Mr Syme, is very interesting.

On the 30th of July 1793, Mr Syme and our bard set out on horseback from the hospitable mansion of Mr Gordon of Kenmure, for Gatchouse, a village in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. "I took him (says Mr Syme) by the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation.

"What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day (2d July 1793) he produced me the following Address of Bruce to his Troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell." (Here follows the song.)

In the month of September following, Burns transmitted another copy of the song to Mr George Thomson, accompanied with a letter, in which he says, "I have shewed the air (meaning *Hey now the Day dawis*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Hey tutti taitie*) to Urbani, who was *highly pleased with it*, and begged me to make *soft* verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused my rhyming mania."

Mr Thomson, on receiving the song, wrote Mr Burns to the following effect: "Your heroic ode is to me the noblest composition of the kind in the Scottish language. I hap-

pened to dine yesterday with a party of your friends, to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it, entreated me to find out a suitable air for it, and reprobated the idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur, as "Hey tutti taitie." Assuredly, your partiality for this tune must arise from the ideas associated in your mind by the tradition concerning it; for I never heard any person, and I have conversed again and again with the greatest enthusiasts for Scottish airs—I say, I have never heard any one speak of it as worthy of notice." Mr T. then proceeds to inform the bard, that he had fixed on the tune of *Lewie Gordon* for the words; but this tune required an elongation of the last line of each verse, to make the words and music agree together.

This unfortunate criticism obliged Burns to lengthen and alter the last line of every stanza, to suit the newly-suggested air, which, instead of improving, manifestly injures the simple majesty of the original. That the old air was susceptible of stirring up or assuaging the passions, according to the different styles in which it may be played or sung, was at one glance obvious to Urbani, than whom no better judge of these matters ever lived. The tune has also been a favourite of Messrs Braham, Incedon, Sinclair, and the best singers throughout the united kingdom. To us, indeed, it appears impossible, that any person, who is endowed with the smallest portion of musical taste, can listen to the song of "The Land of the Leal," without feeling the most tender emotions of pity, or hear "The Bruce's Address to his Troops," without partaking of that patriotic flame that glowed in the breasts of his gallant ancestors. Mr Thomson, however, after some years reflection, has himself become a convert to the united sense of the public. In a late edition of his third volume, in which the tune of "Hey tutti taitie" is happily adapted to the original words of Burns, he observes, that "the poet *originally* intended this noble strain for the air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the editor of this work, who then thought 'Lewie Gordon' a fitter tune for the words, they were united

together, and published in the preceding volume, page 74. The editor, however, having since examined the air 'Hey tutti taitie' with more particular attention, frankly owns, that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry, than the air of 'Lewie Gordon.'

As the tune of "Hey now the Day dawis" was inserted in the second volume of the Museum, (vide Song No 170, and the observations upon it in a former part of the present work) Johnson requested Mr William Clarke, the organist, to set Burns' song to a simple ballad tune which he sent him. It is undoubtedly pretty, but by no means calculated to give adequate expression to the bold and energetic sentiments of the bard. Some people too, having got by rote the altered edition of this poem, sing it to the old air; but they are obliged to distort the tune, to make it suit the lengthened lines. For these reasons, we shall now present the reader with the words and air in their original simplicity, according to the first intention of the bard.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY,

AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, 24th June 1314,

As originally written by Burns,

To the tune of "Hey now the Day dawis."

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has

af-ten led, Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry.

Now's the day, and now's the hour, See the front of bat-tle low'r,

See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-ry.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system contains the lyrics 'Now's the day, and now's the hour, See the front of bat-tle low'r,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-ry.'.

Wha will be a traitor knave,
 Wha can fill a coward's grave,
 Wha sae base as be a slave,
 Let him turn and flee !
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freemen stand or freemen fa',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free,
 Lay the proud usurper low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

DLXXVIII.

FAREWELL YE FIELDS AND MEADOWS GREEN.

THIS song, entitled "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff," was written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. It is adapted to a favourite air, composed by Mr Isaac Cooper of Banff, musician.

The musical reader will observe a considerable similarity between this air and the tune of *Shannon's flowery Banks*, which, though generally supposed to be an Irish melody, was composed by Mr James Hook of London, organist, in 1783, and sung by Mrs Kennedy, at Vauxhall, with much applause.

DLXXIX.

THE BLIND HARPER.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "O heard ye of a silly harper," with its original melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for his Museum.

Mr Ritson, in his *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, alludes to this ballad in the following words: "The Reverend Mr Boyd, the ingenious translator of 'Dante,' had a faint recollection of a ballad of a Scotch minstrel who stole a horse from one of the Henrys of England."

In Mr Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*, we have another edition of the same ballad, under the title of "The Lochmaben Harper," but it is not so complete as the copy in the Museum. The fourth, fifth, and eighteenth stanzas of the original ballad are omitted in Mr Scott's edition. The following stanza, however, is substituted for the eighteenth:

Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,
The harper harped to high and low,
And the fiend thing dought they do but listen him to,
Until the day began to daw.

Mr Scott has the following verse at the end of his edition, which is not in the original:

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Sac sweet were the harpings he let them hear;
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times o'er for the gude gray mare.

In Mr Scott's copy, the scene is laid at Carlisle, and the warden of that city is substituted for King Henry himself.

DLXXX.

MY NANNIE, O.

THIS song, beginning "Behind yon hills where riv'lets row," was written by Burns, and printed in the second edition of his *Poems*, at Edinburgh, in 1787. The first line of the song, as originally written, was "Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows," but Burns afterwards inserted the word *Lugar*, the name of another river in the county of Ayr, in preference to the former, as being more agreeable to the ear.

Burns directs the song to be sung to the tune of “My Nannie, O.” This fine air is inserted in the first volume of the Museum, with the words by Allan Ramsay.—*Vide Song No 88.* In order to avoid a repetition of the same tune, Mr William Clarke adapted the verses by Burns to a favourite modern melody, composed by Mr Thomas Ebdon of Durham, organist.

DLXXXI.

GO FROM MY WINDOW, LOVE, DO.

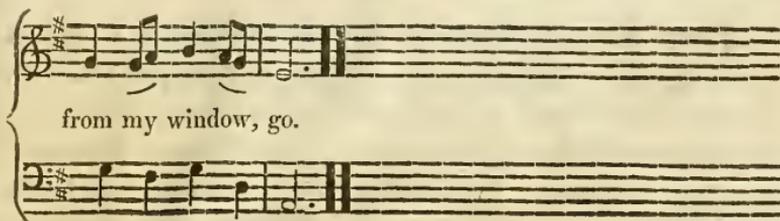
THIS fragment of an ancient ballad, with its melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for the Museum. It is all that remains, we believe, of one of those secular songs that were parodied about the dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, and printed by Wedderburne in 1549, under the title of “Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the scripture, with sundrie of other ballates, changed out of profaine sanges, for avoiding sinne and harlotrie.” The Editor, however, has met with a far more ancient, and, he thinks, more genuine set of the melody than that communicated by Burns, which he shall now annex with the first verse of Wedderburne’s parody.

Slow.

Who is at my window, who, who? Go from my window, goe,

goe. Who call - is there, so like a stranger? Go

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system covers the first line of lyrics, and the second system covers the second line. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.



Wedderburn's parody must have been well known in England early in the reign of Elizabeth, for a new tune was made to it by J. D. *i. e.* John Dowland, which is still preserved in a work called "An Instruction to the Orpharion," printed at London by William Barley, in 1596. Dowland contributed "Mrs Winter's Jump," and several other airs, to this work; but his tune of "Go from my Window, goe," is altogether different from the ancient Scottish melody.

DLXXXII.

THE RAIN RINS DOWN THRO' MIRRYLAND TOWN.

THIS old Scottish ballad was published by Bishop Percy, under the title of "The Jew's Daughter," in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, printed at London in 1765. The manuscript was sent to him from Scotland.

The bishop observes, that "the ballad is probably built upon some Italian legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer; the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of HUGH OF LINCOLN, a child said to have been murdered there by the Jews, in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained, may be seen in Chaucer. As for MIRRYLAND-TOWN, it is probably a corruption of MILAN (called by the Dutch Meylandt) TOWN; since the PA is evidently the river Po."—*Percy's Reliques*.

The story of Hugh of Lincoln, a boy about eight years old, being murdered by the Jews, and of the child's body having been discovered in a well by his disconsolate mother, with the punishments inflicted on that dispersed and persecuted people, are circumstantially narrated by Mathew Paris. But Bishop Percy observes, that "the supposed practice of

the Jews, in crucifying, and otherwise murdering, Christian children out of hatred to the religion of their parents, hath always been alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious."

There are various editions of this ballad. That in the Museum, which was taken from Percy's Reliques, volume first, is merely a fragment. A more perfect copy was published by Mr Jamieson in his Ancient Ballads and Songs, printed at Edinburgh in 1806. It was taken down, *verbatim*, from the recitation of Mrs Brown of Falkland, wife of the reverend Dr Brown. Another edition of the ballad, under the title of "Sir Hugh," appears in Gilchrist's Scottish Ballads, vol. i. page 210. Edinburgh, 1814. But the following edition, communicated by an intelligent antiquarian correspondent, appears to be the most complete version yet obtained.

SIR HUGH OF LINCOLN,

An old Scottish Ballad.

THE rain rins down thro' merry *Lincoln*,
 Sae does it down the *Pa*;
 Sae rin the lads o' merry *Lincoln*,
 Whan they play at the ba'.

Four and twenty bonnie young boys
 Were playing at the ba',
 With sweet Sir Hugh of *Lincoln* town,
 The flower among them a'.

He kick'd the ba' wi' his right foot,
 And stopt it wi' his knee,
 And thro' and thro' the Jew's window
 He gard it quickly flee.

Sir Hugh hied to the Jew's castle,
 And walk'd it round about,
 And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
 At a window looking out.

“ Cast down the ba' to me, fair maid ;
 Cast down the ba' to me : ”
 “ I winna cast down the ba, ” she said,
 “ Till you come up to me. ”

“ How will I come up ? ” said sweet Sir Hugh,
 “ How can I come up to thee ?
 For as ye did to my father dear,
 The same ye'll do to me. ”

“ Come in Sir Hugh, my dear Sir Hugh,
 And ye sall get the ba' ; ”
 “ I winna come in, I canna come in,
 Without my play-feres's a' ”

Then outen came the Jew's daughter,
 The sweet Sir Hugh to win ;
 She powd the apples red and white,
 And wyl'd the young thing in.

She has wyl'd him thro' ae dark dark room,
 Sae has she done thro' twa :
 She has wyl'd him to anither room,
 The mirkest o' them a'.

Then she has ta'en a sharp pen-knife,
 That hung down by her gair,
 And she has twin'd Sir Hugh o' his life ;
 Ae word he never spake mair.

She laid him on a dressing-board,
 Whar she did aften dine ;
 And then she took his fair body,
 And drest it like a swine.

And first came out the thick thick blood,
 And syne came out the thin,
 And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood,
 There was nae life left in.

She rowd him in a cake of lead,
 Bade him lie still and sleep :
 She cast him in a garden well,
 Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 An' a' the bairns came hame ;
 Then ilka lady had her young son,
 But lady Helen had nane.

She wrapt her mantle her about,
 And sair sair gan she weep,
 Till she came to the Jew's castle,
 When all were fast asleep.

“ My bonnie Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
 I pray thee to me speak ;”
 “ O lady rin to the deep draw-well,
 Gin ye your son wad seek.”

Then she ran to the deep draw-well,
 And knelt upon her knee ;
 “ My bonnie Sir Hugh, my sweet Sir Hugh,
 I pray thee speak to me.”

“ The lead is wond'rous heavy, mither,
 The well is very deep ;
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
 But, mither, dinna weep.”

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
 Prepare my winding-sheet,
 And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
 It's there we twa sall meet.

Now lady Helen is gane hame,
 Made him a winding-sheet,
 And, at the back o' merry Lincoln
 The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
 Without men's hands were rung ;
 And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
 Were read without men's tongue.

Was never heard in Christantie,
 By woman, chyld, or man,
 Sic selcouth sounds at a burial,
 Sen Adam's days began.

Though the foregoing ballad is Scottish, yet, in all probability, it has been derived from a still more ancient English tragic ballad; for the scene of it not only lies in England, but the English tune to which it was sung is also known. It is very different from the Scottish melody, and seems even more appropriate to the melancholy catastrophe of the poem. For the satisfaction of the reader, we shall annex the English air, from Mr Smith's "Musica Antiqua," vol. i. folio 65.

THE JEW'S DOCHTER.

THE rain rins doon thro' mirryland toun, Sae does it doon the

Pa; Sae does the lads o' mir-ry-land toun, When

they play at the ba'. Then out and cam the Jew's dochter, Said,

Will ye come in and dine? I win-na come in, I

can-na come in, Without my playferes nine.

DLXXXIII.

CAULD IS THE E'ENING BLAST.

THIS short song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to an old Scottish air, called "Peggy Ramsay," which, in several bars, resembles the tune of "O'er Bogie." The ancient words, adapted to the tune of Peggy Ramsay, began—

Bonny Peggy Ramsay,
As ony man may see,
Has a bonny sweet face,
And a gleg glintin ee.

The old song is witty, but indelicate. A corrupted copy of it was inserted in the third volume of Henry Playford's Pills, published at London in 1704, who directs it to be sung to the tune of "The Suburbs of London," which is totally different and very inferior to the original Scottish air.

DLXXXIV.

O, TURN AWAY THOSE CRUEL EYES.

THE author of this song is unknown to the Editor. It is adapted to an old air, called "Be Lordly, Lassie," from the first line of a silly old nursery song, beginning—

Be lordly, lassie, be lordly,
Be lordly, lassie, be lordly ;
Put a hand in each side
And walk like a bride,
Your mither bids you be lordly.

DLXXXV.

O, MARY, YE'S BE CLAD IN SILK.

THIS song is only slightly altered from the original words of "The Siller Crown," which the reader will find in the third volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 240.*

This new version of "The Siller Crown" first appeared in Urbani's Collection of Scottish Songs, adapted to a beautiful modern Scottish air, composed by Miss Grace Corbett of Edinburgh when she was only eleven years old. Both the words and new melody were copied into the sixth volume of the Museum, by Urbani's permission.

DLXXXVI.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns. The words are adapted to the tune of a favourite slow march.

DLXXXVII.

NO CHURCHMAN AM I.

THIS is another production of Burns. It was published in the second edition of his poems, printed at Edinburgh in 1787. The words are adapted to a beautiful tune, called "The Lazy Mist," from the last volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. Several modern songs, such as "Prepare, my dear Brethren,"—"Honest Dermot," &c. have been united to this fine old air.

DLXXXVIII.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

THIS song, beginning "A soldier for gallant achievements renown'd," is a fragment of a larger poem, supposed to have been written by an anonymous hand after the battle of Culloden, in 1746. The tune is said to be a Gaelic melody.

DLXXXIX.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS!

THIS humorous song was retouched by Burns from a very ancient one, called "I winna gang to my Bed until I get a Man." It is adapted to the lively old original air, which may be considered one of the earliest specimens of *Scottish Reels*. It appears in Skene's MSS. circa, 1570, under the title of *I winna gang to my Bed till I sud die*.

DXC.

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

THIS elegant pastoral song was written by James Thomson, Esq. the well-known author of "The Seasons," "The Castle of Indolence," and many other excellent poems. The composer of the plaintive air, to which the words are suited, is not known. The bass part was added by Mr William Clarke.

DXCI.

YE MUSES NINE, O LEND YOUR AID!

THIS song, entitled *The Highland King*, made its appearance soon after the publication of *The Highland Queen*, by Mr Macvicar, to which it was intended as an answer. *Vide Song, No 1. vol. i. of the Museum.* It was printed as a sheet song, and did not appear in any regular collection until the publication of Wilson's "ST CECILIA," at Edinburgh in 1779. The author of the song, as well as the composer of the melody, have hitherto escaped the Editor's researches.

DXCII.

NELLY'S DREAM.

THIS song, beginning *Bright the moon aboon yon mountain*, was written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. He published it with the music as a sheet song, and it was copied into the Museum by his permission. Mr Hamilton furnished several other songs for the same work.

DXCIII.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

THE first verse of this song is old; the second was written by Burns for the Museum. The Bard likewise communicated the beautiful old air to which it is united.

In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, dated 5th December, 1795, Burns introduces the original lines to her notice, with the following prefatory remarks: "There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father; for, God knows! they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks, me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood as I am—such things happen every day;—gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough; but the man

of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I——but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!

“ To leave talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing with the old Scots ballad—

“ O THAT I had ne’er been married,
I would never had nae care;
Now I’ve gotten wife and bairns—
They cry, crowdie! evermair.

Crowdie! ance—crowdie!—twice—
Crowdie! three times in a day;
An ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye’ll crowdie a’ my meal away.”

DXCIV.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

THIS fragment is copied verbatim from Herd’s Collection, printed in 1776. Burns had a high opinion of its poetical merit. In a letter to Mr Thomson, he says, “ Do you know the following beautiful little fragment in Witherspoon’s Collection of Scots Songs?

AIR.—“ *Hughie Graham.*”

“ O GIN my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa’,
And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa’!
Oh! there, beyond expression blest,
I’d feast on beauty a’ the night:
Seal’d on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley’d awa’ by Phoebus’ light.

“ This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself, for a musing five minutes, on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following:

“ O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi’ purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

How wad I mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd."

"These verses are very far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet, who knows any thing of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke."—*Burns' Works.*

Mr Thomson paid attention to this hint in arranging the old and new words; but, in place of the air of "Hughie Graham," (the music and words of which old ballad are printed in the fourth volume of the Museum, vide Song No 303), he has adapted the song to a Gaelic or Irish melody; for it is claimed by both nations. This melody, in Gow's Second Collection, is called *Ceanu dubh dileas*, and in Fraser's Highland Airs, *Cuir a ghaoil dileas tharrum do lamh*, i. e. "Place, true Love, thine arms around me." All these *three* sets of the tune differ, in some notes, from each other, as well as from the Irish set of the same air, printed in the Irish Melodies.

In the Museum, the words of *O gin my Love were yon red Rose*, are united to a strathspey tune, printed in Gow's Fourth Collection of Reels, &c. under the title of "LORD BALGONIE'S FAVOURITE, a very old Highland tune," which was afterwards published under the new title of "Gloomy Winter's now awa," from the first line of a beautiful Scots song adapted to that air, written by the late Mr Robert Tannahill of Paisley. This strathspey, however, has lately been claimed as a *modern* production by Mr Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology. In the first volume of that work, Mr C. says he composed this strathspey in the year 1783, and in 1791, or 1792, he published and inscribed it to the Rev. Patrick Macdonald of Kilmore. The writer of this article has made a diligent search for this production, but has met with no copy to decide the question between Messrs Gow and Campbell. But

the reader, on comparing the air of Burns' song of "O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass," (vide No 574 of the Museum), which was taken from Aird's First Collection, and has been known time out of mind by the name of "The Cordwainer's March," will observe a striking similarity between it and the disputed composition.

But the proper air of "O gin my Love were but a Rose," is neither the *Strathspey* in question, nor *Hughie Graham*, nor the *Gaelic* or *Irish Melody* before alluded to. Both the words and air of this old song are still very well known. The first four lines of it, as printed in Herd's Collection, only are genuine; the other four, though beautiful, are comparatively modern. The strain of double meaning, that runs through the whole of the eight verses of the old song, prevents their insertion in the present work; but the tune to which they are uniformly sung, is that which Mr Anderson has selected for his song of *Gently blow ye Eastern Breezes*, printed in the sixth volume of the Museum. Vide Song No. 562.

DXCV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE, WHEN OUR GOOD-WIFE'S AWA.

THIS very humorous modern ballad is a parody of the celebrated poetic tale, called *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, which tradition affirms to have been composed by a priest of the name of Moffat, in the reign of James V. A manuscript copy of the original, which is preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript of 1568, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, corroborates the traditional account, for the signature "*quod Moffat*," is actually subjoined to that copy. This curious old ballad is printed in Herd's Collection 1776, and in several others. But the most perfect edition is that in Blackwood's Edinburgh Monthly Magazine for April 1817.

The name of the author of the parody has not yet been discovered; but the writer has evidently meant it to be an answer to the beautiful ballad of, *There's nae Luck about*

the House when our Gude-man's awa, which was written by William Julius Mickle, Esq., the ingenious translator of *The Lusiad*. It is printed in the first volume of the Museum. Vide Song, No 44. The beautiful tune to which Mickle's ballad was adapted, would have suited the parody equally well; but Johnson united the latter to a sprightly modern tune for the sake of greater variety.

DXCVI.

WILLIE AND ANNET.

THIS old Border ballad was inserted in Herd's Collection in 1776. In the Museum the words are adapted to an air in the new series of *The Vocal Magazine*, published at Edinburgh, by the late Mr James Sibbald, in 1803. In that work the air is said to have been "communicated by a lady in Orkney." But the old Border melody is much better adapted to the words. Vide notes on Song No 482, of the Museum.

DXCVII.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. He also communicated the air to which it is united; but it is evidently borrowed from the fine old Lowland melody of *Andro and his cutty Gun*.

XCVIII.

TELL ME, JESSY, TELL ME WHY.

THIS song was written and published by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, by whose permission it was inserted in the Museum.

DXCIX.

I CARE NA FOR YOUR EEN SAE BLUE.

THIS song was also written and published by Mr John Hamilton, before it appeared, by his permission, in the Museum.

DC.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THIS beautiful tune has, time out of mind, been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland. The principal publishers of Scottish music have also adopted it, as their

farewell air, in closing their musical works. Macgibbon placed it at the end of his third and last volume of *Scottish Airs*, published in 1755. Oswald closed the fourth volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion* with the same air. Oswald probably then thought it would be the last volume of his work, but he afterwards found materials for no less than *eight* more. Mr James Johnson followed the same example, in closing his sixth and last volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*.

There are two songs adapted to this air in the *Museum*. The first is said to have been composed by Thomas Armstrong, the night before his execution for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warden of the middle marches on the Border of Scotland. The warden was murdered 16th June 1600, and Armstrong suffered on 14th November 1601. It is by no means certain that these verses are the original words.

This tune was a particular favourite with Burns, who wrote the second song, beginning *Adieu! a heartwarm fond adieu!* In one of his letters, he says, "Ballad-making is now as completely my hobby-horse, as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race, (God grant that I may take the right side of the winning-post!), and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing, 'Sae merry as we a' hae been!' and raising my last looks to the whole of the human race, the last words of the voice of *Coila* shall be, 'Good night and joy be wi' you a'?' *Works, vol. iv.* Burns here calls himself the *Voice of Coila*, in imitation of Ossian, who styles himself the *Voice of Cona*. *Coila*, or *Kyle*, is the middle bailiewick of Ayrshire.

The second song was printed in Burns's *Works*, at Edinburgh in 1787. It is there entitled "The Farewell to the Brethren of St James's Lodge, Tarbolton, tune, Good Night and Joy be wi' you a'." Burns became a member of this

lodge of Freemasons, after his family removed to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire." During this period (says his brother Gilbert,) he became a Freemason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, and the praises he has bestowed on Scotch drink, (which seem to have misled his historians,) I do not recollect, during these seven years, nor towards the end of his commencing author (when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company,) to have ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking."—*Life of Burns*.

We shall conclude these remarks with the following masterly song, to the same tune, written by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P. It is entitled "The old Chef-tain to his Sons," and conclude the fourth volume of Mr George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;
 May life's fell blasts out-o'er ye blaw!
 In sorrow may ye never part!
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan,
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore.
 Who show'd himsel a better man,
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?
 But when in peace—then mark me there,
 When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
 I gave him of our hardy fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
 Be canty, but be good and leal;
 Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
 Anither's ay hae heart to feel;
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
 My parting breath shall boast you mine,
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART VI.

DIII.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

THIS Song was afterwards inserted by the author in his collection of "Poetry chiefly in the Scottish Language. By ROBERT COUPER, M. D." Inverness, 1804, 2 vols. 12mo. He was the author of other lyrical pieces. One of these, written "to a beautiful old Highland air," called *Geordy Agam*, is inserted in Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, vol. ii. p. 23. The author states, that he wrote this song at the request of L. G. G. (Lady Georgiana Gordon, now Duchess of Bedford), and that it alludes "to her noble brother (the Marquis of Huntley), then with his regiment in Holland. A few days after it was written, and to the author's great uneasiness, the news arrived of his being wounded, from which he is not yet recovered."

Dr Thomas Murray, in his Literary History of Galloway, p. 247, refers to a MS. Life of Dr Couper, "communicated by his accomplished friend, John Black, Esq., Wigton. On applying to Dr Murray, I was favoured with the following abstract of the memoir:—

"ROBERT COUPER was born at Balsier, parish of Sorbie, Wigtonshire, of which farm his father was tenant, on the 22d September 1750. He entered a student in Glasgow College in 1769. He studied at first for the Scottish Church; but his parents having died, and his patrimony being small, if any thing at all, he accepted of an office as tutor in a family in the State of Virginia, America, where he

meant to take orders to enter the Episcopal Church as a clergyman. The date of his going to America is not given. But he returned in 1776, owing to the breaking out of the war of Independence. He returned to the College of Glasgow, and having studied medicine, and taken his diploma as a surgeon, (date not known,) he began practice at Newtonstewart, a village of 2000 inhabitants, in his native county. While at Glasgow, he had gained the friendship of Dr Hamilton, professor of midwifery, on whose recommendation to the Duke of Gordon, Couper settled in Fochabers (I am informed, in 1788), as physician to his Grace. Previously to going there, and preparatory to it, he had obtained the degree of M. D. from the College of Glasgow, to 'prevent people, no wiser than himself, from dictating to him.' At this time, that is, shortly after settling in Fochabers, he married Miss Stott, daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Stott, minister of the parish of Minnigaff, Kirkcudbrightshire. He left Fochabers in 1806. He died in Wigton on the 18th January 1818. He was F. R. S. E."

DVI.

WHERE ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THE author of this Song was DAVID CAREY, who was known during the earlier part of this century as "an elegant poet and agreeable novelist." He was a native of Arbroath, and he died at his father's house, in that town, after a protracted illness, on the 4th of October 1824, in the forty-second year of his age. A brief but interesting biographical notice, and a list of his various works, will be found in the Scots Magazine, for November 1824, p. 637.

DVIII.

ROW SAFTLY, THOU STREAM.

THE collection of Poems and Songs, by RICHARD GALL, (the author of this and other Songs in the present volume of the Museum,) which is mentioned by Mr S. at page 444,

bears the date "Edinburgh, from the press of Oliver and Boyd," 1819. 12mo.

DX.

O CHERUB CONTENT.

THIS early production of a poet who has attained such high distinction as the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," is not contained in the collected edition of his Poems. THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., is a native of Glasgow, and was born in the year 1777, as, I think, he stated two years ago, at a public dinner given him in this place. His "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and other compositions, rank him as a lyric poet of the first order.

DXII.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

THIS well-known ballad, or poem, is probably not older than the latter part of the 16th century. There was an edition printed in the year 1668, which Ramsay probably copied, when he inserted the poem in "The Evergreen," 1724.

DXIII.

O BOTHWELL BANK.

THIS Song was evidently, or rather avowedly, founded upon an interesting incident related in Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," first published at Antwerp, 1605.

In Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads, vol. ii. p. 131. Lond. 1783, where this Song first appeared, it consists of three stanzas, disfigured by an affected use of obsolete words. The first stanza is descriptive, and runs thus:—

On the blyth Beltane, as I went
 Be mysel attour the green bent,
 Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde
 Throch saughs and hanging hazels glyde,
 There sadly sitting on a brae,
 I heard a damsel speak her wae.

The other two verses are given in the Musical Museum,

some of the words being modernized, and two lines added to suit the music. Pinkerton's imitations of our old ballad poetry, were not happy. In the account of his writings given in Chambers's *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*, we meet, indeed, with the following astounding assertion respecting his publication of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, from Sir Richard Maitland's MSS.—“ Pinkerton *maintained* that he had found the Manuscript in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge; and, in his correspondence, he sometimes alludes to the circumstances *with very admirable coolness*. THE FORGERY WAS ONE OF THE MOST AUDACIOUS RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF TRANSCRIBING. Time, place, and circumstances, were all minutely stated—there was no mystery.” (vol. iv. p. 102.) I confess my ignorance of what is here meant by “the Annals of Transcribing,” unless, perchance, it may have some allusion to the learned Mr Penny, the “Historian of Linlithgowshire,” whose accuracy and minute research were so highly commended by his literary executors in 1831, although, it must be admitted, that the merit of his work consists wholly in the accuracy with which he transcribed that portion of Chalmers's “*Caledonia*,” which relates to the Shire. In regard to Pinkerton, it would have been strange had he pretended any “mystery” where there was none; as the MSS. in question may be seen in the Pepysian Library to this day. Some half century after this, it is as probable that the future biographer of Mr Robert Chambers shall attribute to him all Burns's Poems, contained in his late comprehensive edition of that poet, as that any one should have given Pinkerton the credit of having written the poems by Henryson, Dunbar, and the other old Scottish Makers, contained in Maitland's Manuscript Collections, from which Pinkerton's Selections, printed in 1782, were copied. After all, it ought to be added, that the contributor of the article in Chambers's *Work*, merely improves upon the similar blundering statement that appeared in Nichols's *Literary Illustrations*, &c., vol. v. p. 670.

JOHN PINKERTON was born at Edinburgh, 17th of February 1758, and died at Paris, 10th of March 1825, at the age of sixty-seven. With all his insufferable petulance and conceit, (not to mention other failings,) he was unquestionably a man of learning and research; and he rendered very important services to the history and early literature of his native country, by several of his publications.

DXV.

LAMINGTON RACES.

THIS Song is attributed, at page 456, to "Mr Macaulay, an acquaintance of Mr Johnson," the publisher of the Museum. I have not ascertained who this Mr M. was; but it is not improbable that he was the same with JAMES MACAULAY, printer in Edinburgh, the author of a volume of "Poems on various subjects, in Scots and English."—"Edinburgh, printed for and sold by the Author, Printing-office, Castlehill, 1790," 12mo. pp. 300.

DXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THIS Song was long and deservedly popular. As stated at page 456, it was written in 1775, and it appeared in several collections. In "The Goldfinch," Edinb. 1782, it is accompanied "With additions by a Lady," being four stanzas, no doubt the same that Mr S. notices as contained in Wilson's collection, 1779, and there said to be by "Miss Betsy B—s."

The author of "The Banks of the Dee," was JOHN TAIT, Esq., who had been an assiduous wooer of the muses in his younger days. Besides the frequent contributions to the Poets' Corner, signed J. T—t, consisting of elegiac and other verses, which appeared in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Weekly Magazine for 1770, and subsequent years, he published anonymously, the "Cave of Morar," "Poetical Legends," and some other poems, in a separate form. Mr

Tait passed as Writer to the Signet, 21st November 1781. In July 1805, when the new system of police was introduced into Edinburgh, he was appointed Judge of Police, and he continued to preside in that Court till July 1812; when it was again remodelled by Act of Parliament, and the decision of Police cases replaced in the hands of the Magistrates of the City. (See Kay's Portraits, vol. ii. p. 147.) He died at his house in Abercrombie Place, 29th of August 1817. (Scots Mag. 1817, p. 99.)

DXXV.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

THIS song is contained in the second volume of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, and not in the first volume, 1725. So likewise is Hamilton's ballad, "The Braes of Yarrow." This favourite theme in Scottish Song, has obtained additional celebrity by the verses of our great English Poet, Mr Wordsworth, who to his "Yarrow Unvisited," in 1803, "and Yarrow Visited," in 1814, again honoured this much favoured stream by his "Yarrow Revisited," in 1831.

DXXIX.

AH! MARY! SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.

THIS song was included in a small volume of "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. Edinburgh, 1803," 8vo, published anonymously, in which the songs were given in a more correct form, in consequence of several of them having been printed "without the Author's permission, and with alterations, which he did not consider as improvements." The author of this and two other songs in this volume, (See pages 435 and 512,) SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL of Auchinleck, was the eldest son of the biographer of Johnson, and was born 9th of October 1775. He succeeded to his paternal estate in 1795, and was created a Baronet in 1821. At a time when party politics ran high,

his disposition to satirical writing unfortunately involved him in a dispute, which was the occasion of that fatal duel, 26th of March 1822, that cut off in the prime of life, a gentleman of much natural genius and high acquirements, only a few days after having performed the last sad offices to his brother James, the friend of Malone, and the editor of Shakspeare. Some affecting lines, written on the death of his brother, were found in Sir Alexander's pocket-book after his own death.

Sir A.'s love of literature was exemplified by the republication of many rare and curious works, for private circulation, from his press at Auchinleck, of which a full list is given by Mr Martin, in his "Bibliographical Catalogue of Books. Privately printed." Lond. 1834, 8vo.

DXXXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

"A GENTLEMAN of universal erudition lately showed me a MS. copy of the above, with a notice prefixed, that it was composed on—'Sharp, and Gregory's Daughter,'—most probably a descendant of Archbishop Sharp, and a lady of the learned house of Gregory, for some time settled at St Andrew's.

"I may mention here, that Mallet's song, 'A youth adorned with every art'—was composed on the ill-fated loves of Lady Jean Hume, daughter of Alexander, seventh Earl of Home, and Lord Robert Kerr, killed in the bloom of youth, and extraordinary personal attractions, at the battle of Culloden. Susanna Kennedy, Countess of Eglintoune, used to sing this pretty ballad, and relate its origin; she was well acquainted with both the parties.

"The music of this song was composed by Oswald."—
(C. K. S.)

The editor of Andrew Marvell's works, Lond. 1776, in the Preface (vol. i. p. xx), refers to a MS. volume of "Marvell's Poems, some written with his own hand, and the rest copied by his order," among which was a copy of this

well-known ballad. He accordingly claimed it for Marvell, charging Mallet with gross plagiarism. "I am sorry this truth (he adds) did not appear sooner, that the Scots Bard might have tried to defend himself; but now the jackdaw must be stripped of his stolen plumage, and the fine feathers must be restored to the real peacock." Notwithstanding this bold assertion, (and, upon the same grounds, he claims for Marvell some undoubted compositions by Addison,) it is perfectly evident that the MS. he refers to, must have contained a number of pieces transcribed forty years subsequent to Marvell's death.—Allan Ramsay wrote a poetical address to Mr David Malloch on his departure from Scotland (*Poems*, vol. ii. p. 402), in which he specially mentions "his tender strains," in this ballad of William and Margaret.

Gibbon, in the *Memoirs* of his own life, mentions, that about the time when he professed himself a Roman Catholic, he had resided for some time with Mallet, "by whose philosophy I was rather scandalized than reclaimed." There are some curious anecdotes respecting his irreligion, in Davies's life of Garrick.

DXL.

O TELL ME, &c.

THE song by Mr Graham of Gartmore need not be quoted here, from a work so well known as the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. When first published by Sir Walter Scott, he considered it to be a traditional version of a song of the age of Charles I.; and he afterwards remarked, that the verses "have much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry." Curious enough, however, in a collection published by John Ross, Organist in Aberdeen, the song is given as written "by Mr Jeffreys." There is no reason, however, to doubt, that Sir Walter was correct in subsequently assigning it to Mr

Graham, of whom the following is a brief notice, obligingly communicated by Sir John Graham Dalyell, Kt., who is his nephew on the mother's side. (See Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. i. p. 639.)

“ ROBERT GRAHAM of Gartmore, was the son of Nicol Graham of Gartmore, by Lady Margaret Cunningham, eldest daughter of William, twelfth Earl of Glencairn. After discharging the office of Receiver-General of the Revenue of the island of Jamaica, he returned to Scotland on the decease of his elder brother, William, and succeeded his father in his estates, in the year 1775: and, on the demise of John, the last Earl of Glencairn, he succeeded to the estates of Finlayston. Mr Graham was a man of refined taste, and of a patriotic disposition; he warmly encouraged the reform so long projected of the royal boroughs, and represented the county of Stirling in Parliament (in 1794). Having been elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, he bestowed some testimony of liberality in its favour, which he was the better enabled to do from his ample fortune. Mr Graham married first, a sister of Sir John Taylor, baronet, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. Secondly, a lady alike beautiful and amiable, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Buchanan of Leny; whose son, the late Dr Francis Hamilton Buchanan, was recognised as chief of the family of Buchanan.”—Mr Graham of Gartmore died the 11th of December 1797.

DXLI.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE.

IN the Scots Magazine, for February 1803, there is inserted another excellent song, entitled “ The Nabob. By the *late* Miss Blamire, Carlisle,” to the tune of Auld Langsyne. It begins,

When silent time, with lightly foot
 Had trode on thirty years,
 I sought again my native land
 With many hopes and fears:

Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
 May still continue mine,
 Or gin I e'er again shall taste
 The joys I left langsyne.

Miss SUSANNAH BLAMIRE was a native of Cumberland, and was born at Thackwood-nook, in the parish of Sowerby. She died at Carlisle in 1795, aged 49, and lies interred at Roughton Head, near Rose Castle. Her nephew, William Blamire, Esq., lately one of the Members of Parliament for Cumberland, possesses the patrimonial estate called *The Oakes*, a beautiful property about three miles from Carlisle; and Rose Castle is possessed by her aunt. For this information I am indebted to Patrick Maxwell, Esq., who is forming a collection of her poems. Mr M. adds, that "Miss Blamire was very affable to the poor and the peasantry about her, and that she was generally addressed in their provincial manner by the title of *Miss Sukey*."

DXLIII.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

"WRITTEN for this work, by Robert Burns.' This is probably wrong; or Burns suppressed the last stanza, to be found in the stall copies, besides substituting "three goose feathers and whittle," for the indecent line in the third: it is likely that he only altered the song for the Museum, making it applicable to himself as an author, by the three goose quills and the pen-knife. The last stanza begins:

"Now I'm Robin's bride, free frae kirk fo'ks bustle,
 Robin's a' my ain, wi's, &c., &c., &c."—(C. K. S.)

DXLIV.

MAGGY LAUDER.

THE late Mr William Motherwell had made some collections for an edition of the Poems attributed to the *SEMPLES OF BELTREES*. As his papers are still in the hands of his

friend, Mr P. A. Ramsay, it is to be hoped that the project will not be abandoned.

My good friend, WILLIAM TENNANT, Esq., the author of the inimitable poem of "Anster Fair," mentioned at page 478, as then newly appointed Teacher, or Professor of Languages in Dollar Academy, has since (in 1835) obtained higher and more congenial preferment, as Professor of Oriental Languages in St Mary's College, St Andrew's—an appointment alike honourable to the patrons and to himself, as the reward of learning and genius.—A short Memoir of Professor Tennant is prefixed to Chambers's late edition of "Anster Fair," Edinb. 1838, 8vo.

"IN former times, the singers of this ditty used to inform their audience that Maggie was at last burnt for a witch; I could never find her name in any lists of Satan's Seraglio which I have had an opportunity of inspecting.

"Some amusing verses were said to have been composed to this air, by a very eccentric person, Lady Dick of Prestonfield: before the reader peruses them, a short account may be given of the reputed authoress. She was the daughter of Lord Royston, a Lord of Session, son of the Earl of Cromarty, and the wife of Sir William Dick, with whom she did not live on the best of terms, having a high spirit, much satirical wit, and no children to endear their conjugal union. Her strange fancies and frolics were well remembered fifty years ago; and that with considerable spleen, as she made herself many enemies by the lampoons she was in the habit of composing. Among her other odd freaks, she took it into her head to enact the she-Petrarch to Sir Peter Murray of Balmanno, whose perfections she celebrated in several other copies of verses, besides the subjoined song—two of these have been printed in a small ballad book, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. There seems to have been nothing criminal in her admiration, as she made no secret of her poetical effusions—but those whom she had offended by poems of a different stamp, were naturally eager enough

to put the worst constructions on her mirth, and pretended to take seriously what was only meant in jest. Lady Dick died in the year 1741. There is a half-length portrait of her at Prestonfield, not handsome, and ill painted. Her Adonis, Sir Peter, married in 1751, Anne, daughter of Alexander Hay of Drummelzier."—(C. K. S.)

Tune.—MAGGY LAUDER.

On Tweedside dwells a gallant swain,
 The darling o' the women ;
 Whene'er he makes his entering bow,
 With joy their eyes are swimming.
 Tho' gallant he, yet snug his heart,
 He only plays with Cupid,
 For as Minerva guides the youth
 He never can be stupid.
 Tho' gallant he, yet snug his heart,
 He only plays with Cupid,
 For reason tames his passions ; thus
 He never can be duped.

O, when he dances at a ball,
 He's rarely worth the seeing ;
 So light he trips, you would him take
 For some aerial being !
 While pinky winky go his een,
 How blest is each bystander ;
 How gracefully he leads the fair,
 When to her seat he hands her !
 While pinky winky go his een,
 How blest is each bystander !
 More conquests he is said to make
 Than e'er did Alexander.

But when in accents saft and sweet
 He chants forth Lizzy Baillie,
 His dying looks and attitude
 Enchant ; they cannot fail ye.
 The loveliest widow in the land,
 When she could scarce disarm him,
 Alas, the belles in Roxburghshire
 Must never hope to charm him.

O happy, happy, happy she,
 Could make him change his plan, sir,

And of this rigid bachelor
 Convert the married man, sir.
 O happy, and thrice happy she
 Could make him change his plan, sir.
 And to the gentle Benedick,
 Convert the single man, sir.

How could the lovely Roman give
 To Michael all her beauty,
 When Peter's such a worthy saint,
 To whom she owed her duty !
 How could the lovely Roman let
 That Michael take possession ;
 Nor angel he, nor saint, nor yet
 An embryo Lord of Session.

The lady to whom the above verses are assigned, was Anne Mackenzie, daughter of the Hon. Sir James Mackenzie, a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Royston (and third son of George, first Earl of Cromartie), by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate in the reign of Charles the Second. As stated above, she became Lady Dick by marriage. In the Scots Magazine for September 1741, (p. 431,) where her death is recorded, she is simply styled "The Lady of Sir William Dick of Corstorphine."

DXLV.

A COGGIE OF ALE.

ANDREW SHIRREFS, A. M., was a bookbinder in Aberdeen. Burns, in the notes of his Northern Tour, mentions having seen him, and calls him "a little decrepid body, with some abilities." He is best known as the author of "Jamie and Bess, or the Laird in Disguise, a Scots Pastoral Comedy, in imitation of the Gentle Shepherd." It was first printed at Aberdeen, 1787, 12mo, and was frequently performed at different theatres in the country. In the dedication "To the Honourable the County Club of Aberdeenshire," the author says, "he never was, and probably

never will be, without the limits of their county." As stated, however, at page 479, Shirrefs migrated to the South in 1798, but whether he spent the rest of his life at London, and when or where he died, I have not been able to ascertain.

DXLVIII.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

"MR RITSON, in his 'North Country Chorister,' gives the older words of this ballad, beginning—'There was a Highland laddie courted a Lowland lass'—and adds, 'this song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs Jordan, who knew neither the words nor the tune;' but there is another set of words, probably as old, which I transcribed from a 4to collection of songs in MS. made by a lady upwards of seventy years ago.'"—(C. K. S.)

O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn,
O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn ?
It is a sodger's son, she said, that's lately gone to Spain,
Te dilly dan, te dilly dan, te dilly, dilly dan.

O, fair maid, what was that sodger's name ?
O, fair, &c.
In troth a'tweel, I never speir'd—the mair I was to blame.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what had that sodger on ?
O, fair, &c.
A scarlet coat laid o'er wi' gold, a waistcoat o' the same.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what if he should be slain ?
O, fair, &c.
The king would lose a brave sodger, and I a pretty man.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what if he should come hame ?
O, fair, &c.
The parish priest should marry us, the clerk should say amen.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, would ye that sodger ken ?

O, fair, &c.

In troth a'tweel, an' that I wad, among ten thousand men.

Te dilly, &c.

O, fair maid, what if I be the man ?

O, fair, &c.

In troth a'tweel, it may be so ; I'se haud ye for the same.

Te dilly dan, te dilly dan, te dilly, dilly dan.

The song, by the late MRS GRANT, referred to at p. 480, is too well known to be quoted in this place. This lady, ANNE MACVICAR, was born at Glasgow in 1755, was married to the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan, in 1779, whom she survived many years, and died at Edinburgh, 7th of November 1838, in the 84th year of her age. A detailed notice of her life and writings, which originally appeared in the Edinburgh newspapers, will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1839, p. 97.

DLIII.

THE FEINT A CRUM OF THEE SHE PAWS.

THIS ancient song, *Return hameward*, &c., says Mr S., was revised by Allan Ramsay, and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. It was likewise included in "The Evergreen," by Ramsay, who had used undue freedoms in altering the original verses, which were the production of ALEXANDER SCOTT, a poet who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who has been styled the Anacreon of Scotland. See edition of Scott's Poems, p. 100. Edinb. 1821, small 8vo.

DLVII.

O GIN I WERE FAIRLY SHOT O' HER.

JOHN ANDERSON, music-engraver, the writer of this and of some other verses, in the last part of the Museum, is, I am informed, still living in Edinburgh.

DLX.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

“ THIS song is older than the period here assigned to it—and if the name of Maggie is to be trusted, can only apply to the first Marquis of Argyle, whose wife was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton. He was so very notorious a coward, that this song could have been made by nobody but himself, unless to turn him into ridicule.”—(C. K. S.)

DLXIX.

HOW SWEET THE LONE VALE.

THE Honourable ANDREW ERSKINE, was the third son of Alexander, fifth Earl of Kellie, by his lady, who was a daughter of Dr Pitcairne. He was born about the year 1739, and having embraced a military life, he held a lieutenant's commission in the 71st regiment of foot, as early, at least, as 1759. On its being reduced in 1763, he exchanged from half-pay into the 24th regiment of foot, then quartered at Gibraltar. Previous to this, he had carried on a kind of literary correspondence, in verse as well as prose, with James Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq., which, with that most insatiable desire for notoriety which characterised him, were published by the latter, at London, 1763, 8vo, in order, as it was expressed, to gratify “ Curiosity, the most prevalent of all our passions.” Whether the publication of these letters, in “ their present more conspicuous form,” raised the character of the writers in public estimation, we need not stop to enquire. Both of them were likewise principal contributors to Donaldson's collection of “ Original Poems, by Scots gentlemen.” Edin. 1760 and 1762, 2 vol. 12mo. Mr Erskine's “ Town Eclogues,” and other poems, appeared at a later date. He died suddenly, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, about the end of September 1793, much lamented. Mr George

Thomson sent Burns an account of his death, as appears from Burns's reply, dated Oct. 1793, but the letter itself was not published by Dr Currie.

His eldest brother, Thomas Alexander, sixth EARL of KELLIE, born 1st of September 1732, who was so distinguished for his musical genius, was also an occasional writer of verses. His brother Andrew, in 1762, alludes to some poems written by Lord Kellie; as in a letter to Boswell, he says, "Donaldson tells me that he wants thirty or forty pages, to complete his volume; pray, don't let him insert any nonsense to fill it up," (an advice that was altogether disregarded;) "but try John Home, and John R[——?], who I hear is a very good poet; you may also hint the thing to Mr N[airne?], and to my brother Lord K[ellie], who has some excellent poems by him." The following Song, I have been assured on good authority, was written by Lord Kellie. It seems, at least, to have been written by some one not a professed dealer in rhyme. It is now first printed from a MS. Album, containing Songs and Poems, written before the year 1780, in the possession of Thomas Mansfield, Esq. of Scatwell.

KELSO RACES.

Tune—LOGAN WATER.

1.

You have heard of our sweet little races at Kelso;
Of the riders and horses, and how they all fell so,
Of Dirleton¹ and Kelly Sir John—and, what's still more,
The famed clerk of Green-Cloth, Sir Alexander Gilmore.

2.

Of Dukes there were two, of Duchesses one,
As sweet a dear woman as e'er blest a man;
Of mien most engaging, how finely she dances,
With her sister-in-law, full of mirth, Lady Frances.²

¹ Nisbet of Dirleton.

² Lady Frances Scott, afterwards Lady Douglas of Bothwell.

3.

His Grace of Buccleugh would have been most extatic,
 But, alas, he was seized with a fit of sciatic.
 As he could not attend to make us all mellow,
 He left t'other Duke,³ a clever little fellow.

4.

Of Nabobs a pair, their names shall have strait,
 Take Archibald Swinton, and fat Thomas Rait,
 As fine jolly fellows, I'm sure to the full,
 As ever set their faces to the Great Mogul.

5.

The bald-pated Knight⁴ soon had them in view,
 And set at these Nabobs like an old Jew ;
 Quoth he to himself, I think I with ease,
 Could plunder these Indiaus of all their rupees.—

6.

Gentlemen, says he, will you bet on a horse,
 I'll lay what you please, without any remorse ;
 If that does not suit, I'll do what you list,
 Perhaps you would choose a rubber at whist.

7.

Down sat the great dupes, and with them a Peer—
 Lord ! how the bald Knight did joke and did jeer ;
 The Nabobs and Peer he left not a groat,
 And even condescended to steal a great-coat.

8.

Young Nisbet comes next, whom they call Maccaroni,⁵
 The sweet youth whom he and we think so bonny,
 That whene'er he appears, the ladies cry bless us,
 I vow and protest he's a perfect Narcissus.

9.

My dearest sweet girls, pray tell me what mean ye,
 Cries his sprucè little cousin, Mr John Gantouceini ;⁶
 Pray look at me, a'n't I a fine little man,
 A trig dapper fellow, deny it who can ?

10.

O' my drunken friend Jock, I'll tell you a story O,⁷
 He had of his own a complete oratorio ;

³ Probably the Duke of Roxburghe.

⁴ (In MS.) Sir John Paterson.

⁵ Nisbet of Dirleton.

⁶ Mr John Nisbet.

⁷ (In MS.) M'Dowell.

Three hours after midnight his concert begun,
Where he drank and he danced and he had all his fun.

11.

His company consisted of Mr Stewart Shaw,
My Lord Percy's piper who travels to Blair, (?)
An Irish dear joy, two captains of foot,
And Lord North⁸ the waiter who danced so stout.

12.

Melvina appeared next like a bright star,
She stole the heart of a young man of war.
Of all her solicitors she lives but for one,
And solicitor Dundas⁹ is the happy man.

13.

The great little Percy came down from the border,
To keep us poor Scotch a little in order ;
He nothing remarkable did, but we hope
Next year when he's steward, he'll take his full scope.

14.

There were many more besides, well I wot,
Sir Gilbert¹⁰ and Lady, Miss Bell Elliot :
There was sweet Anne Scott, and Lady Diana,¹¹
And bold Mrs Ker, like any hyena.

15.

I cannot pass by were I ever so brief,
That loveliest of girls, Miss Jeany Moncrieff :
To Kelso she came with uncle beau Skeene,
Whose person is always so neat and so clean.

16.

There was fat Sandy Maxwell as big as a tun,
A fine laughing fellow in whom there's much fun :
Sir William Lorrain, Jack Askew, and Selby,
As fine jolly bucks as e'er pint bottle fell by.

17.

There was John Scott of Gala, and Wat Scott of Harden,
Who they say is possessed of many a farthing ;

⁸ See Kay's Portraits of Edinburgh Characters.

⁹ Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord Chief Baron.

¹⁰ Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, his lady, and sister Isabella.

¹¹ Lady Diana Hume, who married Walter Scott of Harden, Esq.

And numbers more over—but I'm in a hurry,
I had almost forgot sweet Peter Murray.¹²

18.

We laught and we danced, and we sat up all night,
A thing, I confess, in which I delight.
But I very dear my pleasure did earn,
For I was obliged to return to Blanearn.

On the subject of Lord Kellie's musical genius, it may be sufficient to refer to the elegant collection of his Minuets, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., Edinburgh, 1836, 4to. The Hon. Henry Erskine, (brother of the late Earl of Buchan,) in an unpublished poem, written about the year 1772, has paid the following compliment to his Lordship's musical genius. It is entitled "The Musical Instruments, a Fable,"—when the claims of the Fiddle, to pre-eminence, are thus stated:—

'Twas he that still employ'd the master's hand,
Follow'd obsequious by the list'ning band,
Nay, swore that KELLY learnt from him his art
To rule, with magic sounds, the human heart.

DLXXV.

SAW YE THE THANE O' MEIKLE PRIDE.

IN the collected edition of Mr Mackenzie's Works, (vol. viii. p. 1,) printed at Edinburgh, 1808, 8 vols. 8vo, the author gives this account of the ballad:—

“ DUNCAN : A FRAGMENT, FROM AN OLD SCOTS MANUSCRIPT.

“ The following ballad was an almost extempore production, written when I was a mere lad, in imitation of the abrupt and laconic description of the ancient Scottish ballad, some of which had been collected and published at that time. It was sent, under the above title, to the editor of *The London Chronicle*, who published it without any

¹² Sir Peter Murray, *vide* page *523.

comment; and such was the state of politics at the time, that some of his readers objected to the first line,

Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride,

as applying personally to Lord Bute, who used to be known by that appellation. It was afterwards inserted in Clark's (Herd's) Collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, as genuine, though one should have thought the imitation was so inartificial as might have saved it from the sin of forgery."

Mr Mackenzie dates it 1762. It was also inserted in the Edinburgh Advertiser, April 1764, No. 575. This copy contains the following lines, omitted in the above edition, but which, as necessary for the sense, should be restored. They come in before the last verse, at page 6.

Wou'd then my uncle force my love,
 Whar love it wou'd na be?
 Or wed me to the man I hate?
 Was this your care of me?
 Can these brave men, &c.

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq., best known by the title of his most popular work, as "The Man of Feeling," was born at Edinburgh, in August 1745, where he died on the 14th of January 1831, at the venerable age of 86. An excellent sketch of his life, by Sir Walter Scott, is included in his Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. iv. Edin. 1834, 12mo.

DLXXVII.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

IN the additional note to song CLXX., at page *215, it is stated that Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute Book, 1627, preserves the old tune, "The Day Dawis," but that it bears no resemblance to that air, (under any of its different titles of "Hey, now the day daws," "Hey, tuttie, tattie," or "The land of the leal,") which, on mere conjecture, has been assigned to the age of Robert the Bruce. The earliest reference to any of these tunes is by Dunbar, who alludes to the common minstrels of the town of Edinburgh,

(that is, to the town's pipers), in the reign of James the Fourth, as having only two hackneyed tunes, which were played, no doubt, at an early hour, to rouse the inhabitants to their daily occupations.

Your commone Menstralis has no tone,
But " Now the day daws," and " Into June."

It is very probable that there might have been two different airs under that name; at least the following air, which is here subjoined from Gordon's Manuscript, 1627, has more the character of an artificial tune, than of a simple melody, and it is not unlikely that it may have been composed by some of the musicians at the Scottish Court during the minority of James the Sixth, to suit Montgomery's Song, the words of which the Reader will find in this work at page 163.

THE DAY DAWIS.

The musical score for "THE DAY DAWIS" is presented on five staves. It is written in a single system with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The notation includes a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

DLXXXII.

THE RAIN RINS DOWN THRO' MIRRYLAND TOWN.

A CURIOUS volume has been lately published at Paris, containing, along with an Anglo-Norman ballad of the 13th century, on Hugh of Lincoln, the various Scottish or English ballads on the same subject, reprinted from the collections of Percy, Pinkerton, Jamieson, Gilchrist, and Motherwell. It is entitled, "Hugues de Lincoln: Recueil de Ballades Anglo-Normande et Ecossoises relatives au meurtre de cet Enfant commis par les Juifs en M.CC.LV. Publié avec une Introduction et des Notes, par Francisque Michel." Paris, 1834, 8vo.

The Anglo-Norman ballad is a great curiosity, and corresponds more closely with the notice that occurs in Matthew of Paris, and other old English historians, than with the more poetical cast of this tragical incident in the Scottish ballads. It begins —

Ore oez un bel chançon
Des Jucs de Nichole, qui par tréison
Firent la cruel occision
De un enfant que Huchon ont nom.

DLXXXIX.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS!

In this Note, for Skene's MS. circa 1570, *read* circa 1620.

DXC.

HARD IS THE FATE, &c.

It would be superfluous to give any account of a person so well known as the author of "The Seasons." The most minute and accurate life of the poet with which I am acquainted, is that prefixed to the elegant edition of his Poetical Works, in the Aldine series of English Poets, London, 1830, 2 vols. 12mo.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire,

11th of September 1700, and died at London, 27th of August 1748. The following is an extract from a letter written by David Malloch, or Mallet, from London in 1727, soon after the appearance of Thomson's "Winter." It was addressed to Professor Ker of Aberdeen, and gives a curious account of the estimation in which Thomson was held by his college companions at Edinburgh:—

"SIR,—I beg leave to take notice of a mistake that runs through your last letter, and that was occasioned by your not understanding a passage in mine. The copy of verses that I sent you, was, indeed, written by me, and I never intended to make a secret of it; but Mr Thomson's 'Winter' is a very different poem, of considerable length, and agreeing with mine in nothing but the name. It has met with a great deal of deserved applause, and was written by that dull fellow whom Malcolm calls the jest of our club. The injustice I did him then, in joining with my companions to ridicule the first imperfect essays of an excellent genius, was a strong motive to make me active in endeavouring to assist and encourage him since; and I believe I shall never repent it. He is now settled in a very good place, and will be able to requite all the services his friends have done him, in time. The second edition of his poem is now in the press, and shall be sent to you as soon as published. You will find before it three copies of recommendatory verses, one written by Mr Hill, the second by a very fine woman, at my request, and the third by myself. Since all this is so, I will say nothing of your suspecting me of insincerity, a vice which I am very free from."

Thomson's earliest printed verses occur in a volume entitled "The Edinburgh Miscellany," vol. I. (no second volume ever appeared). Edinburgh, 1720, 12mo.

Since the previous notes regarding Malloch or Mallet, were printed, a search has been made in the parochial registers of Crieff (from 1692 to 1730), where he is said to have been born in 1700. It appears, however, that

his baptism was not registered. The names of various children of Charles and Donald Malloch's, in the neighbourhood of Crieff, occur, including a David, in 1712. This obviously was not the poet; but it appears that his father "James Malloch, and Beatrix Clark, his wife," were brought before the Kirk-Session of Crieff, in October and November 1704, for profanation of the Lord's day, "by some strangers drinking and fighting in his house on the Sabbath immediately following Michaelmas." On the 12th of November, "they being both rebuked for giving entertainment to such folks on the Sabbath-day, and promising never to do the like, were dismissed."

DXCII.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNY.

JOHN HAMILTON, who contributed various pieces to the Museum, was for many years a Musicseller at No. 24, North Bridge street, Edinburgh. He was much employed also as a teacher of music, and I have been told that it was one of his fair pupils, connected with an ancient family, whom he married, to the no small indignation of her friends. He died at Edinburgh, in September 1814.

In the Scots Magazine for November 1814, the following notice occurs:—Sept. 23d, "Died in the 53d year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, JOHN HAMILTON, late Musicseller, in this city, author of many favourite Scots Songs, and composer of several Melodies of considerable merit."

DXCIV.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

To the two verses inserted in this Note, the one old, the other by Burns, this song has been enlarged, by the addition of the following beautiful lines, written by John Richardson, Esq., for Mr George Thomson's Collection.

O were my love yon violet sweet,
 That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
 And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
 Amang its bonnie leaves to play ;
 I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
 Beneath the noontide's scorching ray ;
 And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews,
 At morning dawn and parting day.

As Mr Stenhouse alludes, at page 508, to Tannahill's fine Song, "Gloomy Winter," I may take this opportunity to mention, that an interesting Memoir of that unfortunate Bard has recently appeared, by Mr Philip A. Ramsay, prefixed to "The Poems and Songs of ROBERT TANNAHILL, a revised and enlarged edition, with Memoirs of the author, and of his friend, Robert A. Smith." Glasgow, 1838, 12mo. Tannahill was born at Paisley, 3d of June 1774, where he died, 17th of May 1810, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH, usually styled 'of Paisley,' to whose musical skill Tannahill was indebted for much of the celebrity which his songs enjoyed, was born at Reading, 18th of November 1780. His father, originally a weaver from Paisley, had been settled at Reading for a number of years, but at length he returned to Paisley with his family in 1800. Here Robert continued during the best period of his life, and had so distinguished himself by his musical attainments, that so early as 1812, we find he was strongly urged to settle in Edinburgh as a teacher of music. This appears from a friendly letter addressed to him by Mr John Hamilton, Music-seller, with which I have been favoured by Smith's biographer. It was not until August 1823, on receiving an invitation from the Rev. Dr Thomson to conduct the music in St George's Church, that he came hither ; and I believe he had only occasion to lament his not having done so at an earlier period of life. He died at Edinburgh, very sincerely regretted, 3d of January 1829, in the 49th year of his age, and lies interred in St Cuth-

bert's burying-ground. His "Scottish Minstrel," 1821-1824, 6 vols., and his various other musical publications, are well known and esteemed; he also enriched the music of his country by many original melodies of great simplicity and beauty; and above all, the services that he rendered to Sacred Music, by his professional skill and good taste, as well as by his original compositions, will long continue to have a beneficial influence on the Psalmody and Sacred Music of the Church of Scotland.

The late WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, who projected the publication of the volume which his friend Mr Ramsay has so well performed, was a native of Glasgow, and born 13th of October 1797. Besides his "Minstrely, Ancient and Modern," Glasgow, 1827, small 4to, his edition of Burns, and various other republications, he was the author of a small volume of original "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," Glasgow, 1832, 12mo, which remains as a pleasing memorial of his poetical genius. He was for many years resident in Paisley, officially connected with the Sheriff-Clerk's Office, but latterly settled in his native place (as editor of the Glasgow Courier Newspaper), where he died in the prime of life, 1st of November 1835.

DC.

GOOD-NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THE following beautiful stanzas, by JOANNA BAILLIE, written for this air, appeared in Mr Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," vol. IV. p. 212, from whence they were copied, by his son, Mr Peter Cunningham, into one of the most elegant and judicious selections of the kind that has appeared, under the title of "Songs of England and Scotland." Lond. 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.

GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!

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 curtain'd bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansmen in the heather'd 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 !

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