

TWEEDSIDE.

It would have been surprising if the beautiful stream which pervades the pastoral region of southern Scotland had not been taken up as a subject both by the musician and the poet. It was in reality so at a comparatively early period, if tradition is right in assigning the following canzonet to Lord Yester—born 1645, died 1713—eventually the second Marquis of Tweeddale—a distinguished statesman of the reigns of William and Anne, and noted for his concern in promoting that union of the kingdoms which lost for the Tweed its only unenviable characteristic as the division between two portions of an island designed by nature to be one. It cannot be said that the four simple verses ascribed to Lord Yester are of signal merit; yet it is possible that, with the aid of the beautiful melody, they might be tolerably effective. I have heard that when Lady Grizel Baillie sang this song, she generally drew tears from her auditory.

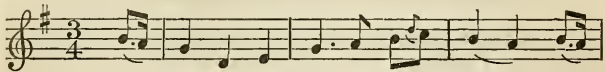
When Maggie and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I wooed, but I cam nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggie my love I did tell,
 My tears did my passion express ;
 Alas ! for I lo'ed her ower weel,
 And the women lo'e sic a man less.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld ;
 Her pride had my ruin decreed ;
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

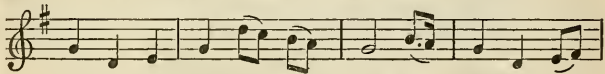
In the reign of George I., when our national melodies and songs were beginning to make their way into good company, there was a young gentleman named Robert Crawford, who manifested a decided gift in pastoral poesy. There has been some doubt as to his family, and even his Christian name ; but it may now be regarded as settled that he was not William Crawford of the Auchinames family, in Renfrewshire, as was at one time commonly set forth, but Robert Crawford, second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy, in that county. Having an elder brother named Thomas, who was successively secretary to the embassy of the Earl of Stair, and envoy extraordinary to the court of Versailles, Robert came, by a natural train of circumstances, to spend some years in France, and it is believed that he died in returning from that country in the year 1732. There is so much obscurity about him, that we are glad to lay hold of any tolerably well-authenticated fact which brings him as a reality before us ; and therefore I here recall that Mr Ramsay of Auchtertyre, writing to Robert Burns in 1787, speaks of a conversation he had just had with a Colonel Edmondstone, who remembered being at his cousin Robert Crawford's funeral fifty-five years before. Colonel Edmondstone added the interesting particular, that he was 'a pretty young man.'

Robert Crawford's poetical genius was entirely for the Scottish pastoral, an idealisation of the life of the hard-working peasantry of his native country into shepherds with pipes and crooks and coy damosels, seated among purling brooks and shady groves. His strains had at the same time a mellowness and flow—even

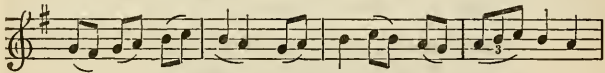
a tenderness—that suited well the rising taste of the people and the age. Crawford was pleased to sing of Tweed, the Bush aboon Traquair, and the Broom of the Cowdenknowes, instead of any of the less romantic scenes of his own west-country, as the following series of his pieces will evince. His song entitled *Tweedside* appeared with the music in his own lifetime, being presented in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725.



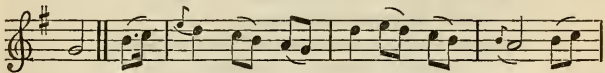
What beau-ties does Flo-ra dis - close! How



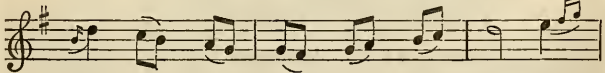
sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed! Yet Ma-ry's, still



sweet-er than those, Both na-ture and fan-cy ex -



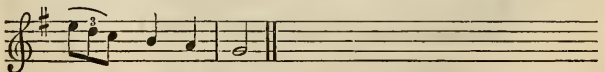
ceed. No dai - sy, nor sweet blushing rose, Not



all the gay flowers of the field, Not



Tweed, glid - ing gent - ly through those, Such beau - ty and



plca - sure does yield.

What beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead ;
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulgin' my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel ;
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell ;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh, tell me at morn where they feed ?
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

The tradition of Scottish society has preserved for us the

object of Crawford's poetic affections in the person of Mary Scott, second daughter of John Scott of Harden. She was a woman of uncommon personal attractions, as is amply proved by a portrait of her by Allan Ramsay, junior, in Hamilton Palace—the subject of an almost raving admiration to Pennant, in his *Tour of Scotland*. It was about 1725 that Mary Scott was in the zenith of her charms, and Crawford was not the only bard who celebrated them. There was an old and now lost ditty, with a simple air of one strain, commemorating Mary Scott, 'the Flower of Yarrow,' as she was called—namely, a daughter of Scott of Dryhope in Yarrow, who married the famous Walter Scott of Harden in the time of Queen Mary, and who consequently was an ancestress of the now reigning beauty. On this strain, which was probably unfit for ears polite, Allan Ramsay built up a short song in his usual manner, designed as a compliment to the contemporary beauty, and repeating in her favour the title of 'the Flower of Yarrow,' in spite of its inappropriateness as regarded her nativity and residence. It begins thus :

Happy the love which meets return,
 But mine meets only slight and scorn ;
 Oh, that I ne'er had seen yon tower,
 That shelters Yarrow's fairest flower !
 'Mang circling hills that guard her hame,
 The bonnie loch's clear waters gleam,
 And there lives she whom nane can marrow,
 Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow.¹

I had the advantage, many years ago, of hearing Sir Walter Scott speak of this poetic heroine, whom he called the *Second Flower of Yarrow*, as one whom he had himself known, although

¹ 'L. M. M. R.,' in *Notes and Queries*, March 18, 1854, gives a verse of the old song of *Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow*, as the only one he remembers :

Mary's black, and Mary's white,
 Mary is the king's delight,
 The king's delight, the prince's marrow,
 Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow !

at rather an early period of his life. She was commonly recognised in fashionable circles by the name of *Cadie Scott*, from having once, by way of a girlish frolic, gone to a fancy-ball in the dress of a *cadie*, or street-porter. 'I remember her,' he said, 'as an old lady, distinguished for elegant manners and high spirit, though struggling with the disadvantages of a narrow income, as her father's estate, being entailed on heirs-male, went to another branch of the Harden family. I have heard a hundred times from those who lived at the time, that *Tweedside* and *Mary Scott the Flower of Yarrow*, were both written upon this much admired lady.' Sir Walter added: 'The facts could not but be well known to me, as living in the utmost intimacy with the Harden family, and being descended from their eldest cadet, Scott of Raeburn.'¹