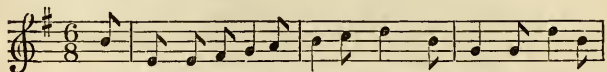
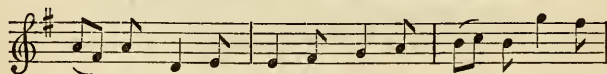


MUIRLAND WILLIE.

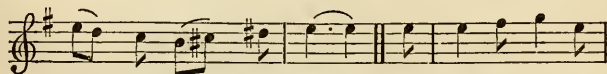
This admirable description of rustic courtship appeared in the *Tea-table Miscellany* and *Orpheus Caledonius*, and has never been omitted from any subsequent collection of Scottish songs. The air, which, Mr Stenhouse tells us, is in a collection of 1709 by Mrs Crockat in his possession, is the basis of a popular modern air styled *My Boy Tammie*.



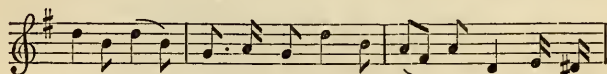
[O] hearken and I will tell you how Young Muirland Willie



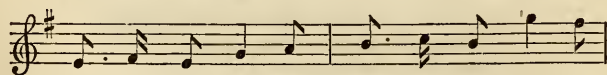
cam to woo, Tho' he could neither say nor do; The



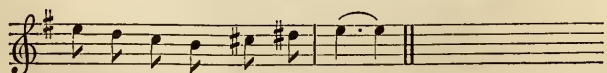
truth I tell to you. But aye he cries, What-



e'er be-tide, Mag-gie I'se hae to be my bride. With a



fal da dal la lal la la lal la, lal



la fa lal la fa lal lal.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie cam to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do ;

The truth I tell to you.

But aye he cries, Whate'er betide,
 Maggie I'se hae to be my bride.

With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yaud as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on with mickle pride,
 With mickle mirth and glee ;¹
 Out ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,
 Till he came to her daddie's door.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Guidman, quoth he, be ye within ?
 I'm come your douchter's luve to win :
 I carena for makin' muckle din ;

What answer gie you me ?—

Now, wooer, quoth he, wad ye licht down,
 I'll gie ye my douchter's luve to win.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lichtit down,
 Where do ye win, or in what toun ?
 I think my douchter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he steppit up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse !

With a fal, dal, &c.

¹ 'This lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times when thieves were rife, and the lads went a-wooing in their war-like habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances. Willie's dirk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person.'—BURNS.

I hae three owsen in a pleuch,
 Twa guid gaun yauds,¹ and gear eneuch—
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;²
 I scorn to tell a lie :
 Besides I haud, frae the great laird,
 A peat-spot and a lang-kale yard.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle broun ;
 It was the brawest in a' the toun ;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stendit up in haste,
 And grippit her hard about the waist.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here ;
 I'm young, and hae eneuch o' gear ;
 And for mysel ye needna fear,
 Troth, try me when ye like.
 He took aff his bannet, and spat in his chew,
 He dichtit his gab, and he pried her mou'.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and beingit fu' law :
 She hadna will to say him na ;
 But to her daddie she left it a',
 As they twa could agree.
 The luvver he gave her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her daddie and tellt him this.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

¹ Work-horses.

² That is, Coldenough, indicating an elevated and exposed situation. There are many similar names of places in Scotland, as Caldcots, Dead-for-cald, &c.

Your douchter wadna say me na,
 But to yoursel she has left it a',
 As we could 'gree between us twa—

Say what will ye gie me wi' her ?

Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na mickle,
 But sic as I hae ye 'se get a pickle.

With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' o' corn I 'll gie to thee,
 Three soums o' sheep, twa guid milk kye ;
 Ye 'se hae the waddin'-dinner free ;

Troth, I dow do nae mair.

Content, quoth Willie, 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 blithesome lad and lass ;
 But siccan a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straitit hands ;
 Mess John tied up the marriage-bands.

With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue ;
 Frae tap to tae they were bran new,

And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our lads's een.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum-dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he ower her, and she ower him ;
 The minstrels they did never blin',

Wi' mickle mirth and glee ;

And aye they bobbit, and aye they beck't,
 And aye they reel'd, and aye they set.

With a fal, dal, &c.