

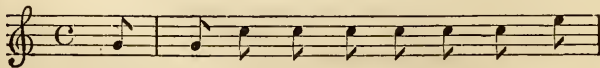
THE HIGHLANDMAN'S COMPLAINT.

One of the very old airs of Scotland bore the name of *Clout the Caldron*. Father Hay, in his *Genealogy of the Hayes of Tweeddale*, written about 1690, says that the song of *The Clouting of the Caldron* was written upon a grandfather of Sir John Sinclair of Stevenston, who was 'a famous brewer in Leith, where the Sinclair Society [probably a brewing company] is yet extant.' The liveliness of the air is said to have drawn from the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane the declaration that, if he were going to be hanged, he would choose to have *Clout the Caldron* played by the way. The original song being quite too rough for introduction to a tea-table, Allan Ramsay modified it into a strain which he honestly believed to be fit for the society of

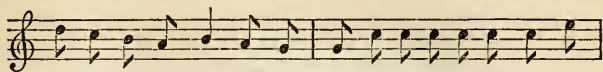
——ilka lovely British lass,
 Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
 Down to ilk bonnie singing Bess,
 Wha dances barefoot on the green—

but which we, in these days, would decidedly condemn to the back of the stable-door at best. Thus all connected with *Clout the Caldron* is put out of court, except the air.

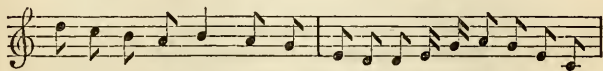
That this may not be lost, it is here given in connection with a song which appears to have been composed for it about the middle of the last century, being a mountaineer's deploration on the changes then introduced into his country, for what was thought to be its improvement, including good roads. This song, commonly entitled *Turnimspike*, was published in Herd's Collection.



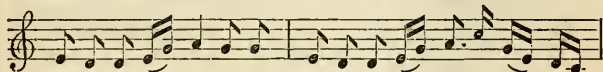
Her - sel pe High - land shen - tle - man, Pe



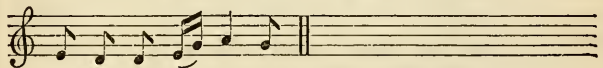
auld as Pothwell Prig, man; And ma - ny al - ter - a - tions seen A -



mang te Lawland Whig, man. Fa la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa



la la la, Fa la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa



la la la, Fa la la.

Hersel pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
 And many alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
 Fa la la la, Fa la la la la, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came,
 Nainsel was driving cows, man,
 There was nae laws to trouble him,
 About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainsel did wear te philabeg,
 Te plaid prick'd on her shouder ;
 Te guid claymore hung py her pelt ;
 Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her legs pe lockit ;
 Ohon that ere she saw the day !
 For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Everything in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration ;
Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te caudger ;
Nainsel wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man ;

And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn-riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they gie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man ;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsel maun draw her purse,
And pay him what him like, man ;
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.