

THE WAY TO WOO AND WIN.

I lo'ed a proud lassie, I lo'ed her for lang,
 I wooed her wi' pipe, and I wooed her wi' sang;
 I wooed her by streamlet an' bonny green shaw;
 I wooed her at kirk, and at market an' a':
 I proffered nae gowd, an' I offered nae gear,
 I proffered her nought but a heart a' sincere;
 But gin I cam near her wi' head cast ajee,
 She cries, "Play your pranks wi' some ither than me."

I heaved mony sighs, an' I shed mony tears,
 For moments o' hope I had towmonds o' fears;
 I gazed an' I gapit wi' heart loupin' fu',
 My words were sae big that they stack in my mou';
 But her lips o' coral, an' bosom o' snaw,
 Seemed hard as the ice that nae simmer could thaw;
 For gin I come near her wi' head cast ajee,
 She cries, "Play your pranks wi' some ither than me."

Last week on the hairst rig we shure side by side,
 I ettled wi' kindness to saften her pride;

I shure a' the week for mysel' an' her too,
 An' left the bit lassie but little to do ;
 But, losh ! how my heart lap when doun 'mang the corn,
 She ask't me to pick frae her wee hand a thorn ;
 Her head on my bosom fu' soon fell ajee,
 She sighs, " Gi'e your love to nae ither than me."

Wi' deeds, no wi' words, thus I won my sweet bride,
 For kindness gets kindness as floods swell the tide ;
 An' he wha wad marry the lassie he lo'es,
 May say what he likes, but maun mind what he does ;
 For virtue is modest an' near kin to pride ;
 It's no very easy sic twins to divide ;
 She's weel worth the winning whais head's cast ajee,
 And cries, " Play your pranks wi' anither than me."

OUR BRAW UNCLE.

MY auld uncle Willie cam down here frae Lunning,
 An' wow but he was a braw man ;
 An' a' my puir cousins around him cam rinnin',
 Frae mony a lang mile awa', man.
 My uncle was rich, my uncle was proud—
 He spak o' his gear, and he bragg'd o' his gowd ;
 An' whate'er he hinted, the puir bodies vow'd
 They wad mak it their love an' their law, man.

He staid wi' them a' for a week time about,
 Feastin', an' fuddlin', an' a', man,
 Till he fairly had riddled the puir bodies out,
 An' they thocht he was ne'er gaun awa', man.—
 And neither he was ; he had naething to do,
 He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too ;
 Though they ne'er saw a boddle they'd naething to
 For they thocht they wad soon hae it a', man.

But when our braw uncle had stay'd here a year,
 I trow but he wasna a sma' man,

Their tables cam down to their auld hamilt cheer,
 An' he gat himsel' book'd to gae 'wa', man.
 Syne when he was startin', the hale o' his kin
 Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in,
 And they smoor'd him wi' presents o' a' they could fin',
 An' he vow'd he had *dune* for them a', man.—

And sae had he too; for he never cam back,
 My sang! but he wasna a raw man,
 To feast for a year without paying a plack,
 An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.
 An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed
 O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed:
 An' the best o't—when auld uncle Willie was dead,
 He left them—*just naething ava, man.*

OUR PUIR COUSIN.

My young cousin Peggy cam doun frae Dunkeld,
 Wi' nae word o' lawlants ava man,
 But her blue speakin' een a' her kind meanin' tauld,
 An' her brow shone as white as the snaw man ;
 She cam here to sheer, and she stay'd here to spin,
 She wrought wi' the fremit, an' lived wi' her kin,
 She laid naething out, but she laid muckle in,
 An' she fended on naething ava, man.

An' wow but the lassie was pawky an' slee,
 For she smiled an' she smirkit till a', man,
 Growing a' body's bodie, baith muckle an' wee,
 An' our folk wadna let her awa, man.
 For when there was trouble or death in the house,
 She tended the sick-bed as quiet as a mouse,
 An' wrought three folks' wark aye sae canny an' douce,
 Ye wad thought she did naething ava, man.

She grew rich in beauty, she grew rich in gear,
 She learnt to speak lawlants an' a', man ;

Her wit it was keen, and her head it was clear,
 My sang! she was match for us a', man.
 She was trysted to suppers, inveetit to teas,
 Gat mony braw presents, an' mony gowd fees,
 An' e'en my ain Billies sae kittle to please,
 She tickled the hearts o' them a', man.

But the sweet Hieland lassie, sae gentle and meek,
 Refused them for gude an' for a', man,
 Aye gaun to the auld Hielan' kirk ilka week,
 While the minister aft gae a ca', man.
 O his was the fervour, and hers was the grace,
 They whisper'd sweet Gaelic, he gazed in her face,
 Like licht, true love travels at nae laggin' pace—
 She's the star o' his heart an' his ha', man.

THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

THERE'S nane may ever guess or trow my bonnie lassie's
name,

There's nane may ken the humble cot my lassie ca's her
hame ;

Yet tho' my lassie's nameless, an' her kin o' low degree,
Her heart is warm, her thochts are pure, an' O ! she's dear
to me ;

She's gentle as she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's fair,
Her virtues, like her beauties, a', are varied as they're rare ;
While she is light an' merry as the lammie on the lea,
For happiness an' innocence thegither aye maun be !

Whene'er she shews her blooming face the flowers may cease
to blaw,

An' when she opes her hinnied lips, the air is music a' ;
But when wi' ither's sorrows touched, the tear starts to
her ee,

Oh ! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless pearl to
me.

Within my soul her form's enshrined, her heart is a'
my ain,
An' richer prize, or purer bliss, nae mortal e'er can gain ;
The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding glee,
Cheered onward by the love that lights my nameless lassie's
ee !

KILT THY COAT, MAGGY.

KILT thy coat Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
 Kilt thy coat Maggy, and dance thou wi' me ;
 Thy white genty feetie scarce bends the wee gowan,
 An' a' thy licht motions are gracefu' an' free.

Ope thy mou' Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
 Ope thy mou' Maggy, and lilt thou to me ;
 Thy voice is as saft as the hill burnie rowin',
 An' sweet as the lintie that sings on the tree.

Lend thine ear Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
 Lend thine ear Maggy, and listen to me,
 Sae meek and sae modest, sae bashfu' an' bonny,
 My saul's dearest wishes a' centre in thee !

Name the day Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
 Name the day Maggy, our bridal may be ;
 For hours they seem towmonds, an' days they seem ages,
 Till I hae my Maggy, and Maggy has me.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

MIND ye yon aik that grew at our house-end,
 By ilka pawky bird an' bairnie kenned;
 The rustic seat deep-shaded 'neath its boughs,
 Whaur auld folk crackit,—young folk whisper'd vows,
 An' the wee Robin happit crouse an' tame,
 For weel wee Robie lo'ed our couthy hame?

An' mind ye o' the ancient cot itsel',
 Whaur sweet contentment aye was wont to dwell,
 Whaur the big peat stack an' the craft o' bier
 Tauld that in winter simmer beakit here?
 Whae'er gaed by the door was sair to blame,
 For a' wha cam in fand a couthy hame.

An' mind ye o' my mither's winsome face,
 Sae fu' o' sweetness, an' sae fu' o' grace?
 My faither too, though bent wi' years an' toil,
 Wha's furrowed face wore aye contentment's smile.
 Sae fond a husband, an' sae kind a dame,
 Nae ferlie love an' kindness filled our hame.

Sax strappin' maidens, mensefu', modest, fair,
 Wi' sax strang chields, were born an' reared up there,
 Folks wont to ferlie how ae but an' ben
 Could rear sic lasses, an' could train sic men.

Nor aught was done to raise ae blush of shame
 By ony nurtured in our humble hame.

Amid the Sabbath evening's sacred calm,
 How sweetly rose to Heaven, the prayer an' psalm,
 And aye in love and knowledge sae we grew,
 As gaur'd us aft these solemn rites renew,
 And made us daily bless His holy name,
 Wha wi' His presence fill'd our humble hame.

Alace! that ancient aik's uprooted now,
 Ower the auld cottage speeds the ridging plough;
 And whaur sic hames as ours were wont to be,
 Lone bleating sheep are browsing ower the lea;
 Wae's me, that man should daur the right to claim,
 To mak a sheep-gang o' a human hame!

WILLIE AND MAGGIE.

OH! what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 Oh! what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

Bairns brocht up thegither, baith nursed on ae knee,
 Baith slung ower ae cuddy, fu' weel did we gree;
 Tho' I was born armless, an' aye unco wee,
 My Maggy was muckle, an' bunted for me.

When Meg grew a woman, an' I grew a man,
 She gruppit my stump, for I hadna a han',
 An' we plighted our troth ower a big bag o' skran,
 Thegither true-hearted to beg thro' the lan'.

Mony big loons hae hechted to wyle her awa',
 Baith thimblers, and tumblers, and tinklers an' a';
 But she jeers them, an' tells them her Willie, tho' sma',
 Has mair in his buik than the best o' them a'.

I'm feckless, an' frien'less, distorted and wee,
 Canna cast my ain claes, nor yet claw my ain knee;
 But she kens a' my wants, an' does a' thing for me—
 Gin I wantit my Maggy, I'm sure I wad dee.

Then what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 Oh! what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 This wad e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

THE STOWN KISS.

MY minny is pawky, my minny is slee,
 She keeps me aye close 'neath the kep o' her ee;
 She bids me gae nurse my young billie awee,
 But wots nae how sleely my Willie woos me.

What ails my auld minny at Willie an' me?
 How e'er can my minny wyte Willie an' me,
 When nought but the wean an' the wee butterflee
 Can see the stown kiss o' my Willie an' me?

My grandfaither suns himsel' on the door-stane,
 And dreams o' my grandmither lang dead and gane;
 He gazes on heaven wi' his lustreless ee,—
 They surely ance lo'ed like my Willie an' me!

I ken Willie's true, and I ken he's my ain,
 He courts nae for gear, an' he comes nae for gain;

He leaves a' his flocks far outower on yon lee—
 What true heart wad sinder my Willie an' me?

Then what ails my minny at Willie an' me?
 She shouldna be sair on my Willie an' me;
 Her widow's black snood brings the tear to my ee,
 But weel my dead faither lo'ed Willie an' me.

THE LOVER'S LOAN.

THE Lover's Loan, the Lover's Loan,
Alas! these days have long, long gone,
When filled with hope, and flushed with pride,
I won my young, my gentle bride,
Who like the star of evening shone,
And lit wi' joy the Lover's Loan.

The mavis with his mellow lay,
Would lull asleep the closing day;
The lark with dewy breast would rise
To greet the opening morning skies;
While dreaming, still we wandered on
Along the flower-strewn Lover's Loan.

The velvet sward beneath our feet
Was gemmed with cups and daisies sweet,
While hip in bud, and haw in bloom,
Enriched the air with sweet perfume;
And echo softened every tone,
Love whispered in the Lover's Loan.

And patriots oft would linger here,
To gaze on scenes to patriot dear ;
For each surrounding plain and hill
Of Scotland's fame bore witness still,
And told that Freedom's brightest zone
Was woven round the Lover's Loan.

Each bird and flower, each hill and plain,
Shall still inspire the poet's strain,
For Love is now as ever young,
And patriot deeds shall still be sung ;
But sad is he who lorn and lone,
Now mateless seeks the Lover's Loan !

BAULD BRAXY TAM.

O BAULD BRAXY TAM, he lives far in the west,
 Whaur the dreary Lang Whang heaves its brown heather crest ;
 He's bauld as a lion, though mim as a lamb—
 I rede ye na rouse him, our Bauld Braxy Tam.
 The strang stalwart loon wons upon the hill-tap,
 In peat-biggit shieling wi' thin theekit hap—
 He ne'er wants a braxy, nor gude reestit ham,
 And snell is the stamack o' Bauld Braxy Tam.

See how his straught form 'mid the storm-flicker'd lift,
 Stalks ower the bleak muir, thro' the dark wreaths o' drift ;
 While the wowff o' the colley or bleat o' the ram,
 Are beacons o' light to our Bauld Braxy Tam.
 When April comes in aye sae sleety and chill,
 And mony young lammie lies dead on the hill,
 Though miss'd by the farmer, and left by its dam,
 It's gude gusty gear to our Bauld Braxy Tam.

Tho' some o' us think he gets mair than enugh,
 That he finds the same lambs he had cast in the heugh,
 The bauldest amang us maun keep our sough calm,
 He's a lang luggit deevil, our Bauld Braxy Tam.
 He ne'er parts wi' master, nor master wi' him,
 Gin sulky the headsman, the herdsman looks grim,
 Syn'e a's souther'd up wi' a flyte and a dram,
 For Tam's like the master, the master like Tam.

Thro' a' our braid muirlands sae stunted and brown,
 There's nane fear'd nor lo'ed like the hellicat loon ;
 Our fair muirland maidens feel mony love dwaum,
 When milking the ewes o' our Bauld Braxy Tam.
 For the wild roving rogue has the gled in his ee,
 Twa three-neukit ee-brees aye louping wi' glee,
 Wi' a black bushy beard, and a liquory gam,
 O ! wha wad be kittled by Bauld Braxy Tam ?

At the lown ingle-cheek in the lang winter night,
 Tam's welcomed wi' pleasure aye mingled wi' fright ;
 Queer sangs, and ghaist stories, a' thro' ither, cram—
 The big roomy noddle o' Bauld Braxy Tam.
 Then weans cour in neuks frae the fancy-raised ghaist,
 Ilk lad faulds his arm round his ain lassie's waist ;
 The auld folks gae-bed in an ill-natured sham,
 But the young gape till midnight round Bauld Braxy Tam.

They maun hae him married, the wild loon to cowe,
Wha 's fickle 's the clouds, tho' he 's het as the lowe ;
 He courts a' the lasses without e'er a qualm,
 Yet nane e'er could tether our Bauld Braxy Tam.
But a puir auld sheep-farmer has come to the muir,
Wi' a dochter as fair as her faither is puir,
 She's pure as the dew-drap, an' sweet as the balm,
 And she's won the stout heart o' our Bauld Braxy Tam.

A BONNIE BRIDE IS EASY BUSKIT.

- “ COME, Mary, dinna say me nae,
 But name at ance our bridal day ;
 Let love dispel your doubts for aye,
 And dinna let your brow be duskit.
 Although I canna cleed ye braw,
 And tho’ my house and mailin ’s sma’,
 Your angel form will hallow a’—
 A bonnie bride is easy buskit.”
- “ O dinna press our bridal now,
 But rest content ye hae my vow,
 My faither’s frozen breast will thowe,
 Sae let the spring-fed burnie gather.
 He says my weal is a’ his care,
 He bends, I stroke his siller hair,
 He weeps, I breathe a silent prayer—
 I daurna leave my dear auld faither.”
- “ Alack ! your faither’s fond o’ gear,
 At my puir suit again he’ll sneer,

And I maun lose thee, Mary dear,
 Unless his angry ban ye risk it.
 But gin our humble cot he'll share,
 He'll welcome be, ye'll nurse him there ;
 I seek yoursel', I ask nae mair—
 A bonnie bride is easy buskit."

Unseen the carle stands listenin' by,
 Wi' smiling mou' and glistenin' eye ;
 He hears his Mary gi'e a sigh,
 And out he cries in tones sae huskit :
 " Here tak her, Rab, my blessing hae,
 Your kindly heart has won the day ;
 And be your bridal when it may,
 Your bride shall be fu' brawly buskit."

THE WOODS OF ABERDOUR.

THE wind blaws saft frae south to north,
 An' wafts the seedlin' frae the flower
 Far ower the broad and glassy Forth,
 To grow in bonny Aberdour.
 Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour !
 O gin I were that seedlin' flower,
 That thus the air might bear me ower
 To love an' bonny Aberdour.

Gin planted in that fertile soil,
 The fairest flower I'd aim to be,
 That I might win my laddie's smile,
 And light wi' love his sparklin' ee.
 Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour !
 O gin I were that seedlin' flower,
 That thus the air might bear me ower
 To love and bonny Aberdour.

And gin that flower he deigned to pu'
 And wear upon his manly breast,
 My glowing love wad pierce him through,
 My joy wad mak him mair than blest.
 Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour,
 O gin I were that seedlin' flower,
 That thus the air might bear me ower
 To love and bonny Aberdour !

THE BRIDAL HOUR.

THE gay green leaves are dancing
 A merry merry round,
The milk-white lambs are prancing
 Wi' merry merry bound.
The sun is shining brightly
 On mountain, tree, and tower,
And my fond heart leaps lightly,
 I've named my bridal hour.

Yet wherefore should I marry,
 When I'm wi' joy sae fu',
My wee breast canna carry
 Mair than it feels enow?
My Willie, fond and pressing,
 Keeps by me a' the day,
An' whaten higher blessing
 Could ony lassie hae?

We're to be cried neist Sunday,
Losh ! how the folk will stare ;
And buckled on the Monday,
I'll be my ain nae mair !
But nane the links shall sever
That's twined that happy day,
For I'll be Willie's ever,
And he'll be mine for aye.