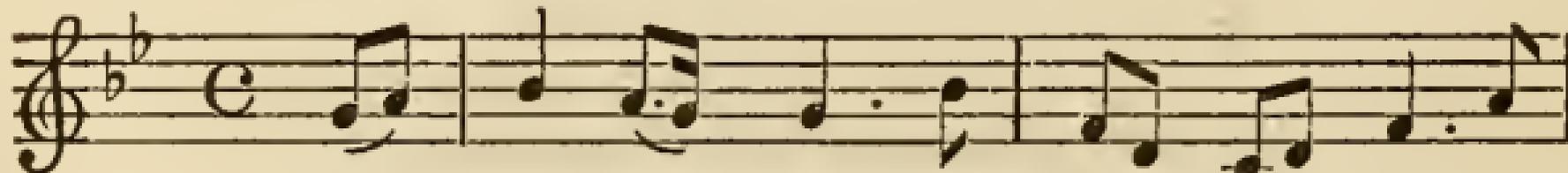


LOGAN WATER.



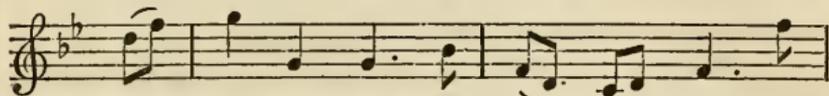
By Lo - gan's streams that rin sae deep, Fu'



aft wi' glee I've herd - ed sheep; Herded sheep or



gath - er'd slaes, Wi' my dear lad, on Lo - gan braes:



But, wae's my heart! thae days are gane, And,



fu' o' grief, I herd my lane; While my dear lad maun



face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo - gan braes!

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes:
But, wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing—thae days are gane!
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

This song, to the old tune of *Logan Water*, came before the public about 1783, being the composition of a young journeyman

printer, named John Mayne, a native of Glasgow, who died at an advanced age in 1836. The air, to which there was a song of old date and little refinement, is inserted in Mrs Crocket's manuscript Music-book, 1709.¹ It was printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the verses by James Thomson, beginning 'For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove.' Burns, having heard Mayne's song, and being fond of the air, composed a song for the melody, in which he unconsciously borrowed one of Mayne's couplets, being the conclusion of the first stanza. It may be greatly doubted if the Ayrshire bard, on this occasion, excelled the Glasgow one.