

THE
SONGS OF SCOTLAND

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

PART I.

From JAMES V. to the Union, 1702.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

Attributed to King James V., and supposed to be an account of one of his exploits while amusing himself by travelling in disguise among the country folks. It appears in the *Tea Table Miscellany*.

THE pawkie auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slie twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang,
And O! quo' she, an' I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and lady like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claise;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay!
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to the gudewife 'gan say,
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But aye she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for aye, he ga'e her his aith,
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-far'dly wad she crook her mou',
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha'e nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

HEY NOW THE DAY DAWIS.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, *Author of the "Cherrie and the Slae."*

Like many other of our old Scots poets little is known of the events of his life. The date of his birth has not been proved, but it is supposed to have been about the middle of the Sixteenth Century. He enjoyed a pension from King James VI., with whom he seems to have been a favourite. In his latter years he shared the usual fate of poets—want and bitterness. His pension was stopped, and he appears even to have been the inmate of a prison on account of poverty. His death is supposed to have taken place between 1597 and 1615. His poems have been collected and published under the able Editorship of Mr. David Laing.

HAY! nou the day dawis;
 The jolie cok crauis,
 Nou shrouds the shauis
 Throu natur anone.
 The Thrisell-cok cryis
 On louers wha lyis,
 Nou skaillis the skyis;
 The nicht is neir gone.

The fields ou'rflouis
 With gouans that grouis;
 Quhair lilies lyk lou is,
 Als rid als the rone:
 The Turtill that treu is,
 With nots that reneuis
 Hir pairtie perseuis,
 The nicht is neir gone.

Nou Hairts with Hynds,
 Conforme to thair kynds,
 Hie tursis thair tynds,
 On grund vhair they grone.

Nou Hurchonis, with Hairs,
 Ay passis in pairs;
 Quhilk deuly declars
 The nicht is neir gone.

The sesone excellis
 Thruh suetness that smellis,
 Nou Cupid compells
 Our hairts echone.
 On Venus vha vaiks
 To muse on our maiks,
 Syn sing for thair saiks,
 The nicht is neir gone.

All curageous knichts
 Aganis the day dichts,
 The breist-plate, that bright is,
 To fecht with thair sone.
 The stoned stampis
 Throu curage and crampis,
 Syn on the land lampis,
 The nicht is neir gone.

The freiks on Feildis
 That wicht wapins wields,
 With shyning bright shields
 At Titan in trone.
 Stiff speirs in reists
 Ouer cursors crists,
 Ar brok on their breists,
 The night is neir gone.

So hard ar thair hittis,
 Some sueyis, some sittis,
 And some perforce flittis
 On grund vhill they grone.
 Syn grooms that gay is,
 On blonks that brayis
 With suords assayis,
 The nicht is neir gone.

FIENT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

One of our minor poets of the reign of Queen Mary. Of his life nothing is known, and it is to the Bannatyne manuscript that we are indebted for the few poems we have of this "Scottish Anacreon." His best pieces are those of an amatory cast, his muse getting jaded when instructing Queen Mary in a "New Year's Gift, when sche came first hame, 1562,"

and his "Justing betwixt Adamsons and Sym," serves only to make us admire its model, "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the more. For his love "ballats," however, he well merits the title which his admirers have bestowed upon him.

RETURN thee hameward, heart, again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be ;
 Thou art ane fule, to suffer pain
 For luv of her that luv'es not thee :
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Luv'e nane but as they mak thee cause ;
 And let her seek ane heart for thee ;
 For fient a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall
 But thank, sin' thou has thy free will ?
 My heart be not sae bestial,
 But knaw wha does thee guid or ill.
 Remain with me and tarry still,
 And see wha playis best their paws,
 And let fillock gae fling her fill,
 For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Though thou be fair, I will not fenzie
 She is the kind of others mae ;
 For why ? there is a fellow Menzie
 That seemis guid and are not sae.
 My heart, tak nowthir pain nor wae,
 For Meg, for Marjorie, or yet Mause,
 But be thou glad and let her gae ;
 For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Because I find she took in ill,
 At her departing thou mak nae care ;
 But all beguiled go where she will,
 Ashrew the heart that mane maks mair !
 My heart be merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause ;
 And let her fallow ane filly fair,
 For fient a crum of thee she faws.

A RONDEL OF LOVE.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

Lo, what it is to lufe,
 Lerne ye that list to prufe,
 Be me I say, that no wayis may,
 The grund of greif remufe ;
 Bot still decay, both night and day ;
 Lo what it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,
 Kendillit without desyre ;
 Schort plesour, lang displesour,
 Repentance is the hyre ;
 Ane pure tressour, without mesour ;
 Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyiss,
 To rege with gude adwyiss ;
 Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
 Incertane is the dyiss,
 Thair is no man, I say, that can
 Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Fle always frone the snair,
 Lerne at me to be ware ;
 It is ane pane, and dowbill trane,
 Of endless wo and cair ;
 For to refrane, that denger plane,
 Fle always frone the snair.

O LUSTIE MAY.

ALEXANDER SCOTT. (?)

From the *Aberdeen Cantus*, 1666. It also appears in the Bannatyne manuscript.

O lustie May, with Flora quene,
 The balmy drops from Phœbus sheene
 Prelucent beam before the day ;
 By thee Diana groweth green,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Aurora that is so bright
 To woful hearts she casts great light,
 Right pleasantly before the day,
 And shows and sheds forth of that light,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on the boughs, of every sort,
 Send forth their notes, and make great mirth
 On banks that bloom, and every brae ;
 And fare and flee ower every firth,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

And lovers all that are in care
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh morning before the day ;
 And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Of everie moneth in the year
 To mirthful May there is no peer ;
 Her glistering garments are so gay ;
 You lovers all make merry cheer
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

WOOING OF JOCK AND JENNY.

The Bannatyne manuscript contains a version of this in an older style, which will be found in the introduction to this work, we here give the more modernised version adopted by Ramsay (and except in a very few instances by Herd). The principal merit of the song lies in the comprehensive inventory it presents of the worldly "guids and gear" of a Scottish farmer of the time.

ROB'S JOCK cam' to woo our Jenny,
 On ae feast day when we were fou ;
 She brankit fast, and made her bonnie,
 And said Jock, come ye here to woo ?
 She burnist her, baith breast and brou,
 And made her clear as ony clock ;
 Then spak' her dame, and said, I trou
 Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, Forsuith, I yearn fu' fain,
 To luk my head, and sit down by you :
 Then spak' her minny, and said again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you,
 Tehie ! quo' Jenny ; Keik, keik, I see you ;
 Minny, yon man makes but a mock,
 Deil hae the liers, fu leis me o' you,
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her ain ;
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
 A bake-bread, and a bannock-stane,
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there ben,
 A kame but and a kaming stock ;
 With cogs and luggies nine or ten :
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A wecht, a peat-creel, and a cradle,
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
 An ark, an ambry, and a laidle,
 A milsie, and a sowen-pail,
 A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
 And a timber-mell the bear to knock,
 Twa shelves made of an auld fir-dale ;
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
 A tub, a barrow, and a seck,
 A spurtle-braid, and an elwand.
 Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,
 And cry'd, A feast! and slew a cock,
 And made a bridal upo' land,
 Now I ha'e got your Jenny, quo' Jock,

Now dame, I have your dochter married,
 And tho' ye mak' it ne'er sae tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
 It's well kend I ha'e gear enough;
 An auld gawd gloyd fell owre a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock:
 Withouten owsen I have a pleugh:
 May that no ser your Jenny, quo' Jock?

A t'reen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa bits of barket blasint leather,
 A graith that ganes to coble shoon,
 And a thrawcruck to twyne a teather,
 Twa crocks that moup among the heather,
 A pair of branks and a fetter lock,
 A tough purse made of a swine's blether,
 To haud your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to claut the byre,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle;
 The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
 And Rob my eem hecht me a stock,
 Twa lusty lips to lick a laiddle,
 May this no gane your Jenny, quo' Jock?

A pair of hems and brechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle renzie,
 A sark made of the linkome-twine,
 A grey green cloke that will not stenzie;
 Mair yet in store—I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
 And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
 To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak' thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I am weel bodin:
 Ye needna say my part is least,
 Were they as meikle as they're lodin'.

The wife speer'd gin the kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak' hame the brok,
 The roast was teugh as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.—“It is certainly a composition of considerable antiquity, probably from style and structure of verse by the author of the ‘Gaberlunzie Man.’”—*Robert Chambers.*

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
 Tho' he could neither say nor do ;

The truth I tell to you.
 But ay he crys, whate'er betide,
 Maggy I'se ha'e to be my bride,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee ;
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doughter's love to win ;
 I care no for making meikle din,
 What answer gi' ye me ?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town ?
 I think my doughter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wov but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;
 I scorn to tell a lie :
 Besides, I had frae the great laird
 A peat pat, and a lang-kail-yard,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waist,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
 And for mysell you need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
 He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
 But to yoursell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no meikle,
 But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three souns of sheep, twa good milk ky,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
 Troth I dow do no mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;
 I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythsome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie;

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanc'd in our ladses' e'en,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobbit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their lips together met,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

Born at Kinaldie in Fife, in 1570. He was brought under the notice of James VI. by a Latin poem on that monarch's accession to the English Throne ; and entering the Royal Household, became Private Secretary to the Queen, &c. He was the personal friend of many literary personages, and amongst others of Ben Jonson, Hobbes, Sir James Balfour, Earl of Stirling, Drummond of Hawthornden, &c. He died in 1638, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His poetical works were collected and published in 1844. The song is here given from Watson's collection, 1711. Burns wrote a version, but without his usual success.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee,
 Had I not found the slightest pray'r
 That lips could speak, had pow'r to move thee ;
 But I can let thee now alone
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 Which kisseth everything it meets ;
 And since thou can'st love more than one
 Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells !
 But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile,
 Like fair flow'rs to be thrown aside,
 And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile
 To see thy love to every one,
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame,
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same?
 He that can love unlov'd again,
 Hath better store of love than brain;
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou had still continued mine,
 Nay, if thou had remain'd thine own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recall,
 That it thou might elsewhere enthrall;
 And, then, how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain.

What new desires have conquer'd thee,
 And chang'd the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no pray'rs to say,
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice—
 Thy choice, of his good fortune boast,
 I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost.
 The height of my disdain shall be
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging at a beggar's door.

OLD LONG SYNE.

ASCRIBED TO SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

From Watson's COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH POEMS, part 3, but has been traced in Broad-sides prior to the close of the seventeenth century (Chambers); it has also been ascribed to Francis Semple of Beltrees. This song is curious, apart from its own merits, as showing that the phrase "Auld Lang Syne" was current as early as the time of Charles I.,

and as the earliest known attempt to turn it into song. Allan Ramsay wrote a song under this title, and with the same sentiment, but his version, like the present, only leads us to admire more highly that of Robert Burns.

PART FIRST.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon,
 The flames of love extinguished,
 And freely past and gone?
 Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
 In that loving breast of thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old long syne?

Where are thy protestations,
 Thy vows, and oaths, my dear,
 Thou mad'st to me and I to thee,
 In register yet clear?
 Is faith and truth so violate
 To th' immortal gods divine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old long syne?

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,
 That makes thy spirits decay?
 Or is't some object of more worth
 That's stolen thy heart away?
 Or some desert makes thee neglect
 Him, so much once was thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On old long syne?

Is't worldly cares, so desperate,
 That makes thee to despair?
 Is't that makes thee exasperate,
 And makes thee to forbear?
 If thou of that were free as I,
 Thou surely should be mine;
 If this were true, we should renew
 Kind old long syne.

But since that nothing can prevail,
 And all hope is in vain,
 From these dejected eyes of mine
 Still showers of tears shall rain:
 And though thou hast me now forgot,
 Yet I'll continue thine,
 And ne'er forget for to reflect
 On old long syne.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
 That truly is call'd mine,
 And can afford but country cheer,
 Or ought that's good therein;
 Though thou wert rebel to the king,
 And beat with wind and rain,
 Assure thyself of welcome, love,
 For old long syne.

PART SECOND.

My soul is ravish'd with delight
 When you I think upon;
 All griefs and sorrows take their flight,
 And hastily are gone;
 The fair resemblance of your face
 So fills this breast of mine,
 No fate nor force can it displace,
 For old long syne.

Since thoughts of you do banish grief,
 When I'm from you removed;
 And if in them I find relief,
 When with sad cares I'm moved,
 How doth your presence me affect
 With ecstasies divine,
 Especially when I reflect
 On old long syne.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart,
 By those resistless powers
 Which Madam Nature doth impart
 To those fair eyes of yours,
 With honour it doth not consist
 To hold a slave in pyne;
 Pray let your rigour, then, desist,
 For old long syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,
 By deprecating pains;
 Sure, liberty he would not have
 Who glories in his chains:
 But this I wish—the gods would move
 That noble soul of thine
 To pity, if thou canst not love,
 For old long syne.

SCORNFU NANCY.

Ramsay's *TEA TABLE MISCELLANY*.—Where it is marked as of unknown age. It is considered by Mr. Stenhouse to be as early as the union of the Crowns in 1603. The tune was selected by Gay for one of the songs in his Opera of "Achilles," performed in 1733.

NANCY'S to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And aye when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny, or my auntie?
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Langkale and ranty-tanty:
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fu' butter'd weel;
 And was not that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
 ('Tis daffin to be vaunty,)
 He keepit aye a good kale yard,
 A ha'-house, and a pantry;
 A guid blue-bonnet on his head,
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigie;
 And aye until the day he died
 He rade on guid shanks-naigie.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye ha'e bonnie Nancy,
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me,
 A docken to a tansie?
 I have a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
 Do I no ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy;
 His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a good braidsword,
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye widna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear you:
 Sae haud ye'r tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

One of our earliest and most popular songs. The fourth stanza is sung by Iago in Shakspeare's *Othello* (1611), where, however, the name of the monarch is changed from the Scottish *Robert* to the English *Stephen*. A version in a more English dress than the one here given is in Percy's folio manuscript. Amongst other variations we have "King Harry" in place of "King Robert,—the Thretty year is changed into Four and Forty, and an extra stanza is given.* Neither Dr. Percy, nor the later Editors of the manuscript, however, dispute the nationality of the song. The version here given is from the *Tea Table Miscellany*, collated with that given in *Herd*.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'nin a' our kye to kill:
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me richt hastilie,
 Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

* This Stanza, the second in the manuscript version, is as follows:—

"O Bell, my wiffe! why dost thou flyte?
 Thou kens my cloake is verry thin;
 Itt is soe sore ower worne,
 A cricke theron cannot runn.
 I'll goe find the court within,
 Ile noe longer lend nor borrow,
 Ile goe find the court within,
 For ile have a new cloake about me."

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kin';
 Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne ;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines i' the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end ;
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thretty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a croun ;
 He said they were a groat ower dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon ;
 He was the king that wore a croun,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree :
 It's pride puts a' the country down ;
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin i' the ase?—
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
 And we ha'e had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 If you would prove a gude husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she would guide me if she can ;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman :

Nought's to be gain'd at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

Thomson's ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS 1725. This undoubtedly early song seems to have escaped the notice of Ramsay. Its catalogue of "Guids and Gear" is interesting and amusing, and forms a good supplement to that given in the "Wooing of Jock and Jenny," from the popularity of which it, in all likelihood, had its origin.

My daddy left me gear enough :
 A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
 A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,
 A fishing-wand with hook and line ;
 With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,
 A jerkenet, scarce worth a louse,
 An auld pat, that wants the lug,
 A spurtle and a sowen mug.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,
 A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
 A muck-fork, and an auld peak-creel,
 The spakes of our auld spinning-wheel ;
 A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
 With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
 A whang-bit and a sniffle-bit :
 Cheer up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff, a timmer-spit,
 An auld kirn and a hole in it,
 Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
 A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
 A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon,
 Wi' an auld pair o' clouted shoon,
 A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
 A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
 The pinion of an auld car-saddle,
 A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,
 A mitten for the left hand,
 With an auld broken pan of brass,
 With an auld hyeuk for cutting grass,
 An auld band, and a hoodling-how,
 I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weel now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
 With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
 And it was a' for want of gear,
 That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare:
 But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,
 For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
 And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
 Cheer up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel' I did advise,
 My daddie's gear for to comprise;
 Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
 What gear my daddy left to me.
 They sat three-quarters of a year,
 Comprising of my daddy's gear;
 And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.

WHERE HELEN LIES.

Pennant (*TOUR IN SCOTLAND*, V. 2, 101) describes the tradition on which this song is founded, as follows:—

“In the burying-ground of Kirkconnel is the grave of the fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover: she was daughter of the house of Kirkconnel, and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment, and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, that washes these grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed; and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death; then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels; on his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tombstone, with *Hic jacet Adam Fleming*: the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman, except an ancient ballad of no great merit, which records the tragical event.” “Which,” he adds in a note, “happened either the latter end of the reign of James V., or the beginning of that of Mary.”

Other traditions vary in minute particulars—for instance, the heroine is sometimes described as Helen Bell—the mortal combat between the rivals takes place in Syria, &c.

There are numerous versions of the song, the first here given is from Ritson's *Scots Songs*, the second is that adopted by Mr. Robert Chambers, and is “chiefly from the traditionary copy preserved by Mr. Charles K. Sharpe, as he had been accustomed to hear it sung in Annandale in his childhood.”

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
 Where day and night she on me cries!
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkonnell lee!

Oh Helen fair! Oh Helen chaste!
 Were I with thee I would be blest!
 Where thou liest low, and at thy rest,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee

I wish my grave were growing green!
 My winding sheet put o'er my e'en!
 I wish my grave were growing green,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee!

Where Helen lies! where Helen lies!
 I wish I were where Helen lies!
 Soon may I be where Helen lies!
 Who died for luve of me.

SECOND VERSION.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 For night and day on me she cries,
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Curst be the hand that shot the shot,
 Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack,
 Into my arms Burd Helen lap,
 And died for love o' me.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,
 To see her lie and speak nae mair!
 There did she swoon wi' nickle care,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw,
 I cuttit him in pieces sma',
 I cuttit him in pieces sma',
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Oh, Helen fair, without compare,
 I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
 And wear the same for evernair,
 Until the day I dee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding-sheet put ower my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

Oh Helen chaste, thou were modest;
 Were I with thee I wad be blest,
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 For night and day on me she cries;
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

JAMES, FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE,

Born in 1612. His short but glorious career is well known to every reader of Scottish History. Beginning his public life on the side of the Covenant, he in 1642 left their camp, and joined the standard of Charles I. His victories, talent, courage and fidelity in the Royal cause gained him the title of Great. Defeated at length, he took refuge in Assint, but was betrayed and delivered up to the Scottish Parliament. After undergoing a form of trial at Edinburgh, he was executed there in 1650.

Seven poems by this nobleman appeared in the third part of Watson's choice collection of Scotch Poems, 1711, and these were probably but reprinted from Broad-sides. The song here given is the first and finest of the whole. It is supposed to have been modelled on an early English song, and to be addressed by the author to his country instead of a mistress in real life, and this latter supposition will be allowed as correct if we consider the deep metaphorical cloud under which the poets of the period clothed their fancies.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be govern'd by no other sway,
 But purest monarchy ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 I'll call a synod in my heart
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone,
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe :
 But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
 Thou storm or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others should pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me ;

Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er were known before;
 I'll deck and crown my head with bays,
 And love thee evermore.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

Ramsay's *TEA TABLE MISCELLANY*.—Printed without any mark. Burns mentions a tradition that an old song, probably an older version of the words here given, was composed by a member of the Kenmure family alluding to one of his amours. The air is sometimes styled "The Blacksmith and his apron."

HAVE ye any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of siller as of grace;
 Disbanded, we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron,
 Fa, adrie, diddle, diddle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment;
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For, lady fair, though I appear
 To every ane a tinker,
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turn'd for his loved Leda;
 He like a bull ower meadows ran,
 To carry off Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argus blinker,
 And win your love like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinker?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man ;
 But this fine plot you'll fail in ;
 For there is neither pot nor pan,
 Of mine, you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron ;
 For I've a tinker under tack,
 That's used to clout my ca'dron.

FARE YE WELL MY AULD WIFE.

A Fragment preserved in Herd's Collection.

AND fare ye weel, my auld wife ;
 Sing bum, bee, berry, bum ;
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife ;
 Sing bum, bum, bum.
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 The steerer up o' sturt and strife,
 The maut 's abune the meal the night,
 Wi' some, some, some.
 And fare ye weel, my pike-staff ;
 Sing bum, bee, berry, bum ;
 Fare ye weel, my pike-staff ;
 Sing bum, bum, bum.
 Fare ye weel, my pike staff,
 Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff ;
 The maut 's abune the meal the night,
 Wi' some, some, some.

GALA WATER.

From Herd's COLLECTION, slightly collated with other copies. The earliest version extant of this celebrated song.

BRAW, braw lads of Gala Water,
 O! braw lads of Gala Water ;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonnie blue her een, and cheerie,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.
 Ower yon bank, and ower yon brae,
 Ower yon moss among the heather,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
 Down amang the broom sae drearie,
 The lassie lost her silken snood
 That gart her greet till she was wearie.

BONNIE ROBIN.

Herd's COLLECTION. Mr. Chambers (Scottish Songs, Vol. 1. p. 97, 1829) conjectures this song to have been written about 1641. In 1622 "the Old Bridge of Tay at Perth, built by Robert Bruce, gave way and was not built again till 1772. The mending or re-erection of the Bridge of Tay was a matter of agitation during the reign of Charles I. and that Sovereign when in Scotland in 1641, subscribed a hundred pounds for the purpose."

GUDE day now, bonnie Robin,
 How lang ha' ye been here?
 I've been a bird about this bush
 This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird
 That ever sat on brier;
 And I wad mak my testament,
 Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gar' tak' this bonnie neb o' mine,
 That picks upon the corn,
 And gie't to the duke o' Hamilton,
 To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak' these bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my neb,
 And gi'e to the lady 'o Hamilton,
 To fill a feather bed.

Gar tak' this gude richt leg o' mine,
 And mend the brig o' Tay,
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It will neither bow nor [gae.]

And tak' this other leg of mine,
 And mend the brig o' Weir;
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my tail,
 And gi'e to the lads o' Hamilton
 To be a barn-flail.

And tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my breast,
 And gi'e them to the bonnie lad,
 Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam' my lady wren,
 Wi' mony a sigh and groan,
 O what care I for a' the lads,
 If my wee lad be gone!

Then Robin turn'd him round about,
 E'en like a little king;
 Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,
 Ye little cutty-quean.

GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.—“It seems to have been written by some sneering cavalier as a quiz upon the Scottish army, which marched to join the English parliamentary forces, 1644, in terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, and which was so instrumental in winning for that party the decisive battle of Longmarston Moor.”—(*Chambers Scottish Songs, vol. 1, p. 172.*)

MARCH, march, why the deil do ye na march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order;
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain;
 The Parliament[s] blyth to see us a coming.
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae Popish relics, and a' sic innovations,
 That all the warld may see,
 There's nane i' the right, but we
 Of the auld Scottish nation.
 Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Jocky the sark of God;
 And the kist fou of whistles,
 That make sic a cleiro,
 Our pipers braw
 Shall hae them a'
 Whate'er come on it.
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets.
 March, march, &c.

BLINK O'ER THE BURN SWEET BETTY.

"Blink o'er the bourn, sweet Bettie, to me," is the beginning of a fragment quoted in *King Lear*, (Act iii. Sc. 6.) The expression has also been traced by Dr. Rimbault as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. None of the fragments, however, bear any resemblance to either of the versions here given, the first from Herd's Collection, 1776 (also adopted by Ritson), and the second from Stenhouse's Illustrations, and stated there to have been written previous to 1684.

I.

IN summer I mawed my meadow,
 In harvest I shure my corn,
 In winter I married a widow,
 I wish I was free the morn!
 Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
 Blink over the burn to me:
 O, it is a thousand pities
 But I was a widow for thee!

II.

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty,
 It is a cauld winter night;
 It rains, it hails, and it thunders,
 The moon she gi'es nae light:
 It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
 That ever I tint my way;
 O lassie let me creep ayont thee,
 Until it be break o' day.

III.

O Betty shall bake my bread,
 And Betty shall brew my ale,
 And Betty shall be my love,
 When I come over the dale;
 Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty,
 Blink o'er the burn to me:
 And while I ha'e life, my dear lassie,
 My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

THE WREN.

An old Nursery song, from Herd's Collection.

THE wren scho lyes in care's bed,
 In care's bed, in care's bed;
 The wren scho lyes in care's bed,
 In meikle dule and pyne, O.
 When in cam' Robin Redbriest,
 Redbriest, Redbriest;
 When in cam' Robin Redbriest
 Wi' succar-saps and wine, O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
 Taste o' this, taste o' this;
 Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?
 It's succar-saps and wine, O.
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
 Robin, Robin;
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
 Gin it was ne'er sae fine, O.

* * * * *

And where's the ring that I gied ye,
 That I gied ye, that I gied ye;
 And where's the ring that I gied ye,
 Ye little cutty-quean, O?
 I gied it till a soger,
 A soger, a soger;
 I gied it till a soger,
 A true sweetheart o' mine, O.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

IN Percy's Reliques, we are presented with an early version of "John Anderson My Joe," very much after the style of that here given. The Air seems to have been always very popular, and Percy's surmise is likely correct, that his version has a political meaning, and originated solely in consequence of the popularity of the Air assisting the Reformers in venting a quiet sarcasm against their enemies. The version here given is from the Additional Note to Stenhouse's Illustrations, part 3, and were communicated by Mr. C. K. Sharpe.

Hoo are ye, Kimmer,
 An' hoo do ye thrive?
 Hoo mony bairns hae ye?
 Kimmer, I hae five.

An we're a' noddin,
 Nid, nid, noddin,
 An we're a' noddin
 At our house at hame.

Are they a' Johnnie's bairns?
 Na, Kimmer, na!
 For three o' them were gotten
 When Johnnie was awa!

An we're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo;
 Lads like Lassies,
 And Lassies Lads too.

An we're a' noddin, &c.

GET UP, GUDE WIFE.

FROM Ritson's Scots Songs, taken by him from a manuscript of the time of Charles I, in the British Museum.

GET up, gudewife, don on your claise,
 And to the market mak' you boune :
 'Tis lang time sin' your neebors rase ;
 They're weel nigh gotten into the toun.
 See ye don on your better goune,
 And gar the lasse big on the fyre.
 Dame, do not look as ye wad frowne,
 But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

I spier what haste ye hae, gudeman !
 Your mother staid till ye war born ;
 Wad ye be at the tother can,
 To scoure your throat sae sune this morn ?
 Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,
 That ye suld with my rising mell ;
 For when ye have baith said and sworne.
 I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs have a care,
 Sae lang's we wonne in neebor's rawe,
 O' neeborheid to tak' a share,
 And rise up when the cock does crawe ;
 For I have heard an auld said sawe,
 "They that rise last big on the fyre,"
 What wind or weather so ever blaw,
 Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do ye talk of neeborheid ?
 Gif I lig in my bed till noone,
 By nae man's shins I bake my breid,
 And ye need not reck what I have done.
 Nay, look to the clotting o' your shoone,
 And with my rising do not mell :
 For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,
 I'll do but what I will mysel'.

Gudewife, ye maun needs tak' a care
 To save the geare that we ha'e won :
 Or lye away baith plow and car,
 And hang up Ring when a' is done.
 Then may our bairns a-begging run,
 To seek their mister in the myre.
 Sae fair a thread as we ha'e won !
 Dame, do the thing whilk I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a-begging gang,
 Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke;
 Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
 To seek your meat amang gude folke.
 In ika house ye'll get a locke,
 When ye come whar your gossips dwell.
 Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,
 I'll do but what I list mysel'.

Gudewife, you promised, when we were wed,
 That ye wad me truly obey;
 Mess John can witness what you said,
 And I'll go fetch him in this day;
 And, gif that haly man will say,
 Ye's do the thing that I desyre,
 Then sall we sune end up this fray,
 And ye sall do what I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jacke—
 I'll tak' my pleasure at my ease;
 I care not what you say a placke—
 Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.
 And, gin ye want ane of a mease,
 Ye may e'en gae fetch the deil frae helle;
 I wad you wad let your japin cease,
 For I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Well, sin' it will nae better bee,
 I'll tak' my share or a' bee gane:
 The warst card in my hand sall flee,
 And i' faith, I wait I can shifte for ane.
 I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd the waine,
 And the greatest spender sall beare the bell:
 And then, when all the gudes are gane,
 Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel'.

MY JO JANET.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY.—The air is of considerable antiquity, being found under the title of "Long or any old Man" in the Skene MS., 1630.

SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keekin' glass, then.
 Keek into the draw-well,
 Janet, Janet;
 There ye'll see your bonnie sell,
 My jo Janet.

Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
 What if I fa' in, sir?
 Then a' my kin' will say and swear
 I droun'd mysell for sin, sir.
 Haud the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Haud the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,
 Comin' through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.
 Clout the auld—the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,
 My jo Janet.

But, what if, dancin' on the green,
 And skippin' like a maukin,
 They should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be taukin.
 Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacin' horse, then.
 Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
 My jo Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, sir;
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff
 Employs richt aft my hand, sir.
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My jo Janet.
