

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

This is an effort in the pastoral style of Crawford by a man who occupied rather a broad space in the public eye in Scotland, in the middle of the eighteenth century. Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, the third baronet of the series, appears to have been a man of fine sagacity, very considerable accomplishments, and good talents for public business. The Rev. Dr Somerville of Jedburgh, who was intimately acquainted with him, speaks in the highest terms of Sir Gilbert's talents and of his amiable general character. As member for Roxburghshire, he rose to be Treasurer of the Navy, and was at one time in some likelihood of being appointed Speaker. He died in the vigour of life in January 1777.

Sir Gilbert displayed a gift of verse-making at the early age of fourteen, when he composed some lines in compliment to Mr Murray, on his defending the magistrates of Edinburgh in parliament against the charge brought against them on account of the Porteous Riot.¹ Like his sister, Miss Jeanie, he wrote one Scotch song, which has been ever held in esteem :

My sheep I ne-glect-ed—I lost my sheep-
hook, And all the gay haunts of my

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

¹ These verses are in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1737, p. 509.

youth I for - sook; No more for A-
 myn - ta fresh gar - lands I wove; For am-
 bi-tion, I said, would soon cure me of love. Oh,
 what had my youth with am - bi - tion to do? Why
 left I A - myn - ta? Why broke I my vow? Oh,
 give me my sheep, and my sheep - hook re-
 store, And I'll wan - der from love and A-
 myn - ta no more.

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? Why broke I my vow ?
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love !
 Oh, fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well-founded, a passion so true !
 Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
 Poor shepherd ! Amynta no more can be thine ;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.

The air for which this song was written is one commonly called in old collections *My Apron, Dearie*, from a rude song in which these words were conspicuous, of which it was the original music.

In connection with the poetical gifts of the brother and sister Gilbert and Jean Elliot, it is interesting to know that their father Sir Gilbert, a judge of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Minto, and who died in 1763, was a lover of poetry, and shewed in himself a gift for verse. The only composition of his which has been brought to light, is an Italian canzonet which he wrote for Signora Passini, to be sung to a Scotch air at some of the concerts at which she appeared about the 'fifties.'

Veduto in prato
 Il mio pastor,
 Il crin coronato,
 D'un serto di fior'.
 Il sole negli occhi
 La fide nel sen',
 Ah ! dove s' asconde ?
 Il caro mio ben' ?

Al bosco, al monte,
La cerco in van,
E, presso al fonte
Non trovo ch' il can ;
Ah ! cane fedele
Deh ! dimmi perche ;
Il mio crudele
S' asconde di me ?¹
