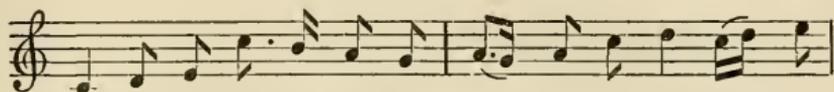


LOW DOUN IN THE BRUME.

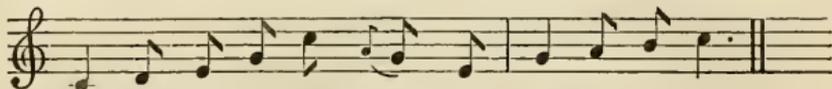
This rustic ditty is not of great age, but nevertheless enjoys a large measure of popular admiration. The origin and authorship of the words and music are involved in doubt.¹

My dad-die is a cankert carle, He'll no twine wi' his gear; My
 min-nie she's a scauldin' wife, Hands a' the house a-steer; But
 let them say, or let them do, It's a' anc to me, For he's
 low doun, he's in the brume, That's wait-in' on me:

¹ 'This song is said to be the production of James Carnegie, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate upon the slope of the Grampians, about five miles north-west of Brechin. A correspondent, who has kindly furnished the substance of this notice, says: "I have conversed with a worthy farmer of fourscore, who has lived on the Balnamoon estate from infancy. The garrulous old fellow observed, 'I kent the auld laird weel; he was a curious body, and there's nae doubt but he made up the sang.' He was firmly attached to the House of Stuart, and went out in the Forty-five. After the quelling of that unhappy rebellion, he lived for some time in the capacity of a shepherd to one of his hill-farmers; but the interest of the Arbuthnot family, with which he was connected by marriage, soon restored him to his home and to the world."—*Harp of Caledonia*, vol. ii. p. 387.



Wait - in' on me, my love, He's wait - in' on me: For he's



low doun, he's in the brume, That's wait - in' on me.

My daddie is a cankert carle,
 He'll no twine wi' his gear ;
 My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,
 Hauds a' the house asteer.
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me,
 For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
 That's waitin' on me :
 Waitin' on me, my love,
 He's waitin' on me :
 For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
 That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me ;
 But weel I ken it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a joe has she.
 And let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
 Wi' Johnie o' the Glen ;
 And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
 O' fause deluding men.

Gleed Sandy he cam west yestreen,
 And speir'd when I saw Pate ;
 And aye sinsyne the neebors round
 They jeer me air and late.