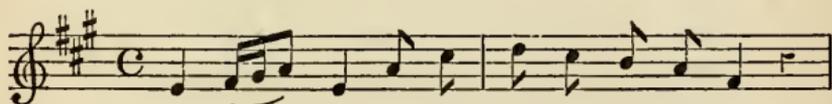


BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

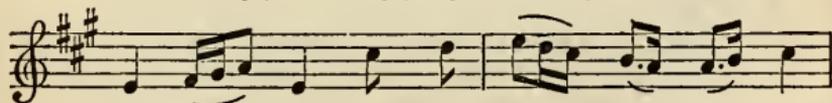
The refined society of Edinburgh, in the reign of George I., boasted of another poetical ornament besides Robert Crawford, in the person of William Hamilton of Bangour. An amiable enthusiast in love and Jacobitism, he passed through a bachelor life of fifty years, which might have been prolonged if he had not

subjected himself to severe personal hardships and exile, by his adherence to the Stuart cause in 1745. Hamilton wrote moralising and descriptive epics in the manner then prevalent, and these pieces have twice been admitted into the canon of the British poets; but Johnson's insensibility to their merits, as recorded by Boswell, would probably be sanctioned by modern criticism. More may be said for him as the author of a few of our favourite Scottish songs, and particularly of the one here immediately following, which, in addition to its own inherent merits, has the incidental one of having stimulated Wordsworth to the production of his *Yarrow Unvisited*, and its sequels.

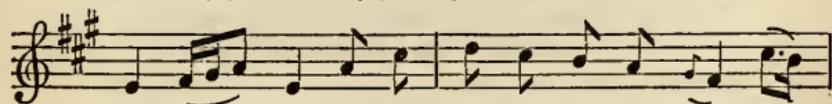
The air is that of a previously existing ballad, the incidents of which suggested the song to Hamilton.



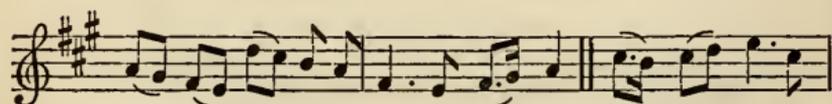
Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - nie, bon - nie bride!



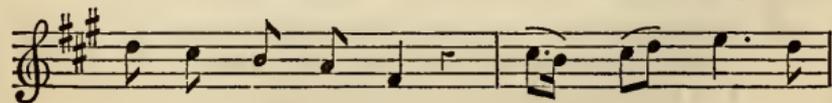
Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some mar - row!



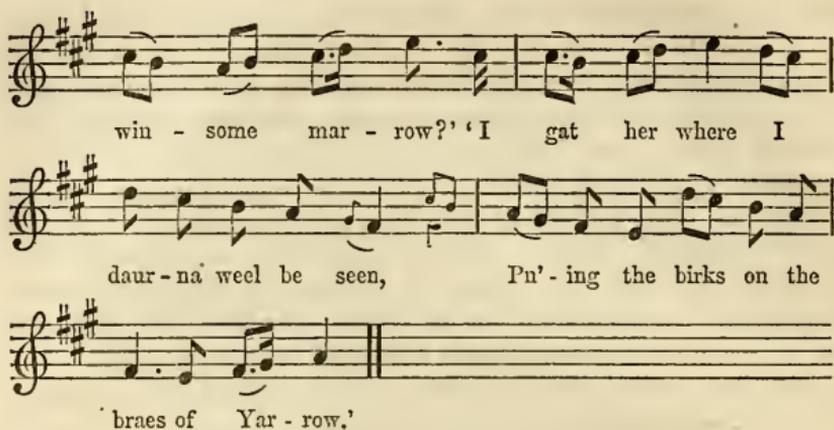
Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - nie, bon - nie bride, And



think nae mair of the braes of Yar-row.' 'Where gat ye that



bon - nie, bon - nie bride? Where gat ye that



win - some mar - row?' 'I gat her where I
 daur - na' weel be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the
 braes of Yar - row.'

A. 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow.'

B. 'Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?'
 A. 'I gat her where I daurna weel be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.'

'Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow!
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.'

B. 'Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
 Why does she weip, thy winsome marrow?
 And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?'

A. 'Lang maun she weip, lang, lang maun she weip,
 Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow;
 And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.'

- ' For she has tint her luver deir,
Her luver deir, the cause of sorrow ;
And I ha'e slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.
- ' Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, red ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholious weids,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow ?
- ' What's yonder floats on the rueful flude ?
What's yonder floats ?—Oh, dule and sorrow !
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow !
- ' Wash, oh, wash his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow ;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.
- ' Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow ;
And weip around, in waefu' wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow !
- ' Curse ye, curse ye, his useless shield,
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breist,
His comely breist, on the braes of Yarrow !
- ' Did I not warn thee not to love,
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.
- ' Sweit smells the birk ; green grows the grass ;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;
Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowin' !

‘Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet flows Tweed;
 As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk;
 The apple from its rocks as mellow!

‘Fair was thy love! fair, fair, indeed, thy love!
 In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
 Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
 Than me he never loved thee better.

‘Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
 Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.’

C. ‘How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How can I lo’e him on the banks of Tweed
 That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?’

‘Oh, Yarrow fields, may never rain
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
 For there was basely slain my love,
 My love, as he had not been a lover.

‘The boy put on his robes of green,
 His purple vest—’twas my ain sewin’;
 Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenn’d
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

‘The boy took out his milk-white steed,
 Unmindful of my dule and sorrow:
 But, ere the too-fa’ of the nicht,¹
 He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

¹ Ere the fall of the evening.

‘ Much I rejoiced, that waefu’ day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning ;
But, lang ere nicht, the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

‘ What can my barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover’s blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo me ?

‘ My happy sisters may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

‘ My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat’ning words, to move me ;
My lover’s blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

‘ Yes, yes, prepare the bed of love !
With bridal-sheets my body cover !
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door !
Let in th’ expected husband-lover !

‘ But who the expected husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter !
Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre’s yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

‘ Pale as he is, here lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take off, take off these bridal-weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

‘ Pale though thou art, yet best beloved,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts—
No youth lay ever there before thee !

‘Pale, pale, indeed, oh lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after !’

- A. ‘Return, return, O mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy lover heids nocht of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.’