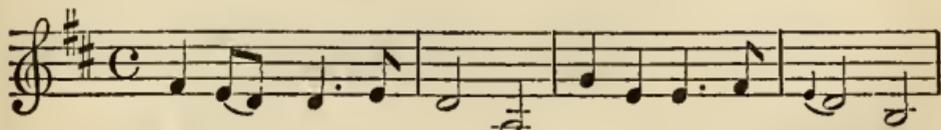
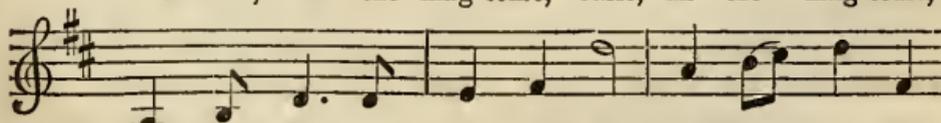


CARLE, AN THE KING COME!

This song, in its first form, probably originated in the days of the Commonwealth, when the Restoration was a subject of daily prayers to the loyalists. Ramsay afterwards introduced a version of his own in *The Gentle Shepherd*, beginning, 'Peggy, now the king's come.' The copy here given is that improved by Burns for Johnson's *Museum*; the second stanza is believed to be wholly his.



Car - le, an the king come, Carle, an the king come,



Thou shalt dance and I will sing, Car - le an the



king come. An some - bo - dy were come a - gain, Then

some - bo - dy maun cross the main; And ev' - ry man shall
hae his ain, O Car - le, an the king come.

Carle, an the king come,
Carle, an the king come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an the king come.

An somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main;
And every man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swappit for the worse;
We ga'e the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the corse,
Carle, an the king come.

Cogie, an the king come,
Cogie, an the king come,
I'se be fou and thou'se be toom,
Cogie, an the king come.

When George IV. was about to land in Scotland, Sir Walter Scott got his old music-master, Alister Campbell, to play over the air of *Carle, an the King come*; and when he had got its strain into his head (which Alister told me a few days after was no easy matter), he scribbled a long series of verses anticipating the doings of the royal visit, with the burden of 'Carle, now the king's come,' and had it printed on ballad-paper for sale in the streets.