

EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

The following is another happy song by the amiable Skinner of Longmay. It seems to refer to some simple domestic incident; yet there was an earlier and still more simple song of the same strain.

The musical score is written on three staves of a single treble clef in 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some dotted rhythms. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words split across lines. A small 'o' is centered below the final line of lyrics.

O, were I a - ble to re - hearse, My
ew - ie's praise in pro - per verse, I'd sound it out as
loud and fierce as ev - er pip - er's drone could blaw. My
o

ew - ie wi' the crook - it horn! A' that kenn'd her
 would hae sworn, Sic a ew - ie ne'er was born,
 Here - a - bouts nor far a - wa'.

O, were I able to rehearse,
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn!
 A' that kenn'd her would hae sworn,
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
 Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
 To mark her upon hip or heel;
 Her crookit hornie did as weel,
 To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd;
 For, silly thing, she never miss'd
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock ;
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I ga'e to Jean ; and now
 The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her ;
 Ance she lay an ouk and langer
 Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kale for a' the tyke,¹
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But teesed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mischanter should come ower her,
 Or the foomart micht devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping
 (Wha can tell o't without greeting ?),
 A villain cam, when I was sleeping,
 Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
 And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
 There I fand her crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa'.

¹ Notwithstanding the dog.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I hae sworn as weel as said it,
 Although the laird himsel forbid it,
 I sall gie his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn :
 At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,
 Safe steekit up ; but, 'gain the morn,
 Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'.

A' the claes that we hae worn,
 Frae her and hers sae aft was shorn ;
 The loss o' her we could hae borne,
 Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa'.

O, had she died o' croup or cauld,
 As ewies die when they grow auld,
 It hadna been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
 Beneath a bluidy villain's knife ;
 In troth, I fear that our guidwife
 Will never get abune 't ava.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Frae us stown, and fell'd and a' !

The earlier song of the *Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn* thus appears in a manuscript collection in the possession of Mr Thomas Mansfield, accountant, Edinburgh.

Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn ;
 Ilka day ye steal my corn, ewie wi' the crooked horn ;
 A' the ewes come hame at even, a' the ewes come hame at even,
 A' the ewes come hame at even, crooked hornie bides awa'.

Ilka ewie has a lambie, ilka ewie has a lambie,
Ilka ewie has a lambie, crooked hornie she has twa.
Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn,
Ilka day ye steal my corn, ewie wi' the crooked horn.

A' the ewes gie milk eneugh, a' the ewes gie milk eneugh,
A' the ewes gie milk eneugh, but crooked horn gies maist of a'.
Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn,
Ilka day ye steal my corn, ewie wi' the crooked horn.