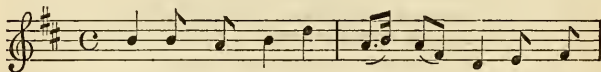


LADY KEITH'S LAMENT.

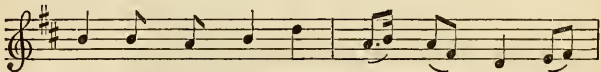
The following song appears in Hogg's Collection, without any indication of its origin. Its very beauty as a pathetic effusion provokes a suspicion of its genuineness; and, indeed, it bears all the marks of having proceeded from Hogg's own pen. The air is a variety of *The Boyne Water*.



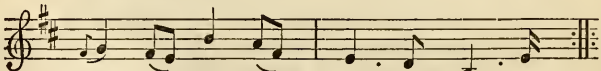
I may sit in my wee croo house, At the



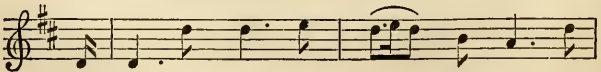
rock and the reel to toil fu' drea - ry;



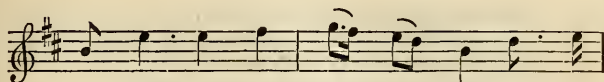
I may think on the day that's gane, And



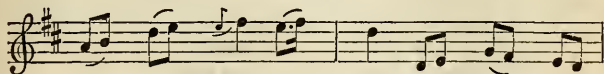
sigh and sab till I grow wea - ry.



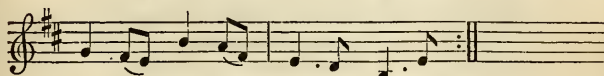
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook, A



for - eign loon to own or flat - ter; But



I will sing a ran - tin' sang, That



day our king comes o'er the wa - ter.

I may sit in my wee croo house,
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;
 I may think on the day that 's gane,
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
 A foreign loon to own or flatter;
 But I will sing a rantin' sang,
 That day our king comes ower the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
 That I hae begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,
 And dance and sing frae morn till even:
 For there is ane I winna name,
 That comes the beingin' byke to scatter;
 And I'll put on my bridal-gown,
 That day our king comes ower the water.

I hae seen the guid auld day,
 The day o' pride and chieftain's glory,
 When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.

Though lyart be my locks and gray,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter !
I'll dance and sing ae other day,
The day our king comes ower the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clish-ma-claver !
My father was a guid lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter ;
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes ower the water.