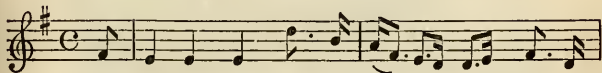
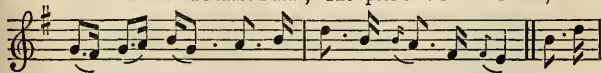


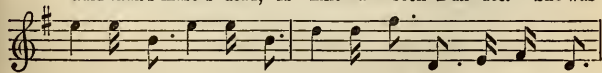
THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.



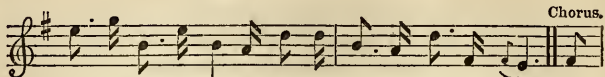
The auld man's mare's dead, The poor man's mare's dead, The



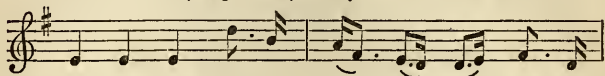
auld man's mare's dead, A mile a - boon Dun-dee. She was



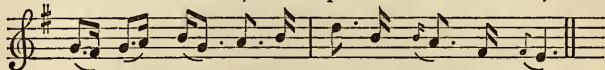
cut lug - git, painch lip - pit, Steel wam - ed, stain - cher fit - tit,



Chan - ler chafted, lang neckit, And yet the brute did die! The



auld man's mare's dead, The poor man's mare's dead, The



auld man's mare's dead, A mile a - boon Dun - dee.

The auld man's mare's dead,
 The poor man's mare's dead,
 The auld man's mare's dead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.

She was cut-luggit, painch-lippit,
 Steel-wamed, staincher-fittit,
 Chanler-chafted, lang-neckit,
 And yet the brute did die!
 The auld man's mare's dead, &c.

Her lunyie banes were knags and neuks,
 She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,
 The jawpish, and the wanton yeuks,
 And the howks aboon her e'e.
 The auld man's mare's dead, &c.

My master rade me to the town,
 He tied me to a staincher round,
 He took a chappin till himsel,
 But fient a drap gae me.
 The auld man's mare's dead, &c.

The auld man's mare's dead,
The poor man's mare's dead,
The peats and turrs and a' to lead,
And yet the jade did die!

This rich specimen of rustic Scotch humour appears to have been the composition of one Patie Birnie, who practised the art of a violer at the burgh of Kinghorn in the early part of the last



Patie Birnie.

century, and upon whom, in 1721, Allan Ramsay composed a humorous elegy, stating many biographical and characteristic

particulars. Patie is described as having been at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, probably as one of the militia of his native county of Fife ; but, Horace-like, he ran away, and never stopped till he came to Edinburgh. He was ready-witted, with a strong instinct for the advancement of his professional objects, told a story well, and never was at a loss. Hearing of company at the inn, Patie would push in with his fiddle, and seldom failed to secure a paying auditory. Sometimes a dwarf, named Stocks, would dance on a table to the strains of the violer, and the two would thus keep up the merriment for the greater part of a night. A portrait of Patie, done by Aikman, has been handed down, and exhibits a face mingling cleverness, drollery, roguery, and impudence in harmonious proportions. As to the authorship of the song, we can only infer it from the language of Ramsay, while describing the violer's deportment towards inn company :

— Soon his face wad mak you fain,
 When he did sough,
 ‘O wiltu, wiltu, do’t again,’
 And graned and leuch.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke ‘*The auld man’s mare she’s dead,*
 And peats and turrs and a’ to lead’—
 O fye upon her !

A bonnie auld thing this, indeed,
 An’t like your honour.

After ilk tune he took a sowp, &c.