
Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland

With Many Old & Familiar Melodies

Edited, with Notes, by Robert Ford

NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION



PAISLEY: ALEXANDER GARDNER

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NOTE.

THIS work, originally issued in TWO LARGE VOLUMES (the first in 1899, and the second in 1901)—the earlier of which went suddenly out of print, and is now sought for by collectors—is here issued in ONE VOLUME, the lesser prized and less characteristic songs and ballads only being omitted, while many new tunes are added, and fuller notes are occasionally given.



PREFACE

NOT many words are required to introduce a work the scope and character of which are so fully expressed on the title-page as in the present instance. I desire only to say, therefore, that the songs and ballads embraced in the succeeding pages—many of them not to be found in any previous collection—are more genuinely those of the rural population of the Scotland of yesterday than almost any that have heretofore appeared together in book form. A number of the pieces, to be sure, including “The Wee Wifukie,” “Heather Jock,” and “The Barrin’ o’ the Door,” are common to all the modern standard collections of Scottish song. But the career of each of these has been nomadic and vagabond, notwithstanding; and while I expect that “The Barrin’ o’ the Door” will be welcome in the company of the old melody to which the country people have always preferred to sing it, “Heather Jock” should be equally, if not more welcome,

because it is printed here entire for the first time in any book, and because, further, in the note accompanying the song, the author is named for the first time, and interesting particulars are furnished regarding the hero of the verses which have not previously appeared. Each and every song, indeed, which is common to the standard collections, and included here, has been admitted for some good reason which will be found stated. What I would esteem to have acknowledged to be a characteristic and distinguishing feature of the collection, and what I claim as its *raison d'être*, is the fact that it embraces not less than nearly a hundred favourite blads of lyric verse which till now have escaped the vigilance of the song-collector. Among these latter—and by far the larger number in the volume—“Dumb, Dumb, Dumb,” may be cited as a song which the late Professor Aytoun knew to be much in favour with country people, and regretted his inability to recover. “The Tinklers’ Waddin’,” “The Bonnie Wee Window,” “Bundle and Go,” “Jinkin’ you, Jockie Lad,” “The Plains o’ Waterloo,” “My Rolling Eye,” “The Bonnet o’ Blue,” and “The Jolly Ploughboy,” too, may be named

as songs which, though widely popular for many years, have existed chiefly in the rural memory. For a good long time I have practised the conceit of noting down these vagabond songs and ballads when and wherever I was favoured with the opportunity of hearing them. Some I secured through correspondence. Some from obscure publications. On the invitation of the proprietors of *The People's Journal*, a selection of them recently appeared in the columns of that widely circulating periodical, with the result that I obtained fresh and interesting particulars about some, and additional verses to others. What was most surprising and gratifying at the same time, as a result of the "sifting" of the pieces through the columns of that paper, was to discover that in all parts of the country, despite the fact of their enjoying an almost exclusively oral existence, the versions in use, north, east, south, and west, were nearly always identical. This, if necessary, might be taken as an eloquent proof of the excellent memory of the Scottish people; or perhaps as an evidence of their common taste in matters literary and poetical. Anyway, here are the songs. It is chiefly to the older members of the living

generation that I am indebted for them. The rapid and general railway service that now obtains, not to speak of the ubiquitous bicycle, has brought the village so close to the town, the hill so near to the street recently, that the rising generations in the country are catching up the howling rhapsodies of the music halls only a day later than the people of the city. It may be vain to expect, then—and I have myself no such hope or expectation—that the time-worn lilt and characteristic pieces forming the present budget will, by virtue of their collected publication, immediately re-engage the popular favour. All I dare hope for them is that they will be cherished by many—not for their literary quality, perhaps, as some of them deserve to be—but as a species of folk-lore, and as songs and ballads that have been the familiar entertainment of the country people of Scotland during three-quarters of the nineteenth century. As a species of folk-lore alone, even the crudest of them are eminently deserving of rescue. Some are dear to us as “Sangs our Mithers sung.” All for one reason or another—but chiefly for the joy they have given to Scottish rural life—are particularly interesting.

The collection could easily have been made larger, but a line had to be drawn with respect to quality and consistency as well as quantity.

Some once-popular ditties, like "The Miller o' Drone," and "The Young Laird o' Kelty," were not admissible by reason of their high-kilted aspect and over-luxuriant character. A hundred years ago, when they were freely sung in mixed companies, they might have been printed without hesitation, and without the risk of giving offence; but the advance in public taste as well as in editorial scrupulousness, renders them now-a-days, happily, an impossible entertainment, either one way or another.

For the old and familiar melodies which appear in the work, and many of them in print now for the first time—melodies, forsooth, which are as characteristically vagabond and national as the ballads they are wedded to, and whose names they bear—my special and grateful thanks are due, and freely acknowledged, to Mr. D. Kippen, of Crieff, from whom, as will be seen in the notes to the songs, textual help has also been occasionally received.

Thanks further are gratefully accorded to Bailie

George Taggart, Glasgow, and to Mr. Alan Reid, Edinburgh, and other musical experts, for the supply of tunes, and no less for their painstaking and capable revision of many of the melodies. Very specially I acknowledge my indebtedness to the late Mr. Craibe Angus, so well known in art circles in Glasgow and the West of Scotland, and to Mr. George Gray, the respected town-clerk of Rutherglen, who freely submitted for perusal, to aid in the work, each his very extensive and valuable collection of Scottish Song Chapbooks. These, though they yielded little, proved valuable often by offering examples for comparison.

R. F.

287 ONSLOW DRIVE,
GLASGOW, 1904.

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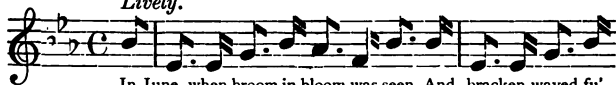
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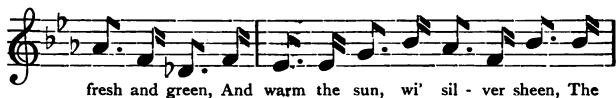
VAGABOND SONGS AND BALLADS

THE TINKLERS' WADDIN'.

Lively.



In June, when broom in bloom was seen, And bracken waved fu'



fresh and green, And warm the sun, wi' sil - ver sheen, The



hills and glens did gladden, O; Ae day up - on the



Border bent, The tinklers pitch'd their gipsy tent, And



auld and young, wi' ae consent, Resolved to haud a waddin', O.

CHORUS.



Dirrim dey, doo a day, Dirrim doo a da dee, O,



Dirrim dey, doo a day, Hurrah for the tinklers' waddin', O.

IN June, when broom in bloom was seen,
 And bracken waved fu' fresh and green,
 And warm the sun, wi' silver sheen,
 The hills and glens did gladden, O ;
 Ae day, upon the Border bent,
 The tinklers pitch'd their gipsy tent,
 And auld and young, wi' ae consent,
 Resolved to haud a waddin', O.

Dirrim dey, doo a day,
 Dirrim doo a da dee, O,
 Dirrim dey, doo a day,
 Hurrah for the tinklers' waddin', O.

The bridegroom was wild Norman Scott,
 Wha thrice had broke the nuptial knot,
 And ance was sentenced to be shot
 For breach o' martial orders, O.
 His gleesome Joe was Madge M'Kell,
 A spaewife, match for Nick himsel',
 Wi' glamour, cantrip, charm, and spell,
 She frichted baith the Borders, O.

Nae priest was there, wi' solemn face,
 Nae clerk to claim o' crowns a brace ;
 The piper and fiddler played the grace
 To set their gabs a-steerin', O.
 'Mang beef and mutton, pork and veal,
 'Mang paunches, plucks, and fresh cow-heel,
 Fat haggises, and cauler jeel,
 They clawed awa' careerin', O.

Fresh salmon, newly taen in Tweed,
 Saut ling and cod o' Shetland breed,
 They worried, till kytes were like to screed,
 'Mang flagons and flasks o' gravy, O.

There was raisin-kail and sweet-milk saps,
And ewe-milk cheese in whangs and flaps,
And they rookit, to gust their gabs and craps,
Right mony a cadger's cavie, O.

The drink flew round in wild galore,
And soon upraised a hideous roar,
Blythe Comus ne'er a queerer core
Saw seated round his table, O.
They drank, they danced, they swore, they sang,
They quarrell'd and 'greed the hale day lang,
And the wranglin' that rang amang the thrang
Wad match'd the tongues o' Babel, O.

The drink gaed dune before their drooth,
That vexed baith mony a maw and mooth,
It damp'd the fire o' age and youth,
And every breast did sadden, O ;
Till three stout loons flew ower the fell,
At risk o' life, their drouth to quell,
And robb'd a neebourin' smuggler's stell,
To carry on the waddin', O.

Wi' thunderin' shouts they hail'd them back,
To broach the barrels they werena slack,
While the fiddler's plane-tree leg they brak'
For playin' "Fareweel to Whisky, O."
Delirium seized the 'roarous thrang,
The bagpipes in the fire they flang,
And sowtherin' airns on riggin's rang,
The drink play'd siccan a plisky, O.

The sun fell laich owre Solway banks,
While on they plied there roughsome pranks,
And the stalwart shadows o' their shanks,
Wide ower the muir were spreadin', O.

Till, heads and thraws, among the whins,
 They fell with broken brows and shins,
 And sair craist banes filled mony skins,
 To close the tinklers' waddin', O.

Who, I wonder, is he that was reared in any country district in Scotland and is old enough to have cut his wisdom teeth and never heard the rarely humorous, graphic, and rattling song of "The Tinklers' Waddin'," which is quite a classic of its kind, though seldom met with in printed form? Even when printed the author's name has not been attached. Yet we know that it was written by William Watt, who was born at West Linton, Peeblesshire, 1792, and was author, besides, of the inimitable song of "Kate Dalrymple." Watt, who was a weaver to trade, cultivated with success the three sister arts of poesy, painting, and music. In his early career he removed to East Kilbride, where for a time he was Parish Kirk precentor. Two editions of his poems were published during his life—one in 1835 and another in 1844—both of which sold rapidly. A third and last edition, issued in four monthly parts, one shilling each, and comprising in all 338 pages, appeared soon after his death. He died as late as 1859.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM.

The laird o' Drum has a hunt - ing gane, All
 in the morn - ing ear - ly, And
 he has spied a weel - faur'd May A -
 shear - ing her fa - ther's bar - ley.



"My bon - nie May, my weel - faur'd May, It's
 will ye fan - cy me, O, And
 gang and be the Leddy o' the Drum, And
 let your shear - ing a - bee, O?"

THE Laird o' Drum has a-hunting gane,
 All in the morning early;
 And he has spied a weel-faur'd May
 A-shearing her father's barley.
 "My bonnie May, my weel-faur'd May,
 It's will ye fancy me, O,
 And gang and be the Leddy o' the Drum,
 And let your shearing a-be, O?"

"O, I mauna fancy you, kind sir,
 Nor lat my shearing a-be, O;
 For I'm owre low to be Leddy o' the Drum,
 And your Miss I scorn to be, O.
 "My father he is a shepherd mean,
 Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O;
 And ye may gang and speir at him,
 I'm entirely at his will, O."

Now Drum has to her father gane,
 Keeping sheep on yon green hill, O:
 "I'm come to marry your a'e dochter
 If ye'll gi'e your goodwill, O."

“ My dochter can neither read nor write,
She ne'er was bred at school, O ;
But weel she can work, baith oot and in,
For I learned the girlie mysel', O .

“ She'll work in your barn and at your mill,
She'll brew your malt or ale, O ;
She'll saddle your steed in the time o' need,
And she'll draw aff your boots hersel', O .”
“ I'll learn the lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the school, O ;
And she'll never need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersel', O .

“ But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or wha will brew my ale, O ;
And wha will welcome my lowly bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O .”
O, four-and-twenty gentle knights,
Gaed in at the yett o' Drum, O ;
But ne'er a ane has lifted his hat
When the Leddy o' Drum cam' in, O .

But he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her but and ben, O ;
Says, “ You're welcome hame, my Leddy Drum,
For this is a' your ain, O .”
And he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her through the ha', O ;
Says, “ You're welcome hame, my Leddy Drum,
To your bowers, ane and a', O .”

Then up and spak' his brother John,
“ Ye've done us meikle wrang, O ;
Ye've married a wife 'neath your degree,
She's a mock to a' our kin, O .

It's Peggie Coutts is a bonnie bride,
And Drum is big and gaucey ;
But ye micht hae chosen a higher match
Than just a shepherd's lassie."

Out then spak' the Laird o' Drum,
Says, "I've dune ye nae wrang, O ;
I've married a wife to work and win,
Ye've married ane to spend, O.
The first time that I married a wife,
She was far owre my degree, O ;
And I durstna gang in the room where she was
But my hat below my knee, O !

"For the first wife, sirs, that I did wed,
She lookit doon on me, O ;
She wadna walk to the yetts o' Drum
But the pearlins abune her bree, O.
And she was adored but for her gold,
As Peggie for her beautie, O ;
And she might walk to the yetts o' Drum
In as gude companie, O."

Yet four-and-twenty gentle knights
Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O,
And there wasna ane amang them a'
Would welcome Peggie in, O.
So he's taen her by the milk-white hand
And led her in himsel', O ;
And through the ha's, and through the bowers,
And "Ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O !"

And twice he kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O,
And twenty times her comely mou'—
And "Ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O !"

When they had eaten and drunken weel,
 And a' were bound for bed, O,
 The Laird o' Drum and his Leddy fair
 In a'e bed they were laid, O.

"Gin ye had been o' high renown,
 As ye're o' low degree, O,
 We might hae baith gane down the street
 Amang gude companie, O.
 And o' a' yon four-and-twenty knights
 That gaed in at the yett o' Drum, O,
 There ne'er was ane but wad lifted his hat
 When the Leddy o' Drum cam' in, O."

"I tell'd ye weel ere we were wed
 Ye was far abune my degree, O ;
 But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
 I'm just as gude as ye, O.
 And when I am dead and you are dead
 And baith in a'e grave lain, O,
 Ere seven years are at an end
 They'll no ken your dust frae mine, O."

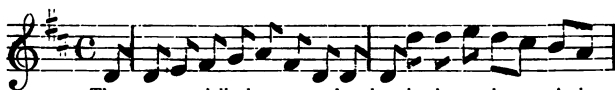
Professor Aytoun, in his introduction to this popular country ballad, says :—"Few families in the North of Scotland can boast of "redder blood" than the Irvines of Drur, who still remain in possession of the estates granted, for Royal service, to their ancestor by King Robert the Bruce. Inflexible 'Kingsmen,' their names appear in the records of almost every stirring period, from the battle of Harlaw, where they were represented by

'Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
 The much renowned Laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was better seen,
 When they were semblit all and some,'

down to the Great Rebellion, when another Alexander received the compliment of excommunication at the hands of the Covenanters on account of his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and was under sentence of death when rescued by the Marquis of Montrose. This latter Alexander is the Laird of Drum celebrated in the following ballad. His first wife was a daughter of the Marquis of Huntly ; but in his advanced years he took to himself a second of humble

degree, Margaret Coumts by name, an alliance which gave great offence to his kindred, but which seems to have gratified the commons, with whom the ballad is still a favourite." Certainly this last statement is true, for there is no ploughman's bothy in Scotland in which "The Laird o' Drum" has not been sung times without number, and the copy here printed is the pure bothy version of the ballad—preferable in every way to Buchan's, Kinloch's, or Aytoun's copies of it.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.



1. There was a jolly beggar, and a - begging he was boun , And

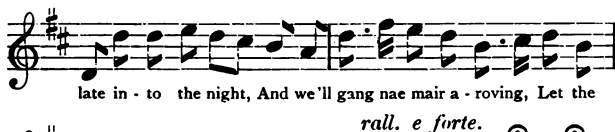


he took up his quar - ters in - to a land'art toun :

CHORUS. *f*

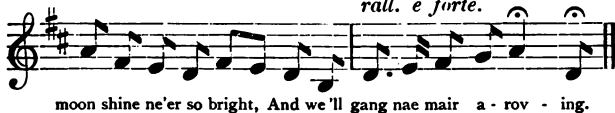


And we'll gang nae mair a - rov - ing So



late in - to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a - roving, Let the

rall. e forte.



moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang nae mair a - rov - ing.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a-begging he was
boun',
And he took up his quarters into a land'art toun.

And we'll gang nae mair a-roving
 So late into the night,
 And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
 Let the moon shine ne'er so bright,
 And we'll gang nae mair a-roving.

He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha'-door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean
 strae and hay,
 And in ahint the ha'-door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

Up raise the gudeman's dochter, and for to bar the
 door,
 And there she saw the beggarman standing i' the
 floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he
 ran,
 "O hooly, hooly, wi' me, sir, ye'll watken our gude-
 man."

And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

The beggar was a cunning loon, and ne'er a word he
 spak'
 Until he got his turn dune, syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

“Is there ony dogs into this toun, maiden, tell me true?”

“And what wad ye do wi’ them, my hinny and my doo?”

And we’ll gang nae mair, etc.

“They’ll rive a’ my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang.”

“O dool for the doing o’t! are ye the poor man?”

And we’ll gang nae mair, etc.

Then she took up the meal pocks and flang them owre the wa’;

“The deil gae wi’ the meal pocks, my maidenhead and a’.”

And we’ll gang nae mair, etc.

“I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird o’ Brodie;

O dool for the doing o’t! are ye the poor bodie?”

And we’ll gang nae mair, etc.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,

And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurse’s fee.

And we’ll gang nae mair, etc.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o’er the hill.

And we’ll gang nae mair, etc.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies
fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he lap shouter-
heicht.

"O, aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternicht!"
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

This song of splendid abandon, which has been sung high and low, and will never cease to find admirers, is attributed to King James V., and is supposed to celebrate one of the "merrie Monarch's" own adventures in clandestine love-making. James, when he wandered abroad among his people in the disguise of the "Gudeman o' Ballengeich," was moved largely to this romantic issue by a sincere regard for the well-being of his humbler subjects, for the protection of the oppressed, and the punishment of crime; and the abuses he thus discovered, and subsequently remedied, gave him the complimentary and merited title of "the King of the Commons." The song of "The Jolly Beggar," notwithstanding, reveals quite a real feature in his character; and a tradition is recorded by Percy which narrates how the King used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh. His adventures there possibly form the ground of the song, and suggested also, we may presume, his not less graphic ballad of "The Gaberlunzieman." "The Jolly Beggar" is generally epitomized. It appears here entire, with the original tune.

THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.

AE braw summer day, when the heather was
blooming,
And the silent hills hummed wi' the honey-lade
bee,
I met a fair maid as I hameward was roaming,
A-herdin' her sheep on the hills o' Glenshee.

The rose on her cheek, it was gem'd wi' a dimple,
And blythe was the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e;
Her face was enchantin', sae sweet and sae simple,
My heart soon belanged to the lass o' Glenshee.

I kiss'd and caress'd her, and said, "My dear lassie,
If you will but gang to St. Johnstone wi' me,
There's nane o' the fair shall set foot on the
causeway
Wi' clothing mair fine than the lass o' Glenshee.

"A carriage o' pleasure ye shall ha'e to ride in,
And folks shall say 'madam' when they speak
to thee;
An' servants ye'll ha'e for to beck at your biddin';
I'll make you my lady, sweet lass o' Glenshee."

"Oh! mock na me, sir, wi' your carriage to ride in,
Nor think that your grandeur I value a flee;
I would think mysel' blessed in a coatie o' plaidin',
Wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee."

"Believe me, dear lassie, Caledonia's clear waters
May alter their course and run back frae the sea—
Her brave, hardy sons may submit to the fetters,
But alter what will I'll be constant to thee.

"The lark may forget his sweet sang in the mornin',
The spring may forget to revive on the lea,
But never will I, while my senses do govern,
Forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee."

"Oh, leave me, sweet lad, for I'm sure I would
blunder,
An' set a' the gentry a-laughin' at me;
They are book-taught in manners, baith auld and
young yonder,
A thing we ken nocht o' up here in Glenshee.

“ They would say, look at him wi’ his dull Highland
 lady,
 Set up for a show in a window sae hie,
 Roll’d up like a witch in a hameit-spun plaidie,
 And, pointing, they’d jeer at the lass o’ Glenshee.”

“ Dinna think o’ sic stories, but come up behind me,
 Ere Phœbus gae round my sweet bride you shall
 be—

This night, in my arms, I’ll dote on you kindly ;”
 . She smiled, she consented, I took her wi’ me.

Now years ha’e gane by since we buskit thegither,
 And seasons ha’e changed, but nae change is
 wi’ me,
 She’s ever as gay as the fine summer weather,
 When the sun’s at its height on the hills o’
 Glenshee.

To meet wi’ my Jenny my life I would venture,
 She’s sweet as the echo that rings on the lea ;
 She’s spotless and pure as the snaw-robe o’ winter,
 When laid out to bleach on the hills o’ Glenshee.

Few ballads of its class have enjoyed a more intimate lease of popularity in the contiguous shires of Perth, Forfar, and Fife than this. Its story, it will be seen, is somewhat similar to that of “The Laird o’ Drum,” and may refer to a Perthshire alliance of the same character. But of that we have no data. This we only know, that the ballad was composed by a Perth man, Andrew Sharpe, who was author besides of the once popular ballad of “Corunna’s Lone Shore.” Sharpe was a shoemaker to trade, and, in addition to beating leather on a lapstone, he played the German flute and taught it, painted landscapes and taught drawing, and composed love songs and sang them. He died at Btidgend, Perth, on the 5th February, 1817, and lies buried on the sunny side of the old church of Kinnoull. An upright slab marks the spot, and bears this quaint but expressive epitaph, written by himself same years before his death :—

“ Halt for a moment, passenger, and read,
 Here Andrew dozes in his daisied bed ;
 Silent his flute, and torn off the key ;
 His pencils scatter’d, and his muse set free.”

Also this addition by his wife :—


“ An affectionate husband, a faithful friend, and an honest man.”

The well-known duet, “ The Crookit Bawbee,” which was sung into fame by the late Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Nimmo, of Ayr, and over which a lengthened and ruinous law plea was waged having reference to the copyright of the music, is simply a free adaptation, in words and music alike, of this rustic yet wonderfully fascinating ballad.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.



When I was a miller in Fife, Losh! I thought that the



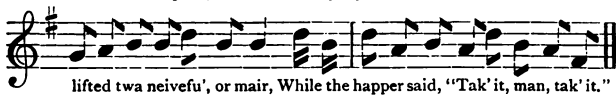
sound o' the happer Said, "Tak' hame a' wee flow to your wife, To



help to mak' brose to your supper." Then my conscience was



narrow and pure, But someway by random it rackit: For I

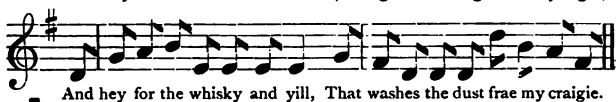


lifted twa neivefu', or mair, While the happer said, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

CHORUS.



Then hey for the mill and the kiln, The garland and gear for my cogie;



And hey for the whisky and yill, That washes the dust frae my craigie.

WHEN I was a miller in Fife,
 Losh ! I thought that the sound o' the happer
 Said, "Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
 To help to mak' brose to your supper."
 Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
 But someway by random it rackit ;
 For I lifted twa neivefu', or mair,
 While the happer said, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
 Then hey for the mill and the kiln,
 The garland and gear for my cogie ;
 And hey for the whisky and yill,
 That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute
 For rogues to mak' rich by deceiving,
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit
 Honest men to begin to the thieving.
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
 Oh, I thought ilka dunt it wad crack it ;
 Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
 Still the happer said, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
 Then hey for the mill, etc.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
 Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper ;
 Yet there's few that would suffer the sough,
 After kennin' what's said by the happer.
 I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
 Saying, "Shame, is your conscience no chackit ?"
 But when I grew dry for a horn,
 It chang'd aye to "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
 Then hey for the mill, etc.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their pocks,
 'Cause they kent that I likit a bicker,
 Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
 Gied them grain for a sowp o' their liquor.

I had lang been accustomed to drink,
And aye when I purposed to quat it,
That thing wi' its clappertie clink
Said aye to me, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
Then hey for the mill, etc.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
Nae doot but you'll think I was wrang o't;
Od! I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.
I have aye had a voice a' my days,
But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't;
Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please
The greedy, wi' "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
Then hey for the mill, etc.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
This far I can see through the matter:
There's men mair notorious to fame,
Mair greedy than me o' the muter.
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
Or, wi' safety, the hauf we may mak' it,
Ha'e some speaking happer within,
That said to them, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
Then hey for the mill and the kiln,
The garland and gear for my cogie;
And hey for the whisky and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Few songs have enlivened the ploughmen's bothies of Scotland more frequently than this happily conceived and richly humorous ditty, which may occasionally be heard emanating, besides, from the village inns, the smiddies, or the cottage ingle-nooks in the land. The more popular and effective way of rendering it is for the singer to be seated on a chair or form, and to beat a mill-clapper-like accompaniment with his elbows and fists, or with an empty brose-caup, on a table before him.

In Perthshire, to which county it particularly belongs, it has enjoyed, perhaps, the greatest popularity. Its author, David Webster, born in 1787, was a native of Dunblane. He was a weaver to trade, and died at Paisley in 1837. Another song of Webster's, "Donald Gunn," is well known in Scottish country circles.

YOUNG JAMIE FOYERS.

Far distant, far dis-tant, lies Scotia, the brave! No
tombstone me-mo-ri-al to hal-low his grave: His
bones now lie scattered on the rude soil of Spain, For
young Jamie Foy-ers in battle was slain. From the
Perthshire Mil-i-tia to serve in the line, The
brave Forty-sec-ond we sailed away to join; To
Well-ington's arm-y we did vol-un-teer, A-
long with young Foy-ers, that bold hal-ber-dier.

FAR distant, far distant, lies Scotia, the brave !
No tombstone memorial to hallow his grave ;
His bones now lie scattered on the rude soil of Spain,
For young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

From the Perthshire Militia to serve in the line,
The brave Forty-Second we sailed away to join ;
To Wellington's army we did volunteer,
Along with young Foyers, that bold halberdier.

That night when we landed the bugle did sound,
The General gave orders to form on the ground,
To storm Burgos Castle before the break of day,
And young Jamie Foyers to lead on the way.

But, mounting the ladder for scaling the wall,
By a shot from a French gun young Foyers did fall ;
He leaned his right arm upon his left breast,
And young Jamie Foyers his comrades addressed :

“ For you, Robert Percy, that stands a campaign,
If goodness should send to auld Scotland again,
You will tell my old father, if yet his heart warms,
That young Jamie Foyers expired in your arms.

“ But if a few moments in Campsie I were,
My mother and sisters my sorrow would share ;
Now, alas ! my poor mother, for long may she mourn,
Her son, Jamie Foyers, will never return.

“ Oh ! if I had a drink of Baker Brown's Well,
My thirst it would quench, and my fever would
quell ; ”
But life's purple current was ebbing so fast
That young Jamie Foyers soon breathed his last.

They took for his winding-sheet his tartan plaid,
And in the cold grave his body was laid ;
With hearts full of serrow they covered his clay,
And muttering “ Poor Foyers ! ” marched slowly
away.

His father and mother and sisters will mourn,
 But Foyers, the brave hero, will never return ;
 His friends and his comrades lament for the brave,
 Since young Jamie Foyers is laid in his grave.

The bugle may sound and the war-drum may rattle,
 No more will they raise this young hero to battle ;
 He fell from the ladder like a hero so brave,
 And rare Jamie Foyers is lying in his grave.

This typical bothy ballad, which, perhaps, appears in a book now for the first time, was a prime favourite at the harvest homes, foyes, and Handsel-Monday gatherings in the rural parts of Perthshire before and about the middle of the last century. Like the ballads of the olden time generally, its story in the main is presumably based on a matter of fact, so that one Jamie Foyers, from the Perthshire Militia, went out under the "Iron Duke" to fight the French in Portugal and Spain in 1810, and, as the reward for his heroism, met the fate accorded to him in the verses, may be accepted freely as a bit of real history. The Campsie referred to is, presumably, the village of that name in Stirlingshire, as Foyers is a name that was once common thereabout ; and in this Campsie there is, or was, I have been told, a well, known as "Baker Brown's Well." The ballad itself I copied thirty years before from the singing of a Perthshire woman, who died in 1899. A writer in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* names one John M'Neill as the author.

THE BONNIE WEE WINDOW.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

There was a young lass, and her name it was Nell, In a
 bonnie wee hoose wi' her grannie did dwell ; The
 hoose it was wee, but the window was less ; It



had but four panes, and ane wanted gless. 'Twas a
 bonnie wee window, A sweet little window, The
 bonniest wee window that ev - er ye saw.

THERE was a young lass, and her name it was Nell,
 In a bonnie wee hoose wi' her grannie did dwell ;
 The hoose it was wee, but the window was less,
 It had but four panes, and ane wanted gless.

'Twas a bonnie wee window, a sweet little
 window,

The bonniest wee window that ever ye saw.

For this broken pane they a purpose did fin',
 To lat onything oot, or tak' onything in ;
 But to Nelly it served for a purpose maist dear,
 For her lovers at nicht cam' a-courtin' her here,
 At this bonnie wee window, etc.

It happened æ nicht grannie gaed to her bed,
 That Johnnie, the brawest lad young Nelly had,
 Cam' far o'er the hills his dear lassie to see,
 And wi' high expectations there planted was he,
 At this bonnie wee window, etc.

But the fond, youthfu' pair hadna got muckle said,
 When grannie cried, "Nell, come awa' to your bed!"
 "I'm comin', dear grannie," young Nelly did say ;
 "So fare-ye-weel, Johnnie, for I maun away
 Frae this bonnie wee window," etc.

“Oh! Nelly, dear lass, diinna tak’ it amiss,
But before ye gae ’wa’ ye maun grant me a kiss.”
So aff’ gaed his bannet, but gudeness kens hoo
He managed sae quickly to get his head through
This bonnie wee window, etc.

A kiss Johnnie got, and sweet was the smack,
But for his dear life couldna get his head back.
He ruggit, he tuggit, he bawled, and he cursed,
Till Nell’s sides wi’ lauchin’ were baith like to burst,
At his head in the window, etc.

Noo when the auld grannie did hear the uproar,
She rax’d for the poker, syne ran to the door,
And ower Johnnie’s back sic a thump she laid on,
Anither sic like would have crack’d his backbone.
And his head in the window, etc.

A’ burning wi’ shame, and smarting wi’ pain,
He ruggit and tuggit wi’ micht and wi’ main,
Till the jambs they gied way and the lintel did
break,
Though still the best hauf o’t stuck fast to his neck.
’Twas an awfu’ wee window, etc.

As soon as the window in ruins did lie,
Auld grannie let out such a horrible cry,
It alarm’d a’ the neighbours—lad, lass, man and wife,
And caused poor Johnnie to rin for his life,
Frae the bonnie wee window, etc.

O’er hill and o’er dale he pursued his way hame,
Like a bear that was hunted, ne’er lookin’ behin’;
And the neighbours they follow’d wi’ clamour and
squeals,
While some of them hunted their dogs at his heels.
’Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.

When Johnnie got hame, wi' a hatchet did he
 Frae his wooden gravat syne set himsel' free ;
 But he vow'd that the deil nicht tak' him for his ain
 If he e'er kiss'd a lass through a window again,
 Be she ever sae bonnie, or live wi' her grannie,
 Or the bonniest wee lassie that ever he saw.

The humours of a country courtship have never perhaps been more graphically set forth than by the unknown writer of this seldom printed, though well known, song. James Nicholson's "Imphm," not less popular, is set to the same tune.

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

THERE was a wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair,
 Had got a wee bit drappukie, that bred her meikle
 care ;

It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to
 spew,

Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

 I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna
 fou.

 Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw
 my skin ;

But I'll lie down an' tak' a nap before that I gae in.
 Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,

By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,

 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae
 lang ;

He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa'
 he ran ;

And when the wifie waken'd up her head was like a
bee,
Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

When I was bonnie Bessukie, my locks were like the
gowd,
And I look'd like ony lassukie, sic times as they were
cowed.
And Johnnie was aye tellin' me I was richt fair to see ;
But somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

I met wi' kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee !
And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi'
me,
But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunye
be :—
There's neither purse nor plack about me !—this is
nae me.
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

I have a little housukie, but, and a kindly man ;
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie ; if this be me he'll
fawn ;
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly
welcome gi'e,
And a' the the bairns on the floor will dance if this
be me.
But this is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

The nicht was late and dang out weet, and oh but it
was dark ;
The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to
bark.
And when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it
was he,
Oh, weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the
door he ran :
Is that you, Bessukie ?—Wow, na, man !
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel may ye be ;
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,
I've gotten sic a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend ;
My wife's come hame without a head, crying out
most piteously,
Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae
me.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me.
How that a wife, without a head could speak, or
hear, or see !
But things that happen hereabout so strangely alter'd
be,
That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor
she.

Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor
 she,
 Wow na, 'Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor
 she.

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and oh ! but he
 was fain

To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.

He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuk on her
 knee ;

Oh ! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to me,
 For I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now me.

This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,

I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now
 me.

This rarely humorous song, which reveals the folly of excessive drinking with almost equal success to that achieved by Burns in his immortal poem of "Tam o' Shanter," has been generally ascribed to Dr. Alexander Geddes, a Roman Catholic clergyman, well known for his translation of the Holy Scriptures, and other works chiefly of a theological cast. Dr. Geddes was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Ruthven, Banffshire, and was born in the year 1737. He was educated at Paris, and officiated as a priest for several years in different parts of the north of Scotland, but chiefly in the vicinity of Dundee. Latterly he settled in London, where he died in 1802. By Allan Cunningham, Dr. Hatley Waddell, and other biographers of Burns, this Dr. Alexander Geddes, has been mistaken for Dr. John Geddes, his cousin, an assistant Bishop of the Romish Church, in Edinburgh, who was the esteemed friend of the poet and his fair correspondent "Clarinda." Dr. John, an excellent gentleman, was known in Edinburgh as "the most fashionable man in this city," but Dr. Alexander, by virtue of his one clever and original song, enjoys a greater and, as time will prove, a more abiding fame. The fourth verse in the present version I discovered recently in an old chap-book copy of the song. Whoever cast it out did so without warrant, and with questionable taste.

GILDEROY.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the staff, aligned with the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

O Gil - de - roy was a bon - nie boy: Had
roses till his shoon; His stock - ings were of
silk - en soy, Wi' gar - ters hangin' doun. It
was, I ween, a come - ly sight, To
see so trim a boy; He was my joy, my
heart's delight, My hand - some Gil - de - roy.

O GILDEROY was a bonnie boy ;
Had roses till his shoon ;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hangin' doun.
It was, I ween, a comely sight
To see so trim a boy ;
He was my joy, my heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O, sic twa charming een he had ;
His breath as sweet's a rose ;
He never wore a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gained the love of ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy ;
Ah, wae's me, I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in a'e toun thegither :
We scant were seven years before
We 'gan to love each other.
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd with meikle joy
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that love of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought,
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I received with joy ;
Nae lad and lassie ere could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen ;
And aft we pass'd the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green ;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy ;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O, that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife ;
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
The tears they wat mine e'e.
I gave him a love-parting look,
My benison gang wi' thee !
God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy baith far and near
Was feared in ilka toun,
And bauldly bear away the gear
Of mony a lowland loun ;
Nane e'er durst meet him hand to hand,
He was sae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
My handsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessit noucht
That my love lat me want ;
For cow and ewe he to me broucht,
And e'en when they were scant ;
All those did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never failed to pay their cess
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws
To hang a man for gear !
To reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mear.
Had not the laws been made so strict
I ne'er had lost my joy ;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He micht have banished been ;
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men !
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy !
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy !

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
They bound him meikle strong ;
Till Edinburgh they led him there,
And on a gallows hung ;
They hung him high abune the rest,
He was sae trim a boy ;
There died the youth whom I loved best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bore his corpse away ;
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I washed his comely clay ;
And siccar in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear loved boy ;
And now for ever maun I weep
For winsome Gilderoy.

This good old ballad, at one time a universal favourite, is still distinctly popular in many country districts of Scotland. The hero whose exploits it celebrates, and whose death it pathetically deploras, was a man named Patrick Macgregor, but more familiarly Gilderoy (Gillie Roy—the red-haired lad), whose life and morals, like those of his illustrious namesake and kinsman, were framed on

“The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Gilderoy was, in fact, a noted freebooter, or cattle-lifter, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and was the leader of a gang of caterans who practised stouthrief and robbery with violence far and wide, but chiefly in the Highlands of Perthshire and Aberdeenshire. In February, 1636, seven of his accomplices were taken, tried, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh. They were apprehended chiefly through the exertions of the Stewarts of Athole; and, in revenge, Gilderoy burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts, which act proved his speedy ruin. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension, and he was soon taken, along with five more accomplices (some accounts say ten), and the whole gang were executed at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 27th July, 1636, the leader, as a mark of unenviable distinction, receiving a higher gibbet than the others—a circumstance which is alluded to in the ballad. Some wonderful stories are told of this wild cateran (most of which, however, should be taken with a grain of salt), such as his having picked the pocket of Cardinal Richelieu while he was celebrating high mass in the Church of St. Dennis, Paris; his having carried off, with consummate assurance, a trunk of plate from the house of the Duke Medina-Celi, at Madrid; and his having attacked Oliver Cromwell and two servants while travelling from Portpatrick to Glasgow, and shooting the Protector's horse which fell upon him and broke his leg, whereupon he placed Oliver on an ass, tied his legs under its belly, and dismissed the pair to seek their fortune. Cromwell first visited Scotland in 1648, and Gilderoy was executed in 1636. The dates disprove the story.

The ballad is said to have been originally composed by the hero's mistress, a young woman belonging to the higher ranks of life, who had become attached to the noted cateran, and was induced to live with him. It is to be found in black letter broadsides as far back as 1650. The foregoing improved version—and the one always sung—was printed in Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," Volume V., 1790, and is thought to have been re-set by Lady Wardlaw, authoress of the well-known ballad of "Hardyknute." The original, according to Percy, contained "some indecent luxuriations that required the pruning-hook."

Gilderoy, it may be mentioned, has been the subject of more than one prose romance that have been written within recent years, but, such is the power of words which move in rhythmic order, the simple ballad story can never be overlaid by them. This, which has lived through many vicissitudes, will still survive.

DUMB, DUMB, DUMB.

Moderato.

All ye that pass along, come and listen to my song, It is
of a fair young maid that did mum, mum, mum, She was
handsome, neat, and trim, and complete in every limb, But, a -
las, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

ALL ye that pass along, come and listen to my song,
It is of a fair young maid that did mum, mum,
mum,
She was handsome, neat and trim, and complete in
every limb,
But, alas, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

There was a country blade, and he woo'd this pretty
maid,
He conducted her safe to his home, home, home ;
She was neat in every part, and pleased him to the
heart,
But, alas, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could shape and she could sew, she could bake
and she could brew,
She could sweep up the house with a broom,
broom, broom,
She could card and she could spin, and do any kind
of thing,
But, alas, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, with his heart full of
woes—
“Can you cure my wife of her mum, mum, mum?”
Said the doctor, “For my part, it’s the easiest of
my art,
To make a woman speak when she’s dumb, dumb,
dumb.”

To the doctor her he brings, who cuts her chattering
strings,
And at liberty sets her tongue, tongue, tongue,
Her new faculty she tries, and she fills the house
with cries,
And she rattles in his ears like a drum, drum,
drum.

To the doctor back he goes, with his heart full of
woes—
“Oh doctor, you have me undone, done, done ;
Now my wife she’s gi’en to scold, and her tongue
she’ll never hold,
I’d give any kind o’ thing were she dumb, dumb,
dumb.”

“O, I did undertake to make your wife to speak,
’Twas the simplest kind o’ thing to have done,
done, done ;

But it's past the art o' man, let him do the best he
can,

To make a scolding woman hold her tongue,
tongue, tongue.

"Yet, since to me you've come, I advise you to go
home,

Take the oil of the hazel so strong, strong, strong;
When she begins to sound, then anoint her body
round;

That should make a scolding woman hold her
tongue, tongue, tongue.

"But alas, if that won't do, there's no cure on earth
for you,

But to thole just the best way you can, can, can ;
Ye maun look before ye loup or ye'll fa' upon yer
doup,

For haste's the ruination 'o' man, man, man !"

This is a ballad that was sung in Perthshire when I was a very small boy, and which has not escaped my memory since. I have never seen it in print before. Certainly it is not included in any song or ballad collection that is well known, although it would form no unworthy companion to "The Wee Cooper o' Fife," "John Grumlie," and all the best humorous ballads of matrimonial infelicity.

Turning on the same kind of hinge, there is a fragment of verse preserved in the Maitland manuscripts in the Pepysian Library, and also in another manuscript in the University Library at Cambridge. When introducing a collated version of these, under the title of "The Dumb Wife of Abercōur," in his collection of the ballads of Scotland, Professor Aytoun refers to the ballad now presented, of which, to his regret, he could recover no more than three imperfect stanzas, although he knew and acknowledged it had once been very popular. Why a thing so pithy and clever should have escaped collection so long it is difficult to understand. The tune, I think, is original.

BUNDLE AND GO.

The winter is gane, love, the sweet spring again, love, Be -
 decks the blue mountain and gilds the dark sea, Giein'
 birth to the blossom, and bliss to the bosom, And
 hope for the future to you, love, and me; For
 far to the West, to the land of bright freedom, The
 land where the vine and the orange trees grow, I
 fain would conduct thee, my ain winsome dearie; Then
 hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go?

THE winter is gane, love; the sweet spring again,
 love,

Bedecks the blue mountain and gilds the dark sea,
 Giein' birth to the blossom, and bliss to the bosom,
 And hope for the future to you, love, an' me,

For far to the West, to the land of bright freedom,
 The land where the vine and the orange trees
 grow,
 I fain would conduct thee, my ain winsome dearie—
 Then hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go ?

The vales an' the wildwood, the scenes o' our child-
 hood,
 Will ever be dear to your memory an' mine ;
 But cauld blasts o' poortith that sweep Scotland's
 mountains
 Gars mony a fond heart in sorrow repine ;
 Mak's aft the leal laddie to lose his dear lassie,
 Or opens the fount for her saut tears to flow.
 But the land o' fair plenty invites us, my Mary—
 Then hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go ?

Weel, weel ha'e I lo'ed thee, an' lang ha'e I woo'd
 thee,
 An' faes to our sweet future hopes there are nane ;
 Then why should we tarry, my ain bonnie Mary,
 Or sever twa hearts that will aye beat as ane ?
 Frae poortith to shield thee, in bliss to upbuild thee,
 Will aye be the first dearest wish I can know ;
 To mak' thy hame cheerie, and tend thee, my dearie—
 Then hey, bonnie ass, will you bundle and go ?

To the deep, verdant valleys and braid hills sae
 fertile,
 Where wealth's for the winning, if will guides the
 hand,
 Where flowers bloom fairer, and landscapes are rarer,
 And the skies are more bright than in our father-
 land,
 Where great rolling rivers are laden wi' riches,
 Upon the inhabitants wealth to bestow ;

To the West, to the land of bright freedom and
plenty,
Rise up, bonnie lass, an' we'll bundle and go.

I ken, my dear laddie, it's true a' you've tauld me,
An' I'll say nae langer that I winna gang,
Though I'm wae, wae to leave my sweet hame in the
Hielands,
An' a' the dear friends wha hae lo'ed me sae lang.
But my father an' mither are happy thegither,
I ken noo, my laddie, they winna say no ;
For baith hae consentit that I should gae wi' you,
Then up, my dear laddie, we'll bundle and go.

The refrain of no song peculiar to country life is better known all over Scotland than that of "Bundle and Go," which is familiarity's self. And, curiously, there are two distinct versions of the song which have enjoyed nearly equal popularity. Neither has been often printed, except in the common ballad sheet-form. Walter Watson, the weaver-poet of Chryston, near Glasgow, author of "Jockie's Far Awa'," and "The Unco Bit Want," etc., wrote also a song entitled "Bundle and Go." But Watson's verses never secured the public ear to any appreciable extent. The present songs—both of unknown authorship, unknown origin, kith or kin—are the ones that have maintained, as already stated, about equal favour in the country.

BUNDLE AND GO.

"FRAE Clyde's bonnie hills, whaur the heather is
blooming,
An' laddies an' lassies lo'e a' the lang day,
I'm come, my dear lassie, to mak' the last offer,
Sae mak' up your mind noo an' dinna delay.
My mither is gane, an' the house it is eerie,
This nicht ye may rue if ye answer me no ;
Ye hae't in your offer to aye be my dearie—
Rise up, bonnie Annie, an' bundle an' go.
Chorus—Bundle an' go, bundle an' go,
Rise up, bonnie lassie, an' bundle an' go.

“ My father is dead, an’ has left me some siller,
 He bade me ne’er marry anither but you ;
 I’ve ta’en his advice, lang, lang ha’e we courted,
 An’ ye canna say but I’m constant an’ true.
 Altho’ we be poor, yet our minds will be cheerie,
 Our hearts will ne’er sink tho’ our purse it be low ;
 I’ll count mysel’ happy when kissing my dearie—
 Rise up, bonnie Annie, an’ bundle an’ go.

“ It’s true I hae courted wi’ Mattie an’ Tibbie ;
 An’ ithere daft gawkies at kirk an’ at fair ;
 But nanc o’ them a’ set my bosom a-dunting,
 Or gart my heart loup between hope an’ despair,
 When out o’ my sicht I care nae mair about them ;
 The caper is o’er, I leave them to go ;
 But you, my dear lassie, I lang hae loved dearly ;
 Mak’ haste,—are ye ready to bundle an’ go ? ”

Her young tender mind it began for to swither,
 She said, while the tears of affection did flow,
 “ It’s hard to be pressed thus between love an’ duty,
 Yet fain, very fain, would I bundle an’ go.
 An’ if I should gang without telling my faither,
 My tocher he’ll keep, sheets an’ blankets also ;
 My mither she’ll rage an’ for ever disown me,
 Yet fain, very fain, would I bundle an’ go. ”

“ A fig for excuses ! come, kilt up your coaties,
 O’er moors an’ o’er mosses ye ken we’ve to gang ;
 There’s danger in sitting, an’ lingering, an’ thinking,
 The day will be breaking before it be lang.
 Nae doubt but your faither an’ mither’ll be angry,
 Yet love soon in its auld channel will flow,
 When they see our wee totums aroun’ the fire
 dancin’—
 Mak’ haste,—are you ready to bundle an’ go ? ”

O Love lent his wings—in a blink they were coupled—

In joy an' in pleasure their years row along ;
Their young sprouts are innocent, noisy, an' healthy,

An' Tam, to please Annie, lilt's aft a bit sang.

His Annie is a' his hale joy an' his pleasure,

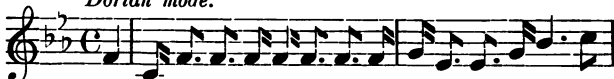
Wi' love to each other their bosoms do glow ;

She blesses the day she left faither an' mither,

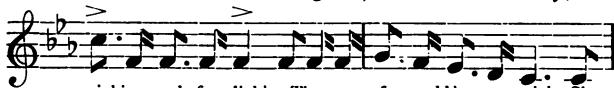
An' took his advice an' did bundle an' go.

MOSSIE AND HIS MARE.

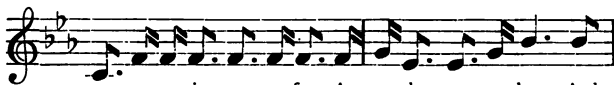
Dorian mode.



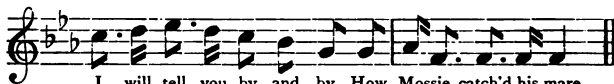
O, Mossie was a cunning man, A little mare did buy; For



winking and for jinking There were few could her come nigh; She

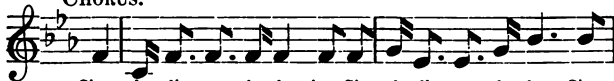


was as cunning as a fox, As soople as a hare, And



I will tell you by and by How Mossie catch'd his mare.

CHORUS.



Sing, da di ump the da dee, Sing, da di ump the dey, Sing,



rum, tum, tum, tum, Da di ump the dey.

O MOSSIE was a cunning man,
A little mare did buy ;
For winking and for jinking
There were few could her come nigh ;
She was as cunning as a fox,
As soople as a hare ;
And I will tell you by and by
How Mossie caught his mare.

Sing, da di ump the da dee,
Sing, da di ump the dey,
Sing, rum, tum, tum, tum,
Da di ump the dey.

Mossie on a morning
Gaed oot his mare to seek,
And round about the frosty knowes
Upon his knees did creep.
At length he found her in a ditch,
And glad he got her there,
He flang the halter o'er her neck,
And Mossie caught his mare.

Now a' ye gilpy lasses,
When e'er you courting go,
Ye may kiss and ye may cuddle,
But beware when doing so,
For a dip into the honey-mug
May lead you in a snare,
And the deil will catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

And a' ye crafty ale wives,
Wha use the false measure,
By cheating and dissembling
To heapen up your treasure ;

Your cheating and dissembling
Will lead you in a snare,
And the deil may catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

And a' ye lousy tailors,
Wha cabbage aye the cloth,
Ye tak' a quarter frae the yard,
I'm free to gie my oath ;
But, if ye dinna mend your ways,
Ye'll fa' into the snare,
And the deil will catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

And a' ye pettyfoggers,
Wha plead your neighbour's cause,
The pair ye often do oppress,
Though aye within the laws.
But when ye least expect it,
Ye'll hirsle to your share,
For the deil will catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

Last, a' ye Whigs about the land,
Wha deny our lawfu' King,
May ye be gruppit ere ye wit,
And hung upon a string.
Lang be your corns and short your shoon,
And justice get her share,
And the deevil get ye by the neck,
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

This curious, pithy, and diverting ballad was wont to be sung by an old man in the parish of Cargill, Perthshire, more than forty years ago ; and, sung as it was to a common Strathspey tune, and delivered in a manner peculiarly the singer's own, it was in regular demand at every Handsel Monday, Fasternse'en, and Hallowe'-n meeting that John Steenson could be prevailed upon to attend. It was esteemed an old song then ; and, indeed, from the Jacobitish dirl that occurs in the concluding stanza, we may safely infer it belongs

to, or was rejuvenated in the first half of the eighteenth century. The frequent allusions which occur in it to the common enemy—"Auld Hornie, Sawton, Nick, or Cloutie"—when considered in relation to the context and the time, need not, I think, shock unduly even the most sensitive nature. Yea, verily, the main purpose of the ballad is wise and good.

DUNCAN M'CALLIPIN.

Lively.



It was at a wedding near Tranent, When
scores an' scores on fun were bent, An' to
ride the broose wi' full in-tent Was
eith-er nine or ten, jo!

CHORUS.

An' aff they a' set gallopin', gallopin';
Legs an' arms a-wallopin', wallopin';
"Shame tak' the hindmost," quo' Duncan M'-Call-i-pin,
Laird o' Jelly Ben, jo.

It was at a wedding near Tranent,
When scores an' scores on fun were bent,
An' to ride the broose wi' full intent,
 Was either nine or ten, jo !
An' aff they a' set gallopin', gallopin',
Legs an' arms a-wallopin', wallopin',
"Shame tak' the hindmost," quo' Duncan M'Callipin,
 Laird o' Jelly Ben, jo.

The souter he was fidgin' fain,
An' stuck like roset till the mane,
Till smash, like auld boots in a drain,
 He nearly reach'd his end, jo !
 Yet still they a' gaed, etc.

The miller's mare flew o'er the souter,
An' syne began to glower aboot her ;
Cries Hab, " I'll gie ye double muter,
 Gin ye'll ding Jelly Ben, jo !"
 Then still they a' gaed, etc.

Now Will the weaver rode sae kittle,
Ye'd thocht he was a flyin' shuttle,
His doup it daddit like a bittle,
 But wafted till the end, jo !
 Yet still they a' gaed, etc.

The taylour had an awkward beast,
It funk it first, and syne did reist,
Then threw poor snipe five ell at least,
 Like auld breeks ower the mane, jo !
 Yet a' the rest gaed, etc.

The blacksmith's beast was last of a',
Its sides like bellowses did blaw,
Till him an' it got sic a' fa',
 An' bruises nine or ten, jo !
 An' still the lave gaed, etc.

Now, Duncan's mare she flew like drift,
 An' aye sae fast her feet did lift,
 'Tween ilka sten' she gae a rift.
 Out frae her hinder end, jo.
 Yet aye they a' gaed, etc.

Yet Duncan's mare did bang' them a',
 To rin wi' him they maunna fa',
 When up his grey mare he did draw,
 The broose it was his ain, jo.
 Nae mair wi' him they'll gallop, they'll gallop,
 Nae mair wi' him they'll wallop, they'll wallop,
 Or they will chance to get some jallup,
 Frae the laird o' Jelly Ben, jo !

It is only country-bred people who can thoroughly understand and enjoy this song, bearing, as it does, exclusively on an old popular country custom. It was written by Peter Forbes, a gardener, who, from the contents of a volume of his collected poems, printed at Edinburgh "for the author" in 1812, appears to have lived and sung chiefly in or about the neighbourhood of Dalkeith. It is from a rambling rhyme in his book, entitled "Lang Syne," that we gather any biographical particulars regarding him; and from this we glean only that he had first learned shoemaking, and afterwards took to the more poetical occupation of gardening, and worked among "mony braw plants wi' queer kittle names" in various parts of Scotland and England. His rhymed ware is mostly of the doggerel order, not more than two or three of the forty-eight pieces which make up the sum-total of the contents rising to the level of respectable verse. "Soda Water," long a favourite at temperance penny readings, is one of the best. It opens thus :—

"Poor Scotland's skaitn is whisky rife,
 The very king o' curses,
 Breeds ilka ill, care, trouble, strife,
 Ruins health, and empties purses ;
 It fills a peacefu' land wi' strife,
 The alehouse fills wi' roarin' ;
 It fills wi' broils domestic life,
 And fills the kirk wi' snorin'."

"Duncan M'Callipin," sometimes called "Tranent Wedding," is decidedly his best effort; and this is really a happy one. Its subject is the riding of the broose at a country wedding—a custom now entirely obsolete. The broose took the form of a race on foot, or on horseback, according to the distance or social standing of the bride and bridegroom, from the house of the groom to the habitation of

the bride's parents, where the marriage ceremony generally took place, and the winner claimed the privilege of kissing the bride, of welcoming her to her new home, and al-o of opening the "ball" with her. These races sometimes extended over large tracts of country, and if the bride was pretty and a toast, the competitors were often many and the contests keen. Brooses were common in Burns's time; and in his "New Year's Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie," it will be remembered, the poet says—

" At brooses thou had ne'er a fallow
For pith and speed."

There is a perverted version of the song, which turns on a race for a wager, beginning—

" It was for a peck o' meal or mair,
Ae day as comin' frae the fair,
That Duncan laid wi' his grey mare,
To ride wi' nine or ten, jo.
Syne aff they set a' gallopin', gallopin',
Arms an' legs a' wallopin', wallopin',
' Deil hae the last,' quo' Duncan M'Callochan,
Laird o' Tullyben, jo."

But its coarseness damages its chance of popularity. Forbes's song deservedly has held the field.

JINKIN' YOU, JOCKIE LAD.

O, KEN ye my love Jockie, wha wons on yonder lea?
He's aye lookin', aye joukin', aye watchin' me.
I tell him I've nae love for him, an' that I never had,
Tho' there's nane on earth I lo'e so weel's my ain
Jockie lad.

My ain Jockie lad, O my ain Jockie lad;
There's nane on earth I lo'e sae weel's my ain Jockie
lad.

When the sheep are in the fauld, an' the kye are in
the byre,
An' ither lads an' lasses sittin' roond a rovin' fire,
There's me, a glaiket lassie, gae on as I was mad,
Aroond the stooks an' barn nooks, jinkin' you, Jockie
lad.

It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad ;
Nane can tease me an' please me like my ain Jockie
lad.

Last hairst, when oor toon it was a' in a roar
To welcome peace and plenty to Great Britain's
shore,
He took me by the hand, and he lookit, oh, sae glad !
That my heart grew sae warm, it never could be sad.
It's my ain Jockie lad, O my ain Jockie lad ;
'That my heart grew sae warm to my ain Jockie lad.

O my love is blythe an' bonnie, he's the pride o' a'
yon lea,
An' I lo'e him best o' ony, though he's aye teasin'
me ;
Tho' he teases me, an' squeezes me, and tickles me
like mad ;
Nane comes near me that can cheer me like my ain
Jockie lad.
It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad ;
Nane can tease me an' please me like my ain Jockie
lad.

He tells me that he has a wee hoosie o' his ain,
An' he whispers things into my lug that gars me
whiles think shame,
But for a' that, an' a' that, his meanin's no sae bad,
An' there's nane on earth can please me like my ain
Jockie lad.
It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad ;
Nane can tease me an' please me like my ain Jockie
lad.

O when I'm married to him I'll lo'e but him alane ;
A' my wealth I'd freely gi'e him, tho' the warld were
my ain,

For nae treasure could gi'e pleasure, O there's nocht
 could mak' me glad ;
 E'en in Heaven I'd be grievin' wantin' you, Jockie
 lad !
 It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad ;
 Nane teases me an' pleases like my ain Jockie lad !

Thirty and more years ago this happy and rather ingenious song was a common favourite in most of the northern counties of Scotland—particularly in Aberdeenshire—and was frequently sung as far down as the Howe of Strathmore. About ten years since I made a public appeal for it, which produced a number of letters from widely situated correspondents, some of whom forwarded entire copies of the song—all of them furnishing less or more of it. The complete copies were in each instance in print, the same being a clipping from a penny songster—a channel through which few songs, unfortunately, can pass without receiving sad defacement at the hands of the printer. This one had fared worse than usual. The better copies of the song were found to be those written out from memory. The late Mr. Thomas Cromb, Wolfhill, Perthshire, a well-known dancing-master, furnished the most of the foregoing version. Few persons have seen more of the social life of the Scottish peasantry in the last half-century than did Mr. Cromb. He was accustomed, he said, to hear the song many years ago, and, adding to a good memory a fine appreciation of lyric poetry, his versions of songs—nearly all acquired from having heard them sung—were not less to be relied upon than his judgment in relation to their poetic merits.

Peter Buchan, in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, prints a song under the title of "Johnny Lad," which he claims to be the original of all the songs—and they are not a few, he says—of this name. I will quote the first verse :—

" I bought a wife in Edinburgh
 For ae bawbee,
 I got a farthing in again
 To buy tobacco wi'.
 We'll bore a hole in Aaron's nose,
 And put therein a ring ;
 And straight we'll lead him to and fro,
 Yea, lead him wi' a string.

And wi' you, and wi' you,
 And wi' you, my Johnny lad,
 I'll drink the buckles o' my sheen
 Wi' you, my Johnny lad."

Older that may be ; but it won't compare with our version as a song to sing and enjoy.

DONAL' BLUE.

My name is Donal' Blue, an' ye ken me fu' weel,
Straik me canny by the hair, I'm a quiet, simple
chiel',

But gin ye rouse the bear, I'm as rouch as the deil,
Gin I get a claucht o' yer noddle.

But I'll tell ye o' a trick, man, that happen'd in the
south,

A smith got a wife, an' she had an unco drouth ;
She liket it sae weel, put sae muckle in her mouth,
She was aften helpit hame in the mornin'.

So it happen'd ae day, when the smith he was thrang,
They brocht a wife till him—a wife that couldna
gang ;

He took her on his back, an' up the stair he ran,
An' flang her on the bed wi' a fury.

He lockit the door, brocht the key in his han',
And cam' doon the stair, cryin', "Oh, bewitchèd
man ;

This conduct o' hers I'm no fit to stan'—
I'll list for a sodger in the mornin'."

He fell to his wark—he was shoein' at a horse ;
They cried "Tak' in your wife, smith, she's lyin' at
the Cross."

He lifted up his hammer, and strack wi' siccan force,
He knockit doon the studdy in his fury.

"The deil's in the folk ! What do they mean ava ?
Gin I've ae drucken wife, Lo'd ! I'm no needin' twa ;"
But they cried aye the louder, "Tak' her in frae the
snaw,

Or surely she will perish ere the mornin'."

So the smith he gaed oot, an' viewed her a' roun';
 "By my sooth, and it's her; but hoo did she win
 doon?"

He hoisted her awa' on his back up to the room,
 Whaur the ither wife was lyin' soondly snorin'.

The smith, to his surprise, couldna tell which was
 his,

Frae the tap to the tae they were dressed in a piece:
 An' sae close they resembled each ither in the face,
 He couldna tell which was his Jeanie.

"Deil-ma-care," says the smith, "let them baith lie
 still,

When ance she is sober, she'll surely ken hersel'."

Noo, frae that day to this Jeanie never buys a gill,
 Nor will she weet her mou' in the mornin'.

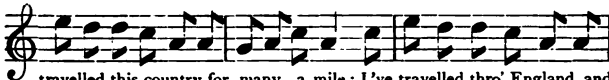
This will be readily recognised as a common favourite at merry meetings throughout the shires of Perth, Stirling, Forfar, and Fife. Though somewhat rough in its texture, it conveys a palpable moral, and is gripped together in a way which shows that its unknown author had no mean sleight of the song-maker's art. I have never seen the song in print. It sings to the air of "Johnnie Cope."

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

Dorian mode. Slowly.



My name's Duncan Campbell, from the shire of Argyle; I've



travelled this country for many a mile; I've travelled thro' England, and



Ireland, and a'; And the name I go under's bold Erin-go-bragh.

My name's Duncan Campbell, from the shire of
Argyle,
I've travelled this country for many a mile—
I've travelled thro' England and Ireland and a';
And the name I go under 's bold Erin-go-Bragh.

One night in Auld Reekie, as I walked down the
street,

A saucy policeman by chance I did meet ;
He glowered in my face and he gave me some jaw,
Saying "When came ye over, bold Erin-go-Bragh?"

"I am not a Paddy, though Ireland I've seen,
Nor am I a Paddy, though in Ireland I've been ;
But though I were a Paddy, that's nothing awa,
'There's many a bold hero from Erin-go-Bragh."

"I know you are a Pat by the cut of your hair,
But you all turn Scotchmen as soon's you come here ;
You have left your own country for breaking the law,
We are seizing all stragglers from Erin-go-Bragh."

"Though I were a Paddy, and you knew it to be
true ;
Or were I the devil—pray, what's that to you ?
Were it not for the baton you have in your paw,
I would show you a game played in Erin-go-Bragh."

Then a switch of blackthorn that I held in my fist,
Across his big body I made it to twist ;
And the blood from his napper I quickly did draw,
And paid him stock and interest for Erin-go-Bragh.

The people came round like a flock of wild geese,
Crying, "Stop, stop the rascal, he has killed the
police ;"

And for every friend I had, I'm sure he had twa—
It was very tight times with bold Erin-go-Bragh.

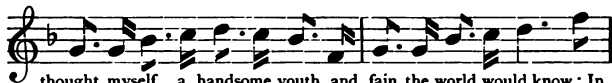
But I came to a wee boat that sails on the Forth,
 I picked up my all, and I steered for the North ;
 Farewell to Auld Reekie, policeman and a',
 May the devil be with them, says Erin-go-Bragh.

Now, all you brave fellows that listen to my song,
 I don't care a farthing to where you belong ;
 I come from Argyle, in the Highlands so braw,
 But I ne'er take it ill when called Erin-go-Bragh.

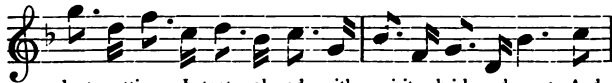
Not an Irish song this, as the title would make the novice infer. But natives of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland have a good deal in common—in accent and otherwise—with the people of the North of Ireland ; and the verses describe only how “ Duncan Campbell, from the Shire of Argyle,” suffered in Edinburgh, in the “ No Irish need apply ” days, by being mistaken for a son of Saint Patrick. Many will recognise the song as an old and common favourite in Scotland.

 JOHN O' BADENYON.

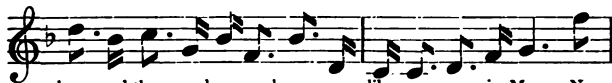

When first I came to be a man of twenty years or so, I




thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know ; In



best attire I stopt abroad, with spirits brisk and gay ; And



here, and there, and everywhere was like a morn in May : No



care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down; And
 for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town; I
 still was pleased where'er I went; and, when I was a-lone, I
 tuned my pipe and pleased myself wi' John o' Bad-en-yon.

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years or
 so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the
 world would know ;
 In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and
 gay ;
 And here, and there, and everywhere was like a morn
 in May.
 No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and
 down ;
 And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in
 town ;
 I still was pleased where'er I went ; and, when I was
 alone,
 I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o'
 Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime a mistress I must
 find,
 For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves
 the mind ;

On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd
mine eyes ;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became
my choice.
To Cupid now, with hearty prayer, I offered many a
vow,
And danced and sang, and sigh'd and swore, as other
lovers do ;
But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her
cold as stone—
I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish
hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laughed
at lovers' pain ;
A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something
like divine ;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift
was mine.
And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply,
A strait soon came ; my friend I tried—he heard,
and spurn'd my moan ;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a
patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnnie Wilkes, and cry'd up
parson Horne ; *
Their manly spirit I admir'd, and praised their noble
zeal,

* The song was written when Wilkes and Horne were making a
noise about liberty.

Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd
the public weal.
But, e'er a month or two had pass'd, I found myself
betray'd ;
'Twas Self and Party, after all, for a' the stir they
made.
At last I saw the factious knaves insult the very
throne ;
I cursed them a', and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to
succeed ;
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to
read ;
I bought and borrowed everywhere, and studied
night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd
in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after
truth ;
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was
pleas'd with none ;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

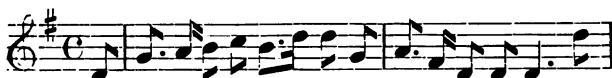
And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to
make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness
below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty
name ;
And girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll find
them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man
as me ;

I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree;
 You'll meet displeasure everywhere; then do as I have done—
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves wi' John o' Badenyon.

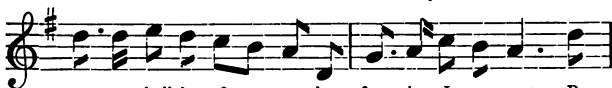
A long and well-established favourite, "John o' Badenyon" was written by the Rev. John Skinner, of Linshart, Aberdeenshire, who was author besides of the immortal "Tullochgorum" and "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," and was a much esteemed correspondent of Robert Burns. Skinner was born at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, in 1721, was a teacher for a time, first at Kemnay and then at Monymusk. In 1742 he was appointed Episcopal minister at Longside, where he officiated for the long period of sixty-five years, residing all that time in a small thatched cottage at Linshart, where he died in 1807.

What the reverend author meant by "John o' Badenyon" has more than once been the subject of debate. The natural idea is that "John o' Badenyon" was a favourite air to which the hero tuned his pipes and played to comfort himself by on any occasion of sorrow or disappointment. But some one has affirmed that he had authority for believing that this was the name which Skinner gave to his family Bible, which had presumably been the gift of the farmer of Badenyon, a place not very distant from Birse, his birthplace. Another tradition is that "John o' Badenyon" was the name or nickname of a relative of Skinner's whom he was fond of chaffing. Neither of these two latter explanations, however, harmonises with the tenor of the song. "Tuning one's pipes," as the Rev. William Walker says, "is surely no suitable preparation for chaffing a friend, still less for reading one's Bible." That is so; and what suits best with the moral of the song is a simple, solitary amusement, such as playing a tune on the pipes, which is wholly within one's own power.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.



The love that I had chos - en was to my heart's content; The



saut sea shall be fro - zen be - fore that I re - pent: Re -



pent me will I nev - er, un - til the day I dee; Tho' the
Low - lands o' Hol - land ha'e twined my love and me.

THE love that I had chosen
Was to my heart's content ;
The saut sea shall be frozen
Before that I repent ;
Repent me will I never,
Until the day I dee ;
Tho' the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My love lies in the saut sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart,
Wha lately was a bride ;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
Wi' pleasure in her e'e ;
But the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie ;
Three score gaed to the bottom,
And three score died at sea ;
And the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My love he built anither ship,
And sent her to the main ;
He had but twenty mariners,
And a' to bring her hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise,
And the sea began to rout ;
My love then and his bonnie ship
Turned widdershins * about.

There shall nae coif come on my head,
Nae kame come in my hair ;
There's neither coal nor candle licht
Shine in my bower mair ;
Nor shall I hae anither love
Until the day I dee ;
I never loved a love but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

O haud yer tongue my daughter dear,
Be still, and be content ;
There are mair lads in Galloway,
Ye needna sair lament.
Oh, there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me ;
For I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.

According to a popular tradition, this plaintive ballad, which has been an established favourite with the country people of Scotland for several generations, though seldom printed in the collections, was composed about the beginning of last century by a young lady in Galloway, whose husband was drowned in the course of a voyage to Holland. It may, however, as Mr. George Eyre-Todd shrewdly suggests, belong to an earlier period, when Scottish knights, in times of peace at home, were accustomed, as soldiers of fortune, to carry their swords and followers to the wars in the Low Countries. Its original air, from which Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey was made, is preserved in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion." David Herd was the first to print the ballad, but four verses make the total of his version. Here are six, all of which have been accustomed to be sung.

* In a direction contrary to the sun.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

Tenderly.

I winna love the laddie that ca's the cart and
pleugh, Though he should own that tender love that's on - ly felt by
few ; For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love be -
tray'd, Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the crook and
plaid. For he's aye true to his lassie, aye true
to his lassie, Aye true to his lassie, wha wears the crook and plaid.

I WINNA love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love that's only
felt by few ;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the crook
and plaid ;

For he's aye true to his lassie, aye true to his lassie,
Aye true to his lassie, wha wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy
flocks to view,
While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new sprung
frae 'mang the dew ;
His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may not weel
be stay'd,
Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the crook
and plaid.

And he's aye true, etc.

At noon he leans him doon upon the high and
heathy fell,
And views his flocks beneath him a' fair feeding in
the dell ;
And then he sings the sangs o' love, the sweetest
ever made ;
O ! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook
and plaid.

And he's aye true, etc.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily flowers
sae meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heathbell like
my cheek ;
His words are sweet and tender, as the dews frae
heaven shed,
And weel I love to list the lad wha wears the crook
and plaid.

For he's aye true, etc.

When the dews begin to fauld the flowers, and the
gloamin' shades draw on ;
When the star comes stealing through the sky, and
the kye are in the loan ;

He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the heart is
lighter made
To ken the laddie hameward hies wha wears the
crook and plaid.

For he's aye true, etc.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn grey, that's growing
in the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' aye, when nane on
earth can ken,
To woo and vow, and there, I trow, whatever may
be said,
He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in his
plaid.

For he's aye true, etc.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
And woo across the table cauld his madam-titled
bride;
But I'll gang to the hawthorn grey, where cheek to
cheek is laid,
O! nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his
plaid.

For he's aye true, etc.

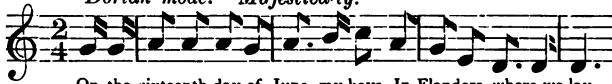
To own the truth o' tender love, what heart wad no
comply,
Since love gives purer happiness than aught aneath
the sky?
If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er
afraid,
And through life I'll love the laddie that wears the
crook and plaid.

For he's aye true to his lassie, aye true to his lassie,
Aye true to his lassie, wha wears the crook and plaid.

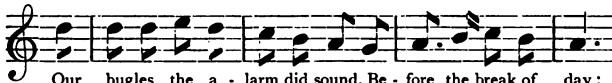
Here is a song of country love, by one who thoroughly understood country life, hence its favour with rural lads and lasses, who have sung it regularly for half a century. It was composed by Henry Scott Riddell, who was author, besides, of "Scotland Yet," "The Wild Glen sae Green," and other lyrics of rare vim and quality. Riddell was born at Sorbie, in the Vale of Ewes, in Dumfriesshire, in 1798. His father was a shepherd, and Henry's early years were spent at the same calling. In course of time, however, he threw aside the crook and plaid, studied at the University of Edinburgh, and became the minister of Teviotdale, where he laboured faithfully for nearly nine years. In 1841 a serious attack of nervous disease came upon him, and he had to abandon for ever the labours of his pastorate. He died in 1870. Riddell wrote a great deal, and much that he wrote became exceedingly popular; but nothing more so than "The Crook and the Plaid," which was written to supplant a song of questionable character called "The Plough Boy." Isobel Pagan, an earlier singer, who was author of a version of "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," it is fair to state, wrote also a song entitled "The Crook and Plaid." It is Riddell's song, however, that every country person knows and sings.

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

Dorian mode. Majestically.



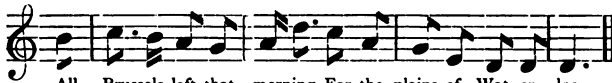
On the sixteenth day of June, my boys, In Flanders, where we lay,



Our bugles the a - larm did sound, Be - fore the break of day ;



The British, Belgians, Brunswickers, And Han - o - verians, too,



All Brussels left that morning For the plains of Wat - er - loo.

ON the sixteenth day of June, my boys,
 In Flanders, where we lay,
 Our bugles the alarm did sound
 Before the break of day ;

The British, Belgians, Brunswickers,
And Hanoverians, too,
All Brussels left that morning
For the plains of Waterloo.

By a forcèd march we did advance,
Till three in the afternoon ;
Each British heart with ardour burned
To pull the tyrant down.
At Quatre Bras we met the French—
Their form to us was new ;
For in steel armour they were clad
On the plains of Waterloo.

Napoleon to his men did say,
Before the fight began ;—
“ My heroes, if this day we lose,
Our nation is undone.
The Prussians we've already beat,
We'll beat the British too,
And display victorious eagles
On the field of Waterloo.”

Our immortal hero, Wellington,
No speech to us did make.
We were Peninsula heroes
And oft had made them quake ;
At Vittoria, Salamanca,
Toulouse, and Burgos, too—
They beheld their former conquerors
On the plains of Waterloo.

In bright array Britannia stood
And viewed her sons that day,
Then to her much-loved hero went
And thus to him did say :—

“If you the wreath of laurel grasp
From yon usurper's brow,
Through ages all shall you be called
The Prince of Waterloo.”

The bloody fight it then began,
The cannons they did roar ;
We being short of cavalry,
They pressèd us full sore.
Three British cheers we gave them,
With volleys not a few,
Which made them wish themselves in France,
And far from Waterloo.

For full four hours, or longer, we
Sustained the bloody fray ;
And during a long, darksome night
Upon our arms we lay.
The orders of our General
Next day we did pursue,
We retired in files for near six miles,
To the plains of Waterloo.

This day both armies kept their ground,
When scarce a shot was fired ;
The French did boast a victory gained
Because we had retired.
This noble act of generalship
Them from their strongholds drew ;
Then we'd some share by fighting fair
On the plains of Waterloo.

On the eighteenth, in the morning,
Both armies did advance,
On this side stood brave Albion's sons,
On that the pride of France.

The fate of Europe in his hands,
Each man his sabre drew,
And death or victory was the word,
On the plains of Waterloo.

Upon our right they did begin,
Prince Jerome led the van,
With Imperial Guards and Cuirassiers,
Thought none could them withstand ;
But British steel soon made them yield,
Though our numbers were but few ;
Prisoners we made, but more lay dead,
On the plains of Waterloo.

When to our left they bent their course
In disappointed rage,
The Belgian line fought for a time,
But could not stand the charge ;
Then Caledon took up her drone,
And loud her chanter blew ;
Played Marshall Ney a new strathspey,
To the tune of Waterloo.

Before the tune was half played o'er
The French had danced their fill ;
Ten thousand of their warriors
Lay dead upon the field.
Ten thousand prisoners we took,
Imperial eagles too ;
Oh ! British valour was displayed
On the plains of Waterloo.

A health to George, our Royal King,
And long may he govern ;
Likewise the Duke of Wellington,
That noble son of Erin !

Two years they added to our time,
 With pay and pension too ;
 And now we are recorded all
 As "men of Waterloo."

Every schoolboy in Scotland is familiar with Lord Byron's blood-kindling verses on "The Eve of Waterloo," and all who presume to be read in poetical literature beyond the mere alphabet of the subject know also Sir Walter Scott's poem descriptive of the "king-making victory" of that terrible Sabbath in mid-June, 1815, when Napoleon and Wellington met face to face for the first and last time, and the "terror of Europe" was fain to flee from the death-spitting mouths of the British guns. But not the infinitely greater poems of Byron and Scott—nor either of them—has captivated more thoroughly the common heart of the peasantry of this country than the unsophisticated ballad printed above, which is supposed to have been written by a Scottish soldier who took part in the engagement. To wit, John (better known as Jock) Robertson, a bugler in the 92nd Highlanders. It is worth noting here, besides, that one who fought with the Scots Greys at Waterloo, on being asked many years after how he would like to fight it over again, replied at once, while his eye brightened at the question, "In my shirt sleeves."

Except in broadsheet form, this ballad has been seldom printed.

TAM FREW'S HAT.

You've a' heard tell o' auld Tam Frew,
 Wha ance lived down at Sheepford Locks,
 Whase only way o' livin' noo
 Is gaun about and cleanin' clocks.
 He's unco queer in a' his ways,
 And aye as dry's he licket saut ;
 But the oddest o' his queerest ways—
 He keeps his smiddy in his hat.

Dirrim dey, doo a day,
 Dirrim doo a da dee, O.
 Dirrim dey, doo a day,
 He keeps his smiddy in his hat.

Noo, auld Tam's hat's nae ord'nar hat,
 'Though unco bare and gey far through ;
 It has seen better days, I wat,
 Although it hauds a smiddy noo.
 When it was new Laird Waddell wore't,
 And out frae 'neath 't gied mony a squint ;
 I'm sure he paid a guinea for't,
 Though noo Tam hauds his smiddy in't.

A vice, a studdy, and a file,
 A cramp, and twa or three screw-taps,
 An eight-day clock's bell packit fu'
 O' auld watch gear and bits o' scraps.
 Twa pend'lums and a chapper wecht,
 Twa hammers, and twa drills, I wat ;
 Twa hanks o' cage wire, if I'm richt,
 Were a' panged into Tammy's hat.

A wee pock fu' o' points o' preens,
 For pinnin' wheels, an' points, an' gear ;
 An ink-glass, fu' o' gude sweet oil,
 A feather in't, ye needna fear.
 A saw made o' an auld knife blade,
 A punch an' brogue, for widenin' holes ;
 An' ilka thing a smith micht need,
 But bellows, hearth, an' smiddy coals.

Noo, auld Tam's smiddy needs nae lums,
 Nor doors nor winnocks, roun' an' roun',
 But he fa's to work as soon's it comes,
 And turns his smiddy upside down.
 An' aft he'll yoke to cuckoo nocks,
 And gar them speak tho' ten years dead ;
 As soon's work's dune awa' he rocks,
 Wi' his smiddy hotchin' on his head.

Auld Tam when young could crack and joke,
 And play that way richt weel, I wat ;
 Haund doon his name like ither folk,
 Though noo his smiddy's in his hat.
 There's mony a slip 'tween cup and lip,
 Tho' bodies they think nocht o' that ;
 For wha wad thocht that time wad slip
 Tam's smiddy stock intil his hat ?

Noo, Tam's like mony ither smiths,
 He likes a drap to weet his reed,
 And gangs to whaur it's gude atweel,
 Wi' his smiddy placed upon his head.
 And down he sits and smokes and drinks,
 Until that he be roarin' fu' ;
 There's three o' them ye maist wad think—
 The hat, the smiddy, and Tam Frew.

But auld Tam's race is nearly run,
 His smiddy roof is nearly bare,
 An' aft his bits o' tools are fun',
 A' fankled in amang his hair.
 Regardless o' yon auld fell chiel',
 Wha passing by may gie 'm a bat,
 An' gar him tak' a lang fareweel
 O' baith his smiddy and his hat.

Though not included in any collection of note, this has been a popular song—and deservedly so—all over Scotland for nearly half a century. It has been printed again and again in broadsheets and penny songsters, etc., but always anonymously; and it was my privilege not many years ago to print it for the first time with the author's name attached, and to furnish particulars regarding the subject and history of the effusion.

The allusion in the opening stanza to the "Sheepford Locks" denotes the vicinity of Airdrie and Coatbridge as being the native locality of the song; and inquiring thereaway, through the medium of a friend, I learned on very reliable authority that the author's name was John M'Lay. He would be born about the end of the eighteenth or the beginning of the last century, and at the time the song appeared—about fifty years ago—was a miner in the employ-

ment of the Calder Iron Company, and resided at Greenwood, on the Monkland Canal, between Airdrie and Coatbridge, and not far from the spot where once stood Tam's Smiddy, at the Sheepfold Locks. He appears to have been able to pick out a character, and to appreciate with whom he had to deal. Tam Frew, of course, was a real personage, and one day, some time after the song had been composed, M'Lay was in company with a few other miners in a public-house in Holytown, when, lo! who should enter but the redoubtable Tam with "his smiddy hotchin' on his head." *Sotto voce* the conversation turned on the song, when Tam offered to give any man a gill who would sing it to him. The author at once stood up and sang it, to the delight of the company. When it was finished, Tam declared he "would gie another gill to ken wha wrote it." He was informed on the spot, and a jolly night ensued. M'Lay is reputed to have written other songs besides the present. One entitled "Nosey," now lost, which hit off a person in the district with an abnormally long proboscis, my informant once heard him sing, though not until some considerable time after the decease of the person to whom it alluded. He has been named, indeed, as the author of "Heather Jock." Certainly the hand that delineated Tam Frew so graphically was equal to the task; but "Heather Jock," as will be seen further on in this work, was not written by John M'Lay. The air here is "The Tinkler's Waddin'."

THE BONNIE LASSIE'S ANSWER.

"Farewell to Glasgow cit - y, like - wise to Lan - ark -
shire, Fare - well, my dear - est par - ents, I'll
nev - er see you mair, For I am bound to
go, my love, where no one shall me know;" But the
bon - nie lass - ie's answer was aye no, no.

REFRAIN.

'Twas aye no, no, my love, 'Twas
 aye no, no; The bon-nie lass-ie's
 an-swer was aye no, no.

“FAREWELL to Glasgow City, likewise to Lanarkshire,

Farewell, my dearest parents, I'll never see you mair,
 For I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall
 me know.”

But the bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

'Twas aye no, no, my love; 'twas aye no, no;
 The bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

“It's for the want of pocket-money, and for the
 want of cash,

Makes mony a bonnie laddie to leave his bonnie lass;
 So I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall
 me know,”

But the bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

“The Queen is wanting men, they say, and I for one
 should go;

And for my very life, love, I dare not answer no.”

“O, stay at home, my bonnie lad, and dinna gang
 afar,

For little, little do you ken the dangers of the war.

“ ’Tis I’ll cut off my yellow hair and gang along wi’
thee,
And be your faithful comrade in ilk’ foreign
countrie ;”

“ O, stay at hame, my bonnie lass, and dinna gang
wi’ me,
For little, little do ye ken the dangers of the sea.

“ The fervent love I bear to you is constant, true,
and kind ;
You are always present to my view, and never from
my mind ;
But I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall
me know,”
And the bonnie lassie’s answer was aye no, no.

“ Farewell to Cathkin’s sunny braes, where oft times
we have been ;
Farewell unto the banks of Clyde, and bonnie
Glasgow Green ;
Farewell, my loving comrades, I own my heart is
sair ;
Farewell for aye, my bonnie Jean, I’ll never see you
mair.

“ For I am bound to go, my love, where no one
shall me know,”
But the bonnie lassie’s answer was aye no, no ;
’Twas aye no, no, my love : ’twas aye no, no ;
The bonnie lassie’s answer was aye no, no.

Originally from the West, perhaps, we have here a song that will be at once recognised as a common favourite all over rural Scotland, the custom being for the singer to make it apply to the nearest military town.

NANCY DAWSON.

THERE lived a lass in yonder glen
Wham auld and young did brawly ken,
She crackit the hearts o' a' the men,
Her name was Nancy Dawson.
But her auld daddie ne'er could bear
That ony ane her price should speir,
Except the laird o' Muckle gear,
Gleed, whistlin' Bauldy Lawson.

The lass was scarcely out nineteen,
Wi' coral lips and diamond een,
Wi' rosy cheeks and gracefu' mien,
Oh, but she was a darlin' !
But Bauldy, bleer'd in baith his een,
Had mair than half a century seen,
Yet he wad come ilk' Friday's e'en
To rival Rab M'Farlane.

But Rab was young and Rab was braw,
He had a tongue ayont them a' ;
He could wile an egg frae 'neath the craw,
And pleased the lassie's fancy ;
But Rab had neither gear nor lan',
So couldna please the auld gudeman ;
It made the carle to rage and ban,
The loon should ne'er get Nancy.

The faither fleech'd, the mither flate,
They bother'd the lass baith ear' and late
To wed the laird for his braw estate,
Or she wad get nae tocher ;
But she in Glasgow toon did ca',
And was advised by a limb o' the law
To please hersel' afore them a',
For she was an only dochter.

The laird his beard did trinly maw,
 And dressed himsel' fu' trig and braw ;
 To strike the match for good and a'
 Cam' branklin' ben the entry ;
 But Nancy wished the carle at France,
 As he cam' hoastin' ben the trance ;
 She thocht, wi' sigh and scornfu' glance,
 This plan but answers gentry.

The day was fix'd, the banns were ca'd,
 The braws were bocht wi' great paraud,
 An' Bauldy he fu' croosely craw'd
 Ower a' the lads victorious.
 At length the bridal day cam' roon',
 The gossips met wi' glesome soun' ;
 But hope turns disappointment soon ;
 We see nae far afore us.

Wi' poothered wig arrived the priest,
 The brewer and his lade cam' neist,
 The baker brang a special feast
 O' roast, pies, buns, and gravy.
 The cry gat up, "The bridegroom's comin' !"
 Baith auld and young did oot come rinnin' ;
 For then they heard the fiddle bummin',
 An' liltin' "Dainty Davie."

The bride was left i' the spence her lane,
 And oot at the back door she has gane,
 And through the yard, and doon the glen,
 Among the birks and hazels :
 She ran straucht to the trysting tree,
 And met wi' Rab in muckle glee ;
 And they hae fled across the lea
 As swift as hares or weasels.

Noo Bauldy he drew near the hoose,
And, vow ! but he was skeich and croose,
Cock-sure ere lang to hae a spouse,
Surpass'd wi' nane ava, man.
He was welcomed in wi' muckle mense,
To see his bride within the spense ;
But they were bereaved o' every sense,
When they found she was awa', man.

They socht her oot, they socht her in,
But on the track they ne'er could win ;
Some hintit leukin' roon the linn—
Hysteries seized ilk' carline ;
Till Tam the herd cam' down the dale,
The herald o' a dolefu' tale ;
Quo' he, "I saw her blythe and hale,
Scoorin' aff wi' Rab M'Farlane."

Thinkin' in vain the lass he'd wooed,
Puir Bauldy ran as hard's he could ;
Put on his specs, the hills he viewed,
And saw them turn the cairn.
He cried to the best-man, "Roger, rin,
As yet we're no that far ahin' ;
To me a wife you yet may win,
And save the laird's dear bairn."

So Roger cuist his shoon and coat,
Took to the road like cannon shot,
And neebours, pityin' Bauldy's lot,
Set aff as swift as roes, man.
The fiddler, neither stiff nor slack,
Ran till his limbs were like to crack ;
He fell on his broo, an' his bow he brak'
And returned wi' bluidy nose, man.

Wi' quakin' knees and daunted breist,
 Puir Bauldy saw his cronie reist,
 Took consolation frae the priest,
 And dighted baith his een, man.
 Yet aye he looked wi' ruefu' face
 To see the up-shot o' the chase ;
 For ilka ane believed the race
 Wad end at Gretna Green, man.

Noo, wha's to eat the feast sae fat ?
 And wha's to quaff the brews o' maut ?
 For Bauldy hasna taste for that,
 Sin' Nancy's proved na sterlin'.
 They a' slade aff like knotless threads,
 To lay aside their bridal weeds,
 Sayin', "The morn we'll rise wi' braw hale heids,
 An' be thankin' Rab M'Farlane."

Ye wha hae dochters a' tak' tent,
 And prudence learn from this event,
 Ne'er barter them 'gainst their consent,
 Although it be the fashion ;
 Lest on their blythesome bridal day
 They oot at the back door chance to stray,
 And lichtly slip across the lea,
 Like charming Nancy Dawson.

From various correspondents I have received versions of this song, more or less incomplete ; but Mrs. Robertson, Birnam, furnishes apparently the complete and perfect article. Mrs. Robertson never saw the song in print, but committed it to memory from hearing it sung by her mother in Ayrshire many years ago. About the middle of the eighteenth century a theatre version of "Nancy Dawson," written in celebration of a noted dancer of that name, appearing then at Saddler's Wells and at Covent Garden, and who, besides, on account of her beauty, was a vast public favourite, was very popular, the first verse of which ran :—

" Of all the girls in our town—
 The black, the fair, the red, the brown—
 That prance and dance it up and down,
 There's none like Nancy Dawson.

Her easy mien, her shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
Her every motion is complete—
I'd die for Nancy Dawson."

It contained four stanzas, the above being the best, so that it cannot thole to be compared with the humorous old ditty given here, and printed now, perhaps, for the first time. The tune is "The Cauldrife Wooser," or "The Brisk Young Lad."

THE PLAIDIE AWA'.

FRAE flesher Rab that lived in Crieff,
A bonnie lassie wanted to buy some beef ;
He took her in his arms and down she did fa',
And the wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'.

Her plaidie awa', her plaidie awa',
'The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa' ;
He took her in his arms and down she did fa',
And the wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'.

The plaidie was lost and couldna be fun',
The deil's in the plaid, it's awa' wi' the win' ;
An' what shall I say to the auld folks awa ?
I daurna say the wind blew the plaidie awa'.

It wasna lang after the plaidie was lost,
Till the bonnie lassie grew thick about the waist,
And Rabbie was blamed for the hale o' it a',
And the wind blawin' the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'.

When Rabbie was summoned to answer the Session,
They a' cried out ye maun mak' a confession ;
But Rabbie ne'er answered them ae word awa,
But "the wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'."

The auld wife came in puir Rab to accuse,
 The minister and elders began to abuse
 Puir Rabbie for tryin' to mak' ane into twa ;
 But Rabbie said, "The wind blew the plaidie awa'."

The lassie was sent for to come there hersel',
 She look'd in his face, says, "Ye ken hoo I fell ;
 And ye had the cause o't, ye daurna say na ;"
 But Rabbie said, "The wind blew the plaidie awa'."

Rab looked in her face and gied a bit smile,
 He says, "My bonnie lass, I winna you beguile ;
 The minister is here, he'll make ane o' us twa,
 'That will pay for the plaid that the wind blew awa'."

The whisky was sent for to mak' a' thing right,
 The ministers and elders they sat a' the night,
 And sang till the cock began for to craw,
 "The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'."

Now Rab and his lassie are hand in hand,
 They live as contented as ony in the land ;
 And when he gets fou he minds o' the fa',
 An', "The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'."

This favourite song has the true marrow of the Scottish lyre in it. Humorous, and although a little high kilted, it is by no means rudely indelicate, while the glorious *denouement* of the story makes up for all previous indiscretions and offences.

My friend, Mr. D. Kippen, of Crieff, has it that the song was composed by an Irishman who lived in Crieff, near to the Cross, in the early years of last century, and was known familiarly by the name of "Blind Rob." This song, at least, and "Molly M'Kay," which was a favourite itinerant song between 1820 and 1840, "Blind Rob" sang into fame. Mr. Kippen avers, and he claimed the authorship of both. It is sung to the air of "The White Cockade," to which so many popular lyrics are fitted.

THE BRAES O' STRATHBLANE.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
Down by yon green meadow I carelessly did stray,
I espied a fair maid, she was standing her lane,
While bleaching her claes on the braes o' Strathblane.

I stepped up towards her, as I seemed to pass,
"You are bleaching your claes here, my bonnie
young lass;
It's a twelvemonth and more since I had you in my
mind,
And oh, to be married, if you would incline."

"To marry! to marry! I'm sure I'm too young,
Besides the young men have a flattering tongue;
My father and mother displeasèd would be
If I were to marry a rover like thee."

"Oh, lassie! oh, lassie! how can you say so?
You know not the pains which I undergo;
Consent, my dear lassie, to be a' my ain,
And we will live happy on the braes o' Strathblane."

"Oh, tempt me no longer," the fair maid did say,
"It's better for you to jog on your way;
It's better for me to bide here my lane
Than with you and your stell on the braes o'
Strathblane."

I turned about with a tear in my e'e,
Saying, "I wish you a good man, whoe'er he may be;
I wish you a good one, as we are here alane,
And I'll court another on the braes o' Strathblane."

“Oh, stop,” says the lassie, “for you’ve won my
heart,

There is my hand, we never shall part ;
We never shall part till the day that we dee,
And may goodness attend us wherever we be.”

“It’s now you’ve consented, but quite out of time,
Since you spoke these few words, I have changed my
mind ;

The clouds lower heavy, I’m afraid we’ll have rain —”
So we shook hands and parted on the braes o’
Strathblane.

Come all you fair maidens, where’er you may be,
And ne’er slight a young man who’d prove true to
thee :

For the slighting of this young man I’m afraid I’ll
get nane,

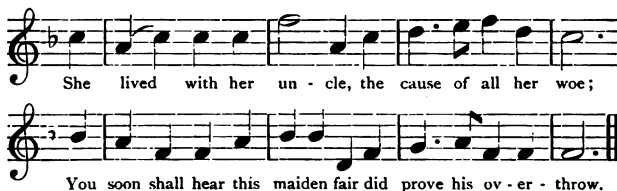
But forlorn aye must wander on the braes o’ Strath-
blane.

Poor in the literary sense—the merest doggerel, indeed—there has yet been no ploughman, or ploughman’s sweetheart, or wife, in all the Blane Valley for fifty years and more with whom this song has not been as familiar as the lines of the 23rd Psalm ; and as a rural folk-song, if for no better reason, it is worthy of preservation. It has often been printed in broadsheet form ; and ballad-hawkers continue to find ready sale for it at feeing markets in Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and a half note G. The second staff is in F major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The melody begins with a quarter note F, followed by quarter notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, and a half note F. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beau-ti-ful, I'm told,
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold.



It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful, I'm told,
 Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds
 in gold ;
 She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe ;
 You soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his
 overthrow.

Her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full
 well,
 And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would
 tell ;
 There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
 But still she loved the ploughboy on the banks of
 sweet Dundee.

It was on a summer's morning her uncle went
 straightway,
 He knocked at Mary's bedroom door, and unto her
 did say—
 “ Come, rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be ;
 The squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet
 Dundee.”

“ A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes
 likewise,
 My William he appears to me like diamonds in my
 eyes.”

“ Begone, unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
 I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet
 Dundee.”

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,
"Young William is in favour," her uncle he did
say ;
"Indeed, 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the press-gang on the banks of
sweet Dundee."

The press-gang came to William when he was all
alone,
He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to
one,
The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray, kill me
now," said he,
"I would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet
Dundee."

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her
love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.
He put his arms around her—"Stand off, base man,"
said she,
"You sent the only lad I love from the banks of
sweet Dundee."

He clasped his arms around her and tried to throw
her down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his
morning gown.
Young Mary took the pistols, his sword he used so
free,
Then she did fire, and shot the squire, on the banks
of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and hastened to the
ground,
"O. since you've kill'd the squire, I'll give you your
death-wound ;"

“Stand off, then,” cried young Mary, “undaunted I will be—”

She trigger drew, her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill,
Likewise came his lawyer, for him to sign his will ;
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks
of sweet Dundee.

Young William he was sent for, and quickly did
return,
As soon as he came back again, young Mary ceased
to mourn ;
The day it was appointed, they joined their hands so
free,
And now they live in splendour on the banks of
sweet Dundee.

Seldom printed, but passed down faithfully from mouth to mouth, this rudely-girded, tragic love-ballad cannot be less than a hundred years old. Fifty years ago, when harvest work in Scotland was almost wholly done by the hand-hook, it was a common song among the bands of shearers in the Carse of Gowrie and thereabout when songs went round in the bothies at night. Poetically it is a poor affair. But will any one say that “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,” for instance, appeals to a higher culture? I trow the old one has it.

CORUNNA'S LONE SHORE.

Do you weep for the woes of poor wandering Nelly ?
I love you for that, but I love now no more ;
All I had long ago lies entomb'd with my Billy,
Whose grave rises green on Corunna's lone shore.

Oh! they tell me my Billy looked noble when dying,
That round him the noblest in battle stood crying.
While from his deep wound life's red floods were
drying,
At evening's pale close on Corunna's lone shore.

That night Billy died, as I lay on my pillow,
I thrice was alarmed by a knock at my door ;
Thrice my name it was called in a voice soft and
mellow,
And thrice did I dream of Corunna's lone shore.
Methought Billy stood on the beach where the billow
Boom'd over his head, breaking loud, long, and
hollow,
In his hand he held waving a flag of green willow,
"Save me, God !" he exclaimed on Corunna's lone
shore.

And now when I mind on't, my dear Billy told me,
While tears wet his eyes, but those tears are no
more,
At our parting, he never again would behold me,
'Twas strange, then I thought on Corunna's lone
shore.
But shall I ne'er see him when drowsy-eyed night
falls,
When through the dark arch Luna's tremulous light
falls,
As o'er his new grave slow the glow-worm of night
crawls,
And ghosts of the slain trip Corunna's lone shore.

Yes, yes, on this spot shall these arms enfold him,
For here hath he kissed me a thousand times o'er ;
How bewildered's my brain, now methinks I behold
him,
All bloody and pale on Corunna's lone shore.

Come away, my sweetheart, come in haste, my dear
Billy,
On the wind's wafting wing to thy languishing Nelly;
I've got kisses in store, I've got secrets to tell thee,
Come, ghost of my Bill, from Corunna's lone shore.

Oh! I'm told that my blue eyes have lost all their
splendour,
That my locks, once so yellow, now wave thin and
hoar;
'Tis, they tell me, because I'm so restless to wander,
And from thinking so much on Corunna's lone
shore.

But, God help me, where shall I go to forget him?
If to father's, at home in each corner I meet him,
The arbour, alas! where he used aye to seat him,
Says, "Think, Nelly, think on Corunna's lone
shore."

And here as I travel all tatter'd and torn,
By brainle and briar, over mountain and moor,
Ne'er a bird bounds aloft to salute the new morn,
But warbles aloud, "Oh, Corunna's lone shore."
It is heard in the blast when the tempest is blowing;
It is heard in the white, broken waterfall flowing;
It is heard in the songs of the reaping and mowing,
Oh, my poor bleeding heart! Oh, Corunna's lone
shore!

Written by the author of "The Lass o' Glenshee," the present song—at one time familiar in every Perthshire cottage—does more credit to his lyric power than the fore-mentioned. Whitelaw prints it in his "Book of Scottish Song," but has not a word about its tragic origin and deeply moving history. For its story we are indebted to the late Mr. P. R. Drummond, bookseller and historian, who, in his "Perthshire in Bygone Days," says:—"The chain of unfortunate circumstances which suggested to the mind of Andrew Sharpe the composition of the ode, 'Corunna's Lone Shore,' was shortly this. In the year 1808, William Herdman, a handsome and well-conducted young tradesman, lived in a land of houses facing

the river, which has lately been removed to make way for Tay Street, and on the opposite side dwelt Ellen Rankine, whose father was gardener at Bellwood. Frequently passing and repassing across the river, the two formed a fond mutual attachment, which was about to resolve itself into their becoming man and wife, when a misunderstanding of a very trivial nature arose between Herdman and Helen's father, which became aggravated into a quarrel, and the young man, being too proud to submit, took revenge on all by enlisting in the 92nd Regiment, then under orders for foreign service. Within a few months he was carrying a musket and knapsack across the trodden and hungry orange groves of Old Castile, and under Sir David Baird, eventually joined Sir John Moore's retreat upon Corunna. The same evening, the 16th of January, 1809, that they buried Sir John Moore in the centre of the battery at Corunna, they buried William Herdman under the green turf on the outside of the battery walls, and within a few feet of the ebbing and flowing waters of the Bay of Biscay. The first news William Herdman's father and mother heard of him, after his enlistment, was the news of his death—terribly distracting news to them, accompanied as they were with full details of his last moments on the field of battle. Andrew Sharpe had observed that, since Herdman's departure, Ellen Rankine was greatly changed. Her passionate blue eyes had begun to fade, and her luxuriant brown hair, the pride of better days, to get tangled and dry; but when the news of his death came she sank into helpless idiocy, and despite the careful watchings of her distressed parents, she stole from them in a luckless moment, and, taking the back of the hill, went crooning and singing for a whole week away through the Howe of Strathmore, the burden of her song taken, no doubt, from Sharpe—

'Oh! Corunna's lone shore.'

The interest taken in the beautiful but crazed maiden, and the kindness shown to her wherever she went, have been the theme of many a story. She has been described by those who had seen her as walking at a rapid pace, bareheaded and barefooted, waving a red handkerchief in her right hand, and under her white, naked arm carrying her masses of brown hair tied up in an inextricable bundle."

One of the earliest recollections of my life, and a tender one, is my own mother's crooning of these touching verses of an evening.

THIS IS THE NIGHT MY JOHNNIE SET.

THIS is the night my Johnnie set,
 And promised to be here;
 Oh, what can stay his longing step?
 He's fickle grown, I fear.

Wae warth this wheel, 'twill no rin roun',
I hae nae heart to spin,
But count each minute wi' a sigh,
'Till Johnnie he steal in.

How snug that canty fire it burns,
For twa to sit beside ;
And there fu' aft my Johnnie sat,
And I my blushes hid.
My father now he snugly snores,
My mother's fast asleep ;
He promised aft, but, oh ! I fear,
His word he winna keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me ?
The road it's no sae lang ;
And frost and snaw are nought ava,
If folk are fain to gang.
Some ither lass wi' bonnier face
Has caught his wandering e'e ;
Than thole their jeers at kirk an' fair,
Oh ! sooner let me dee.

Oh ! if we lasses could but gang
And woo the lads we like,
I'd run to thee, my Johnnie dear,
Nor stop at bog or dyke.
But custom's such a powerfu' thing,
Men aye their will maun hae,
While mony a bonnie lassie sits
And mourns from day to day.

But wheesht ! I hear my Johnnie's fit,
It's just his very jog,
He snecks the fa'-yett saftly too—
Oh, hang that collie dog !

And now for mony sugar'd words,
 And kisses no a few ;
 Oh, but this world's a paradise
 When lovers they prove true.

Whitelaw includes this song in his collection, but has nothing to say about it further than the fact that it is sung to the tune of "Low down he's in the Broom." It is one of the happiest and knackiest of all the wandering country lilt, and has been carried from mouth to mouth in a very perfect way. The unknown framer of it certainly had no mean sleight of the poet's art. Our copy is from an old broadsheet, and differs verbally from Whitelaw's. Differs for betterment, too.

THE BROON CLOAK ON.

The musical score is written on four staves of music in a single system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. Some lads are ne'er at rest Till wi' croods o' lasses press'd, A'
 tosh'd up in their best, Wi' their kirk claes on; But
 pleasure mair I find, And as much content o' mind, Wi' a'e
 lassie true and kind, And her broon cloak on.

SOME lads are ne'er at rest
 Till wi' crowds o' lassies press'd
 A' tosh'd up in their best—
 Wi' their kirk claes on ;
 But pleasure mair I find,
 And as much content o' mind,
 Wi' a'e lassie true and kind,
 And her broon cloak on.

Ye leddies wha are great,
A' dressed in pomp and state,
Ye may thank your lucky fate
 For the claes you hae on.
Though in gaudy pomp ye move,
There's a cauldness in yer love,
When compared wi' my sweet dove
 Wi' her broon cloak on.

My grannie says, "Beware
O' the curls o' their hair,"
And "They will your heart ensnare,
 Wi' the dresses they hae on."
But had my grannie seen
The smiling charms o' Jean
As she cam' oot yestreen
 Wi' her broon cloak on !

I've heard my uncle tell,
When wi' a lass himsel',
When he heard the ten-'oor bell,
 For hame he would run.
But, lay a' jokes aside,
To the mornin' I would bide
Wi' my Jeanie by my side
 And her broon cloak on.

My mither she says, "Son,
Ye're unco sune begun
'Mang the lasses for to run ;
 It's ruin's road ye're on."
Though I own her counsel's richt,
Yet, when young hersel' at nicht,
She could hide a lad frae sicht
 Wi' her broon cloak on.

My faither, honest carl,
Sighs "Oh, this weary warl',
It mak's my heart to dirl,
For joys it has none."
But weary though it be,
O, it never fashes me,
When my comforter I see
Wi' her broon cloak on.

Like many more of the same vagabond class, the foregoing lively and ingenious song has been seldom printed, yet was much sung between thirty and fifty years ago. There have been slightly varying versions. Here it appears in what I esteem its best form. The air to which it is sung is simple and appropriate.

THE BIRKEN TREE.

Dorian mode. Lively.



O lass, gin ye wad think it right To gang wi' me this very night,
We'll cuddle till the morning light, By a' the lave un - seen O ;
And ye shall be my dear - ie, My ain dearest dear - ie,
It's ye shall be my dear - ie, Gin ye meet me at e'en O.

"O, LASS, gin ye wad think it right
To gang wi' me this very night,
We'll cuddle till the morning light,
By a' the lave unseen, O ;

And ye shall be my dearie,
My ain dearest dearie ;
It's ye shall be my dearie
Gin ye meet me at e'en, O."

" I daurna for my mammie ga'e,
She locks the door and keeps the key,
And e'en and morning charges me,
And aye about the men, O.
She says they're a' deceivers,
Deceivers, deceivers ;
She says they're a' deceivers,
We canna trust to ane, O."

" O never mind your mammie's yell,
Nae doubt she met your dad hersel' ;
And should she flyte ye may her tell
She's aften dune the same, O.
Sae, lassie, gie's yer hand on't,
Your bonnie milk-white hand on't ;
O lassie, gie's your hand on't,
And scorn to lie your lane, O."

" O, lad, my hand I canna gie,
But aiblins I may steal the key,
And meet you at the birken tree
That grows down in the glen, O.
But dinna lippen, laddie,
I canna promise, laddie,
O dinna lippen, laddie,
In case I canna win, O."

Now, he's gane to the birken tree,
In hopes his true love there to see ;
And wha cam' tripping o'er the lea,
But just his bonnie Jean, O.

And she clink'd doon beside him,
Beside him, beside him,
And she clink'd doon beside him,
Upon the grass sae green, O.

“I'm overjoyed wi' rapture noo,”
Cried he, and pree'd her cherry mou',
And Jeannie ne'er had cause to rue
That nicht upon the green, O.
For she has got her Johnnie,
Her sweet and loving Johnnie,
For she has got her Johnnie,
And Johnnie's got his Jean, O.

A simple country courtship is here preserved in a simple country song, which had Burns or Lady Nairne ever heard, together with its pleasing melody, might have been touched into a thing of real beauty and become famous.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet Mayday—
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And deck'd the meadows fair—
Young Jockey early in the morn,
Arose and tripped it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny, etc.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudged along,
Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds used to wear ;
He tapp'd the window, “Haste, my dear !”

Jenny, impatient, cried, "Who's there?"
" 'Tis I, my love, and no one near ;
Step gently down, you've naught to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.
Step gently," etc.

"My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear,
That you will ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove ;
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair.
Dispel these," etc.

"Behold the ring!" the shepherd cried,
"Wilt, Jenny, be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there!"
Then Jockey did his vows renew ;
He would be constant, would be true,
His word was pledged—away she flew,
O'er cowslips sparkling with the dew,
With Jockey to the fair.
O'er cowslips, etc.

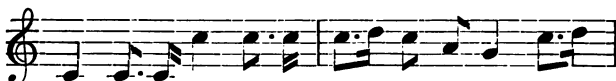
Soon did they meet a joyful throng,
Their gay companions blythe and young ;
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
To hail the happy pair.
What two were e'er so fond as they !
All bless the kind, propitious day,
The smiling morn and blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.
When lovely, etc.

The date of this sprightly rustic ballad is uncertain, but there is reason to believe that the melody, which is of a lively character, is very old. Though of English origin, it has enjoyed unbroken popularity for at least a hundred years in every country district on this side of the Tweed, and is entitled to rank permanently among the bothy and vagabond ballads of Scotland. It is to the rural manner perfect.

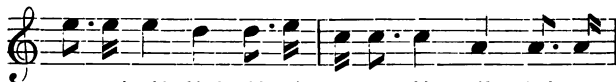
A CRONIE O' MINE.



Ye'll mount your bit naiggie and ride your wa's down, 'Bout a



mile and a half frae the neist borough toun, There

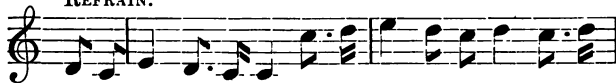


wons an' auld blacksmith, wi' Janet his wife, And a

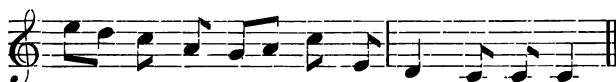


queerer auld cock ye ne'er met in your life,

REFRAIN.



Than this cronie o' mine, than this cronie o' mine; O be



sure that ye ca' on this cron - ie o' mine.

YE'LL mount yer bit naiggie an' ride your wa's down,
 'Bout a mile an' a half frae the neist borough toun,
 There wons an auld blacksmith, wi' Janet his wife,
 And a queerer auld cock ye ne'er met in your life,
 Than this cronie o' mine, than this cronie o' mine;
 O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Ye'll find him, as I do, a trustworthy chiel',
Weel tempered wi' wit frae his heid to his heel,
Wi' a saul in his body auld Nick ne'er could clout,
And a spark in his throat, whilk is ill to drown out.
 This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 For a deil o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

His smiddie ye'll ken by the twa trough stanes
At the auld door cheeks, an' the black batter'd
 panes—
By the three airn cleeks whilk he drave in the wa',
To tie up wild yauds when heigh customers ca'.
 O ! this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 Sure the hale country kens him, this cronie o' mine.

Up agen the auld gable 'tis like you may view
A tramless cart, or a couterless plough,
An auld teethless harrow, a brechem ring rent,
Wi' mae broken gear, whilk are meant to be men't
 By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 He's a richt handy craftsman, this cronie o' mine.

There's an auld broken sign-board looks to the
 hie-road,
Whilk tells ilka rider whaur his naig may be shod,
There's twa or three wordies that ye'll hae to spell,
But ye needna find fault, for he wrote it himsel' ;
 This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 He's an aul'-farrant carle, this cronie o' mine.

When ye fin' his auld smiddie, ye'll like, there's nae
 doubt,
To see the inside o't as weel as the out ;
Then step ye in bauldly, altho' he be thrang,
Gif the pint stoup but clatter, ye'll ken him ere lang,
 This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 Baith wit, fun, and fire has this cronie o' mine.

Twa or three chiels frae the toon-end are sure to be
there—

There's the bauld-headed butcher, wha tak's aye the
chair—

'Mang the queerest auld fallows a'e way and anither,
That e'er in this world were clubbit thegither ;

A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine ;

They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's Dominie Davie, sae glib o' the mou' ;

But it's like ye will fin' the auld carle blin' fou ;

Wi' the wee barber bodie, an' his wig fu' o' news,

Wha wad shave ony chap a' the week for a booze ;

A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine ;

They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's our auld Toun Clerk, wha has ta'en to the
pack,

Whilk is naething in bulk to the humph on his back ;

His knees are sae bow't, his splay feet sae thrawn,

Troth, it's no easy telling the road whilk they're
gaun,

Tho' a cronie o' mine, a bauld cronie o' mine ;

They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's Robin the ploughman, wha's crammed fu' o'
fun,

Wee gamekeeper Davie, wi' bag, dog, and gun,

And the miller, wha blythely the pipes can play on,

So you're sure to fa' in wi' the " Miller o' Drone " ;

A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine ;

They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

Then wi' thumpin' o' hammers, and tinklin' o' tangs,

Wi' auld-fashion'd stories wrought into queer sangs,

Wi' this soun', and that, ye'll aiblins be deaved—

And tak' care o' your breeks that they dinna get
sieved,

Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
For an arm o' might has this cronie o' mine.

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw,
Frae a black sooty hole whilk ye'll see i' the wa',
And lang or it's empty, frien', I meikle doubt,
Gif the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about ;

Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine—
O ! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Come now, my gude frien', gie's a shake o' your haun',
The night's wearin' thro', an' ye maun be gaun ;
The callan' will bring down your naig in a blink ;
But before that ye mount, again let us drink—

To this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
Here's lang life and pith to this cronie o' mine !

How often the walls of the roadside smiddy, the village inn, the ploughmen's bothy, and the shoemaker's shop have rung with the refrain of this inspiring song the statistical demon will never be able to tell us. Lately, to be sure, it has been out of vogue ; but when you and I were young, my reader—ah, then, then, then ! There was pith and vim in the singing of those days, and "A Cronie o' Mine" for a chorus all round—you remember ! The author was Alexander Maclagan, a native of Bridgend, Perth, who died in Edinburgh in 1879, in his 68th year. He was a song-writer of note, and, besides the present excellent ditty, gave his country "Hurrah for the Thistle," "We'll Hae Nane but Hieland Bonnets Here," "My Auld Granny's Leather Pouch," and other songs equally well known.

THE BREWER LADDIE.

IN Perth there lived a bonnie lad,

A brewer to his trade, O,

And he has courted Peggy Roy,

A rum but handsome maid, O.

She was a rum one, fal da reedle I do,

She was a rum one, fal da reedle ay.

He courted her for seven long years,
 All for to gain her favour ;
 When there came a lad from Edinburgh town,
 And he swore that he would have her.

“ So wilt thou go along with me,
 O, wilt thou go, my honey ?
 And wilt thou go along with me,
 And leave your own dear Johnnie ? ”

“ Yes, I will go along with you,
 And along with you I'll ride, O ;
 Yes, I will go along with you,
 Though I'm the brewer's bride, O. ”

The brewer he came hame at e'en,
 Enquiring for his honey ;
 Her father he made then reply,
 “ I've ne'er seen her since Monday. ”

“ Be it not, or be it so,
 Little does it grieve me ;
 I'm a young man, free, as you may see,
 And a small thing will relieve me.

“ There are as good fish in the sea
 As ever yet were taken ;
 And I'll cast out my net again,
 Although I am forsaken. ”

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,
 She's rambled through Kirkcaldy ;
 And many's the time she's rued the day
 She jilted her brewer laddie.

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,
 She's rambled through Perth town, O ;
 And when she cam' to the brewer's door,
 She daur'd na venture in, O.

He's drawn his course where'er he's gane,
 His country he has fled, O !
 And he left na a shirt upon her back,
 Nor a blanket on her bed, O !

The brewer he set up in Perth,
 And there he brews gude ale, O ;
 And he has courted another lass,
 And ta'en her to himsel', O.

Ye lovers all, where'er you be,
 By this now take a warning,
 And never slight your ain true love,
 For fear you get a waur ane.

The story embraced in this rude and once familiar ditty, we need not doubt, is all perfectly true. Its truth alone, indeed, may account for its popularity.

THE QUEER FOLK I' THE SHAWS.

I THOCHT unto mysel' ae day I'd like to see a Race,
 For mony ither lads like me had been to sic a place;
 Sae up I gat an' wash'd mysel', put on my Sunday
 braws,
 An' wi' a stick into my hand I started for the Shaws!

My mither tichtly coonsell'd me before that I gaed
 oot,
 To tak' gude care and mind my e'e wi' what I was
 about ;
 Said she, " Ye may be trod to death beneath the
 horses' paws ;
 An' mind ye, lad, the sayin's true—' There's queer
 folk i' the Shaws ! ' "

The Races pleased me unco weel—gosh! they were
 grand to see :
 The horses ran sae awfu' swift, I thocht they maist
 did flee ;
 When they cam' near the winnin'-post—O, siccan
 loud huzzas !
 Ye wad hae thocht they'd a' gane daft—the queer
 folk i' the Shaws !

A bonnie lass cam' up to me and asked me for a
 gill ;
 Quoth I, “ If that's the fashion here, I maunna tak'
 it ill.”
 She wiled me owre intil a tent, an' half-a-mutchkin
 ca's ;
 Thinks I, my lass, I see it's true—There's queer folk
 i' the Shaws !

The whisky made my love to bleeze, I fand in perfect
 bliss,
 So I gripp'd the lassie roun' the neck to tak' a wee
 bit kiss ;
 When in a crack she lifts her neive and bangs it in
 my jaws ;
 Says I, “ My dear, what means a' this ?”—There's
 queer folk i' the Shaws !

A strappin' chiel cam' forrit then and took awa' my
 lass,
 Misca'd me for a kintra clown—a stupid, silly ass ;
 Says I, “ If I've dune ony ill juist lat me ken the
 cause ”—
 He made his fit spin aff my hip—There's queer folk
 i' the Shaws !

Aroused at last, I drew my fist, and gied him on the
 lug,
 Though sairly I was worried for't by his big collie
 dog;
 It bit my legs, it bit my airms, it tore my Sunday
 braws,
 And in the row I lost my watch, wi' the queer folk
 i' the Shaws.

The police then cam' up to me, and haul'd me aff to
 quod;
 They put their twines about my wrists, and thump'd
 me on the road;
 They gar'd me pay a gude pound-note ere I got out
 their claws;
 Catch me again when I'm ta'en in by the queer folk
 i' the Shaws.

Forty years ago this was a popular song all over Scotland, but particularly so in the West, whence it emanated about that time. It was written by James Fisher, a native of Glasgow, who was born in 1818, and has resided successively in Barrhead, Manchester, and Kilmarnock. More than twenty years ago he returned to his native city, where, it may be, he still moves and has his being. Another song of Fisher's, "Pat M'Garadie's Lodgings," had a vogue for a while. The "Shaws" of the song, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Pollokshaws, near Glasgow, and the "race" mentioned in the opening line has reference to the annual races that were wont to be held on the Pollok estate contiguous to the village in question.

MY ROLLING EYE.

Lively.

As I gaed up yon Hieland hill, I met a bonnie
 lass - ie; She looked at me and I at her, And,

CHORUS.

oh, but she was saucy. With my rolling eye,
 Fa! the diddle eye, Rolling eye dum derry, With my rolling eye.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics 'oh, but she was saucy. With my rolling eye,'. The second staff contains the accompaniment with lyrics 'Fa! the diddle eye, Rolling eye dum derry, With my rolling eye.'.

As I gaed up yon Hieland hill,
 I met a bonnie lassie,
 She looked at me and I at her,
 And, oh, but she was saucy.

With my rolling eye,
 Fa! the diddle eye,
 Rolling eye, dum derry,
 With my rolling eye.

“Where are you going, my bonnie lass?
 Where are you going, my lammie?”
 Right modestly she answered me—
 “An errand to my mammie.”
 With my rolling eye, etc.

“Where do you live, my bonnie lass?
 Where do you won, my lammie?”
 Right modestly she answered me—
 “In a wee house wi’ my mammie.”
 With my rolling eye, etc.

“What is your name, my bonnie lass?
 What is your name, my lammie?”
 Right modestly she answered me—
 “My name is Bonnie Annie.”
 With my rolling eye, etc.

“How old are you, my bonnie lass?
How old are you, my lammie?”
Right modestly she answered me—
“I’m sixteen years come Sunday.”

With my rolling eye, etc.

“Where do you sleep, my bonnie lass?
Where do you sleep, my lammie?”
Right modestly she answered me—
“In a wee bed near my mammie.”

With my rolling eye, etc.

“If I should come to your board-end
When the moon is shining clearly,
Will you rise and let me in
That the auld wife mayna hear me?”

With my rolling eye, etc.

“If you will come to my bower door
When the moon is shining clearly,
I will rise and let you in,
And the auld wife winna hear ye.”

With my rolling eye, etc.

When I gaed up to her bower door,
I found my lassie wauken,
But lang before the grey morn cam’,
‘The auld wife heard us talkin’.

With my rolling eye, etc.

It’s weary fa’ the waukrife cock,
May the founmart lay his crawling,
He wauken’d the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink ere the dawing.

With my rolling eye, etc.

She gaed to the fire to blaw the coal,
 To see if she would ken me,
 But I dang the auld runt in the fire,
 And bade my heels defend me.

With my rolling eye, etc.

“ Oh, sodger, you maun marry me,
 And now’s the time or never ;
 Oh, sodger, you maun marry me,
 Or I am done for ever.”

With my rolling eye, etc.

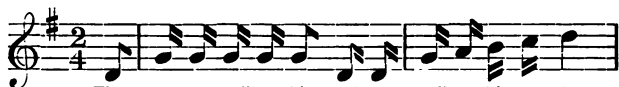
“ Blink ower the burn, my bonnie lass,
 Blink ower the burn, my lammie,
 Ye are a sweet and kindly queen,
 For a’ yer waukrife minnie.”

With my rolling eye,
 Fal the diddle eye,
 Rolling eye, dum derry,
 With my rolling eye.

There are many people living who vividly remember an odd character known as “Rolling Eye” or “Singing Sandy,” who from forty to fifty years ago regularly visited the villages of Perthshire and Fifeshire in the capacity of an itinerant musician, and sang regularly this song ; while he also sang others, including “Johnnie Cope,” and “The Miller o’ Drone.” It was customary for Sandy (his real name, I believe, was Alexander Smith, and he hailed originally from Freuchie) in the summer months to have his hat profusely adorned with gay-coloured ribbons and natural flowers. His antics, too, when singing were particularly lively and attractive, and a tremendous slap on the thigh with his hand always, as he started the chorus of “My Rolling Eye,” was the signal for those standing about to join in. Wherever he went he was followed by a crowd of delighted children, for whose attachment he had the utmost esteem.

The song, in one form or another, is no doubt very old. Burns picked up a version of it considerably different from this (see “The Waukrife Minnie”) from the singing of a country girl in Nithsdale, and said he never met with it, or the air to which it is sung, elsewhere in Scotland. That it was known elsewhere than in Nithsdale, even in Burns’s time, however, is very likely. The present version, so far as I am aware, appears in print now for the first time.

THE GOULDEN VANITEE.



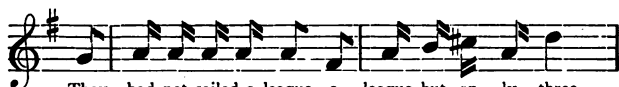
There was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,



Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low; And she was called the



Goulden Van - i - tee, As she sailed to the Lowlands low;



They had not sailed a league, a league but on - ly three,



Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low, When she came up to a



French gal - lee, As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,
 Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low;
 And she was called the Goulden Vanitee,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

They had not sailed a league, a league but only three,
 Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
 When she came up to a French gallee,
 As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Out spoke the little cabin boy, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
“What will ye gi’e me if I sink that French gallee?”
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then out spoke the captain, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
“We’ll gi’e ye an estate in the North Countrie,”
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

“Then row me up tight in a black bull’s skin,”
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
“And throw me over deck-board, sink I or swim,”
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

They’ve row’d him up tight in a black bull’s skin,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
And they’ve thrown him over deck-board, sink he or
swim,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low,

Then about, about, about, and about went he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
Till he came up to the French gallee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

O, some were playing cards, and some were playing
dice,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
When he took out an instrument, bor’d thirty holes
in twice,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran
with caps,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
To see if they could stop the saut-water draps,
As she sunk to the depths below.

Then about, about, about, and about went he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
Till he came back to the Goulden Vanitee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

“Now throw me out a rope, and pull me up on board,”
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
“And prove unto me as good as your word,”
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

“We’ll no throw ower a rope, nor pu’ ye up on
board,”
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
“Nor prove unto ye as good as our word,”
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Out spoke the little cabin boy, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
“Ye will not? then I’ll sink ye as I sunk the French
gallee!”
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Now they’ve thrown him ower a rope, and pu’d him
up on board,
Eek iddle dee, to the Lowlands low,
And proved unto him far better than their word,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

The words and music of this quaint ballad appear in the Memoir of “Christopher North,” from the pen of his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. It was a great favourite with the genial and gifted Professor, who was wont to sing it at convivial gatherings, to the supreme delight of his companions. Someone, indeed, has even ventured the suggestion that the words fell in a whimsical moment from the pen of the versatile author of the “Noctes.” But an English version, and likely the original, is as old really as the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. This was printed repeatedly between 1648 and 1680 as “Sir Walter Raleigh sailing to the Lowlands, showing how the famous ship the *Sweet Trinity* was taken by a false galley; and how it was recovered by the craft of a little sea-boy, who sunk the galley.” It begins:—

“ Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship
 In the Netherlands,
 And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*
 And was taken by the false Gallaly
 Sailing in the Lowlands.”

The late David Kennedy, the eminent Scottish vocalist, sang our version with great berr. It has not been often printed, and, together with its characteristic air, will be welcome here.

CAIRN-O'-MOUNT.

I LEFT the banks o' winding Dee,
 An' haughs o' bonny green,
 Where birds sang blythe on ilka tree,
 An' flowers bloomed fair atween.
 As I rode on by Brig o' Dye,
 Just as the sun gaed down,
 A maiden sang fu' merrily
 Amang the heather brown—

“ Tho' Cairn-o-Mount is bleak an' bare,
 An' cauld is Clochnabane,
 I'd rather meet my Donald there
 Than be fair Scotland's Queen.”

I jumpit aff my dapple grey,
 An' walked by her side ;
 “ O, lassie, I hae lost my way
 Amang the muirs sae wide :
 Yet leeze me on your face sae fair,
 An' een sae bonny blue,
 The langest day I'd blythely spare
 To kiss your cherry mou'.”

“ Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
 An' Clochnabane is cauld,
 If Shepherd Donald saw you here
 Ye wadna be sae bauld.”

“O, lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
An' leave this cauld rife glen?
O'er a' your kin you'se bear the gree
Wi' wealth baith but an' ben;
In silks an' satins buskit braw,
Wi' ribbons for your hair,
An' maids to answer when ye ca'—
Say, could ye wish for mair?”

“Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
I wadna leave my Donald there
To be fair Scotland's Queen!”

“Dear lassie, think! your Donald's poor,
Has neither horse nor coo;
A shepherd wanderin' o'er the muir
Was ne'er a match for you.
'Twad break my heart, sweet Highland maid,
If e'er it sud be tauld
Ye cower'd aneath a shepherd's plaid,
To screen ye frae the cauld!”

“O, Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
An' ye may see the snaw-wreaths there
That mock the simmer sheen.

“But tho' our hills are bleak and bare,
Our winters lang and cauld,
Yet halesome is our mountain air,
An' sweet's the shepherd's fauld.
My Donald's rich in love and health,
There's truth upon his tongue;
An honest heart's the noblest wealth;
Ye've heard what I have sung—

“Tho’ Cairn-o’-Mount is bleak an’ bare,
An’ cauld is Clochnabane,
I wadna leave my Donald there
To be fair Scotland’s Queen !”

“My bonnie lass, yet think a wee,
My lands are fair and wide,
I’ve gowd in banks an’ ships at sea ;
Say, will ye be my bride ?
My father left me lairdships twa,
A coach at my command ;
I’ll mak’ you lady o’ them a’
If you’ll gie me your hand.”

“O, Cairn-o’-Mount is bleak an’ bare,
You’re nae a match for me ;
My Donald’s heart is a’ my care,
Ride on, an’ lat me be !”

“Sweet lassie, tho’ I’m laith to tell,
Ye fling your love awa’ ;
An’ Donald brawly kens himsel’
What I this gloamin’ saw.
As I cam’ past yon shielin’ door
I spied a Highland maid,
Your Donald kissed her o’er an’ o’er
And row’d her in his plaid !”

“O, Cairn-o’-Mount is bleak an caul’,
An’ caulder Clochnabane,
But caulder still your coward saul ;
Ye shanna be forgi’en.

“Tho’ ye wad swear wi’ solemn aith
What now ye’ve tauld to me,
I wadna doubt my Donald’s faith,
But say, ‘ Fause loon, ye lee !’

He'll meet me 'yont yon hillock green
Wi' heart baith leal and true ;
An' sud he read my angry een
Fu' sairly wad ye rue !

“ O, Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' caul',
An' caulder Clochnabane ;
But caulder still your coward saul ;
Ye'll never be forgi'en ! ”

I flang aside my lowland dress,
Kaimed down my yellow hair,
Cried, “ Leeze me on thee, bonnie Bess,
We meet to part nae mair !
Nae langer Donald o' the glen,
I'm laird ayont the Dee ;
The heart that's proved ye for its ain,
Sall aye be true to thee ! ”

Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
Yet faithfu' love can linger there,
Amang the heather green.

This ballad, long a favourite in the North, has been frequently inquired for by widely separated correspondents, and Mr. Jonathan Gauld, Edinburgh, to whom I am indebted for the copy, in an accompanying letter, says :—“ A few years ago there appeared in the *People's Journal* eleven four-line verses of an old ballad with this title. In a note the editor said it was forwarded by a Cromar correspondent, who stated it was very popular in the rural districts of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Forfarshires more than a century since, but that it had never been printed, and that nothing was then known of its authorship, being copied from a manuscript comedy entitled 'The Humours of the Forest,' which bore to have been written by R. Lumsden, Esq., author of 'Jean of Bognmore, or a Cromar Maiden's Wooing,' dated 1789. Lately I picked up a book entitled 'Contemplation and other Poems,' by Alexander Balfour, published in 1826, and dedicated to the Marchioness of Huntly. Some of the poems are dated in the eighteenth century ; and among these Cairn-o'-Mount' appears under the title of 'Donald, a Ballad.' I am sorry I cannot give you any particulars of Balfour. He is not mentioned in either Edwards' or Murdoch's 'Poets.' ”

Alexander Balfour, a poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer of some note in his day, was a native of the parish of Monikie, in Forfarshire. He was for some time a manufacturer in Arbroath, but latterly gravitated to Edinburgh, where he died in 1829.

HALF-PAST TEN.

The image shows four staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I mind when I courted my ain wife Jean; Though
 aften I gaed she little was seen, For her
 faither, the eld - er, like a' gudely men, Aye
 steekit his door about half - past ten.

I MIND when I courted my ain wife Jean ;
 Though aften I gaed she little was seen,
 For her faither, the elder, like a' gudely men,
 Aye steekit his door about half-past ten.

Ae Sacrament Sabbath I saw Jeanie hame,
 Ony lad wi' his lassie wad hae dune the same ;
 We crackit sae lang at the cosy fire-en',
 That the time slipt awa' till near half-past ten.

The worthy man read, syne fervently pray'd,
 And when he was dune he solemnly said—
 "It has aye been a rule—but 'tis likely ye ken—
 That we steek a' our doors about half-past ten."

The hint was eneuch for a blate lad like me,
 But I catch'd a bit blink o' Jeanie's black e'e,
 As much as to say—Come ye back to the glen,
 An' ye'll maybe stay langer than half-past ten.

Ae nicht twa-three lads an' mysel' did agree
To gang some place near just to hae a bit spree ;
Quo' I, " What d'ye think o' gaun doon to the glen,
For we're sure to be hame about half-past ten ? "

We a' were received wi' hearty gudewill,
An' the elder, nae less, broached a cask o' his yill ;
Syne gaed aff to his bed, and says, " Jean, ye'll
 atten'
That the doors are a' lockit by half-past ten. "

" Ou, ay, " says Jean, but the best o' the joke
Was her slippin' ben an' stoppin' the clock,
I'm no gaun to tell the hoo or the when,
But the hands werena pointin' to half-past ten.

About four i' the mornin' the auld man arose,
An' lichtin' a spunk, to the clock straucht he goes.
" Gude sauf us, gudewife ! did ye hear me gae ben ?
Lod, the lads are awa' before half-past ten. "

But the cat very soon was let oot o' the poke
By the kecklin' o' hens, an' the craw o' the cock ;
An' opening the shutters he clearly saw then
We wad a' hae our breakfasts ere half-past ten.

Ye ne'er heard sic lauchin' a' the days o' yer life,
An' nane were sae hearty's the auld man an' wife ;
Quo' he, " What'll lassies no do for the men ?
Even cheat their auld faithers wi' half-past ten. "

It was a' settled then that Jean should be mine,
The waddin' sune followed ; an' we've aye sin' syne
Lived happy thegither, an' hope to the en'
We'll aye mind that nicht an' its half-past ten.

An' noo, here a wee bit advice I wad gie—
 Ne'er stint young folks' time when they gang to a
 spree ;
 I'm a faither mysel', but brawly I ken
 That the fun just begins about half-past ten.

This has been, and deservedly so, a popular song among country people in Scotland for many years, and will be welcome here—the more especially as it is seldom seen in print. It was written, Mr. Alan Reid tells us, by Mrs. James Bacon (*nee* Catherine G. Mackay), who resides at Bainsford, near Falkirk. Some sing it to an adaptation of the "Laird o' Cockpen," but the air that fits it best, and the one that all singers of taste have been accustomed to use, is the one here reproduced.

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

Dorian mode. Slowly.

In green Cal - e - don - ia there ne'er were twa lov - ers Sae en -
 raptured and happy in each ither's arms, As
 Burns, the sweet bard, and his dear Highland Ma - ry, And
 fondly and sweet - ly he sang o' her charms.

In green Caledonia there ne'er were twa lovers
 Sae enraptured and happy in each ither's arms,
 As Burns, the sweet bard, and his dear Highland
 Mary,
 And fondly and sweetly he sang o' her charms.

And lang will his sang, sae enchanting and bonnie,
Be heard wi' delight on his ain native plains,
And lang will the name o' his dear Highland Mary
Be sacred to love in his heart-melting strains.

Oh, 'twas a May-day, and the flowers o' the summer
Were blooming in wildness, a' lovely and fair,
When our twa lovers met in a grove o' green bowers,
Which grew on the banks o' the clear winding
Ayr;

And oh, to them baith 'twas a meeting fu' tender,
As it was the last for a while they could hae;
Sae in love's purest raptures they feasted thegither,
Till the red setting sun show'd the close of the
day.

“Oh, Mary, dear Mary,” exclaimed her fond lover,
“Ye carry my heart to the Highlands with thee;
Every burn, every grove, and every green bower,
May talk of the love of my lassie and me;

“My life's sweetest treasure, my ain charming Mary,
To thee I'll be ever devoted and true;
For the heart that is beating so hard in this bosom
Is a heart that can never love ony but you.

“O dinna bide lang in the Highlands, my Mary,
O dinna bide lang in the Highlands frae me;
For I love thee sincerely, I love thee owre dearly,
To be happy, sae far, my dear Mary, frae thee.”

“I winna bide lang, my dear lad, in the Highlands,
I canna bide lang, for ye winna be there;
Altho' I hae friends I like weel in the Highlands,
The ane I love best's on the banks of the Ayr.”

Then he kissed her red lips, they were sweeter than
roses,

And he strained her lily-white breast to his heart,
And his tears fell like dew-drops at e'en on her
bosom,

And she said, "My fond lover, alas ! we maun part."

"Then farewell," he said, and flew frae his Mary ;

"Oh, farewell," said Mary, she could say nae mair ;
Oh, little they kenn'd they had parted for ever,

When they parted that night on the banks of the
Ayr.

Yet the green summer saw but a few sunny mornings,

Till she, in the bloom of her beauty and pride,
Was laid in her grave like a bonnie young flower
In Greenock Kirkyard, on the banks of the Clyde ;

And Burns, the sweet bard of his ain Caledonia,

Lamented his Mary in mony a sad strain,
And sair did he weep for his dear Highland lassie,
And ne'er did his heart love sae deeply again.

Then bring me the lilies, and bring me the roses,

And bring me the daisies that grow in the vale,
And bring me the dew o' the mild simmer's ev'ning,
And bring me the breath o' the sweet-scented gale,

And bring me the sigh o' a fond lover's bosom.

And bring me the tear o' a fond lover's e'e,
And I'll pour them a' down on thy grave, Highland
Mary,

For the sake o' thy Burns wha sae dearly lo'ed thee.

No song touching the life of Robert Burns and his idealised Highland Mary—not one of the poet's own, perhaps—has found more favour with the country people of Scotland than this rhapsody of unknown authorship, which has been widely circulated in broad-sheet form. Ballad-hawkers, indeed, still find it a "catch" at country markets and fairs.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME NOO,
KIND SIRs?

I am a young man, I live wi' my mither, A
braw decent kimmer, I trow; But when I speak o'
takin' a wife, She aye gets up in a lowe.
Sae what do ye think o' me noo, kind sir's? And
what do ye think I shud try? Gin my mither was deein', there's
nae - body livin' to mind the hoose and the kye.

I AM a young man, I live wi' my mither,
A braw dacent kimmer, I trow ;
But when I speak o' takin' a wife,
She aye gets up in a lowe.

Sae what do ye think o' me noo, kind sir's ?
And what do ye think I shud try ?
Gin my mither was deein', there's naebody livin'
To mind the hoose and the kye.

There's red-headed Jenny, lives doon by our side,
 At shearin' she aye dings them a',
 But her very face mither canna abide,
 And her a wild hizzie does ca'.
 Sae what do ye think, etc.

Yestreen my mither she pouth'er'd my wig
 As white as the new-driven snaw ;
 She took an auld mutch and made me a gravat,
 Stuck in a big breastpin and a'.
 Sae what do ye think, etc.

"Noo gang awa' Sandy, ye're gaun to the waddin',
 Ye ken ye're to be the best man,
 And Betty M'Haffie's to be the best maid ;
 Mak' up to her noo like a man."
 Sae what do ye think, etc.

I gaed to the waddin', and Betty was there ;
 And, loosh, but she was buskit braw ;
 She had ribbons and lace a' deck'd round her face,
 And necklaces twa or three raw.
 Sae what do ye think, etc.

To please my auld mither, by makin' up till her,
 At aince I thocht I micht try ;
 So I speir'd at Betty if ever she heard
 That we had twa dizzen o' kye.
 Sae what do ye think o' me noo, kind sirs ?
 And what do ye think I shud try ?
 Wi' a toss o' her head, she answered, "Indeed !
 Wha cares for you or your kye ?"

There is a very full flavour of the country about this rarely humorous and clever song, which cannot be so very old. And seeing that it must have leaped almost immediately into popular favour, it is strange that the author has never been named, nor even guessed at. Whitelaw has no note of it. Until now, indeed, it has been embraced in no collection worthy of the name, but has led a lively vagabond life notwithstanding.

BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND.

THERE lived a lady in Scotland,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
And dearly she loved me ;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
And she's fallen in love wi' an Englishman,
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

The father unto the daughter came,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
The father unto the daughter came,
And dearly she loved me ;
The father unto the daughter came,
Saying—" Will you forsake that Englishman ?"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

" If you will not that Englishman forsake,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
So dearly loved by thee ;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
Oh, I will burn you at the stake !"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

" I will not that Englishman forsake,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
Who dearly loveth me ;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
Though you should burn me at a stake !"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

" Oh, where will I get a pretty little boy ?
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
Where will I get a pretty little boy
Who dearly loveth me ;

Oh, where will I get a pretty little boy
Who will carry tidings to my joy,
That bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at
Dundee?"

"Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo;
Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loveth thee;
Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Who will carry tidings to your joy,
That bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at
Dundee."

"Oh, give to him this right hand glove
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo;
Give to him this right hand glove
Who dearly loveth me;
Oh, give to him this right hand glove,
Tell him to get another love,
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

"Give to him this little penknife,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo;
Give to him this little penknife,
Who dearly loveth me;
Give to him this little penknife,
Tell him to get another wife,
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

"And give to him this gay gold ring,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo;
Give to him this gay gold ring,
Who dearly loveth me;
Oh, give to him this gay gold ring,
Say I'm going to my burying,
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee."

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 Hey, my love, and ho, my jo;
 Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 So dearly she loved me;
 Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 Her brother he the fire did make,
 And bonnie Susie Cleland she was burnt at Dundee.

Here is a curious old tragic ballad, the cadences of which linger in one's ears long after reading it or hearing it sung. It forms one of the many valuable fragments of ballad poetry that were rescued from oblivion by William Motherwell, the poet. Motherwell does not mention whence he derived it, although in a note he confesses his inability to trace it to any historical source. In Ariosto's "Ginerva" it is mentioned that ladies guilty of incontinence were, by the laws of Scotland, doomed to the flames: but this cruel enactment has no foundation in the criminal code of the land—at least, within historic times. To some other circumstance, then, must be attributed the terrible doom of bonnie Susie Cleland. Was it for merely falling in love with an Englishman, which is all she is charged with in the ballad? Then surely Bannockburn was due.

GLOWEROWEREM.



There lived an auld man at the head o' yon knowes, His
 CHORUS.—*Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem?*



legs were as bent as twa auld wizen'd boughs; 'Twad
Whilk o' ye lass - es is gaun to Glowerowerem?



set him far better to be herdin' his yowes, Than
Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem? To

a tempo. *Repeat for Chorus.*

startin' a farm on bonnie Glowerowerem.
 be the gude-wife o' bonnie Glowerowerem?

THERE lived an auld man on the head o' yon knowes,
 His legs were as bent as twa auld wizen'd boughs ;
 'Twad set him far better to be herdin' his yowes,
 Than startin' a farm on bonnie Glowerowerem.

Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem ?
 Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem ?
 Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem ?
 To be the gudewife o' bonnie Glowerowerem ?

“ Mither, I'm gaun to Lowden Fair.”

“ Laddie, what are ye gaun to do there ? ”

“ I'm gaun to buy horses, harrows, and plows,
 An' start wi' a pair on Glowerowerem Knowes.”

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

“ I'll get a thiggin' frae auld John Watt,
 An' I'll get ane frae the Leddy o' Glack,
 An' I'll get anither frae auld John Grey,
 For keppin' his sheep sae lang on the brae.”

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

“ I'm no for the lassie that speaks for us a',
 I'll no hae the lassie that speaks nane ava,
 I'm no for the lassie that rages and flytes,
 An' blames the gudeman when it's a' her ain wytes.”

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

“ I’m no for the lass wi’ the braw ribbon knots,
Nor yet for the lass wi’ the bonnie black locks,
But I’m for the lass wi’ the bonnie bank notes,
To plenish the farm o’ bonnie Glowrowerem.”

Whilk o’ ye lasses, etc.

“ Mither, I’m gaun to Lowden Fair.”

“ Lassie, what are ye gaun to do there ? ”

“ I’m gaun to buy ribbons, an’ laces, an’ lawn
To put on my head when I get a gudeman.

“ For I’m the lass that’s gaun to Glowrowerem,
I’m the lass that’s gaun to Glowrowerem ;
And tho’ he’s a feckless body, Glowrowerem,
A braw, braw farm is bonnie Glowrowerem.”

This song, being a favourite with country people north of the Tay, on the few occasions on which it has received the honour of print, has had nearly in every instance “ Buchairn ” named as its locality, and not “ Glowrowerem.” Notwithstanding, the latter name has been often used in singing, and I confess at once to a preference for it. The editor of the *National Choir*, to whom the country is indebted for the rescue of many semi-neglected yet excellent bits of lyric verse, while admitting the song to be well known in Forfarshire, where it has been heard of under the title of “ The Laird o’ Buchairn,” says—“ Fife appears to have the stronger claim upon it ; indeed, Glowrowerem is the name of a farm lying on the Fife shore of the Forth, and we have heard several ‘ Fifers ’ from widely different parts of the *Kingdom* render it.” Quite so. But “ Lowden ” or “ Laurence Fair,” we know, refers to a fair at Laurencekirk, whither Fife lasses and lads have not been in the habit of going, to buy one thing or another. Therefore, though we admit Glowrowerem, because of its glamour and euphony, we do not by virtue of this act alone give the song away from its original owners—the people of Forfarshire and the Mearn-.

BONNIE BARBARA, O.

THERE cam’ ance a troop o’ Irish Dragoons,
And they lodged a’e nicht into Derby, O ;
The captain fell in love wi’ a handsome servant maid,
And I think they ca’d her name bonnie Barbara, O.

“ O, come doon the stair, bonnie Barbara, O,
O, come doon the stair, bonnie Barbara, O ;
O, come doon the stair, and comb back your yellow
hair,
Take your last fareweel o’ your mammie, O.”

“ How can I come doon the stair, bonnie Sandy, O ?
How can I come doon the stair, bonnie Sandy, O ?
O, how can I come doon when I’m locked up in a
room,
And a deep draw-well below my window, O ? ”

“ I’ll buy you ribbons, and I’ll buy you rings,
And I’ll buy you beads o’ the amber, O ;
I’ll buy you silken gowns to roll you up and down,
And I’ll follow you into your chamber, O.”

“ I’ll hae nane o’ your ribbons, I’ll hae nane o’ your
rings,
I’ll hae nane o’ your beads o’ the amber, O ;
As for your silken gowns, I’ll never put them on,
And you never shall enter my chamber, O.”

“ What would your mammie think, bonnie Barbara,
O ?
What would your mammie think, bonnie Barbara,
O ?
What would your mammie think to hear the guineas
clink,
And the oboes playing on before you, O ? ”

“ Little would my mammie think, bonnie Sandy, O,
Little would my mammie think, bonnie Sandy, O ;
Little would my mammie think though she heard
the guineas clink,
If her daughter was following a sodger, O.”

“ A sodger, my dear, you’ll never need to fear,
A sodger will never, never wrang ye, O ;
He’ll make his troop to stand with their hats in their
hand
When they enter the presence o’ his Barbara, O.”

It was up then and spake our bold brother John ;
And oh ! but he spake angry, O !
“ If she winna buckle-to I’m sure that she will rue ;
Ye’ll get mony greater beauties e’en than Barbara,
O.”

“ There’s bonnie lassies here, and bonnie lassies there,
And braw bonnie lassies into Derby, O ;
But there’s nane amang them a’, the bonnie or the
braw,
The match o’ my bonnie lassie Barbara, O.”

They hadna gane a mile, a mile oot frae the town ;
And oh ! but the pipes play’d drearily, O !
They gae the drum a beat, and his tender heart did
break ;
And he died for the sake o’ bonnie Barbara, O.

Here we find a curious mixture of a ballad. The scene is laid in Derby, in England, although the hero and heroine are evidently both Scotch, and the former, curiously, is a Captain in a troop of Irish Dragoons, which has a pipe band. Notwithstanding, the piece has enjoyed a deal of popular favour in rural Scotland. I noted it some years ago from the singing of an old lady in Dundee, who committed it to memory when she was a girl residing in the Carse of Gowrie. In Aberdeenshire, I am aware, Fyvie is substituted for Derby ; but not to improve matters.

THE RAM O' BERVIE.

As I went up to Bervie
Upon a market day,
I saw the fattest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.
Singing hey dingle derby,
Hey dingle day ;
This was the greatest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

The ram it had a foot, sir,
Whereon to sit or stand ;
And when it laid it down, sir,
It covered an acre of land.

The ram it had a horn, sir,
That reached up to the moon ;
A man went up in December,
And didn't come down till June.

The ram it had two teeth, sir,
Each like a hunter's horn ;
And every meal it took, sir,
It ate five bolls of corn.

The ram it had a back, sir,
That reached up to the sky ;
The eagles built their nests there,
For I've heard the young ones cry.

The ram it had a tail, sir,
Most wonderful to tell ;
It reached across to Ireland,
And rang St. Patrick's bell.

The wool of this rare big ram, sir,
It trailed upon the ground ;
It was taken away to London,
And sold for a hundred pound.

The man that killed the ram, sir,
Was up to the eyes in blood ;
And the boy that held the basin
Was washed away in the flood.

The blood of this wonderful ram, sir,
It ran for many a mile ; .
And it turned the miller's wheel, sir,
As it hadn't been for a while.

Oh, the man that owned the ram, sir,
He must have been very rich ;
And the man that sings the song, sir,
Must be the son of a witch.

Now, if you don't believe me,
And think I'm telling a sham,
You may go your way to Bervie,
And there you will see the ram.

There are various readings of this curiously extravagant old country song—which, by the bye, has a wonderful fascination for the rural mind—each one localised to a different part of the country. Here it is the “Ram o' Bervie,” there the “Ram o' Derby,” in another place the “Ram o' Diram,” again the “Ram o' Doram,” and so on. What its origin may have been it is impossible to say ; although I have heard a story about it to the effect that a prisoner had been condemned to death, in the time of the feudal laws, and was promised free pardon should he succeed in composing a song without a grain of truth in it, and that this was the song he produced. Surely the man deserved not only free pardon, but a life pension as well.

THE PEDLAR.

THE pedlar ca'd in by the house o' Glenneuk,
 When the family were by wi' the breakfast an' beuk ;
 The lassies were kaimin' an' curlin' their hair,
 To gang to the bridal o' Maggie M'Nair.
 "Gude morn," quo' the pedlar, fu' frank, an' fu' free,
 "Let's see wha this day will be handsel to me ;
 An' if an ill bargain she happen to mak',
 I'll gie her mysel' and the hale o' my pack."

"Aha !" the gudewife cried, "gif I've ony skill,
 I fear that wad be makin' waur oot o' ill ;
 My dochters, gude certes, o' wark wad be slack,
 To trudge thro' the kintra an' carry a pack."
 "Gudewife," quo' the pedlar, "'tis only a joke,"
 And he flang down his wallet to show them his
 stock ;
 When she saw his rich cargo she rued e'er she spak'
 Sae lichtly o' either the pedlar or pack.

The lassies drew roun' wi' their gleg glancin' een
 To glower on his ware that nicht fitted a queen ;
 They waled, an' they bought satins, ribbons, an' lace,
 Till they raised mony lirks on the laird's niggard
 face.

His brooches and bracelets, wi' diamonds enrich'd,
 They green't for, till baith hearts an' een were be-
 witch'd ;
 But bonnie blate Nelly stood aye a bit back,
 Stealin' looks at the pedlar, but ne'er min't the pack.

This lovely young lassie his fancy did move ;
 He saw that her blinks were the glances o' love ;
 A necklace he gied her, wi' pearlins beset,
 Sayin', "Wha kens but we twa may be married yet!"

The blush flush'd her cheek, an' the tear fill'd her e'e,
She gaed oot to the yaird, an' sat doon 'neath a tree;
When something within her aye silently spak',
"I could gang wi' this pedlar an' carry his pack."

Her heart lap wi' joy ilka time he cam' roun',
Till he tauld her he'd ta'en a braw shop in the toun;
Then the rose left her cheek, an' her head licht did
reel,
For she dreaded this wad be his hin'maist fareweel.
"Look blythe, my dear lassie, your fears banish a',
Your parents may flyte, an' your titties may jaw :
But they'll heartily rue yet that e'er their jokes
brak'
Upon me when the kintra I rang'd wi' my pack."

The auld wife kent nocht o' the secret ava,
Till a'e day to the kirk she gaed vogie and braw ;
Her heart to her mouth lap, the sweat on her brak',
When she heard Nelly *cried* to the lad wi' the pack.
She sat wi' a face haffins roasted wi' shame,
Syne awa' at twal hours she gaed scourin' straucht
hame ;
She min't na the text nor a word the priest spak'—
A' her thochts were ta'en up wi' the pedlar an' pack.

"What's wrang," quo' the laird, "that ye're hame
here sae soon ?
The kail's no lang on ; is the day's service done ?"
"Na, na," quo' the kimmer ; "but I've got an affront
That for months yet to come will my bosom gar
dunt !
That glaikit slut, Nell, we hae dautit sae weel,
Has now wound us a pirn that will sair us to reel ;
For a' we've wared on her o' pound an' o' plack,
She is thrice *cried* this day to yon chiel' wi' the pack."

"O'd sauf's!" sigh'd the laird, "gif she be sic a fule,
 He sall get her as bare as the birk-tree at Yule!
 Whaur is she, the slut? gif I could but her fin',
 Fient haud me, gin I wadna recsil her skin!"
 But Nellie foresaw what the upshot wad be,
 Sae she gaed 'cross the moor to a freen's house awee,
 Whaur a chase-an'-pair cam'; an' whene'er daylight
 brak'
 She set aff wi' the pedlar, unfasht wi' the pack.

They were lawfully spliced by the Rev'rend J.P.,
 Whilk the hale kintra roun' in the *Herald* may see;
 Now his big shop's weel stow'd, baith for bed an' for
 back,
 'That was started wi' ballads an' trumps in a pack.
 He raise up in rank an' he raise up in fame,
 An' the title o' Bailie's affixed to his name;
 Now the laird o' Glenneuk aboot naething will crack
 Save the Bailie—but ne'er hints a word o' the pack.

This, by William Watt, the talented author of "The Tinkler's
 Waddin'," has long been a favourite song with the country people
 of Scotland. The copy presented I recently received from Mr.
 Alexander Watt, the author's son, who, in a note accompanying it,
 said, "I have copied from the original MS., as several spurious ver-
 sions of the ballad are abroad." It sings to the air of "Come under
 my Plaidie." It was because I had several copies of the ballad, all
 varying, that I recently appealed to the readers of the *People's
 Journal* for supply. The appeal brought in written and printed
 copies from all parts of Scotland, England, and America. Now, to
 those obliging correspondents, as well as to all besides, it will be a
 special gratification to possess the really authentic and only true
 version; for which thanks to Mr. Alexander Watt.

THE CARLE HE CAM' OWER THE CRAFT.

THE carle he cam' ower the craft,
 Wi' his beard new shaven;
 He looked at me as he'd been daft—
 The carle trowed that I wad hae him.

Hout awa! I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard's new shaven,
Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him.

A siller brooch he gae me neist,
To fasten on my curchie nookit;
I wore't awee upon my breist,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crookit;
And sae may his, I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae faut but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But, wae's me for him, skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass o' twenty.
Hout awa', I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man wi' them?

But should my cankert daddie gar
Me tak' him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Hout awa'! I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,
Sae lawty says, I shouldna hae him.

This is a very old song, as may be gathered from the fact that it appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. But it has more than age to recommend it, having been sung by many thousands of country people in the last hundred years who never saw it in print.

THE DOTTERED AULD CARLE.

A DOTTERED auld carle cam' ower the lea,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
Cam' ower the lea, an' a' to court me,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to open the door,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I opened the door an' he tottered inower,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him a chair,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I gae him a chair, he sat down on the floor,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him some meat,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I gae him some meat, but he'd nae teeth to eat,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

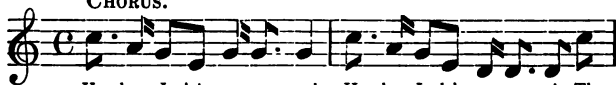
My mither tell'd me to gie him some drink,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I gae him some drink, an' he began to wink,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him a kiss,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
When ye like him sae weel ye can kiss him yersel',
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

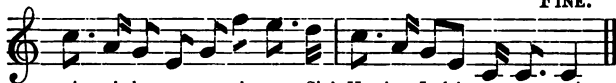
The above is evidently just another version of the preceding song : which is the older might be the question. In my opinion this is the more felicitous of the two. It has been widely sung in the country districts of Scotland ; but, so far as I am aware, has not previously appeared in any song collection.

HEATHER JOCK.

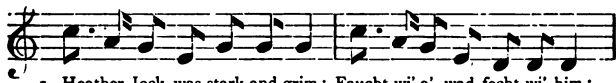
CHORUS.



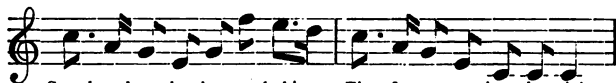
Heather Jock's noo a - wa'; Heather Jock's noo a - wa'; The
FINE.



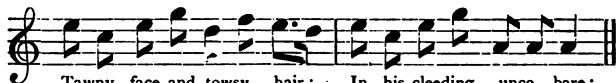
muir-cock he may croosely craw, Sin' Heather Jock's noo a - wa'.



1. Heather Jock was stark and grim; Faucht wi' a' wad fecht wi' him;

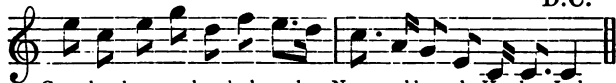


Swank and soople, sharp and thin; Fine for gaun against the win'.



Tawny face and towsy hair; In his cleeding unco bare;

D.C.



Cursed and swore whene'er he spoke; Nane could equal Heather Jock.

HEATHER Jock's noo awa';
Heather Jock's noo awa';
The moorcock he may croosely craw,
Sin' Heather Jock's noo awa'.

Heather Jock was stark and grim;
Faucht wi' a' wad fecht wi' him;
Swank and soople, sharp and thin;
Fine for gaun against the win'.

Tawny face an' towsy hair ;
In his cleeding unco bare ;
Cursed an' swore whene'er he spoke ;
Nane could equal Heather Jock.

Jock kent ilka bore an' bole ;
Could creep through a wee bit hole ;
Quietly pilfer eggs an' cheese,
Dunts o' bawcon, skeps o' bees ;
Sip the kirn an' steal the butter ;
Nail the hens without a flutter ;
Na ! the watchfu' wily cock
Durstna craw for Heather Jock.

Eppie Blaikie lost her gown
She coft sae dear at borough town ;
Sandy Tamson's Sunday wig,
Left the house to rin the rig ;
Jenny Baxter's blankets a'
Took a thocht to slip awa' :
E'en the wean's bit printed frock ;
Wha was thief but Heather Jock ?

Jock was nae religious youth ;
At the priest he thraw'd his mouth ;
He wadna say a grace nor pray,
But played his pipes on Sabbath day ;
Robb'd the kirk o' baan and book ;
Everything wad lift, he took ;
He didna lea' the weather-cock,
Sic a thief was Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker ;
'Mang the muirfowl he was siccar ;
He watched the wild ducks at the springs,
And hang'd the hares in hempen strings.

Blass'd the burns and speared the fish ;
Jock had many a dainty dish ;
The best o' muirfowl and blackcock
Graced the board o' Heather Jock.

Keepers catch'd him on the muir ;
Kickit up an unco stoure ;
Charged him to lay down his gun,
Or his nose should delve the grun'.
Jock slipp'd down ahint a hurst,
Cried, "Ye swabs, I'll empty't first !"
They saw his fingers at the lock,
And left the field to Heather Jock.

Aften fuddling at the stills ;
Sleepin' sound amang the hills ;
Blazin' heath and cracklin' whins
Choked his breath and brunt his shins ;
Up he gat in terror vast,
Thocht 'twas doomsday come at last ;
Glowerin' dazed thro' fire and smoke,
" I'm in hell ! " cried Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say
At the neive or cudgel play ;
Jock for bolt nor bar e'er stay'd
Till ance the jail his courage laid.
Then the Judge without delay
Sent him aff to Botany Bay,
And bade him mind the laws he broke,
And never mair play Heather Jock.

Jock's bit housie i' the glen
Lies in ruins, but an' ben ;
There the maukin safe may rest,
And the muirfowl build her nest.

Ower the sea Jock's herdin' swine,
 Glad wi' them on husks to dine ;
 Sae tak' warnin', honest folk—
 Never do like Heather Jock.

When introducing "Tam Frew's Hat," I mentioned that the author of that clever humorous ditty had been credited also with the production of "Heather Jock." I have been assured, however, that John M'Lay was not the author, but that the reckless poacher and reiver was limned by the dexterous hand of Dr. James Stirling, who was born on the Keir estate, in western Perthshire, in the end of the eighteenth or beginning of last century, and died in Ontario, Canada, in the year 1857.* By Captain W. M. Somerville, of Washington, D.C., who is a native of Dunblane, which he left fifty years ago, I am informed that the doctor learned the dry goods business in Perth, but afterwards studied medicine in Edinburgh and Paris. He emigrated to Canada with his family in the early twenties, and settled near Caledonia Springs, a place of fashionable resort, where he edited a paper called *Life at the Springs*, and published many of his poetical pieces, but issued no collection of them.

The original of the song—John Ferguson—lived, and had his being in and about Dunblane, near to where he was born, in a small thatched house on the old Doune Road, in the parish of Kilmadock, a little more than a century ago. And his picture, as presented in the song, does not seem to have been overdrawn; for he was not only a poacher, says my informant, but a daring thief as well, and a terror to the district. Jock always went to Dunblane for his shot, and so notorious a character was he that half the folks would turn out to see him on his home-going. When Handseel Monday came round with its shooting matches, Jock was sure to be forward and carry off the best prizes. One verse about his shooting which is founded on fact (the fifth in our version) has not been generally printed. It refers to an occasion when Jock was hunting deer on Slumaback Hill, Cambushinnie. John Drummond, game-keeper for Mr. Stirling of Kippendavie, challenged him. Jock fired point blank at John; and only distance saved him, as the bullet struck the turf just a few yards in front of the keeper. A washing having disappeared from Kilbride Castle, Jock was at once suspected, and on search being made he was found drying the clothes in the Shank Wood on the Sabbath day. When his mother, poor body, hanged herself, he cut her down, and with the same rope went off and stole a cow. The parties who had lost the cow found out who was the thief, and on searching Jock's house found the cow shut up in a press bed; and when they were leading her away Jock indignantly demanded the rope, saying that he was not going to part with the rope that had hanged his mother. Ultimately Jock was tried for cattle-stealing, convicted, and sent to Botany Bay.

* George Gray, Esq., the esteemed Town Clerk of Rutherglen, and a native of Doune, opposes the claim for Dr. Stirling, however, and says that William Morrison, who was latterly beadle in the Free Kirk at Doune, was the author.

But after a lapse of years he succeeded in finding his way back to his old familiar haunts, and was commencing his former practices, when he was re-apprehended and sent permanently out of the country. By the courtesy of Mr. George Gray, already mentioned here, indeed, I had recently in my possession a copy of the printed indictment "at the instance of Archibald Colquhoun of Killermont, His Majesty's Advocate for His Majesty's interest," which was served on "John Ferguson, commonly called Heather Jock," within the tolbooth of Perth, in April, 1812, and charged him with various acts of theft, "more especially Stealing of Cows and Black Cattle," and ordered his appearance "in a Circuit Court of Justiciary to be holden within the burgh of Stirling, in the month of April in this present year," when "You, the said John Ferguson, Ought to be punished with pains of law, to deter others from committing the like crimes in all time coming." On the 18th of April the case was tried before Lord Meadowbank, when—as quaintly intimated by a newspaper clipping of the time—"Accused having confessed his guilt, the libel was restricted to an arbitrary punishment; he was thereupon sentenced to transportation for life."

No previous Editor of songs has afforded these or any particulars regarding "Heather Jock," which has invariably been printed anonymously, and none of the collections contains a copy so complete as the present.

THE GLENORCHY MAID.

Slowly.

When Spring spreads her green velvet claes on the common,

f

When Summer wi' flow'rs decks the sweet heather braes,

How rich then to view, on the tow'ring Ben Lomond,

f

The loch's silver waves meet the sun's golden rays.



Last line variant to finish.



WHEN Spring spreads her green velvet claes on the
common,

When Summer wi' flow'rs decks the sweet heather
braes,

How rich, then, to view on the tow'ring Ben Lomond
The loch's silver waves meet the sun's golden rays.

How clear every fountain, and green every mountain,

Wi' moorlands, and meadows, and glens richly clad ;

But far more inviting, to me more delighting,

Is the pride o' the Highlands, my Glenorchy maid.

Her skin's like the lily, her hair's like the raven,

Wi' nature's simplicity kindly she speaks ;

Her face sae bewitching, her een sae enslaving,

Like the rose after rain are her soft blushing cheeks.

Sae smiling, sae wiling, sae cheering, endearing,
 Whilst we roam o'er the heather or rest by the
 shade ;
There first I break silence to tell of my feeling—
 She's the pride o' the Highlands, my Glenorchy
 maid.

How delightfu' is gloamin', when every sweet blossom
 Is wet wi' the drops o' the clear shining dew ;
But sweeter my charmer when, close to my bosom,
 She blushed, and consented she'd ever prove true.
Let Art and let Nature display their fond treasures,
 I'll row my dear lass in my soft tartan plaid ;
O, great is my bliss, and sweeter my pleasure,
 Wi' the pride o' the Highlands, my Glenorchy
 maid.

Mr. Duncan Kippen, of Crieff, to whom I have been indebted for various excellent examples of these floating country ballads and songs, tells me that he noted this one, words and music both, from the singing of an old man at a fair in Aberfeldy many years ago, and has heard it sung repeatedly since in the lower reaches of western Perthshire. The melody, which is preserved in *The National Choir*, as well as here, Mr. Kippen avers, "has a freshness and artless beauty which is wanting in many modern song tunes."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY FAIR MAID?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty fair maid,
 With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair?"
"I'm going a-milking, kind sir," she replied,
 "Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

"May I go with you, my pretty fair maid.
 With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair?"
"O, just if you're willing, kind sir," she replied,
 "Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

“What is your father, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair?”
“My father’s a farmer, kind sir,” she replied,
“Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair.”

“And what is your mother, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair?”
“A wife to my father, kind sir,” she replied,
“Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair.”

“And what is your fortune, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair?”
“A coo an’ a wee calf, kind sir,” she replied,
“Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair.”

“Then I won’t go with you, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair.”
“And naebody asked ye, kind sir,” she replied,
“Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair.”

An English version of this song has gained much popularity, doubtless, to the lively and catching air to which it is set. Our Scotch variety, however, perhaps never previously printed, and which Mr. Hugh M’Aulay, of Johnstone, tells me he learned more than twenty-five years ago from the singing of a girl named Bathgate, who had quite a host of these simple old wandering songs, is by far the more fascinating in respect of words.

THE PIPER O’ DUMBARTON.

Saw ye Rory Murphy,
Rory Murphy, Rory Murphy;
Saw ye Rory Murphy
Comin’ through Dumbarton?

Rory was a piper guid,
As ever cam' o' Hielan' bluid ;
The Lowland bodies' hearts aye glowed
 'To the tunes o' Rory Murphy.
Though Rory's pipes were rude an' rough,
His drones were dainty, auld, an' teuch,
And like to Boreas was their sough
 When blawn by Rory Murphy.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

When Rory drank an extra gill,
He made his chanter sound sae shrill,
Ye'd heard it on Benlomond hill
 As weel as in Dumbarton.
He filled the warrior's breast wi' fire,
He charmed the hearts o' sage an' sire,
And made the listenin' groups admire,
 When comin' through Dumbarton.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

He had a beard o' amber gloss,
Twa cheeks the colour o' the rose,
Twa sparklin' een as black as sloes,
 And a nose as red's a partan ;
He had a plaid o' plaids the wale,
That screened him frae the winter gale,
Arrayed he was frae tap to tail
 In claes o' praw, praw tartan.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

When lords and lairds wad wedded be,
And kintra bodies needed glee,
They didna grudge the minstrel's fee
 When they got Rory Murphy.

For R^orory sang, an' leuch, an' drank,
 Wi' cronies leal he aye was frank,
 And mony a tune he played for thank
 When comin' through Dumbarton.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

But Rory had a lowin' drouth,
 He liked a drap to weet his mouth ;
 Dumbarton bodies ken it's truth
 I say o' Rory Murphy.
 And Rory had a ready tale
 To tell the wives that sell't guid ale ;
 He charmed the swats frae cog and pail
 When comin' through Dumbarton.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

But whisky proved to him a fae,
 For stotterin' hameward drunk ae day,
 He fell heid-foremost doun a brae,
 'That killed him deid for certain.
 Nae mair we'll hear his witchin' tones,
 Nae mair he'll blaw his Hielan' drones,
 His banes lie cauld beneath the stones
 In the kirkyaird o' Dumbarton.

Farewell, Rory Murphy,
 Rory Murphy, Rory Murphy ;
 Farewell, Rory Murphy,
 Piper o' Dumbarton.

There is an old song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which tells that "Dumbarton drums beat bonnie, O," but whether these or the pipes of Rory Murphy were the first to give musical celebrity to the Royal Burgh it would be difficult to say. Mr. Donald Macleod, the veteran historian of the town and shire, in his *Past Worthies of the Lennox: A Garland of their Droll Sayings and Doings, Clubs, and Election Incidents*, says:—"I have not been able to obtain

information from the burgh records that our good town ever had a piper it could call its own. However, tradition has it that in a far back period in its history it could boast a piper hight Rory Murphy, a rantin' rovin', clever, drucken cratur, who, on account o' his lowin' drooth, came to a bad end. I have in my time seen what purported to be a portrait of the illustrious Rory, and intended at one time to have inserted it here, but as I think it a spurious production, I do not give it a place in this veracious chronicle. As far as Dumbarton is concerned, the long line of those whose duty it was to blow the pipes, tuck the drum, and ring the bell, the latter dating from 1634 according to the Town's Records, ceased and determined when John Orme in 1889 was deprived of his office as town's drummer and bellman."

This means that it must be a long time since Rory Murphy "screwed his pipes and gar't them skirl." Anyway, he was doubtless a real character, and a kenspeckle one to boot, if the author of the song is to be trusted—and who would doubt him? It was written, I have discovered, by David Webster, the author of "Tak' it, man, tak it."

THE AULD QUARRY KNOWE.

OH, weel I mind the joys we had,
In youth's bright sunny days,
When we were pu'in' buttercups
On Cathkin's flowery braes.
But better far I mind the time
When first my heart took lowe,
When daffin' wi' my Jessie
On the auld quarry knowe.

We'd watch the water-wagtail,
As he skimm'd the river side ;
Or cocked upon a mossy stane
And beckon'd to his bride ;
Or we'd look ower yonder rocky cliff,
Till our heads would dizzy grow,
As we held by ane anither
On the auld quarry knowe.

I used to think on summer nights
 The bellman whiles got fou',
 When he rang the bell at ten at e'en,
 I ne'er could think it true.
 And I ne'er could say guid nicht intil
 Its tones rang out, I trow ;
 I was sweer't to leave my Jessie
 And the auld quarry knowe.

But noo these days are gane, alas !
 And auld grey-bearded Time
 Has heapéd years upon oor heids ;
 We're far beyond oor prime.
 But I never can forget them,
 Tho' my heid be like the tow,
 Nor the daffin' and the courtin'
 On the auld quarry knowe.

Two versions of this happy, natural, and sweetly reminiscent song have appeared, but the present, which is the older and better lyric of the pair, is the one generally sung. It has not hitherto won its way into any collection of importance ; has not been much seen in print, indeed ; and the author, who may still be living, has not been revealed.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

AN auld Hieland couple sat lane by the ingle,
 While smoking their cutties and cracking awa' ;
 They spak' o' lang syne, o' their daffin' when single,
 O' the freaks o' their childhood, their auld age
 an' a'.
 To his wife Donald bragg'd o' his bauldest o' actions,
 When he was a sodger wi' Geordie the Third ;
 Hoo his foes fell afore him, the leader o' factions,
 And Donald he grat as his faes bit the yird.

Sae up wi' the kilties and bonnie blue bonnets,
When put to their mettle they're ne'er kent
to fail;
For a Highlandman's heart is upheld wi' a
haggis
And weel-buttered bannocks o' barley meal.

Thus Donald was blessed, an' his wife heard wi'
pleasure
His stories o' danger, his troubles, an' toils;
"My country," he cried, "is my heart's dearest
treasure,
And, Mary, thou'rt next, for I lo'e thy saft smiles."
This pair, happy couple, their broom-covered dwell-
ing
Stood lane frae the world, its tidings, and cares,
And the news never reached their snug little hallan
Unless when a packman stapp'd in wi' his wares.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

The Romans lang syne loot a clacht at oor bannock,
The Danes and the Normans they tried the same
game,
But Donald cam' doon wi' his claymore and crum-
mack,
Maul'd maist o' them stark, chased the lave o'
them hame,
An' should ony mair ever play sic a plisky,
She vows by her dirk an' the Laird o' Kintail
That she'll pairt wi' her bluid, or she'll pairt wi' her
whisky,
Ay, or pairt wi' her bannocks o' barley meal.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

There's Mungo M'Farlane, the Laird o' Drumgarlan,
 A birsy auld carle o' three-score an' five,
 He'll wield his lang airm, an' he'll gie them a
 haulin',
 And keep his ain grund wi' the glegest alive.
 There's Michael, the sodger, wha foucht wi' the
 rebels,
 And lost his left leg just a wee ere they ran ;
 He has got ane o' wud, an' he gars it play thud,
 And whaur there's a row Michael's aye in the van.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

Then fill up a glass, let us hae a guid waucht o't,
 Oor Mither Meg's mutch be't oor care to keep
 clean ;
 And the foul silly loon that wad try to lay claucht
 on't,
 May Cloutie's lang claws haul oot baith o' his een.
 She's auld, an' she's runkled, she'll no bide their
 scorning,
 She'll beat them whan tried in a battle, I'll bail ;
 So we'll ne'er lat her want Athole brose i' the
 morning,
 Nor weel-buttered bannocks o' barley meal.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

There is a song with this title, said to have been written by the celebrated John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who figures favourably in the *Heart of Midlothian* as the patron of Jeanie Deans ; and Robert Burns picked up a fragment of a still older ditty, the owerturn of which was—

Bannocks o' bere meal, bannocks o' barley !
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !

These have been often printed. But here is a song, a very worthy one of its kind—which, though it has seldom seen the light of the printed page, has been sung by several generations of country people in Scotland.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,

Where the sun shines bright on Loch - lo - mon',

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch - lo - mon'.

O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,

And I'll be in Scotland a - fore ye,

But me and my true love will never meet again,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch - lo - mon'.

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

O, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low
 road,
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
 And in sunshine the waters are sleepin' ;
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

The refrain of this puzzling song, which has recently enjoyed a vogue in the highest circles, is supposed in substance to have been the adieu to his sweetheart by one of Prince Charlie's followers in the '45, before the poor fellow's execution at Carlisle. The tradition is that his sweetheart was at the side of the scaffold, and his parting words to her were—"Ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye." The low road, we are told, meant for the prisoner the grave, and his words indicated that death would bring his spirit to Scotland before his sweetheart could travel back to the banks of Loch Lomond, where they had learned to love each other, and had hoped to spend a long and prosperous married career.

I do not doubt that the song we have heard so much of recently is but the rescued fragment of an old country ballad of the same name. So evident is this, indeed, that a large portion is actually extant, which Lady John Scott, the writer of the modern version of "Annie Laurie," picked up in the streets of Edinburgh, I do not know how many years ago. Miss F. Mary Colquhoun, of Luss, has also gathered some wandering verses, notably these—

We'll meet where we parted in bonnie Lusa Glen
'Mang the heathery braes o' Ben Lomon';
Starts the roe frae the pass an' the fox frae his den,
While abune gleams the mune thro' the rowan.

Wi' yer bonnie laced shoon an' yer buckles sae clear,
An' yer plaid ower yer shouther sae rarely;
Ae glance o' yer e'e wad chase awa' my fear,
Sae winsome are yer looks, O, my dearie?

What has been sung of late, however, is perhaps enough for the singer's purpose. William Black, the novelist, and others have given it as their opinion that the song is wholly of recent origin; but Mr. Kippen, of Crieff, assures me that he heard it frequently on the streets, in one form or another, more than sixty years ago.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

“OH! whither away, my bonnie, bonnie May,
So late, an' so far in the gloamin' ?
The mist gathers grey o'er muirland an' brae,
Oh! whither alane art thou roamin' ?”

“I trysted my ain luvie the nicht in the broom,
My Ranald, wha lo'es me sae dearly;
For the morrow he marches to Edinburgh toun,
To fecht for the King an' Prince Charlie !”

“Yet why weep ye sae, my bonnie, bonnie May,
Your true luvie from battle returnin',
His darlin' will claim in the nicht o' his fame,
An' change into gladness her mournin' !”

“Oh! weel may I weep—yestreen in my sleep
We stood bride an' bridegroom thegither !
But his lips an' his breath were as chilly as death,
An' his heart's bluid was red on the heather !”

“ Oh ! dauntless in battle as tender in love,
 He'll yield ne'er a foot to the foeman ;
 But never again frae the field o' the slain
 To Moira he'll come an' Loch Lomon'.

“ Oh ! he'll gang the hie road an' I'll gang the low,
 But I'll be in Heaven afore him ;
 For my bed is prepar'd in the mossy graveyard,
 'Mang the hazels o' green Inverarnan.

“ The thistle shall bloom, an' the King hae his ain,
 An' fond lovers meet in the gloamin',
 An' I an' my true luvie will yet meet again
 Far abune the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.”

These are the verses, alluded to in the note to the foregoing song, which the late Lady John Scott picked up in the streets of Edinburgh.

THE BARRIN' O' THE DOOR.

Lively.

It fell about the Martinmas time, And a gay time it was
 then, O ! That our gudewife had puddin's to mak', And she
 boil'd them in the pan, O ! The barr - in' o' our door,
 weel, weel, weel, O, the barrin' o' our door, weel.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then, O!
That our gudewife had puddin's to mak',
And she boil'd them in the pan, O!

The barrin' o' our door, weel, weel, weel,
O, the barrin' o' our door, weel.

The win' blew cauld frae north to south,
It blew into the floor, O!
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

"My hand is in my husswifeskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd by me, O!"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm an' sure, O!
Whaever spak' the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O!
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle licht, O!

And, oh, they were hungry, cauld, and weet,
An' it was an awfu' nicht, O!
And when they saw the open door
'Their hearts lap at the sicht, O!

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For the barrin' o' the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddin's,
 And syne they ate the black, O !
 And muckle thocht the gudewife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spak', O !

Then said the ane unto the other—
 “ Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O ?
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the gudewife, O ! ”

“ But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do then, O ? ”
 “ What ails ye at the puddin' bree
 That boils into the pan, O ? ”

O, up then started our gudeman,
 And an angry man was he, O !
 “ Would you kiss my wife before my e'en,
 An' scauld me wi' puddin' bree, O ? ”

Then up and started oor gudewife,
 Gae three skips owre the floor, O !
 “ Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door, O ! ”

The little comic difficulties of rural domestic life have seldom been so neatly hit off as in this rare old song, which is of great antiquity, though still well known, and frequently sung. It forms one of the many songs snatched from oblivion by David Herd, being first printed in his collection in 1776. No trace of its authorship or origin survives. A song with a similar subject, bearing the title of “ John Blant,” but of a rather coarser order, was transmitted by Burns for Johnson's *Museum*. No such objection applies here, where the fun is even richer. I have printed the song with a chorus, as it is generally sung at country meetings; and have introduced a stanza not often seen—the sixth—which was added by the late David Kennedy, and aptly fills a slight hiatus in the narrative.

OLD KING COUL.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three ;
And every fiddler had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went
the fiddlers,
Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his pipers three ;
And every piper had his pipes,
And very good pipes had he.
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went
the fiddlers,
Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his harpers three ;
And every harper had a harp,
And a very good harp had he.

Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle,
went the harpers,
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went
the fiddlers,
Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his trumpeters three ;
And every trumpeter had a trump,
And a very fine trump had he.
Twana-rang, twana-rang, twana-rang, went the
trumpeters,
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle,
went the harpers,
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went
the fiddlers,
Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his drummers three ;
And every drummer had a drum,
And a very fine drum had he.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers,
Twana-rang, twana-rang, twana-rang, went the
trumpeters,

Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle,
 went the harpers,
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
 Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went
 the fiddlers,
 Happy men are we,
 And there's none so rare as can compare
 With the sons of harmonie.

Some correspondents of *The Literary World* were recently claiming the worthy old monarch of this jolly old song as a Welsh hero. They spelt his name "Coal," and concluded that he was a jolly old soul because of the jolly good dividends that accrued to him from his shares in coal mines. But such finding could never result from a study of the earliest version of the song or from any knowledge of its history. The fact is, old King Coul, or Cole, or Coil, as he has been variously termed, and whose strikingly convivial characteristics have formed the subject-matter of several very funny songs, according to fabulous Scottish history, flourished in the fifth century, and was father of the giant, Fin M'Coul. Coila (Ayrshire)—

"That place o' Scotland's isle
 That bears the name o' auld King Coil—"

was under his sway. The earlier version of the commoner of the two well-known forms of the song appeared in Herd's collection of 1776. The same song, slightly altered by Burns, appeared again in Johnson's *Museum*. The ancient version runs :—

" Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
 And a jolly old soul was he ;
 And old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 And they brought him in fiddlers three ;
 And every fiddler was a good fiddler,
 And a very good fiddler was he.
 Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three,
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie."

And so on, in substance the same as the foregoing, which we have often heard sung, and which is smoother in the lines than the older copy. Sung with action and mimicry, indeed, it forms excellent entertainment.

THE WEBSTER OF BRECHIN'S MARE.

IN Brechin did a weaver dwell
Who was a man of fame,
He was the deacon o' his trade,
John Steinson was his name.
A mare he had, a lusty jade,
Sae sturdy, stark, and strang,
Baith lusty and trusty,
And he had spared her lang.

The webster bade his mare go work.
Quoth she—"I am not able,
For neither get I corn nor hay,
Nor stand I in a stable.
Thou hunts me and dunts me
And dings me frae the toon,
And fells me and tells me
I am not worth my room."

The webster swore a horrid oath,
And out he drew a knife,
"If one word mair come frae thy mouth
I vow I'll take thy life."
The mare, then, for fear, then,
Fell fainting to the ground,
And groaning and moaning
Gaed in a deadly swoon.

They clipp'd her and nipp'd her,
Then took from her the skin,
The haunches and the painches
They quickly brought them in.
"Make haste, dame," said he then,
"And wash the grease and dry't,
For I will hazard on my life
The doctor's wife will buy't."

They rumbled her, they tumbled her,
They shot her ower the brae ;
With rumbling and tumbling
She to the ground did gae.
But the nicht it being cauld,
And the mare wanting her skin,
And darkness coming ower the land,
It's fain wad she be in.

She rappit and she chappit
Wi' her twa forther hooves ;
They heared it and feared it,
And thocht it had been thieves.
The webster's son was stout o' heart,
He ran unto the door,
And thrust a spear into the mare
Five quarters lang and more.

The door ay, with more ay,
He closed richt hastily,
All quaking and shaking,
And then for help did cry.
"What ails thee, my son," says he ;
"O, tell me if you can ?"
"Ah, and alas ! father," he says,
"For I have killed a man !"

"If magistrates and senators
Get knowledge of this deed,
They'll whang us, and they'll hang us,
Thout mercy or remède."
Then they ran unto the door
To bury the man for fear ;
But when they came—lo, and behold !—
They faund it was the mare !

"Go, haste you, I request you,
 And tell me, father, dear,
 What will we or shall we
 Wi' this auld wicked mare?"
 "O hold thy tongue, my son," says he,
 "I think you are a fool,
 I wish we had her hung in cords,
 We'll eat her against Yule.

"We'll wash her and we'll dash her,
 She's a' smeared ower wi' dub.
 We'll wring her and fling her,
 And saut her in a tub;
 And we'll gang roond the neighbours
 And bid them a' come in—
 John Dunkinson, John Davidson,
 And kindly Patie Grinn."

On Christmas Day the greasy pack
 Did a' convene in haste,
 The hale tribe o' yarn-stealers
 Cam' marching to the feast.
 They ate and drank and made a rant,
 The end no man could tell;
 On terms good I do conclude,
 And bid you now farewell.

This quaintly humorous old country ballad is preserved in *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*, edited, with illustrative notes, by W. H. Logan, into which it was copied from a chap book bearing the imprint of the well-known flying stationer of Falkirk, T. Johnston, whose business flourished in the beginning of the last century. A specimen of an earlier version is given in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, of which Mr. Steuhouse, in his *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland*, says—"This is only a fragment of a long ballad frequently heard at country firesides, entitled 'The Brechin Weaver,' the tune of which is very pretty."

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in oor kailyaird,
And sweet are the blossoms on't in oor kailyaird ;
Beneath the bonnie brier bush a lad and lass were
scared,
Richt busy, busy courtin' in oor kailyaird.

In days o' mair simplicity, sic things were aften dared,
An' mony a maid's been woo'd and won in a kailyaird.
But noo they're sae fasteedious, their beauty needs a
guard,
An' ladies screw their mou's at love in oor kailyaird.

Whae'er may think wi' pen and ink true love can be
declared,
Will find that passion by a pen is woefully impaired.
I dinna like the kind o' love that's written on a card,
I'd rather hae't by word o' mou' in oor kailyaird.

When Adam in a single state o' blessedness despaired,
His courtin' was begun, I ween, in his kailyaird ;
Let's follow, then, the first o' men, nor be by fashion
scared,
As he began, we'll end the plan in oor kailyaird.

Burns, Lady Nairne, the late Dr. Charles Mackay, and an older bard than either whose name has not come down with his verses, all tried their hands at the making of a song with this title. Burns's deviations from the somewhat crude and hazy original are too slight, and where alterations are made he fails in giving the life-touch that is so characteristic of his song-work in general. Lady Nairne is but slightly more successful. The version of the song which, I think, is destined ultimately to eclipse all others, is the one here printed, which was written a number of years ago by an Edinburgh man whose name I have heard and forgotten. This one has no "dancings at Carlisle ha'" to perplex the understanding, or to confound the sense and jumble the judgment, but is a simple song of country courtship—and therein lies the charm.

THE IRON HORSE.

COME Hielandman, come Lowlandman, come every
man on earth, man,
And I'll tell you how I got on atween Dundee and
Perth, man ;
I gaed upon an iron road—a rail they did it ca', man—
An' ruggit by an iron horse, an awfu' beast to draw,
man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

Then first and foremost, near the door, there was a
wee bit wicket,
It was there they gar'd me pay my ride, and they
gied me a ticket ;
I gaed awa' up through the house, sat down upon a
kist, man,
To tak' a look o' a' I saw on the great big iron beast,
man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

There was houses in a lang straucht raw, a' stannin'
upon wheels, man,
And then the chiel's that fed the horse were as black's
a pair o' deils, man ;
And the ne'er a thing they gae the brute but only
coals to eat, man—
He was the queerest beast that e'er I saw, for he had
wheels for feet, man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

A chap cam' up, and round his cap he wore a yellow
band, man,
He bade me gang and tak' my seat. Says I, "I'd
rather stand, man."

He speer'd if I was gaun to Perth. Says I, "And
that I be, man ;
But I'm weel enough just whaur I am, because I
want to see, man."

Sing fal, lal, la.

He said I was the greatest fule that e'er he saw on
earth, man !
For 'twas just the houses on the wheels that gaed
frae this to Perth, man,
And then he laughed, and wondered hoo I hadna
mair discernment,
Says I, "The ne'er a ken kent I ; I thought the
hale concern went."

Sing fal, lal, la.

The beast it roared, and aff we gaed, through water,
earth, and stanes, man ;
We ran at sic a fearfu' rate, I thought we'd brak'
oor banes, man,
Till by and by we stoppit at a place ca'd something
Gowrie,
But ne'er a word had I to say, but only sit and
glower aye.

Sing fal, lal, la.

Then after that we made a halt, and in comes Yellow
Band man ;
He asked me for the ticket, and I a' my pouches
fand, man ;
But ne'er a ticket I could get—I'd tint it on the
road, man—
So he gar'd me pay for't ower again, or else gang aff
to quod, man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

Then after that we crossed the Tay, and landit into
 Perth, man ;
 I vow it was the queerest place that e'er I saw on
 earth, man ;
 For the houses and the iron horse were far aboon the
 land, man,
 And hoo they got them up the stairs I canna under-
 stand, man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

But noo I'm safely landit, and my feet are on the
 sod, man,
 When I gang to Dundee again I'll tak' anither road,
 man ;
 Though I should tramp upon my feet till I'm no fit
 to stand, man,
 Catch me again when I'm ta'en in wi' a chap in a
 yellow band, man.

Sing fal, la, la.

Few songs that have been seldom printed have enjoyed greater popularity about the districts of Perth and Dundee than "The Iron Horse," which had its rise and go in a time when the country people of Scotland were less familiar with railway travelling than now, and funny incidents were common. It was written by Charles Balfour, for many years, and even until recently, stationmaster at Glencarse, and was first sung, the author has told me, at a festival of railway servants held in Perth in 1848. If the ditty had any origin in fact at all, the following incident which occurred in Mr. Balfour's own experience when he was a guard on the Dundee and Arbroath line may bear the "wyte." One day a sailor with his chest entered the Dundee station bound for Arbroath. He had never seen a railway before, and pitching his chest from his shoulder on to the platform he quietly sat down on the top of it, as if to wait the course of events. "Well, Jack," said Mr. B., "are you for Arbroath?" "Yes." "Well, then, you had better take your seat at once." "I think I'll do nicely here, mate." "But you must get into the train, you know." "Oh, hang the train," ejaculated the sailor. "I thought the whole concern went." This occurrence, it will be seen, is partially utilised in the song.

THE ROSE-A-LYND SAYE.

THERE are seven fair flowers in yon green wood,
On a bush in the woods o' Lindsaye ;
There are seven braw flowers and a'e bonnie bud,
Oh ! the bonniest flower in Lyndsaye.
An' weel I luv the bonnie, bonnie rose—
The bonnie, bonnie Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' I'll big my bower o' the forest boughs,
An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

There are jewels upon her snawy breist,
An' her hair is wreathed wi' garlan's,
An' a cord o' gowd hangs round her waist,
An' her shoon are sewed wi' pearlyns.
And, oh, but she is the bonnie, bonnie rose,
She's the gentle Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' I'll big my bower where my blossom grows,
An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

Her face is like the evenin' lake
That the birch or the willow fringes,
Whase peace the wild winds canna break,
Or but its beauty changes.
An' she is aye my bonnie, bonnie rose,
She's the bonnie young Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' a'e blink o' her e'e wad be dearer to me
Than the wale o' the lands o' Lyndsaye.

Her voice is like the gentle lute
When minstrel tales are tellin',
An' ever saftly steps her fute,
Like autumn leaves a-fallin'.
An', oh, she's the rose, the bonnie, bonnie rose,
She's the snaw-white Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' I'll kiss her steps at the gloamin' close,
Through the flowery woods o' Lyndsaye.

Oh, seven brave sons has the gude Lord James,
 Their worth I downa gainsay ;
 For Scotsmen ken they are gallant men,
 The children o' the Lyndsaye ;
 An' proud are they o' their bonnie, bonnie rose,
 O' the fair young Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
 But pride for love makes friends like foes,
 An' woe in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

But should I weep when I daurna woo,
 An' the land in sic disorder ?
 My arm is strong, my heart is true,
 An' the Percy's over the border ;
 Then, fare ye weel, my bonnie, bonnie rose,
 An' blest be the woods o' Lyndsaye ;
 I'll gild my spurs i' the bluid o' her foes,
 And come back to the Rose-a-Lyndsaye.

The curiously charming bit of country ballad verse here presented, strongly reminiscent as it is of an ancient and noble Forfar county family, was written by William Forsyth, a native of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, who had a reputable career as a student, a surgeon, a journalist, and a poet. In his capacity of journalist, Mr. Forsyth acted first on the *Inverness Courier* and latterly on the *Aberdeen Herald*. He was born in 1818, and died at Aberdeen in 1879. Two volumes of his poems were published in the author's lifetime—*The Martyrdom of Kelavane*, in 1851, and *Idylls and Lyrics*—where the ballad appears—in 1872. I first met with “The Rose-a-Lyndsaye” in the family history-book, *The Lives of the Lindsays*. Later I came across it in the pages of *The National Choir*, where it is set to finely appropriate music by John Taylor. There the words, printed from memory, are ascribed to the late Dr. M'Gregor Peter. “But,” says the discerning editor (Mr. Alan Reid), in a note, “the evidence available meanwhile regarding the authorship is presumptive.” In his more recent work, *The Bards of Angus and the Mearns*, Mr. Reid cancels the name of Peter, and awards the song properly to Mr. Forsyth.

THE FARFAR SODGER.

In Farfar I was born and bred, But, troth, I maist think shame, sir,
To tell the weary life I led A - fore I gaed frae hame, sir :
My daddy was a weaver poor As ev - er ca'd a spule, man ;
For beef was ne'er inowre the door But juist a pound at Yule, man.

In Farfar I was born and bred,
But, troth, I maist think shame, sir,
To tell the weary life I led
Afore I gaed frae hame, sir ;
My daddy was a weaver poor
As ever ca'd a spule, man ;
For beef was ne'er inowre the door
But just a pound at Yule, man.

I learned fu' sune the pirms to fill,
And rock the cradle too, sir ;
And though I liked it unco ill,
What ither could I do, sir ?
A' day I was obleeged to work,
To keep me frae a thrashin' ;
And ilka Sabbath gaed to kirk,
Because it was the fashion.

I entered schule at twal' year auld,
But aft the truan' did play, sir,
Which made my dad and mam to scauld,
And beat me every day, sir ;
But when I could baith write and read,
And count the rule o' three, man,
The noble scheme cam' in my heid,
A sodger I wad be, man.

To be sae beat by mam and dad,
Nae longer wad I stay, sir,
But I wad try the sodger trade,
And sae I ran away, sir.
I ran till I was wast at Glamis,
A toun in Farfar County,
And listed there wi' Sergeant Fauns,
For fifteen pound o' bounty.

He learned me hoo to set my taes,
And hoo to fire an' a', sir,
That I micht bauldly face my faes,
When I was ca'd awa', sir.
He gae me claes to hap my back,
And mittens for my han's, man,
And swore I was the prettiest chap
In a' the toun o' Glamis, man.

I ran aboot frae place to place,
To markets up and down, sir,
My coat half covered ower wi' lace,
Wi' pouter on my crown, sir.
And hoo puir sodgers foucht and fared
In climates distant far, man.
In sooth ! I never kent nor cared,
Nor felt the woes o' war, man.

But sune they gar'd me change my go,
For I was sent to Spain, sir.
Where twenty regiments in a row
Were marchin' ower the plain, sir.
At night when on our guns we lay,
That we micht aye be ready,
My drowsy thochts aft fand their way
To Farfar and my daddie.

When first the French cam' in my view,
My heart began to beat, sir,
But Farfar bluid was ever true,
And how could I retreat, sir ?
It's true I got a wee bit fleg,
But grumlin' I disdain, man ;
For tho' a ball gaed thro' my leg,
I fired and load again, man.

The bluid cam' bockin' thro' my hose,
And when I couldna gang, sir,
I toom'd my gun among my foes,
And syne sat doon and sang, sir,
At "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
An' "Up wi't Maggie Dick," man ;
But sune wi' cauld my woundit leg
It grew as stiff's a stick, man.

I crawled and crept on hands and feet
Till I got frae the thrang, sir,
And when I loot the doctor see't,
Gude safe's ! hoo he did ban, sir.
My limb he instantly cut aff,
And noo that I was lame, man,
I got a great big oxtter staff,
And I cam' hirplin' hame, man.

I hae been twice three years abroad
 In service o' my King, sir ;
 I've wandered mony a dreary road,
 And unco sights I've seen, sir.
 There's mony a place I hae been at
 That here I needna mention,
 But snug in Farfar noo I sit,
 And thrive upon a pension.

Recently I received a garbled copy of this song from a correspondent in the "borough toun," to which it belongs, who, when sending it, assured me it was common in the country round Forfar, both in and out of bothies, when he was a young man. How long it is since then, however, he did not state, lest perhaps I might publish his name and "spoil his market." I may remark that a Kirriemuir man of my acquaintance sang it regularly in Dundee about thirty years ago ; and, indeed, got no peace at any social gathering until he produced "The Farfar Sodger," the immediate effect of which invariably was—largely by reason of his rare *abandon* in singing it—to put the company in an excellent mood for enjoyment.

The much-esteemed verses were written by David Shaw, a Forfar weaver-poet, who produced other screeds of humorous lyric verse, notably the song of "The Weavers," which held the local fancy in thrall for many a day. Shaw was a native of the little village of Auchterforfar, and was born in or about 1786. He died in Forfar, where most of his life was passed, in 1856.

THE PERTHSHIRE PENSIONER.

IN Perthshire I was born an' bred, and though my
 dad was poor, sir,
 A gay and happy life I led, an' seldom wrought, I'm
 sure, sir ;
 Till to my grief my daddy died when I was twenty-
 two, man ;
 Then, as I had to win my bread, I fee'd to be a
 plooman.

But fegs, I couldna thole to work, and when I did
 complain, sir,
 They said I was a lazy stirk, and heard me wi' dis-
 dain, sir ;

I still was forced to toil ilk day, an' a' my neat was stinted,
An' though for lang I tried to stay, I grew mair discontented.

At last a thought cam' in my head, that I wad bide nae langer,
But I wad leave the plooman trade, an' then defy their anger ;
And so I bundled up my claes, and strapt them on my shoulders,
An' cheerfully trudged on my way to Perth to join the sodgers.

I didna tarry on the road, and soon I reached Perth toon, man,
Whaur sodgers, dressed in tartan duds, were marchin' up an' doon, man ;
A sergeant, decked wi' ribbons gay, and scarlet claes sae gaudy,
Cam' up an' asked if I wad gae an' be a sodger laddie.

I answered " Yes," just whaur I stood, " wi' a' my heart I'm willin' ;"
And so to mak' the bargain good, he handed me a shillin'.
'Twas then I got a suit o' claes weel trimmed wi' lace sae braw, man,
An' neist a gun to shoot my faes, wi' bagnet, sword, an' a', man.

Dressed up I marched through Perth ilk day, admired by each beholder,
An' aft I heard the townsfolk say, " Eh, what a handsome soldier !"

But to my grief, about this time the Czar becam'
oor foe, man,
An' then, to tame his stubborn mind, the sodgers
had to go, man.

An' so at last we sailed awa' an' left the shores o'
Britain,
An' soon we cam' to Russia, all keen for fun an'
fightin' ;
We then got landit safe an' soond, and marched to
Alma's Heicht, man,
An' pitched oor tents upon the ground and waited
for daylight, man.

Neist day the battle raged like hell, an' mony a lad
did fa', man,
For ilka chap was for himsel', an' God was for us a',
man ;
But wha can face the British fire, or beat oor High-
land men, sir ?
We forced the Russians to retire, wi' thousands
maimed an' slain, sir.

Since then I've been in mony a fight, an' unco sights
I've seen, sir,
An' I've got wounds baith sair an' slight, an' roond
the world I've been, sir ;
But a' my warlike deeds o' fame some ither time I'll
mention,
For noo I'm safe an' snug at hame, an' livin on my
pension.

This song, which was presumably suggested by the one preceding it here, appeared in the *People's Journal* a good many years ago, over the initials "J.M." In Perthshire, at least, it has enjoyed considerable popularity.

THE BLINKIN' O'T.

O ir wasna her daddy's lairdly kin,
It wasna her siller—the clinkin' o't;
It wasna her minny's welcome in;
'Twas her ain blue e'e—the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My heart an' a' she's stown awa'
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

It wasna the licht o' her snawy broo,
Nor her gowden hair—the dinkin' o't;
Her dimpled cheek, nor her cherry mou',
Nor her braw, braw gown—the prinkin' o't.
'Twas a' her e'e—the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
Nae a' her charms could work sic harms
As the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

A' day I dream o' its witchin' gleam,
A' nicht I wauk wi' thinkin' o't;
Afield, at hame, wi' sib or frem'd,
I'm glamour't wi' the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My peace is ta'en, my wits are gane,
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

Fanever I teach, fanever I preach,
I'm dottled 's gin I'd been drinkin' o't;
Fanever I sing or play a spring,
The burden's aye—the blinkin' o't.

The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
 O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
 I'm feart fu' aft I gang clean daft
 Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

'Tween hopes and fears, 'tween joys and tears,
 My heart is at the sinkin' o't;
 I'd better dee at ance than dree
 The pain I thole frae the blinkin' o't.
 The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
 O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
 I'm sad, I'm sair, I'm in despair
 Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

But, oh, gin she wad smile on me,
 And gie Mess John the linkin' o't;
 Nae wardle's care should ever mair
 Torment me wi' the jinkin' o't.
 O! then I'd bless the blinkin' o't,
 The smilin', wilin' blinkin' o't;
 An' cheerfu' live, or happy dee,
 I' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

Scottish poetical literature has been indebted to the occupants of the rural pulpit for not a few of its brightest lyric gems—notably, among northern divines, to Skinner, of Longside, for “Tullochgorum” and other songs; to Bishop Geddes, of Ruthven, for “The Wee Wifukie;” and to the Rev. James Greig, of Chapel of Garioch, for the equally happy song here presented. Mr. Greig was an Aberdeenshire man both by birth and training, and, distinguished as a scholar, he was also known as an accomplished musician, a skilful violinist, and a successful song-writer. For sixteen years, dating from 1843, he was parish minister of Chapel of Garioch. He died in August, 1859, at the early age of forty-eight. Mr. Greig's love of music and poetry rendered Mr. William Carnie, of Aberdeen, the well-known poet and musician, a frequent and welcome visitor at his manse; and the manuscript of the song, “The Blinkin' o't,” was discovered by Mr. Carnie, in Mr. Greig's handwriting, on the back of an old letter. It soon found its way into an Aberdeen paper, where it at once won the great and worthy admiration which will sustain it in living power for many a day.

MORMOND BRAES.

Slowly.

ON Mormond braes, where heather grows,
 I heard a fair maid mourning :
 My bonnie laddie's far awa',
 And I pine for his returning.

So, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
 Where aften I've been cheerie ;
 Oh, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
 Sin' I hae lost my dearie.

He promised aft to marry me,
 I for a while did think it ;
 But now he's courting anither sweetheart,
 And you see how I've been blinkit.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

Young men are fickle, I do know,
Young maids should ne'er believe them :
For though young maids were e'er sae true,
Young men they would deceive them.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

But I'll put on a gown o' green,
For a forsaken token ;
And every one will very well know
That the band o' love's been broken.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

There's mony a horse has snappert and fa'n,
And risen and gane fu' rarely ;
There's mony a lass has lost her lad,
And I hae lost mine fairly.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

There are as good fish in the sea
As ever yet were taken ;
I'll cast my net and try again,
I've been but ance forsaken.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

I'll gae doun to bonnie Strichen toun,
Where I was bred and born ;
And there I'll get anither sweetheart,
Wha'll marry me the morn.

Then fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
Where aften I've been cheerie ;
Oh, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
I'll get anither dearie.

Mr. John Cranna, Fraserburgh, to whom, among others, I am indebted for a copy of this interesting north-country song, assures me that it enjoyed an immense popularity in the Buchan district from thirty to forty years ago; and anybody who could sing it with taste and expression was esteemed no mean artist. "Its strains captivated all classes," writes Mr. Cranna, "in those old days, when the musical taste was not so severely classic as it is now, and when Wagner, Verdi, Bach, and the host of lesser musical lights were an unknown quantity in this remote corner of Buchan. To show the general favour in which the song was held here about the time I speak of, the fact has only to be mentioned that if a company was allowed by the singer to choose the song 'Mormond Braes' was almost invariably selected. The song may yet be common enough, too, among the country people, but it must be quite thirty years since I heard of it as the full dress effort of a soloist."

From notes I have otherwise gathered on the song it appears that in some parts it was sung as if a man had been the jilted party, while in others a woman was acknowledged to have been the victim of deceit. By the substitution of lad for lass and he for she, and *vice versa*, the verses, it will be seen, without being too critically examined, might be easily applied to either sex. One of the verses, however, has the expression which is common to all the versions—

" But I'll put on a gown o' green
For a forsaken token."

And this of itself makes it clear beyond dispute that the song originally was the moan of a maid, and not of a man.

Mr. James Moir, in his notes on Strichen, in the *Peterhead Sentinel* some time ago, printed a version of the song, and said it was written by an unknown poet, who was born and bred in Strichen. "Perhaps," says Mr. John Milne, of Maud, "he founds this assertion on the fifth verse, which says:—

' I'll gae doun to bonnie Strichen toun,
Where I was bred and born.'

But the fifth verse is an interpolation, and was grafted on to the original between the years 1856 and 1860, and many of our older singers refuse to give it a place when singing the song. The popular belief in the district has always been that the song was written by Dr. Gavin, father of the present Dr. Gavin, of Strichen. I have no proof for this, other than the persistency of local gossip, but I never heard another author hinted at." The version of the song now submitted is collated slightly from at least half-a-dozen copies, all varying in minor details, but none of them so singable as the present copy should prove to be.

BONNIE MALLY STEWART.

THE cold winter is past and gone
And now comes on the spring,
And I am one of the King's Life-Guards
And must go fight for my King,
My dear,
And must go fight for my King.

Now since to the wars you must go,
One thing pray grant to me ;
That I dress myself in man's attire
And march along with thee,
My dear,
And march along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
My love should danger know ;
The rattling of drums and shining swords
Would cause you sorrow and woe,
My dear,
Would cause you sorrow and woe.

I will do the thing for my true love
She will not do for me,
I'll put cuffs of black on my red coat,
And mourn till the day I dee,
My dear,
And mourn till the day I dee.

So farewell my father and my mother,
Farewell and adieu also,
And farewell my bonnie Mally Stewart,
The cause of all my woe,
My dear,
The cause of all my woe.

When we came to bonnie Stirling toun,
As we all lay in tent ;
The King's orders came, and we are ta'en,
And to Germany are sent,
My dear,
And to Germany are sent.

So farewell bonnie Stirling toun,
And the maids therein also,
And farewell my bonnie Mally Stewart,
For from you I must go,
My dear,
For from you I must go.

She took the slippers aff her feet,
And the cockups aff her hair,
And she has ta'en a lang journey
For seven lang years and mair,
My dear.
For seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaed,
Sometimes sat down to mourn,
And 'twas aye the o'ercome o' her tale,
Shall my bonnie lad e'er return,
My dear !
Shall my bonnie lad e'er return !

The trooper turned himself about,
All on the Irish shore,
He has gi'en the bridle-reins a shake,
Saying, Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Saying, Adieu for evermore.

This song, which I have copied mainly from an old eight-page chapbook, "printed and sold, wholesale and retail, by W. Macnie, bookseller, Stirling," is of great interest, because undoubtedly the original on which Burns modelled his splendid romantic lyric, beginning, "It was a' for our Rightfu' King," a song over which there has been much controversy.

 HOW SWEET THE ROSE BLAWS.

How sweet the rose blaws, it fades and it fa's ;
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O !
 It brings to my mind what my dear laddie was ;
 So bloomed,—so cut off, was my Johnnie, O.

Now peace is returned, but nae joy brings to me :
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O !
 For cauld is his cheek, and blameless his e'e,
 And nae mair beats the heart o' my Johnnie, O.

Ah! why did he love me, and leave those sweet
 plains?
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O !
 Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigus ;
 But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauty e'er pleasure impart,
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O !
 For sunk is my spirit and broken my heart :
 Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

 MALLY LEIGH.

WHEN Mally Leigh came down the street her capau-
 chin did flee ;
 She coost a look behind her to see her negligee.

We're a' gaun east and west,
 We're a' gaun ajee ;
 We're a' gaun east and west
 Courting Mally Leigh.

She had twa lappets at her head, that flaunted
gallantlie,
And ribbon knots at back and breast o' bonnie
Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

A' doun alang the Canongate were beaux o' ilk
degree,
And mony ane turned roun' to look at bonnie
Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

At ilka bab her pong-pong gied, ilk lad thought—
that's to me,
But feint a ane was in the thought o' bonnie Mally
Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

Frae Seaton's land a Countess fair looked owre a
window hie,
And pined to see the genty shape o' bonnie Mally
Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

And when she reached the Palace porch, there stood
earls three,
And ilk ane thocht his Kate or Moll a drab to
Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

The dance gaed through the Palace ha', a comely
sight to see,
And nane was there sae bright and braw as bonnie
Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

Though some had jewels in their hair, like stars
 'mang clouds did shine,
 Yet Mally did surpass them a', wi' but her glancing
 een.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

A Prince cam' oot frae 'mang them a', wi' garters at
 his knee,
 And danced a stately minuet wi' bonnie Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west,
 We're a' gaun ajee ;
 We're a' gaun east and west
 Courting Mally Leigh.

Here is a charming and clever song, in celebration of the many winsome ways of an Edinburgh belle of the olden time. Why it has not commanded a place in the popular collections is a curious problem. The first verse appears in a manuscript subsequent to 1760, where, however, the name is Sleigh, and not Leigh. In 1725, Mrs. Mally Sleigh was married to the Lord Lyon Brodie of Brodie. Allan Ramsay celebrates her. This song, we need scarcely doubt, celebrates the same party.

LUBIN'S RURAL COT.

Re - turn - ing home - wards o'er the plain, Up -
 & With anxious eye I look'd around To
 on a mark - et day, A sudden storm of
 find some sheltered spot, And from the storm I
 D.S.
 wind and rain O'er - took me on the way :
 shel - ter found In Lub - in's rur - al cot.

CHORUS.

In Lub - in's rur - al cot, In
Lub - in's rur - al cot! And from the storm I
shel - ter found In Lub - in's rur - al cot.

RETURNING homewards o'er the plain,
 Upon a market day,
 A sudden storm of wind and rain
 O'ertook me on the way.
 With anxious eye I look'd around
 To find some sheltered spot,
 And from the storm I shelter found
 In Lubin's rural cot.

The rain swept fiercely o'er the plain,
 I saw the lightning glare,
 But Lubin brought forth cakes and milk
 And other kindly fare ;
 It seem'd to me the sun within
 Did shine, without when not,
 So homely, happy, bright appear'd
 Young Lubin's rural cot.

This youth had long conceal'd a flame
 Within his truthful breast ;
 And when this happy moment came
 His love he thus expressed—

“ Fair maid, if thou my love return,
 And share my humble lot,
 Then stay with me and mistress be
 Of Lubin’s rural cot.”

His words so well did please my heart,
 I trembling answered “ Yes ” :
 And said that I would faithful be—
 We sealed it with a kiss.
 Next day the wedding ring was bought,
 I all my cares forgot :
 I bless the day I shelter sought
 In Lubin’s rural cot.

This was a favourite song in the rural districts of Central Scotland more than half a century ago, and up to a very recent date might be heard occasionally sung to its own air, at festal gatherings, or in the turnip-field at hoeing-time, in Western Perthshire. It has been sung also by country people in Devonshire in England. Indeed, it was probably brought here from England by some wandering Orpheus.

DONAL’ DON.

WHA hasna heard o’ Donal’ Don,
 Wi’ a’ his tanterwallops on ;
 I trow, he was a lazy drone,
 And smuggled Hieland whisky, O.

When first he cam’ to auld Dundee,
 ’Twas in a smeeky hole lived he ;
 Where gauger bodies cou’dna see,
 He played the king a pliskie, O.

When he was young an’ in his prime,
 He lo’ed a bonnie lassie fine ;
 She jilted him, and aye sin’ syne
 He’s dismal, dull, and dusky, O.

A bunch o' rags is a' his braws,
 His heathery wig wad fricht the craws ;
 His dusky face and clorty paws
 Wad fyle the Bay o' Biscay, O.

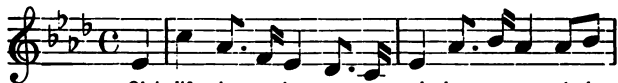
He has a sark, he has but aùe,
 It's fairly worn to skin an' bane,
 A' loupin', like to rin its lane,
 Wi' troopers bauld and frisky, O.

Whene'er his sark's laid out to dry,
 The blockhead in his bed maun lie,
 An' wait till a' the troopers die,
 Ere he gangs oot wi' whisky, O.

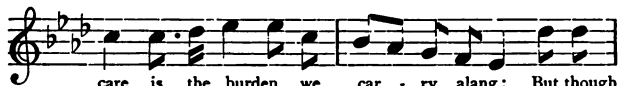
Yet, here's a health to Donal' Don,
 Wi' a' his tanterwallops on ;
 An' may he never want a scone
 While he mak's Hieland whisky, O.

This graphic and clever, though slightly uncouth, ditty, which I have never seen in print, was common enough in all the valley of the Tay about fifty years ago, and has not yet passed out of memory in that district. The tune, as will be readily apprehended, is "Neil Gow's Fareweel to Whisky."

A WEE DRAPPIE O'T.



Oh! life is a journey we a' hae to gang, And



care is the burden we car - ry alang; But though

grief be our portion and pov-er - ty our lot, We are
happy a' the - gether owre a wee drappie o't.

CHORUS.

A wee drappie o't, a wee drappie o't; We are
happy a' the - gether owre a wee drappie o't.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G minor (one flat) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first two staves form the main verse, and the last two staves form the chorus, which is repeated.

OH, life is a journey we a' hae to gang,
And care is the burden we carry along ;
But though grief be our portion and poverty our lot,
We are happy a' thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, a wee drappie o't ;
We are happy a' thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

Gae view the birk in winter, a' leafless and bare,
Resemblin' a man wi' a burden o' care ;
But see the birk in summer, wi' its braw, verdant
coat,
Rejoicin' like a man owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

We're a' met thegither owre a glass and a sang,
We're a' met thegither by special comman' ;
Free frae a' mean ambition, and frae every evil
thought,
We're a' met thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

When friendship and truth and gude fellowship
reign,
And fouk grown auld are made youthfu' again ;
Where ilka heart is happy, and a' warldly cares for-
got,
Is when we're met thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

Job in his Lamentation says man was made to
mourn,
That there's nae sic thing as pleasure frae the cradle
to the urn ;
But in his meditation, oh, he surely had forgot
The warmth that spreads sae sweetly owre a wee
drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

A wee drappie o't mak's kind hearts agree,
Yet a big drappie o't mak's a' true wisdom flee ;
So ilka chiel' that wants to wear an honest man's
coat,
Maun never ance tak' mair than just a wee drappie
o't.

A wee drappie o't, a wee drappie o't ;
We'll aye sit and tipple owre a wee drappie o't.

It has been said by a great critic of songs that love and wine are the exclusive themes of song-writing. In Scotland certainly love has commanded something like a monopoly of poetic attention. Our best songs are our love songs. Yet we possess a few lyrics of a purely social kind, including "Auld Lang Syne," and "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," which are, in their order, of the first class. Not less successful is the present contribution to the social programme, by an unknown hand, which happily is better described as a temperance than a bacchanalian song. It is sung to the air of another good song of the same class—"Sae will we yet."

ROSEY ANDERSON.

HAY MARSHALL was a gentleman as ever lived on
earth,
He courted Rosey Anderson, a lady into Perth ;
He courted her, he married her, made her his
wedded wife,
And at that day, I dare to say, he loved her as his
life.

There was an Assembly into Perth, and Rosey she
was there,
Lord Elgin danced with her that night, and did her
heart ensnare,
Lord Elgin danced with her that night, she walked
home on his arm,
Hay Marshall he came rushing in, in very great
alarm.

“I am all into surprise,” he says, “I am all into
surprise,
To see you kiss my wedded wife before my very
eyes.”
“Do not be in surprise,” he says, “I’m near my own
abode,
And I’ve conveyed your lady home from the dangers
on the road.

“I did not kiss your wedded wife, nor did I with
her stay,
I only brought her safely home from the dangers of
the way.”
“Oh, had she not a maid, a maid, of what was she
afraid ?
Oh, had she not a lantern her wayward steps to
guide ?”

Betty she was called upon, the quarrel for to face,—
“I would have brought my lady home, but Lord
Elgin took my place.”
“Although you be a Lord,” he said, “and I but a
Provost’s son,
I’ll make you smart for this, my Lord, although you
think it’s fun.”

He took his Rosey by the hand, and led her through
the room,
Saying, “I’ll send you up to fair London till all this
clash goes down ;
I’ll send you up to fair London, your mother to be
your guide,
And let them all say what they will, I’ll still be on
your side.”

Weeks barely nine she had not been into fair London
toun,
Till word came back to Hay Marshall that Rosey
play’d the loun :
“Oh, woe be to your roses red that ever I loved
you,
For to forsake your own husband amongst the beds
of rue.”

A lady from a window high was spying with her
glass,
And what did she spy but a light grey gown rolling
amongst the grass ?
Hay Marshall had twenty witnesses, and Rosey had
but two :
“Waes me !” cries Rosey Anderson. Alas ! what
shall I do ?

“ My very meat I cannot take, my clothes I wear
 them worse :
 Waes me ! ” cries Rosey Anderson : “ my life to me’s
 a curse.
 If it was to do what’s done,” she says, “ if it was to
 do what’s done,
 Hay Marshall’s face I would adore, Lord Elgin’s I
 would shun.

“ The Spring it is coming on, some regiments will be
 here :
 I hope to get an officer my broken heart to cheer.”
 Now she has got an officer her broken heart to bind ;
 And now she’s got an officer ; now he has proved un-
 kind.

He’s left her for to lie her lane, which causes her to
 cry :
 “ In Bedlam I must lie my lane, in Bedlam I must
 die !
 Ye ladies all, both far and near, a warning take by
 me,
 And don’t forsake your own husbands for any Lords
 you see.”

Who that has been reared in Perthshire has not heard of the ballad of “ Rosey Anderson,” which, fifty and more years ago, was sung at all the markets and fairs in the valley of Strathmore, and ever to greedy and delighted ears ? Though, not its poetry—not its music—but the truth of its story alone, and the cause to which it referred, we may be sure, made it the popular favourite it was. The heroine was the only daughter of a merchant in Perth, and evidently a too much indulged child, who at the age of sixteen was married to Mr. Thomas Hay Marshall, another Perth merchant, and erewhile Lord Provost of the Fair City. To all appearance, the husband and wife lived happily together for a number of years. But the lady had been fond of gaiety, went gadding about to balls and card assemblies, etc., while her husband, who had no taste for such pursuits, stayed at home. Circumstances subsequently transpired which led to a process of divorce being raised, the husband being the appellant. After a keen and protracted litigation, extending over a

period of six years, a bill of divorce was granted. Afterwards the unfortunate Rosey Anderson became so abandoned as to be compelled to seek for a living on the streets of London.

These things happened towards the close of the eighteenth and about the beginning of the last century. The nobleman mentioned in the ballad, it will be interesting to know, who it was admitted had been in the habit of meeting Mrs. Marshall on Kinnoull Hill, was afterwards British Ambassador at Constantinople, and none other than the individual who obtained permission from the Sultan of Turkey to remove the Marbles, which were gradually perishing, from Athens to Great Britain, and which are now in the British Museum, and commonly known as "The Elgin Marbles." All curious enough this, surely.

LOVELY MOLLY.

As Molly was milk - ing her yowes on a
 day, Oh, by came young Jam - ie, who to her did
 say,—“Your fingers go nimble, your yowes they milk
 free; Ca' the
 yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly.

As Molly was milking her yowes on a day,
 Oh, by came young Jamie, who to her did say,—
 “Your fingers go nimbly, your yowes they milk free;
 Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!”

“Oh, where is your father?” the young man he said;

“Oh, where is your father, my tender young maid?”

“He’s up in yon greenwood a-waiting for me.”

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

“My father’s a shepherd, has sheep on yon hill,

If you get his sanction I’ll be at your will;

And if he does grant it right glad will I be.”

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

“Good morning, old man, you are herding your flock,

I want a yowe lamb to rear a new stock;

I want a yowe lamb, and the best maun she be.”

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

“Go down to yon meadow, choose out your own lamb,

And be sure you are welcome as any young man;

You are heartily welcome—the best may she be.”

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

He’s down to yon meadow, ta’en Moll by the hand,

And soon before the old man the couple did stand:

Says, “This is the yowe lamb I purchased from thee.”

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

“Oh, was e’er an auld man so beguiled as I am,

To sell my a’e daughter instead of a lamb!

Yet, since I have said it, e’en sae let it be.”

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

Mr. John Graham, Comrie, who supplied me with the bulk of the above song recently, said he had a day or two previously copied the verses from an old man of his acquaintance who used to sing the song in his youth. Other correspondents, who have supplied versions nearly similar, remember the song as one common at country social meetings in Perthshire about the middle of last century.

NAEBODY COMIN' TO MARRY ME.

YESTREEN the dogs they were barking,
 I gaed to the gate to see,
 When every lassie was sparking,
 Yet naebody comin' to me.
 O dear, what shall become o' me,
 O dear, what shall I do?
 Naebody comin' to marry me,
 Naebody comin' to woo.

Last time that I went to my prayers,
 I prayed for the half o' a day,
 Come cripple, come lame, come blind,
 Come somebody take me away.
 O dear, etc.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
 My mither does naething but spin,
 And I am a handsome young lassie ;
 'Tis siller comes slowly in.
 O dear, etc.

There's some say I'm bonnie and fair,
 Some say I'm scornfu' and bauld,
 Alas ! I am maist in despair,
 Because I am growin' sae auld.
 O dear, etc.

If it comes that I dee an auld maid,
 O dear, how shocking a thought !
 And a' my beauty maun fade,
 I'm sure it'll no be my fau't.
 O dear, etc.

The late David Kennedy, the singer, it will be remembered, was wont to lilt a verse of the above song in the course of the story he told so well of "Saunders M'Glashan's Courtship." Perhaps I have not been able to recover it all.

DO YE MIND LANG SYNE.

Do ye mind lang syne,
 When the simmer days were fine,
 When the sun it shone far brichter than it's ever
 dune sin' syne?
 Do ye mind the ha'brig turn,
 Where we guddled in the burn,
 An' were late for the schule in the mornin'?

Do you mind the sunny braes,
 Where we gathered hips an' slaes,
 An' fell amang the bramble busses, tearin' a' our
 claes;
 An' for fear we might be seen,
 We cam' slippin' hame at e'en,
 An' got licket for our pains in the mornin'?

Do ye mind the miller's dam,
 When the frosty winter cam',
 Hoo we slade across the curlers' rink, an' made their
 game a sham;
 When they chased us through the snaw,
 We took leg-bail ane an' a';
 But we did it owre again in the mornin'?

What famous fun was there,
 Wi' our games at "hounds-an'-hare,"
 An' we played the truant frae the schule, because it
 was the Fair;
 When we ran frae "Patie's Mill,"
 Thro' the wuds on Whinnyhill,
 An' were thrashed wi' the tawse in the mornin'!

Where are thae licht hearts noo
 That were ance sae leal an' true?
 Oh! some hae left this earthly scene, an' some are
 strugglin' thro',
 While some hae risen high
 In life's changefu' destiny,
 For they rose wi' the lark in the mornin'.

Noo youth's sweet spring is past,
 An' the autumn's come at last;
 Our simmer day has passed away, an' winter's comin'
 fast;
 But though lang the nicht may seem,
 May we sleep without a dream
 'Till we wauken on yon bricht Sabbath mornin'.

The above has been a popular song over all Scotland for a good many years, and was some time established in public favour, too, before the author's name was ever so much as mentioned in connection with it. I had the privilege, considerably more than a decade ago, to issue it for the first time with the author's name attached, together with some particulars of his career. It was composed by the Rev. Dr. George James Laurie, of Monkland, Ayrshire, who was born in 1797 (the year after the death of Robert Burns), and died as recently as 1878. Dr. Laurie's grandfather and father were successively the ministers of Loudoun parish. They enjoyed the intimate friendship of the National Poet, and greatly esteemed his genius. Over the door of Loudoun Manse, indeed, there is still to the fore, I believe, an inscribed quotation from a writing of Burns' which has reference to the Laurie family.

The air of the song is the well-known one of "John Peel." The reverend author himself was wont to sing it with much zest and feeling. And in the later years of his life, after some of the members of his family had been removed by death, when he came to the stanza beginning—

"Where are thae licht hearts noo,"

it has been told, his voice began to quiver with emotion, and the tears would be seen coursing down his still handsome and kindly expressive face.

THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE.

There was a wee cooper that lived in Fife,
 CHO. *f* NICK - et - y - NACK - et - y, noo, noo, noo; And VERSE.
 he has gotten a gen - tle wife, Hey Willie Wallacky,
 how John Dougall; A - lane, quo' Rush - i - ty, roue, roue, roue.

THERE was a wee cooper that lived in Fife,
 Nickety-nackety, noo, noo, noo ;
 And he has gotten a gentle wife,
 Hey Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall ;
 Alane, quo' Rushity, roue, roue, roue.

She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,
 Nickety, etc.,
 For the spoiling o' her comely hue,
 Hey Willie, etc.

She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,
 Nickety, etc.,
 For the shaming o' her gentle kin,
 Hey Willie, etc.

She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,
Nickety, etc.,
For the spoiling o' her gowden ring,
Hey Willie, etc.

The cooper's awa' to his woo pack,
Nickety, etc.,
And he's laid a sheep skin on his wife's back,
Hey Willie, etc.

“It's I'll no thrash ye for your proud kin,
Nickety, etc.,
But I will thrash my ain sheep skin,
Hey Willie, etc.”

“Oh! I will bake and I will brew,
Nickety, etc.
And never mair think on my comely hue,
Hey Willie, etc.

“Oh! I will card and I will spin,
Nickety, etc.,
And never mair think on my gentle kin,
Hey Willie, etc.

“Oh! I will wash and I will wring,
Nickety, etc.,
And never mair think on my gowden ring,
Hey Willie, etc.”

A' ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety-nackety, noo, noo, noo,
Send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife,
Hey Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall;
Alane, quo' Rushity, roue, roue, roue.

Neither Ramsay nor Herd has any notice of this song. It is not mentioned by Chambers in *Scottish Songs prior to Burns*, and Whitelaw prints it without comment. Notwithstanding, it must have been in existence, I think, before the publication of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

The late David Kennedy used to sing it with rare effect, and I would recommend it unreservedly to anyone who may be on the outlook for a really entertaining, humorous Scotch song.

That the "Wee Cooper" was a veritable character, and that the incidents of the song really happened there is little reason to doubt; rather, we would say, the enigmatical nature of the refrain—

"Hey, Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' Rushity, roue, roue, roue"—

substantiates the reality of its subject-matter. These words must have some meaning; and the characters they introduce must have stood in such relationship to the "cooper" as to give colouring and effect to the song, or the author, who was assuredly no novice in the art, would not have introduced them. Any explanation of the lines is, of course, simply hazarding a solution. Our wise and good friend, the late Mr. W. D. Latto, the editor of the *People's Journal*, writing in this regard, says:—

"The words 'nickety-nackety' may have had some reference to the hero's profession, which was that of a cooper, being intended, perhaps to imitate the sounds produced by the cooper's tools as he prosecuted his daily avocations. The allusions to 'Willie Wallacky' and 'John Dougall' are not difficult of explanation. Mr. William Wallacky and Mr. John Dougall had, doubtless, been old sweethearts of this 'gentle wife.' They had been displaced in the affections of the good lady by the superior address of the Wee Cooper, who intimates in a rather obscure way that he rue, rue, rued the luckless day whereon he had been buckled to such a lazy, useless 'limmer o' a lassie.'" This speculative interpretation should be readily accepted, as it supplies a more intelligent reading of the song than most people without it could possibly enjoy.

BONNIE JOHNNIE LOWRIE.

Lively.

Of a' the lads in Tinwald toun, The lovely fair, or black, or broun,
There never was sae droll a loon As bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

CHORUS.

Terrie owden dowden day, Terrie owden dowden day,
The queerest loon in laich or brae, Is bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

Of a' the lads in Tinwald toun,
The lovely fair, or black, or broun,
There never was sae droll a loon
As bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

Terrie owden dowden day,
Terrie owden dowden day,
The queerest loon in laich or brae,
Is bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

My dad a peck o' lint did sow,
I gaed to see how it did grow,
When wha come skipping owre the knowe,
But bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

I wandered oot to weed the same,
My laddie ken'd I was frae hame;
To follow me he wasna lame,
My bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

I took the flax unto the mill,
My jewel follow'd after still;
And coming hame I gat a gill
Frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

When I gaed to the Bar to shear,
Close at my heels I had my dear;
I in the kemp the gree did bear
Wi' bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

And when I went to the Rood-fair,
 I wat I didna want my share
 O' a' the good things that were there,
 Frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

At last, a'e nicht, into the park,
 I met wi' him when it was dark,
 And, oh, the kissin' that I gat
 Frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie!

But Johnnie's true; he did me wed;
 Yestreen before the priest we gaed;
 I carena noo for mam or dad,
 Sin' I hae Johnnie Lowrie.

A fig, say I, for jacking gown,
 Or priest or elder in the toun;
 I'll tak' the world, rough and roun',
 Wi' bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

Until recently I knew this song by name only, though, by name, very well; and the copy here presented—with slight modifications—I discovered in a chap-book, printed at Kilmarnock (no date), which contains besides "Willie was a Wanton Wag," "Baillie Nicol Jarvie's Journey to Aberfoyle," "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," and "Scottish Whiskie." The mention of Tinwald in the opening line marks the song as presumably a native of Dumfriesshire.

THE BAND O' SHEARERS.

i. When Autumn comes, and heather bells Bloom
 bonnie owre yon muir-land fells, And corn that waves in
Repeat Chorus, ad lib, using words of verse 2.
 low-land dells Is yell-ow ripe ap-pear-ing.

WHEN autumn comes, and heather bells
Bloom bonnie ower yon muirland fells,
And corn that waves in lowland dells
Is yellow ripe appearing.

My bonnie lassie will ye gang
And shear wi' me the hale day lang,
And love will make us eithly bang
The weary toil o' shearing.

And if the others should envy
Or say we love, then you and I
Will pass ilk other sleely by,
As if we were na caring.

But aye I wi' my hook will whang
The thistles, if in prickles strang
Your bonnie milk-white hands they wrang
When we gang to the shearing.

And aye we'll haud our rig afore,
And ply to hae the shearing o'er;
Syne you will sune forget you bore
Your neebours' gibes and jeering.

For then, my lassie, we'll be wed,
When we hae proof o' ither had,
And nae mair need to mind what's said,
When we're thegither shearing.

Many a time and oft have I as a boy been charmed by the singing of this song on the way to and from the "hairst-rig," and by singers who had no idea that the words originally came from a nephew of the "Etrick Shepherd"—Robert Hogg, to wit, who belonged to Stobo, in Peebles-shire, and was born in 1799. The days of "bands of shearers" have gone by for ever in Scotland, but so long as the memory of them lasts this song will have a sweet savour. I am indebted to Mr. Alan Reid of Edinburgh for the pleasing melody.

LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATIE.

LASSIE wi' the yellow coatie,
 Will ye wed a muirlan' Jockie?
 Lassie wi' the yellow coatie
 Will ye busk an' gang wi' me?

I hae meal and milk in plenty,
 I hae kail an' cakes fu' dainty;
 I've a but an' ben fu' genty,
 But I want a wife like thee.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, etc.

Although my mailen be but sma',
 An' little gowd I hae to shaw,
 I hae a heart without a flaw,
 An' I will gi'e it a' to thee.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, etc.

Wi' my lassie an' my doggie,
 O'er the lea an' through the boggie,
 Nane on earth was e'er sae vogie,
 Or as blythe as we will be.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, etc.

Haste ye, lassie, to my bosom
 While the roses are in blossom;
 Time is precious, dinna lose them—
 Flowers will fade, an' sae will ye.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie,
 Ah! tak' pity on your Jockie;
 Lassie wi' the yellow coatie,
 I'm in haste, an' sae should ye.

Fifty years ago, this was a popular song in Perthshire, to which county by authorship it belongs. The writer, James Duff, known as "The Methven Poet," was a gardener to trade, and flourished in the early years of last century. A volume of his poems was published at Perth in 1816.

WE'RE A' JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

JOHN TAMSON was a merry auld carle,
And reign'd proud king o' the Dee ;
A braw laird, weel-to-do in the warl',
For mony a farm had he,
And mony a servant-maid and man,
Wham he met aft a year ;
And fu' proud and jolly he wav'd his han'
While they sang wi' richt guid cheer—

O! we're a' John Tamson's bairns,
We're a' John Tamson's bairns,
There ne'er will be peace till the world
again
Has learned to sing wi' micht and main,
O! we're a' John Tamson's bairns !

John Tamson sat at the table head,
And sipp'd the barley-bree ;
And drank success to the honest and gude,
And heaven when they would dee.
But the tyrant loon, the ne'er-do-weel,
The leear, the rake, and the knave,
The sooner they a' were hame wi' the deil,
Lod! the better for a' the lave.

O! we're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Since Adam fell frae Eden's bower,
And put things sair ajee,
There's aye some weakness to look owre,
And folly to forgi'e.
And John would sit and chat sae proud,
And just before he'd gang,
He'd gi'e advice and blessings gude,
Till roof and rafters rang

Wi', we're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Then here's to you, and here's to mysel',
 Sound hearts, lang life, and glee ;
 And if you be weel as I wish you a',
 Gude faith, you'll happy be.
 Then let us do what gude we can,
 Though the best are whiles to blame,
 For in spite o' riches, rank, and lan',
 Losh man ! we are a' the same.

For we're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Quite a number of songs have appeared under this title, but the present, though perhaps not the first, and not included in any of the standard collections, enjoys much the largest popularity. When it has appeared in print the author's name has been seldom given, though we know it was written by Dr. Joseph Roy, of Glasgow. Dr. Roy was born of Scottish parents at Ballybearn, County Down, Ireland, in May, 1841. Early in life he migrated to Glasgow, where he attended the University, and afterwards established himself in medical practice in the east end of the city.

THE WARK O' THE WEAVERS.

WE'RE a' met thegither here to sit and to crack,
 Wi' a gless in our hand, and our wark on our back,
 For there is na a tradesman that can either mend or
 mak'

But what wears the wark o' the weavers.

An' it werena the weavers what wad we do ?
 We wadna get claith made o' our 'oo ;
 We wadna get a coat, either black or blue,
 An' it werena for the honourable weavers.

There's fouk independent o' ither tradesmen's wark,
 For women need nae barber—dykers need nae clerk ;
 But there's no ane o' them a' but needs a coat or
 sark,

Which maun be the wark o' some weaver.

The ploughmen lads they mock us, and speak aye
about's,

And say we are thin-faced, bleach'd-like clouts;
But yet for a' their mockery they canna do with-
oot's—

Na, they canna want the honourable weavers.

There's smiths, and there's wrights, and there's
masons an' a',

There's doctors, and dominies, and men that live by
law,

And our friends that bide atour the sea in South
America,

And they a' need the wark o' the weavers.

Our sodgers and our sailors, o'd! we mak' them a'
bauld,

For gin they hadna claes, faith, they couldna fecht
for cauld;

The high and low, the rich and puir—a'body, young
and auld,

Mair or less need the wark o' the weavers.

So the weavin's a trade that never can fail,

While we aye need a clout to haud anither hale;

So let us now be merry ower a bicker o' gude ale,

And drink to the health o' the weavers.

For 'twerna the weavers what wad we do?

We wadna get claith made o' our 'oo;

And the very best o' tailors wad get nae-
thing to sew,

An' it werena for the honourable weavers.

This is the second lilt of the muse of David Shaw (see "The Farfar Sodger") to which, by virtue of its vagabond career, I have been constrained to give a place in this collection. Himself a weaver, the author set his claim beyond dispute to be the accepted laureate of the

figing fraternity, locally, if not generally. In felicitous measures, once and again, he sang the joys and sorrows of the shuttle-driving craft. Thus, in "Tammie Treadlefeet," who lived in "Shuttle Ha'," he tells that

"The weaver lads were merry blades
 When Osnaburghs sell'd weel,
 And when the price o' ilka piece
 Did pay a bow o' meal;
 Then fouks got sale for beef and veal,
 For cash was rife wi' everybody,
 And ilka alehouse had the smell
 O' roas'en pies and reekin' toddy."

Now, alas (about the middle of last century), an evil time had fallen on the handloom weaver; but he hopes to "see the day when trade would tak' a loup," and the weavers would again rejoice,

"Wi' fouth o' ale frae cask and pail,
 Or foamin' in a luggit bicker;
 Forbye a dose o' gude thick brose,
 And draps o' gin to haud them siccar."

In "The Wark o' the Weavers" he claims a dignity for the craft it would be difficult to dispute; and at the same time supplies an ingenious and amusing song. It was originally composed for and sung at the annual meeting of the Forfar Weavers' Friendly Society; but has been sung often since then, and far from the town of Forfar.

THE WEARY FARMERS.

THERE's some that sing o' Comar Fair,
 An' sound out an alarm,
 But the best sang that e'er was sung,
 It was about the term;
 The term-time is drawing near
 When we will a' win free,
 An' wi' the weary farmers
 Again we'll never 'gree.

Singing, fal al al the derry,
 Fal al the dee;
 Fal the diddle al the derry,
 Fal al the dee.

Wi' broad-tail'd coats and quaker hats,
And whips below their arms,
They'll hawk and ca' the country round
Until they a' get farms.
Their boots a' glawr, and glitterin'
Wi' spurs upon their heels ;
Yet though ye ca' the country round
Ye winna find sic deils.

They'll tip you on the shoulder
And speir gin ye're to fee ;
They'll tell ye a fine story,
That's every word a lee ;
They'll tell you a fine story,
And get ye to perform ;
But, lads, when ye are under them
Ye'll stand the raging storm.

They'll tak' ye to an alehouse
And gie ye some sma' beer ;
They'll tak' a drap unto themsel's
Till they get better cheer ;
And when the bargain's ended
They'll toll ye out a shillin',
And grunt and say the siller's scarce—
The set o' leein' villains !

On cauld kail and tawties
They'll feed ye up like pigs,
While they sit at their tea and toast,
Or ride into their gigs.
The mistress must get " Mem "—and ye
Maun lift yer cap to her ;
And ere ye find an entrance
The master must get " Sir."

The harvest time, when it comes on
 They'll grudge ye Sabbath rest ;
 They'll let you to the worship,
 But they like the workin' best.
 The diet hour it vexes them,
 And then to us they'll say—
 "Come on, my lads, ye'll get your rest
 When lyin' in the clay."

They'll say unto the foreman,
 "Keep on when leading grain,
 And dinna let the orra lads
 Stand idle at the end ;
 I pay them a' good wages,
 And pray ye to get on ;
 For when they're dead and in the grave
 There's mair when they are done."

Here is a bothy song that has been long popular over a wide area in Scotland, and copies of it that have come to me from ploughmen in various widely-separated quarters show how little the text has suffered or changed in the course of its strictly oral and wandering career. It may be, as I am fain to regard it, more like a kick at existing circumstances—always a gratifying exercise to most people—than the result of any real determination on the part of the unknown author or singer, to change the order of his occupation at the next opportunity ; for certainly it has been sung as enthusiastically at foys and other gatherings, by those who meant to "fee again" for another term as by those who did not. Farmers' sons, even, have been wont to sing it with as much berr in the big houses above as the ploughmen in the bothies below. The air will be found with "Mossie and his Mare."

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
 And under the waves,
 Over the fountains,
 And under the graves ;

Under floods that are deepest
Which do Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If Love come, he will enter
And soon find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse ;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if so you call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the East ;

The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey,
But you'll never stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

The Gordian knot
Which true-lovers knit,
Undo it ye cannot,
Nor yet break it ;
Make use of your inventions
Their fancies to betray ;
To frustrate their intentions
Love will find out the way.

In Court and in cottage,
In bower and in hall ;
From the king to the beggar
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may ;
Yet, be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes
And greatest emperors ;
In any provinces,
Such is Love's powers.
There is no resisting,
But him to obey ;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare ;

Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er ;
Let the seas o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore ;
Should his love become a swallow
Through the air to stray,
Love will find wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving,
To cross his intent ;
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent ;
But if once the message greet him
That his true-love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

"This admirable old song" as Allan Cunningham not unwarrantably calls it, is common both to Scotland and England, though in which of the countries it originated may never be known. Percy includes a version of it in his *Reliques*, and perhaps gave it, as Ritson believes, "a few of his own brilliant touches." But it forms the forty-fifth song in the second edition of the *Aberdeen Cantus*, printed as early as 1666, and Ramsay again has an abbreviated copy in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, issued in 1724. Sometimes it is printed in two parts, with more verses than are here. I have given the song as I have been accustomed hearing it sung to the extreme delight of many a country audience.

LINTEN LOWRIN.

I SHEAR'D my first hairst in Bogend,
Doun by the fit o' Benachie ;
And sair I wrought and sair I fought,
But I wan out my penny fee.

Linten lowrin, lowrin linten,
 Linten lowrin, linten lee ;
 I'll gang the gait I cam' again,
 And a better bairnie I will be.

O! Rhynie's wark is ill to work,
 And Rhynie's wages are but sma';
 And Rhynie's laws are double straight,
 And that does grieve me maist o' a'.

Linten lowrin, etc.

O! Rhynie is a Hieland place,
 It doesna suit a Lawland loon :
 And Rhynie is a cauld clay hole,
 It is na like my father's toun.

Linten lowrin, etc.

An old Aberdeenshire song this, which had seen little of the printed page until gathered into *Songs of the North*, by Miss A. C. Macleod and Mr. Harold Boulton, only a few years ago.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

Slow and sustained.

The wind is fair, the day is fine, And
 swiftly, swiftly runs the time; The boat is floating
 on the tide That wafts me far from Fuin - ar - y.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words like 'Fuin - ar - y' split across lines.

CHORUS.

Eirich agus tiugainn O! Eirich agus tiugainn O!

Eirich agus tiugainn O! Farewell, farewell to Fiun - ar - y.

EIRICH agus tiugainn, O!
 Eirich agus tiugainn, O!
 Eirich agus tiugainn, O!
 Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
 And swiftly, swiftly runs the time;
 The boat is floating on the tide
 That wafts me off from Fiunary.

Eirich, etc.

A thousand thousand tender ties
 Awake this day my plaintive sighs;
 My heart within me almost dies
 At thought of leaving Fiunary.

Eirich, etc.

With pensive steps I've often stroll'd
 Where Fingal's Castle stood of old,
 And listen'd while the shepherds told
 The legend tales of Fiunary.

Eirich, etc.

I've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And viewed the sun's departing ray
 When wand'ring o'er Dun-Fiunary.
 Eirich, etc.

Aultan Caluch's gentle stream,
That murmurs sweetly through the green,
What happy, joyful days I've seen,
 Beside the banks of Fiunary.
 Eirich, etc.

Farewell, ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe,
In peace the heath-cock long may crow
 Along the banks of Fiunary.
 Eirich, etc.

It's not the hills, nor woody vales,
Alone my joyless heart bewails ;
A mournful group this day remains
 Within the Manse of Fiunary.
 Eirich, etc.

Can I forget Glen Turrit's name ?
Farewell, dear father, best of men,
May Heaven's joys with thee remain
 Within the Manse of Fiunary.
 Eirich, etc.

Mother ! a name to me so dear,
Must I, must I leave thy care,
And try a world that's full of snares
 Far, far from thee and Fiunary ?
 Eirich, etc.

Brother of my love, farewell—
Sister, all thy griefs conceal—
Thy tears suppress, thy sorrows quell,
Be happy while at Fiunary.

Eirich, etc.

Archibald ! my darling child,
May Heaven thy infant footsteps guide,
Should I return, Oh, may I find
Thee smiling still at Fiunary.

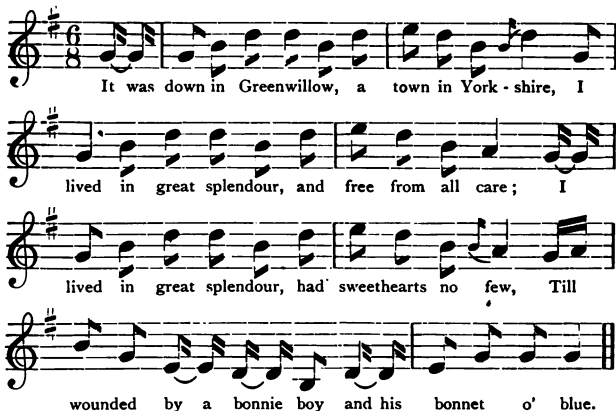
Eirich, etc.

Oh ! must I leave these happy scenes,
See, they spread the flapping sails ;
Adieu, adieu my native plains,
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

Eirich agus tiugainn, O !
Eirich agus tiugainn, O !
Eirich agus tiugainn, O !
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

It is seldom that a social gathering anywhere in all the Western Isles is dispersed, I am told, without the company singing as their parting song—just as in the Lowlands we sing “Auld Lang Syne”—the Gaelic version of “Farewell to Fiunary,” which was written by Dr. Norman M’Leod of St. Mungo’s, the father of the “great” Dr. Norman M’Leod of the Barony, Glasgow. The refrain—“Eirich agus tiugainn, O!”—it may be as well to explain, means “Arise and Come Away.” Not often, surely, has a song with so much in it personal and particular to the author been as widely adopted to express a common sentiment. But now, by virtue of use and wont, “Fiunary” to the Western Highlander is just another name for home.

THE BONNET O' BLUE.



It was down in Greenwillow, a town in York-shire, I
lived in great splendour, and free from all care; I
lived in great splendour, had' sweethearts no few, Till
wounded by a bonnie boy and his bonnet o' blue.

It was down in Greenwillow, a town in Yorkshire,
I lived in great splendour, and free from all care;
I lived in great splendour, had sweethearts no few,
Till wounded by a bonnie boy and his bonnet o' blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, as you now shall hear,
From Scotland to Kingston, abroad for to steer:
There is one man amongst them I wish I ne'er knew,
He's a bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet o' blue.

His cheeks are like roses, his eyes black as sloes,
He is handsome and proper, wherever he goes;
Likewise he's good-natured and comely to view,
And right well he becomes his fine bonnet o' blue.

It was early one morning I rose from my bed,
I called upon Sally, my own waiting-maid,
Saying, "Dress me as fine as your two hands can do,
And I'll go seek my lad and his bonnet o' blue."

So quickly she dressed me, as quickly I came,
To mingle with persons and hear my love's name;
Charlie Stuart they called him, I felt it was true,
My bonnie young lad with his bonnet o' blue.

When I came to the regiment, they were on parade,
I stood with great pleasure to hear what was said;
His name's Charlie Stuart, I love him most true,
My bonnie young lad with his bonnet o' blue.

My love he marched by with his gun in his hand,
I strove to speak to him, but he would not stand;
I strove to speak to him, but away past he flew,
And away went my heart with his bonnet o' blue.

I said, " My dear jewel, I'll buy your discharge,
I'll free you from soldiering, and set you at large;
I'll free you from soldiering if your heart will prove
true,
And I'll ne'er cast a stain on your bonnet o' blue."

He says, " My dear lassie, you'll buy my discharge,
You'll free me from soldiers and set me at large?
For your very kind offer I bow, ma'am, to you,
But I'll ne'er wear a stain on my bonnet o' blue.

" I have a sweet girl in my own country town
Who I ne'er will forsake, although poverty frown;
To the girl that I love I will always prove true,
And I'll ne'er put a stain on my bonnet o' blue."

I will send for a limner, from London to Hull,
I'll have my love's picture drawn out in the full;
And in my bed chamber I often will view
My bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet o' blue.

The "blue bonnet," being a distinguishing badge of the Highlanders, and more particularly of those attached to the family of the Royal Stuarts, receives frequent celebration in Scottish song, but in no instance, where it is the main theme, with perhaps the single exception of "All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border," has it moved the hearts and charmed the sensibilities of the rural population of Scotland oftener than through the medium of the above unsophisticated ballad, which has been seldom printed, unless in the broad-sheets commonly sold by hawkers at country fairs, etc. I have not met with a copy of it in any book, indeed, except in W. H. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*; and the version there printed, I am sure, is not so near to the form in which it was wont to be sung, and as I have, happily, been able to produce it. Perthshire people especially are familiar with "The Bonnet o' Blue," and the above version of it, as a song much sung by a wandering character named Katie Craigie.

THE WAGGIN' O' OUR DOG'S TAIL.

WE ha'e a dog that wags his tail—

He's a bit o' a wag himsel', O!

A' day he wanders thro' the toun—

At night has news to tell, O!

The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow-wow!

The waggin' o' our dog's tail!

He saw the Provost o' the toun

Paraudin' down the street, O!

Quo' he, "My Lord, you're no like me—

Ye canna see yer feet, O!"

He saw a man grown unco poor,

And lookin' sad and sick, O!

Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog

Has aye a bane to pick, O!"

He saw a man wi' mony a smile,

Without a grain o' sowl, O!

Quo' he, "I've noticed mony a dog,

Could bite and never growl, O!"

He saw a man look gruff and cross,
Without a grain o' spite, O!
Quo' he, "He's like a hantle dogs,
Whase bark's waur than their bite, O!"

He saw an M.P. unco proud,
Because o' power and pay, O!
Quo he, "Your tail is cockit heich,
But ilk' dog has his day, O!"

He saw some ministers fechtin' hard
And a' frae a bit o' pride, O!
"It's a pity," quo' he, "when dogs fa' out
About their ain fireside, O!"

He saw a man gaun staggering hame,
His face baith black and blue, O!
Quo' he, "I think shame o' the stupid brute,
For never a dog gets fou, O!"

He saw a man wi' a hairy face,
Wi' beard and big moustache, O!
Quo' he, "We baith are touzie dogs,
But ye ha'e claes and cash, O!"

He saw a crowd in a bonnie park,
Where dogs were not allowed, O!
Quo' he, "The rats in Kirk and State,
If we were there nicht rue't, O!"

He saw a man that fleech'd a lord,
And flatterin' lees did tell, O!
Quo' he, "A dog's ower proud for that,
He'll only claw himsel' O!"

He saw a doctor drivin' aboot,
 And ringin' every bell, O!
 Quo' he, "I've been as sick's a dog,
 But I could cure mysel', O!"

He heard a lad and leddy braw
 Singin' a grand duet, O!
 Quo' he, "I've heard a cat and dog
 Could yowl as weel as that, O!"

He saw a youth gaun swaggerin' by
 Frae tap to tae sae trim, O!
 Quo' he, "It's no for a dog to lauch
 That was ance a puppy like him, O!"

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
 And scartit baith his lugs, O!
 Quo' he, "If fouk had only tails,
 They'd be maist as gude as dogs, O!"

The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow-wow!
 The waggin' o' our dog's tail!

Here is a song which has been leading a lively vagabond life ever since it was ushered into being, more than forty years ago. As everybody well knows, it was written by the great and good Dr. Norman M'Leod. There have been few great men who have not had a keen and lovable sense of humour, and Norman enjoyed the gift in its supreme essence. It ran, indeed, like a rich golden thread throughout the entire web of his ever active life, bubbling up in a flower-bud here, and a great bright blossom there, and beautifying and gladdening all and everything that came within the range of his influence. He was the very heart and soul of an evening party. Besides innumerable stories, pat and droll, he was ready on any occasion to favour his friends with a comic song of his own making—by preference this one, or "The Nose of Captain Fraser." It will surprise people to know that these, and such-like sprightly verses, were mostly written when their author was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief. "'The Waggin' o' Our Dog's Tail,' in which are embodied the supposed reflections of his own dog, Skye, upon men and manners, was frequently sung by him in later years," says his biographer. "The earnest, meditative

countenance and the quaint accentuation with which he rendered it, accompanied by a suggestive twirl of his thumb to indicate the approving 'wag' of the tail, lent indescribable drollery to the words." The air is the familiar one of "The Barrin' o' the Door," already printed in this collection.

O WHAT A PARISH!

O WHAT a parish, a terrible parish,
O what a parish is that o' Dunkel' !
They hangit their minister, droon'd their pre-
centor,
Dang doun the steeple, and fuddled the bell.

Though the steeple was doun, the Kirk was still
staunin',
They biggit a lum whaur the bell used to hang ;
A stell-pat they gat, and they brewed Hieland whisky,
On Sundays they drank it, and ranted and sang.

O what a parish, etc.

O had you but seen how gracefu' it lookit,
To see the cramm'd pews sae socially join ;
Macdonald the piper stuck up in the poopit,
He made the pipes skirl out music divine.

O what a parish, etc.

When the heart-cheerin' spirit had mounted the
garret,
To a ball on the green they a' did adjourn ;
Maids wi' their coats kilted, they steppit and liltit,
When tired they shook hands, and a' hame did
return.

O what a parish, etc.

Wad the kirks a' owre Britain haud sic social meetin's,
 Nae warnin' they'd need from a far-tinklin' bell;
 For true love and friendship wad ca' them thegither
 Far better than roarin' o' horrors o' hell.

O what a parish, etc.

More than the first stanza of the above, which long formed the entire bulk of this wild satire, is not generally familiar; but everyone at all versed in Scottish place-rhymes knows that well. The additional verses, Dr. Robert Chambers informs us, were made by Adam Crawford, a tailor in Edinburgh, who was the author of some other good songs. How the original frolic came to be inflicted has not been guessed at by any writer on Dunkeld; and there is no historical circumstance—no known tradition even—to justify it. Still, it is there, and it will cling, and may tempt another poet yet. Yea, it has tempted another besides the Edinburgh tailor already. In a small collection, entitled *The Comic Vocalist*, published by G. & J. Cameron, Glasgow, in 1851, I find a song which, opening with and using the original stanza as a chorus, has these added verses:—

“While the bodies drink beer, they'd curse and they'd swear,
 They ranted and sang what they daurna weel tell;
 'Bout Geordie and Charlie they bothered fu' rarely,
 But wi' whisky they're waur than the devil himsel'.

“And let me advise, sin' mischief there lies,
 Whan neebors are drinkin' wi' mae than themsel';
 O'er your heart an' your hand aye keep the command,
 Or you may be as bad as the folk o' Dunkel'.”

Not Dunkeld at all, however, but Kinkell, in Strathearn, I fancy, was the original “terrible parish.” Here, in a far-away time, according to Mr. A. G. Reid, author of *Annals of Auchterarder*,—and all within a brief space—the minister was actually hanged, the precursor was drowned in attempting to cross the Earn from the adjoining parish of Trinity Gask, the steeple was taken down, and the bell was sold to the parish of Cockpen, near Edinburgh. The misapplication may have arisen from the similarity of the names. All the same, the popular mind has fixed the rhyme on Dunkeld, and, as I have said, to Dunkeld it will cling.

AULD EDDIE OCHILTREE.

O HEARD you o' the bauld Blue-gown,
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree?
 Weel kent in ilka country town,
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree;

When beggars o' the gangrel corps
Are driven frae the hallan door,
The gudewife cries "Come ye in-ower,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree."

The bairns are a' fu' glad to see
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.
"Fling by your pocks," they cry wi' glee,
"Auld Eddie Ochiltree."
The gudewife says, "Ye'll a' hinch roun',
An' let Auld Eddie lean him down ;
Sit neist the fire, my braw Blue-gown,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree."

Syne Eddie tak's his wallets aff,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
Sets in the nook his auld pike-staff,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree ;
The lasses a' they look fu' fain,
To see Auld Eddie come again,
The maiden brings a gude rough bane
To Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

The news are gi'en fu' waggishlie
By Auld Eddie Ochiltree ;
An' jokes—"for mony a joke had he,"
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.
He tells wha's bridal's to be neist,
An' wha has little time to waste,
An' wha's to stand afore the priest,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

The uncos are by him rehearsed,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
In births and bridals he's weel versed,
Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

He kens what's done at kirk or fair,
 At mill or smithy far and near,
 An' hoo some wives their gudemen queer—
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

Nae ferlie though the lassies grin,
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
 To hear his cracks an' jokes ilk' ane,
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree ;
 The weans the gaberlunzie hail,
 The ploughmen chiels lay by the flail,
 The collie barks an' wags his tail
 At Auld Eddie Ochiltree.

The time it comes when man an' beast,
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree,
 Maun gang an' tak' the needfu' rest,
 Auld Eddie Ochiltree ;
 The auld gudeman the spence comes frae,
 Cries, " Jock ! ye'll to the barn gae,
 An' mak' a bed o' gude clean strae
 For Auld Eddie Ochiltree."

The graphic and felicitous picture there presented of a Blue-gown beggar, or Gaberlunzie, came first before the public from the press of David Webster, Horse Wynd, Edinburgh, shortly after the appearance of Scott's admirable novel, *The Antiquary*, in which it will be remembered the immortal blue-gown of the same name figures so prominently. Many of the old Scottish mendicants, as Scott rightly remarks, in his advertisement to the romance in question, were by no means to be confounded with the utterly degrading class of beings who now practise that wandering trade. Such of them as were in the habit of travelling through a particular district, were usually well received both in the farmer's ha', and in the kitchens of the country gentlemen. Further he tells us, these Bedesmen or Blue-gowns were an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic Church, and who were expected in return to pray for the Royal welfare and that of the State. Their number was equal to the number of years His Majesty had lived : and one Blue-gown additional was put on the roll for every returning Royal birth-day. In the same auspicious era, each Bedesman received a new cloak, or gown of coarse cloth, the colour

light blue, with a pewter badge, which conferred on him the general privilege of asking alms through all Scotland—all laws against sorn-ing, masterful beggary, and every other species of mendacity, being suspended in favour of the privileged class. With his cloak, each received a leathern purse, containing as many shillings Scots as the sovereign was years old, on which occasion the Royal chaplain regularly preached a sermon to the Bedesmen. Andrew Gemmills, the acknowledged prototype of Eddie Ochiltree, referring once to the Bedesman's living, said, as a trade, it was forty pounds a year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and, if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. "Anciently, on Maundy Thursday," we are told in *Hone's Every-day Book*, "the Kings and Queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, besides bestowing their *Maundy* on each. This was in imitation of Christ washing his disciples' feet. James II. is said to have been the last of our monarchs who performed the ceremony in person." The tune is "Duncan Gray."

BONNIE JEANIE CAMERON.

You'll a' ha'e heard tell o' bonnie Jeanie Cameron,
 How she fell sick, and she was like to dee; And
 a' that they could re - commend her was
 a'e blythe blink o' the Young Pretender. Rare, O rare,
 bonnie Jeanie Cameron! Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron!

You'll a' ha'e heard tell o' bonnie Jeanie Cameron,
 How she fell sick, and she was like to dee ;
 And a' that they could recommend her
 Was a'e blythe blink o' the Young Pretender :
 Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron !
 Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !

The doctor was sent for, to see if he could cure her,
 Quickly he came—he made no delay ;
 But a' that he could recommend her
 Was a'e blythe blink o' the Young Pretender :
 Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron !
 Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !

To Charlie she wrote a very long letter,
 Stating who were his friends and who were his foes ;
 And a' her words were sweet and tender,
 To win the heart o' the Young Pretender :
 Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron !
 Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !

O scarcely had she sealed the letter wi' a ring,
 When up flew the door and in came her king ;
 She prayed to the saints—bade angels defend her,
 And sank in the arms o' the Young Pretender :
 Rare, O rare, bonnie Jeanie Cameron !
 Rare, O rare, Jeanie Cameron !

For this interesting ballad, and its beautiful air, I am indebted to my friend W. V. Jackson, Esq., who has delighted his fellow members of the Glasgow Ballad Club by his musical rendering of it, oftener, I am sure, than he can tell, in the last dozen years. The verses have been handed down by tradition in the Jackson family from Jacobite times ; and regarding the subsequent fate of the heroine, Mr. Jackson possesses a curious piece of information. "One of his forbears," I have heard him tell (but I quote from Mr. George Eyre-Todd's *Ancient Scots Ballads*, now sometime before the public with the information from the same source). "sometime in the latter half of the eighteenth century, was one day buying snuff in a shop in Edinburgh, when a beggar came in. The shopman, without a word spoken, handed a groat over the counter, which the beggar took, still without a word, and departed. The customer had,

however, noticed with some surprise the delicacy of the hand which was extended to receive the coin. Something also in the air of the mendicant had struck him as unusual. He mentioned what he had noticed to the shopman, with whom he was accustomed to deal, and the latter, first looking curiously at him, informed him that the person he had just seen was no man, though in man's dress, but a woman, and no other than Jeanie Cameron, of the gentle blood of Scotland. An ardent Jacobite—as much, it may be suspected, for the sake of the Prince as for the sake of the cause—she had followed Charles to France, only, like so many others, to find herself an encumbrance upon a broken man. Neglected and cast off, she had returned to Scotland to discover that she was disowned by her people there; and finally, after many hardships, she had come to subsist upon the doles of a few sympathisers with the lost cause among the kindly burgesses of Edinburgh.”

Dr. Robert Chambers, in a note in the second volume of his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, mentions, among other particulars of Jeanie Cameron, that she was seen, dressed in men's clothes, in the streets of the capital, by an acquaintance of his, about the year 1786, and that she afterwards died on a stair-foot, somewhere in the Canongate. Dr. Chambers' tradition is in part, however, opposed by another, which avers, that Jeanie Cameron latterly retired to the dreary residence of Blacklaw, or Mount Cameron, on Colonel Stuart's estate at East Kilbride, where she received her friends, many of whom remained to her to the very last, and where she died in 1773. According to her own wish, as this story has it, she was buried in a field at the back of Mount Cameron, where tradition still points out her grave. No stone, no cross, marks the spot, although until recently the succeeding generations of farmers, while reaping or ploughing, respected the spot, which, when the field was bare, was distinguishable from afar by the luxuriant crop of weeds and herbage that crowned it. Lately it was levelled to the ground, and no sign now remains to mark the spot where so much ambition, passion, and frailty was laid to rest. Ure, commenting on Jeanie's case, says, “Her enemies, indeed, took unjust freedoms with her good name.”

THE KILTIES IN THE CRIMEA.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes.

The Kil - ties are the lads for me, They're
 aye the foremost in a spree, And when they're in they'll
 no come out, Tho' a' the world should turn about.

They're no the lads will rin a - wa', But
 fecht while they ha'e breath to draw; Just tell them whaur they'll
 meet the foe, And shouther to shouther, a - wa' they go.
 Hurrah for a' the kil - tie lads, Wi'
 tartan plaids and white cockades! Just set them down be -
 fore the foe, And shouther to shouther a - wa' they go.

THE Kilties are the lads for me,
 They're aye the foremost in a spree,
 And when they're in they'll no come oot
 Tho' a' the world should turn about.
 They're no the lads will rin awa',
 But fecht while they ha'e breath to draw;
 Just tell them whaur they'll meet the foe,
 And, shouther to shouther, awa' they go.

Hurrah for a' the kiltie lads,
 Wi' tartan plaids and white cockades;
 Just set them down before the foe,
 And, shouther to shouther, awa' they go.

O ! wha can match them in the ranks
For burly breasts and sturdy shanks,
Or wha daur meet them in the fiel',
And face their deadly raw o' steel.
A thousand o' your feckless loons
That wear the breeks and live in toons,
Wad flee awa' whene'er they saw
A score o' kilties in a raw.

Noo, there's the Royal Forty-twa,
They care for neither frost nor snaw,
The rain may pour, the wind may blaw,
And a' the lightnings bleeze awa' ;
But aye they're foremost in the fry—
Stan' oot the road, and let them by,
Or, fegs, ye'll get a dose o' lead
Will gar ye dance wi' heels o'er head.

The kilties gaed to help the Turks,
Wi' a' their pistols, guns, and dirks,
But when the bagpipes ga'e a blaw
The Turkies fainted clean awa'.
Their lassies, too, and wives sae queer
They werena like our lassie's here,
For they buckled up their e'en wi' clouts,
As if our kilties had been brutes.

At Alma, when the shot and shell
Were sounding many a soldier's knell ;
When the bravest hearts drew back aghast
Before the dense and deadly blast ;
Sir Colin, wi' his kilted clan,
Came bounding forward in the van—
“ Hurrah,” he cried, wi' voice sae clear,
“ The kilted lads are wanted here.”

“Noo, a’ ye rantin’, roarin’ chiel’s,
That like the mountain dew sae weel,
Rin up an’ prog them wi’ your steel
As soon’s ye hear the bagpipes squeal.
Blaw up your pipes wi’ micht and main,
Altho’ you ne’er should grunt again.
And when they’re frichtet at the blaw,
Draw oot yer dirks, and at them a’.”

Sir Colin waved his sword on high,
Then, wi’ a wild unearthly cry,
Up rushed the kilties to the foe,
And felled a man at every blow.
Ower horses, men, and guns they speeled,
And cleared the Russians frae the field,
While far and near was heard the cheer
Aboon the pibroch sounding clear.

The Russian General, when he saw
The kilties chase his men awa’,
Cried oot, “Does ony mortal ken
Whether they’re wild beasts or men?”
Sir Colin cried, “Come here, my man,
And I will tell, for weel I can,
The kilted lads are just,” he says,
“Our horsemen’s wives in Sunday claes.”

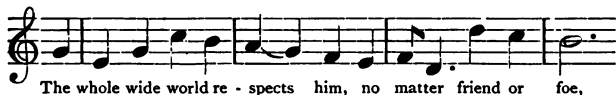
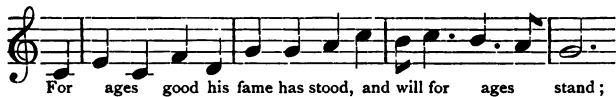
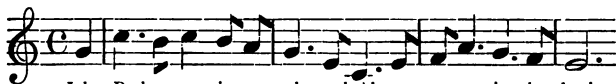
Sir Colin Campbell kent fu’ weel
The Ninety-third were true as steel,
When up he drew them in a raw
At Balaclava, kilts and a’.
The Russian horsemen charged them then,
Our horsemen’s wives stood up like men,
And gied them sic a dose o’ lead
That a’ ran aff that werena dead.

But, och! nae mair we'll fecht ava,
 This waefu' peace has spoilt it a'—
 Has garred our kilties lose their wark,
 And ne'er a lad maun draw his dirk.
 But a' oor wives and woman folk
 Wi' perfect joy are like to choke,
 And mony a ane 'll get a smack
 When the gallant kilted lads come back.

Hurrah for a' the kiltie lads, etc.

The arduous and prolonged Crimean War, so full of incident, provoked many songs in praise of our soldiers' valour, but few more robust than the above, which is well known from being a street song all over Scotland for many years. The author, John Lorimer, was a native of Paisley, and Town Chamberlain there for a time. He wrote the song in 1856, about which time also he composed the spirited air to which it is sung. He was born in 1812, and died in 1878.

HEY! JOHN BARLEYCORN.



Then, hey! John Barley - corn, ho! John Barley - corn,
 Old and young thy praise have sung, John Bar - ley - corn.

JOHN BARLEYCORN is a hero bold as any in the land,
 For ages good his fame has stood, and will for ages
 stand ;
 The whole wide world respect him, no matter friend
 or foe,
 Whoe'er they be that makes too free he's sure to lay
 them low.

Then hey ! John Barleycorn, ho ! John Barley-
 corn,
 Old and young thy praise have sung, John
 Barleycorn.

Now, see him in his pride of growth, his robes all
 rich and green,
 His head is spread with prickly beard, fit knight to
 serve a queen ;
 And when the reaping time comes on poor John is
 stricken down,
 He yields his blood for England's good, and English-
 men's renown.

Hey ! John Barleycorn, etc.

The lord in courtly castle, and the squire in stately
 hall,
 The great of name, of birth, and fame, on John for
 succour call ;

He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to
nature's cold,
Makes weak men strong, and old ones young, and
all men brave and bold.

Hey ! John Barleycorn, etc.

Then shout for great John Barleycorn, head of the
luscious vine,
I've not the mind such charms to find in potent
draughts of wine ;
Give me my native nut-brown ale, all other drinks I
scorn,
The English cheer is English beer—our own John
Barleycorn.

Originally from England, I presume, this song has, notwithstanding, enjoyed no small vogue in Scottish social life, though it will be looked for in vain in any former song-collection issued on this side of the Border. As poetry, of course, it does not compare favourably with the older ballad on the same subject which was re-set by Burns. But that's no matter ; it is mainly vagabonds we are housing here. For a rattling chorus all round this has few equals.

A LASSIE LIVES BY YONDER BURN.

A lassie lives by yonder burn That jinks about the
segg - ins, And aft she gi'es her sheep a turn, To
feed a - mong the brack - ens. Could I be - lieve she 'd

woo wi' me, In spite o' mam or dad - die, I'd
aften slip out owre the lea, And row her in my plaidie.

A LASSIE lives by yonder burn,
That jinks about the seggins;
And aft she gi'es her sheep a turn,
'To feed amang the brackens.
Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,
In spite of mam or daddie,
I'd aften slip out owre the lea,
And row her in my plaidie.

Her breast to busk I'd violets pu',
That blaw aboon the boggie,
And blue-bells hingin' wat wi' dew,
Frae yonder glen sae foggie.
Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,
And tak' me for her laddie,
I'd aften slip out owre the lea,
And row her in my plaidie.

I maun awa', I canna stay,
Though a' gang tapsalteeerie,
Should boggles meet me by the way,
This night I'll see my dearie.
I'll ben the spence and dress a wee,
Wi' knots aud bughts sae gaudy,
For I canna rest until I see
Gin she'll come in my plaidie.

For quite a long time I had been on the hunt for the above song, until recently I received a copy from my friend, Mr. John Cranston, Perth, who discovered it, as he relates, "in a dilapidated volume,

which, like the fatted calf, has been in the family for years and years. The booklet is called *The British Songster for 1834*, and professes the songs contained to have been received with approbation and applause at the Theatres, Vauxhall Gardens, and other public places of amusement, during the Present Season!" It was a favourite song in various parts of Scotland, I know, less than fifty years ago. Mr. Cranston has also supplied the pleasing melody—from memory.

THE TWA BUMBEES.

THERE were twa bumbees met on a twig,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
Said, "Whaur will we gang our byke to big?"
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
The modest miss, being rather shy,
Twigg'd round her head and look'd awry,
And gae her dandy nae reply
But "Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

"O! we will gang to yon sunny bank,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
Whaur the flowers bloom fair, and the fog grows
rank,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum bizz!"
They sought the bank frae side to side,
In every hole baith straucht and wide,
But nane they saw could please the bride,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum bizz!

When they had sought frae noon till six,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
And on nae place their choice could fix;
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
They saw a hole beneath a tree,
"O! this our dwelling-place shall be,"
They said, and entered cheerfully,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

Jenny Wren cam' hame at night,
 Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
 And, O! but she got an unco fright,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
 She entered in, ne'er dreading harm,
 When in her chamber, snug and warm,
 The roving pair rang the alarm—
 "Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

Jenny Wren, bein' smit wi' fear,
 Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
 Flew aff, and ne'er again cam' near,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
 Quoth the gudewife to the gudeman,
 "When night her mantle has withdrawn,
 And Phœbus shines upon the lawn,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

"We'll gather honey from each flower,
 Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz!
 And when the night begins to lower,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
 We'll hither hie, and here we'll meet,
 All shielded from the wind and weat,
 And a' night lang enjoy the sweet,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!"

They hadna been lang beneath the tree,
 Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz?
 When out cam' bumbees, ane, twa, three,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!
 Quoth Mr. Bum to Mrs. Bee,
 "O! had ye a' these bees by me!"
 Whilst jealousy lurked in his e'e,
 Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz!

Quoth Mrs. Bee to Mr. Bum,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz !
"They're a' as like you's mum's like mum,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz !
I cowed the horns frae aff' your brow."
Quoth Mr. Bum, "O, wow, wow, wow !
And had I horns then to cowe ?"
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz !
"O ! a' ye bumbees, whaur'er ye be,
Fim-fam, fiddle-faddle, fum, fizz !
I pray a warning tak' by me,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz !
Far rather lead a single life
Than wed a wayward, wanton wife,
Wha'll cause you meikle dule and strife,
Tig-a-leery, twig-a-leery, bum, bizz !"

Long lost and sorely lamented, this excellent song was composed by Charles Spence, who was born at Cockerhall, on the Braes o' the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, in 1779, and died at Manchester exactly ninety years later. The origin and history of the song are worth relating.

Mr. George Porter, the schoolmaster of Moneydie, and the author were bosom friends in youth and age, and equally enjoyed a social hour. It was Mr. Porter's long continued regret that he had not been gifted with a voice that would enable him to bear his share in a bout of quiet entertainment. Ultimately he commissioned Spence to write a song for him, such that its wit and humour would make an effect irrespective of musical execution. The result was "The Twa Bumbees," which Porter soon committed to memory, and sang, I have heard, with such inimitable drollery that it was often in demand, and came to be known, considerably beyond the Braes of the Carse, as *Mr. Porter's own special song*. The late Mr. P. R. Drummond, of Perth, when preparing his sketch of Spence for *Perthshire in Bygone Days* (issued in 1879), quoted the first four lines, which, he said, was all of the song he could recall. For years, both before and after the above date, Mr. Drummond endeavoured to recover a full copy, but did not succeed. It was my very good fortune to receive more than a dozen years ago a complete copy of "The Twa Bumbees" from the late Mr. Peter Norval, schoolmaster, Collace, himself a poet, and the intimate friend of both Spence and Porter. Soon after, at my instance, the song appeared in print for the first time. But it is not so widely known yet as it deserves; and I cannot serve its author and my readers better than by reproducing it here. It will satisfy the latter that when Charles Spence set himself to be funny he could make fun to some purpose.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
The day appointed was,
That Pate went forth unto the broom,
To meet his bonny lass ;
Blythe and merry was his heart,
And sweetly then sung he,
She's low down, she's in the broom
That's waiting for me.

Waiting for me, my dear,
Waiting for me ;
She's low down, she's in the broom,
Where merry we shall be.

Now Jenny she's gane down the broom,
And it's to meet wi' Pate,
And what they said and what they did,
We shortly will relate ;
Blythe and merry was her heart,
And sweetly then sung she,
He's low down and in the broom
That's waiting for me.

Waiting for me, etc.

O, she look'd o'er her shoulder,
To see what she could see,
And there she spied her own true love
Come linking o'er the lea ;
With his little bonnet on his head,
His plaid above his knee,
" He's coming skipping o'er the broom
For to meet with me.

For to meet with me," etc.

He took his true love in his arms,
 Sae merry was his heart,
 And said, "My life, my lovely jewel,
 My dear, we'll never part ;"
 He said, "My dear, we'll never part,
 Until the day we dee,
 And since we're down among the broom,
 Merry shall we be.

Merry shall we be," etc.

"Hold off your hand, young man," she said,
 "And do not use me so,
 For little does my father
 Or yet my mother know ;
 And they will wonder in their minds
 What is become of me ;
 They'll little think I'm in the broom
 Talking with thee.

Talking with thee, etc.

"My daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll no twine wi' his gear,
 My minny she's a scalding wife
 Hauds a' the house asteer ;
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me,
 For he's low down, he's in the broom
 That's waited on me.

Waited on me, etc.

"My Aunty Kate sits at her wheel
 And sair she lightlies me ;
 But weel I ken it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a joe has she ;

My cousin Bet was sair beguiled
 By Johnny o' the glen,
 And aye sin' syne she cries, ' Beware
 O' false deluding men.'
 But let them say, etc.

" Glead Sandy he came wast a'e night
 And speir'd when I saw Pate ;
 And aye sin' syne the neighbours round,
 They jeer me ear' and late ;
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me ;
 For I ha'e vow'd to love you, lad,
 Until the day I dee.
 Until the day I dee," etc.

They parted blythe and weel content,
 Sae merry may they be ;
 For a constant swain has Patie proved,
 And a kind lass she.
 " Ye've waited on me, my love,
 Ye've waited on me ;
 Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
 Now I am bound to thee.

I am bound to thee, my love,
 I am bound to thee ;
 Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
 And I am bound to thee."

The above appears in a chapbook of " Five Excellent New Songs." No imprint, no date. Part, it will be seen, beginning with the verse—

" My daddy is a canker'd carle,"

forms the song which is common to the larger collections, and regularly ascribed to James Carnegie, Esq., of Balnamoon, near Brechin, who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The first five and the closing verses, however, not a whit inferior to the rest, are entirely the work of the chapbook writer, who must perforce complete the story. The original air is now incorporated, indissolubly, with Burns's " O, my Love is like a red, red Rose."

JEAN AND CALEDONIA.

Sair, sair was my heart, and the tears stood in my een, As I
 view'd my native hills, and I thought upon my Jean; For I
 ken'd the ruthless fate that was forcing me a - wa', Far,
 far frae Jean and my native Cal - e - don - i - a. When I
 think on days now gane, and sae happy I ha'e been, While
 wand'ring wi' my dear where the primrose blaws unseen, I'm
 wae to leave my lass - ie, my daddy's cot an' a', And to
 leave the healthfu' breeze o' Cal - e - don - i - a.

SAIR, sair was my heart, an' the tears stood in my
 een,
 As I view'd my native hills an' I thought upon my
 Jean;
 For I ken'd the ruthless fate that was forcing me awa',
 Far, far frae Jean, an' my native Caledonia.

When I think on days now gane, and sae happy I
hae been,
While wand'ring wi' my dear where the primrose
blaws unseen ;
I'm wae to leave my lassie, my daddy's cot an' a',
And to leave the healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.

I'll ever mind the time when beneath the milk-white
thorn,
I last parted frae my Jean, for wi' love my heart
was torn ;
I ken'd na how to tell her I had soon to gang awa'
Far, far frae my true love and Caledonia.

The scene was sweet, the ev'ning sun was wearing to
his bed,
And half behind the western hills had sunk his
golden head,
When I seized my Jeanie's hand an' sighed, "Noo I
maun gang awa',
But my heart I leave wi' you, my dear, and Cale-
donia."

Her lovely downcast eyes they seemed to dwell upon
a flower,
I marked her heaving bosom, and saw the coming
shower ;
The bursting tears began to drap like pearls amang
snaw,
And they stained the whitest breast in fair Caledonia.

And as she saftly sighed, she fell into my arms,
And fondly prayed that Heaven kind would shield
me from all harms ;
"May storm an' tempest aye be hush'd, and saft the
breezes blaw,
That wafts my love from me," she cried, "in Cale-
donia."

“Dry up your tears, dear Jeanie, though I leave you
for a while
To stem Dame Fortune’s frowns, I yet hope to share
her smile;
What’s a’ the wealth o’ India’s coast; its riches are
but sma’
Compared wi’ thy sweet smile, my dear, an’ Caledonia.

“Now, Jeanie, dear, before we part, I promise to be
true,
Ye ha’e my heart, and there’s my hand, I’ll wed wi’
nane but you;
Whene’er kind Fortune brings me back, the priest
shall join us twa,
And we’ll spend our happy days in fair Caledonia.”

There are few better specimens of the wandering country song than the one here given, which is printed partly from memory, and partly from a copy in manuscript received from Mr. John Graham, Comrie. So far as I am aware, it has not previously appeared in print, yet many, I am sure, will recognise it as a prime old favourite. Whitelaw’s book includes a song of two double stanzas bearing on the same theme, and with some lines nearly identical, but ours is a much more interesting, a fuller, and more individual performance.

THE MUCKLE MEAL-POCK.

I AM a sturdy beggar loon, weel kent the country
through,
I hae a crap for ilka corn—or tawties, meal, or ‘oo’;
A lauch aye for the lasses—tell the news, an’ crack
an’ joke,
An’ that aye lats them ken o’ my muckle meal-pock.

If you think there’s only meal in’t, it’s then ye’re far
wrang,
There’s cakes in’t, an’ scones in’t, an’ cheese, a dainty
whang;

There's whiles a bit tobacco when I want a chew or
smoke,
An' I hide a' my failings in my muckle meal-pock.

But ye maun keep yer thoom on't, a secret I've to
tell,
Awa' doon in the bottom o't I keep a wee bit stell ;
The farmers' wives they hae a drooth as weel as
other folk ;
There's aye a wheel within a wheel—sae in my
muckle pock.

I tak' the bits o' errands when I dander to the
toun—
A parasol to mend, or whiles a pair o' shoon ;
The handle o' a parritch-pat—a pend'lum for a
clock—
An' they a' find a place in my muckle meal-pock.

I tak' eggs by the dozen, to the clachan, or the
toon,
I niffer them for pocks o' tea, an' sugar, white or
broon ;
I've whiles sae mony buns an' baps, a baker's shop
'twould stock,
An' they're a' stow'd awa' in my muckle meal-pock.

As lang's the loads do pay me weel, I dinna care a
preen,
Be't bumbees' skeps, tawtie grapes, or e'en a crino-
line ;
What do ye think a farmer said?—of course it was
a joke—
“Bring us up a rake o' coals in your muckle meal-
pock.”

But you'll hear how I fared wi' my graspin' an' my
 greed—
 The e'e mair than the stammick, it has aye been ill
 to feed ;
 I cram'd it, an' squeez'd it, till it was like to choke,
 I was scarcely fit to wauchle wi' my muckle meal-
 pock.

When I cam' to the ford, whaur ye cross the stappin'-
 stanes,
 I hitch'd it aff my shouther for to rest my weary
 banes,
 The string around the mouth, wi' the wecht within
 it, broke,
 And oot fell a' the harns o' my muckle meal-pock.

Noo, I've laid awa' my meal-pock, ance dear to my
 heart,
 An' I hae got instead o' it a cuddy an' a cart ;
 I'm a cadger an' a carrier, an' rank wi' decent folk ;
 I'm a gentleman compared to the owner o' a pock.

I have not been able to gather particulars about this song, which I fancy belongs to the West of Scotland, where it has been chiefly sung, and was commonly known about forty years ago.

KATEY OF LOCHGOIL.

'Twas on the year Eleventy-nine,
 And March the fortieth day,
 That Katey of Lochgoil, my boys,
 To sea she'll bore away.

To my fal al de dal, etc.

Now Katey, she's as fine a ship
As ever yet was rig;
And when she'll got her mainsail up,
Got! you'll tuke her for a prig.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tugald More,
Shon Tamson an' Shon Roy;
And all our whole ship's companie
Was one laddie an' a poy.

As we'll sail by the Pladda light,
She'll plew a terrible plow;
Says Tonald More to Tugald More,
"She'll think she's pest below."

As we steer round the Ailsa Craig,
She'll plew a wonderous gale;
Says Tugald More to Tonald More,
"We'll turn apoot her tail."

As we steer round the Toward Point,
She'll plew a terrible plast;
She'll plew up such a hurricane,
She'll plew away her mast.

As we came by the Cloch light-house,
She'll plaw a terrible plew:
It's Tonald at the poo, my poys,
O! she'll be tuke a spew.

The captain, being kind to us,
Put on the muckle pot,
Wi' scatyuns for to boil to us—
But de'il a one we'll got.

T'ere was Tonald More an' Tugald More,
Shon Tamson an' his mate,
Was putting his cousin's son ashore,
For breakin' a scatyun plate.

Ta signal that our Katey had,
Was Tonald's ponnet plue ;
Ta skipper being out on shore,
It's he the signal knew.

Noo Katey, she is home again,
And safe on Greenock quay ;
And ere she'll go to sea again,
She'll tuke new hands for me.

This was long, and even until recently, a popular song at small social parties throughout the West of Scotland ; all readily engaging lustily in the chorus. The tune is "The Whale."

JAMIE RAEBURN'S FAREWEEL.

My name is Jamie Raeburn, in Glasgow I was born,
My place and habitation I'm forced to leave with
scorn ;

From my place and habitation I now must gang
awa,

Far frae the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

'Twas early one morning, just by the break of day,
I overheard the turn-key, who unto us did say :—
" Arise, ye hapless convicts, arise ye ane and a',
'This is the day ye are to stray from Caledonia."

We all arose, put on our clothes, our hearts were
full of grief,
Our friends they a' stood round the coach, could
grant us no relief ;

Our friends they a' stood round the coach, their
hearts were broke in twa,
To see us leave the bonnie braes of Caledonia.

Fareweel, my aged mother, I'm vexed for what I've
done,
I hope none will upcast to you the race that I have
run ;
I hope you'll be provided for when I am far awa',
Far from the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

Fareweel, my honoured father, he is the best of men,
And likewise my own sweetheart, it's Catherine is
her name ;
Nae mair we'll walk by Clyde's clear stream, nor by
the Broomielaw,
For I must leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.

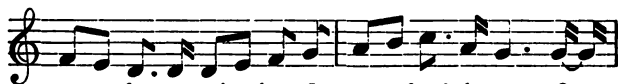
If e'er we chance to meet again I hope 'twill be
above,
Where hallelujahs will be sung to Him who reigns
in love ;
Nae earthly judge shall judge us then, but He who
rules us a' ;
Fareweel, ye bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

The above was long a popular street song, all over Scotland, and sold readily in penny sheet form. The hero of the verses, in whose mouth the words are put, I recently learned on enquiry, through the columns of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, was a baker to trade, who was sentenced to banishment for theft, more than sixty years ago. His sweetheart, Catherine Chandler, thus told the story of his misfortunes :—"We parted at ten o'clock and Jamie was in the police office at twenty minutes past ten. Going home, he met an acquaintance of his boyhood, who took him in to treat him for auld langsyne. Scarcely had they entered when the detectives appeared and apprehended them. Searched, the stolen property was found. They were tried and banished for life to Botany Bay. Jamie was innocent as the unborn babe, but his heartless companion spoke not a word of his innocence." The tune is "The Plains of Waterloo," already included.

BOLD BRANNAN ON THE MOOR.



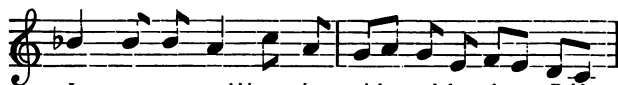
The first of my misfortunes was to list and desert; The



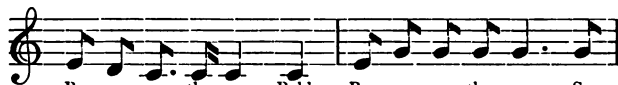
way for to rob, boys, I soon found the art; Over



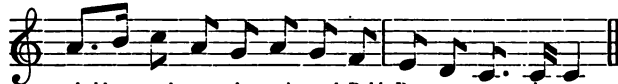
hedges and ditches I soon found my way; And



I went a robbing by night and by day. Bold



Brannan on the moor, Bold Brannan on the moor; So



bold and un-daunted stood Bold Brannan on the moor.

THE first of my misfortunes was to list and desert ;
 The way for to rob, boys, I soon found the art ;
 Over hedges and ditches I soon found my way,
 And I went a robbing by night and by day.

Bold Brannan on the moor,
 Bold Brannan on the moor ;
 So bold and undaunted stood
 Bold Brannan on the moor.

As Brannan was walking on yon mountains high,
A coach with four horses he chanced to espy ;
With but a blunderbuss alone in his hand,
He made the guard and horses at once for to stand.

Bold Brannan, etc.

As Brannan was riding up yon mountains high,
A coach and six horses he happened to spy ;
He robbed from the rich but he gave to the poor,
He's over the mountains and you'll never see him
more.

Bold Brannan, etc.

But oh, do you see yon crowds a-coming,
And oh, do you see yon constables a-running,
And oh, do you see yon high gallows tree ;
They're hanging bold Brannan for highway robbery.

Bold Brannan, etc.

Bold Brannan he is taken and condemned to die,
And many a fair maiden for Brannan will cry ;
But for all their crying they'll not save me,
Nor keep me from disgrace on yon high gallows tree.

Bold Brannan, etc.

I am wae for my wife and my children three,
My poor aged mother, I never will see ;
My poor aged father, with grey locks, he cried,
" Oh, I wish my bold Brannan in his cradle had died."

Bold Brannan, etc.

Thoroughly Irish as it may be, the above was never more popular in Ireland than it was with itinerant vocalists in Scotland about sixty years ago. And judging by the writings of M'Levy, the famous detective, and others, no song was more in favour among the "light-fingered gentry" in Edinburgh down even to a much later period. For the melody, which is quaint and characteristic, I am indebted to my good friend, Mr. Kippen, of Crieff, who fixed it on paper from the lips of a wandering Orpheus many years ago.

DONALD AND GLENCOE.

As I was a-walking one evening of late
Where Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered, where I did not know,
On the banks of a fountain that lies in Glencoe.

Like her whom the prize of Mount Ida had won,
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun ;
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
That once graced Macdonald, the pride of Glencoe.

With courage undaunted to her I drew nigh,
The red rose and lily on her cheek seemed to vie ;
I asked her her name, and how far she'd to go,
"Young man," she replied, "I am bound for Glencoe."

I said, "My dear lassie, your enchanting sweet
smile,
And comely fair features my heart does beguile ;
If your young affections on me you'll bestow,
You'll aye bless the hour that we met in Glencoe."

"Young man," she made answer, "your love I disdain,
I once had a sweetheart, young Donald by name ;
He went to the wars nearly ten years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he comes to Glencoe."

"Perhaps your young Donald regards not your
name,
But has placed his affections on some foreign dame ;
And may have forgotten, for aught that you know,
The lovely young lassie he left in Glencoe."

“ My Donald’s true valour when tried in the field,
Like his gallant ancestors, disdaining to yield,
The Spaniards and French he will soon overthrow,
And in splendour return to my arms in Glencoe.”

“ The power of the French, love, is hard to pull
down,
They have beat many heroes of fame and renown ;
And with your young Donald it may happen so—
The man you love dearly perchance is laid low.”

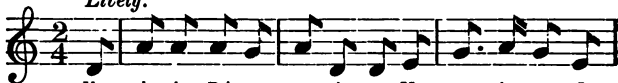
“ My Donald can ne’er from his promise depart,
For love, truth, and honour, abound in his heart ;
But should I ne’er see him I single will go,
And mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glencoe.”

Now proving her constant, I pulled out a glove,
Which at parting she gave me in token of love ;
She flew to my breast, while the tears down did
flow,
Crying, “ You’re my dear Donald, returned to Glen-
coe.”

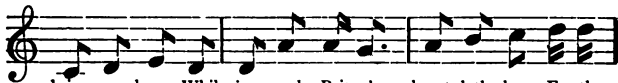
“ Yes, yes, my dear Flora, your sorrows are o’er,
While life does remain, we will part never more ;
The rude blasts of war at a distance may blow,
But in peace and content we’ll abide in Glencoe.”

When recently I appealed to the older readers of the *People’s Journal* for copies of such wandering songs and ballads as were popular in their youth and still lingered in their memory, I received, of course, many duplicates of the more widely known pieces. But of few ballads did so many copies come to hand, and from such widely separated parties, as this one of “ Donald and Glencoe.” Mr. R. Mutch, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, says he learned it when he was a herd laddie in the Parish of Udny, upwards of fifty years ago, and it was then a popular song in that district. Correspondents, south and west, furnishing almost identical versions, tell a similar story.

THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA.

Lively.

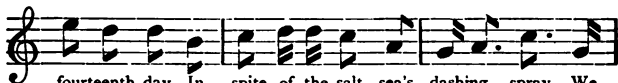
Ye loyal Britons, pray give ear Un - to the news I



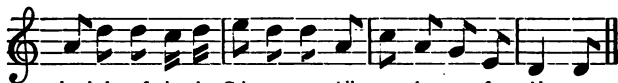
bring you here ; While joy each Briton's heart doth cheer, For the



vict'ry gained at Al - ma. 'Twas on Sep - tem - ber the



fourteenth day, In spite of the salt sea's dashing spray, We



landed safe in the Crim - e - a, All on the route for Al - ma.

YE loyal Britons, pray, give ear
 Unto the news I bring you here ;
 While joy each Briton's heart doth cheer,
 For the vict'ry gained at Alma.
 'Twas on September the fourteenth day,
 In spite of the salt sea's dashing spray,
 We landed safe on the Crimea,
 All on the route for Alma.

That night we lay on the cold ground,
 No tent nor shelter could be found ;
 With rain we all were nearly drowned,
 To cheer us for the Alma.

Next morn a burning sun did rise,
Beneath the cloudless Eastern skies ;
Our gallant chief, Lord Raglan, cries—
“ Prepare to march for Alma.”

And when the Alma came in view,
It did the stoutest heart subdue,
To see the mighty Russian crew
Upon the heights of Alma.
They were so strongly fortified,
With batteries on the mountain-side,
Our general viewed the forts, and cried—
“ There'll be hot work at Alma.”

The balls did fall as thick as rain,
When we the batteries tried to gain,
And many a hero there was slain
Upon the heights of Alma.
The 'Thirty-third and the Fusiliers,
They climbed the hills and gave three cheers ;
While “ Faugh a ballagh ” rent our ears,
From the Irish boys at Alma.

Our Highland lads, with kilt and hose,
They were not last, you may suppose ;
But boldly faced their Russian foes,
To gain the heights of Alma.
And when the heights we did command,
We fought the Russians hand to hand ;
But the Russian force could not withstand
The British charge at Alma.

Their guns and knapsacks they threw down,
And ran like hares before the hound,
While “ Vive L'Empereur ” did resound,
From the sons of France at Alma.

But though the battle we have got,
And gallantly our heroes fought ;
Yet dearly was the victory bought,
For thousands died at Alma.

Between the wounded and the slain,
The Russians lost eight thousand men ;
And had three thousand prisoners ta'en
Upon the heights of Alma.
Two thousand British, I heard say,
Did fall upon that fatal day ;
And fourteen hundred Frenchmen lay
In bloody graves at Alma.

To Sebastopol the Russians fled,
They left their wounded and their dead ;
The river that day ran crimson red,
With the blood that was spilled at Alma.
From orphans' eyes the tear-drops roll,
And none the widows can console,
While parents mourn, beyond control,
The sons they lost at Alma.

And many a pretty maid does mourn,
Her lover who will ne'er return ;
By cruel war he's from her torn,
And his body lies at Alma.
With France and England, hand in hand,
What force on earth can them withstand ;
So sound the news throughout the land—
The victory of the Alma.

The above was a common street song, and always a "catch," not in Scotland alone, but all over Britain, for many years succeeding the great Crimean War. Many thousands of it must have been sold in broad-sheet form.

TUGAL M'TAGGER.



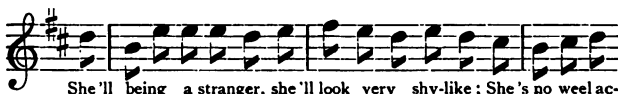
Would you'll know me, my name it is Tugal M'Tagger, She'll



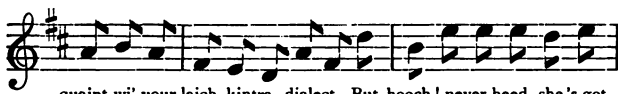
brought hersel' down frae the braes o' Lochaber, To learn her nainsel' to be



braw habberdaber, Or fine linen - draber, the tane or the two:'



She'll being a stranger, she'll look very shy-like; She's no weel ac-



quaint wi' your laich kintra dialect, But hooch! never heed, she's got



plenty o' Gaelic—She comes frae ta house at the fit o' Glendhu.

WOULD you'll know me, my name it is 'Tugal M'Tagger,
She'll brought hersel' down frae the braes o' Lochaber,
To learn her nainsel' to be praw habberdaber

Or fine linen-draber, the tane or the two.

She'll being a stranger, she'll look very shy-like:

She's no weel acquaint wi' your laich kintra dialect;

But, hooch! never heed, she's got plenty o' Gaelic—

She comes frae ta house at the fit o' Glendhu.

But her kilt she'll exchange for ta praw tandy trowser,
An' she'll learn to ta lady to scrapé an' to pow, sir,
An' say to ta shentlemans, "How did you'll do, sir?"

An' ten she'll forgot her poor freen's o' Glendhu.
An' when she'll pe spoket ta laich kintra jabber,
She'll gie hersel' out for ta Laird o' Lochaber.
Shust come for amusements to turn habberdaber,
For tat will pe prawer tan herding ta cow.

She'll got a big shop, an' she'll turned a big dealer ;
She was caution hersel', for they'll no sought no
bailer,

But Tugal M'Tagger hersel' makes a failure—

They'll call her a bankrupt, a trade she'll not
knew.

They'll called a great meeting, she'll look very quiet
now,

She'll fain win awa' but they'll tell her to wait now,
They'll spoket a lang time about her estate now ;

I'll thocht that they'll thocht me ta Laird o'
Glendhu.

They'll wrote a lang while about a trust deeder,
She'll no write a word, for hersel' couldna read her ;
They'll sought compongzition, hooch ! hooch ! never
heed her—

There's no sic a word 'mang ta hills o' Glendhu.

But had she her durk, hersel' would come o'er them,
They'll put her in jail when she'll stood there before
them ;

But faith she'll got out on a hashimanorum ;

And now she's as free as ta win's o' Glendhu.

Eminently singable, and a humorous entertainment of no mean quality, the above is in addition one of the raciest examples of John Highlandman's English in verse or prose. It was sung into fame by Livingstone, the Scottish vocalist, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, more than fifty years ago, and is worthy of the author of "Shon

M'Nab," who has, indeed, sometimes been credited with the authorship. Not Sandy Rodger, however, but Dougal Graham, the Glasgow skellat-bellman, and chapbook maker, wrote the song. Dougal Graham died in 1779. Until recently the song was widely sung.

THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

A damsel possess'd of great beauty, Stood near by her own father's
 gate : The gallant Hussars were on du - ty— To
 view them this maiden did wait. Their horses were cap'ring and
 pranc - ing, Their accoutrements shone like a star ; From the
 plains they were quickly ad - vancing, She espied her young gallant Hussar.

A DAMSEL possess'd of great beauty,
 Stood near by her own father's gate ;
 The gallant Hussars were on duty—
 To view them this maiden did wait.
 Their horses were cap'ring and prancing,
 Their accoutrements shone like a star ;
 From the plains they were quickly advancing
 She espied her young gallant Hussar.

The pelisses slung over their shoulders,
So careless they seem'd for to ride ;
So warlike appeared those young soldiers,
With glittering swords by their side.
To the barracks next morning so early,
'This damsel she went in her car,
Because that she loved him sincerely—
Young Edwin, the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier,
These words they were heard for to say,
Said Jean, "I've a heart, none is bolder,
To follow my laddie away."
"O fie," said young Edwin, "be steady,
And think on the dangers of war ;
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
So wed not your gallant Hussar."

"For twelve months on bread and cold water,
My parents confined me from you ;
O, hard-hearted friends to a daughter,
Whose heart is so loyal and true !
But unless they confine me for ever,
Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
And wed with my gallant Hussar."

Said Edwin, "Your friends you must mind them,
Or else you're for ever undone ;
They will leave you no portion behind them,
So, pray, do my company shun."
She said, "If you will be true-hearted,
I have gold of my uncle's in store ;
From this time no more we'll be parted,
I'll wed with my gallant Hussar."

As he gazed on each beautiful feature,
 The tears they did flow from each eye,
 "I'll wed with this beautiful creature,
 And forsake cruel war," he did cry.
 So now they're united together,
 Friends think on them now when afar,
 Crying, "Heaven bless them now and for ever,
 Young Jean and her gallant Hussar."

The poetry here is rather indifferent, but the music, which is original, and never before printed, so far as I know, is eminently worth preserving. The song was long a favourite with itinerant vocalists, as well as with the resident rural population all over West, Mid, and North Scotland.

SAE WILL WE YET.

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your crack,
 Let the wind tak' the care o' this life on its back ;
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet ;
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we
 yet.

The miser delights in the hoardin' o' his pelf,
 Since he has na the soul to enjoy it himself :
 The bounties o' Providence are new every day :
 As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.

Let us live by the way, etc.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy brown ale,
 It will comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale :
 We'll aye be the merrier the langer that we sit ;
 We've drank wi' ither mony a time, and sae will we
 yet.

And sae will we yet, etc

Sae rax me your mill, and my nose I will prime,
Let mirth and sweet innøcence employ a' our time ;
Nae quarrelin' nor fechtin' we ever will admit ;
We've parted aye in unity, and sae will we yet.

And say will we yet, etc.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through ;
His seed-time and harvest we ever will get ;
We've lippen'd aye to Providence, and say will we
yet.

And sae will we yet, etc.

Lang live the Queen, and happy may she be,
And success to her forces by land and by sea ;
Her enemies to triumph we never will permit ;
Britain aye has been victorious, and sae will she yet.

And say will she yet, etc.

Let the glass keep its course, and gae merrily roun',
For the sun it will rise tho' the moon has gaen down ;
Till the house be rinnin' round about, it's time
enough to flit ;
When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we
yet.

And sae will we yet, etc.

This admirable song of good fellowship, which is often printed faultfully, was written by Walter Watson, of Chryston, near Glasgow, the author of "My Jockie's Far Awa'" and "The Unco Bit Want," and other excellent and esteemed lyrical pieces. It is likely, however, that an afterhand added some verses. Anyway, neither the second, nor the fifth and sixth stanzas in our version are embraced in the posthumous edition of Watson's poems and songs published in 1877—twenty-three years after his death. I have given the song as it is generally sung. With reference to its quality the late Professor Blackie wrote shrewdly and well:—"It will be

observed that not only the Queen on the throne, the army, the navy, and the producers of the staff of life, receive the loyal and grateful recognition that they deserve, but there is a vein of contentment and cheerful resignation running through it, which elevates the drinking-song into a sermon: and a sermon, too, preached on a text not the least prominent in a discourse (Matthew vi. 25-34), full of that mellow wisdom which all Christians profess to admire, but only a few attempt to realise." The song is one among many which the late David Kennedy sang into fame, equally among Scots at home and Scots abroad. The air will be found printed with "A Wee Drappie O't."

THE BANKS OF INVERURIE.

ONE day as I was walking, and down as I did pass,
On the banks of Inverurie I spied a bonnie lass;
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, and her
eyes like stars did shine,
On the banks of Inverurie, and oh! gin she were
mine!

I ran, embraced this fair maid, as fast as e'er I could,
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad just like the
threads of gold;
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, and her
eyes like drops of dew,
"On the banks of Inverurie I long to walk with
you."

She says, "Young man, give over deluding of me so,
For after kissing cometh wooing, after wooing woe;
My tender heart you will ensnare and I'll beguiled
be;
"On the banks of Inverurie, I'll walk alone," said
she.

She said, "Young man, give over, my company re-
frain,
I know you are of gentle blood, but of a graceless
clan ;
I know your occupation, lad, and good you cannot
be ;
On the banks of Inverurie, I'll walk alone," said she.

He said, "My pretty fair maid, the truth I'll not
deny,
On the banks of Inverurie, twelve maids beguiled
have I ;
I own I used to flatter maids, but now I'll faithful
be,
On the banks of Inverurie, if you will walk with me."

He put a horn to his lips, he blew both loud and
shrill,
Till six-and-thirty armed men came to their master's
call ;
He said, "I used to flatter maids, but now it shall
not be,
On the banks of Inverurie my wedded wife you'll be.

"Come, then, my pretty fair maid, and mount on
horseback high,
And we will to a parson go, and that immediately ;
And I will sing those lines with joy until the day I
dee,
To the praise of Inverurie banks, where first I met
with thee."

The above characteristic country ballad I wrote down recently from the singing of Mrs. Peter Rutherford, Wolfhill, Perthshire, who learned it from her mother, words and music both, more than fifty years ago. In *The Blackbird: A Selection of Celebrated Songs*, printed by T. Johnston, Falkirk, in 1818, I have since discovered a copy almost identical.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

O, this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
 This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.
 The ground o' mine was mixed wi' blue, I
 gat it frae the lad I loe, He ne'er has gi'en me
Repeat Refrain.
 cause to rue, And O! the plaid is dear to me. O.

O THIS is no my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid;
 This is no my plaid,
 Bonnie though the colours be.

The ground o' mine was mixed wi' blue,
 I gat it frae the lad I lo'e;
 He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue,
 And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Fareweel, ye lowland plaids o' gray,
 Nae kindly charm for me ye ha'e;
 The tartan shall be mine for aye,
 For O! the colour's dear to me.

For mine was silky, saft and warm,
It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm ;
And like himsel' it bore a charm,
And O ! the plaid is dear to me.

Although the lad the plaid wha wore
Is now upon a distant shore,
And cruel seas between us roar,
I'll mind the plaid that shelter'd me.

The lad that ga'e me't likes me well,
Although his name I daurna tell ;
He likes me just as weel's himsel',
And O ! the plaid is dear to me.

O may the plaidie yet be worn
By Caledonians still unborn ;
Ill fa' the wretch whae'er shall scorn
The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

Frae surly blasts it covers me,
He'll me himsel' protection gi'e,
I'll lo'e him till the day I dee,
And O ! his plaid is dear to me.

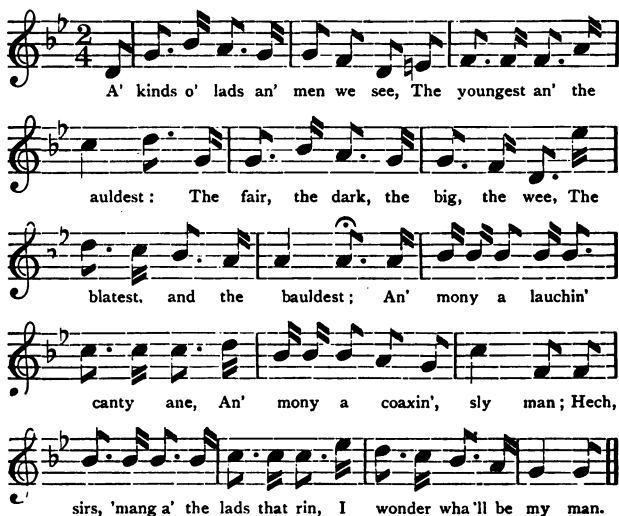
I hope he'll no' forget me now,
Each aften pledgèd aith and vow ;
I hope he'll yet return to woo
Me in the plaid sae dear to me.

And may the day come soon, my lad,
When we will to the kirk and wed,
Weel happit in the tartan plaid—
The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

O! this will then be my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid ;
 This will then be my plaid,
 And while I live shall ever be.

This is one of the commonest songs in the Scottish chapbooks, from which fact I presume it to have been a popular favourite in the end of the eighteenth century. Whitelaw prints an abridged version, and attributes the authorship to W. Halley, of whom, by the by, he gives no biographical or other particulars.

I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY MAN.



A' kinds o' lads an' men we see, The youngest an' the
 auldest: The fair, the dark, the big, the wee, The
 blatest. and the bauldest; An' mony a lauchin'
 canty ane, An' mony a coaxin', sly man; Hech,
 sirs, 'mang a' the lads that rin, I wonder wha'll be my man.

A' KINDS o' lads an' men I see,
 The youngest an' the auldest ;
 The fair, the dark, the big, the wee,
 The blatest, an' the bauldest ;

An' mony a lauchin' canty ane,
An' mony a coaxin', sly man ;
Hech, sirs, 'mang a' the lads that rin,
I wonder wha'll be my man.

I wonder whaur he is the noo—
I wonder gin' he's near me !
An' whaur we'll meet at first, an' hoo,
An' when he'll come to speir me ;
I wonder gin he kens the braes—
The bonnie braes whaur I ran ;
Was't there he lived his laddie days ?
I wonder wha'll be my man.

O, gudesake ! how I wish to ken
The lad that I'm to marry,
The ane amang sae mony men—
I wish I kent a fairy,
Or ony body that can see
A farrer gait than I can ;
I wonder wha the chiel's to be—
I wonder wha'll be my man.

But, losh na ! only hear to me,
It's neither wise nor bonnie
In askin' wha the lad may be—
I'll maybe ne'er get ony.
But if for me indeed there's ane,
I think he's but a shy man,
To keep me crying, late an' soon,
I wonder wha'll be my man.

This song of natural enquiry, common to every female heart, was written by Edward Polin, a native of Paisley, born in 1816, who originally followed the business of a pattern-setter in his native town, and in course of time adopted a journalistic career. For a space he acted as sub-editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, and in 1843 accepted the editorship of the *Newcastle Courant*, in which year he was drowned in the course of a voyage to London.

I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY WIFE.

A' KINDS o' queens an' belles I see,
 The youngest an' the auldest ;
 The fair, the fause, the big, the wee,
 The warmest an' the cauldest :
 An' mony a lauchin' cantie ane,
 For sic as they are aye rife ;
 Hech, sirs ! I canna live my lane—
 I wonder wha'll be my wife.

I wonder whaur she's stoppin' noo !
 I wonder gin she's near me !
 Or if her een be black or blue,
 Or if she'll scratch an' tear me !
 I wonder gin she'll bless my days,
 Or be the plague o' my life !
 Or if she'll pawn an' drink my claes !—
 I wonder wha'll be my wife.

For, by my sooth ! I wish to ken
 The wench that I maun marry ;
 For if I'm snubbed like other men
 I'll send her to auld Harry.
 Nae lass unkind or harsh to me
 Shall e'er cut beef wi' my knife ;
 She maun ha'e heart an' hand to gie—
 I wonder wha'll be my wife.

But losh na ! only hear to me,
 It's neither wise nor bonnie,
 In askin' wha the lass may be,
 I'll maybe ne'er get ony.
 But if for me indeed there's ane,
 I'll ha'e the cash, an' aye rife ;
 An' herd it weel to mak' her fain—
 I wonder wha'll be my wife.

Amang her ither qualities,
Why, she maun do her duty,
By keepin' a' thing trig an' nice—
Let virtue be her beauty!
An' should I meet wi' ane like this,
I staun' by her through my life,
An' this will mak' our earthly bliss—
I wonder wha'll be my wife.

Suggested, no doubt, by the preceding song, the above, from an unknown hand, though less felicitously manipulated, forms an agreeable and natural companion to the earlier measure.

ADIEU TO BOGIESIDE.

Assist me all ye muses,
My downcast spirits raise ;
And join me in full chorus,
To sing brave Huntly's praise.
For I left the girl behind me,
Whose charms were all my pride ;
When I said farewell to Huntly,
And adieu to Bogieside.

Down the road to Huntly Lodge,
With pleasant steps I've roved ;
Almost inspired with rapture,
For the sweet girl I loved,
Who joined me in my rambles,
And chose me for her guide,
To walk upon sweet Deveron's banks,
Or on sweet Bogieside.

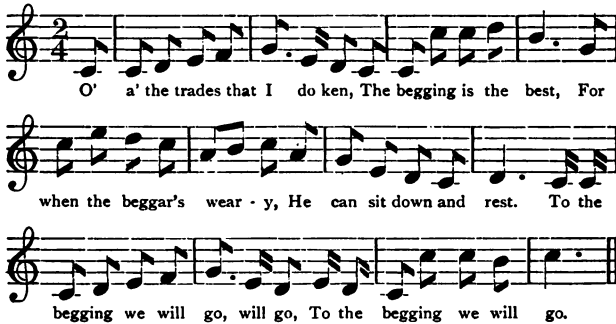
Farewell, ye lads o' Huntly,
I bid you a' adieu ;
The pleasures of an evening walk,
I'll share nae mair wi' you.
But till my heart forgets to beat,
Or death will us divide,
I'll sing the praise o' Huntly town,
On bonnie Bogieside.

Farewell, ye pleasant plantains,
Of you I'll often talk ;
Likewise the hawthorn bushes,
Which grace yon gravel walk.
The sky was clear and bonnie,
When on an even-tide,
I set me down to rest a while
Upon sweet Bogieside.

May the powers above protect the girl,
So young, and fair, and fine ;
And keep her from all danger,
Who has this heart of mine.
And keep her in contentment,
And always free from pride ;
And I'll return to Huntly yet,
And bonnie Bogieside.

Mr. John Ord, a native of the North of Scotland, now residing in Glasgow, from whom I recently received the above, writes with regard to it—"This song is a great favourite in Strathbogie, and throughout the whole of the north-east of Scotland. So far as I am aware, it has only been once in print, viz., when it appeared, by request, in *The People's Journal* (Aberdeen and Banff edition), in the summer of 1878. I do not know who the author was, but I know the song has been in existence for not less than half a century."

A-BEGGING WE WILL GO.



O' a' the trades that I do ken, The begging is the best, For
when the beggar's wear - y, He can sit down and rest. To the
begging we will go, will go, To the begging we will go.

O' A' the trades that I do ken,
The begging is the best ;
For when the beggar's weary,
He can sit down and rest.

To the begging we will go, will go,
To the begging we will go.

First I maun ha'e a meal-poke,
O' leather fitly made ;
Will haud at least a firloot,
Wi' room for beef and bread.

Syne I will to the cobbler,
And gar him sort my shoon ;
An inch thick i' the boddam,
And clouted weel aboon.

And I will to the greasy cook,
Frae him will buy a hat,
Weel press'd and weather-beaten,
And glitterin' ower wi' fat.

And I will to the tailor,
Wi' a wab o' hodden grey,
And gar him mak' a cloak for me,
Will hap me nicht and day.

And I will to the turner gang,
And gar him turn a dish,
Will haud at least three chappins,
For less I couldna wish.

Then wi' my pike-staff in my hand,
To close my begging stock,
I'll go unto some lucky wife,
To hansel my new poke.

And yet ere I begin my trade,
I'll let my beard grow strang ;
Nor pare my nails this year and day,
For beggars wear them lang.

I'll put nae water on my hands,
As little on my face ;
For still the lowner like I am,
The mair my trade I'll grace.

And I'll look out my quarters,
Aye lang or it be late ;
At ilka cosy corner
I'll ha'e a canny seat.

When I come to a farm-toun,
I'll say, wi' hat in hand :
" Will the beggar-man get quarters here ?
Alas ! I canna stand."

It's maybe the gudeman will say,
"Puir man, we ha'e nae room ;
Gin a' our folks were in about,
We couldna lodge yer thoom."

It's maybe the gudewife will say,
"O, puir man, come in-bye ;
We'll budge a bit, and mak' a seat,
It's been a cauldride day."

And when they're a' come in about,
Then I will start and sing,
And do my best to gar them lauch,
A' round about the ring.

And when the gudewife rises up,
To mak' the brose and kail,
Syne I'll tak' out my meal dish,
And tramp it fu' o' meal.

It's likely the gudewife will say,
"Puir man, put past yer meal ;
Ye're welcome to your brose, I'm sure,
Yer bread ; ay, and yer kail."

In the mornin' I'll no stir mysel',
Whae'er to labour cries ;
Till the theevil on the parritch-pot
Will strike the hour to rise.

When twistin' up my meal-pokes,
Before I gang awa',
It's then, nae doubt, the wife will say,
"Come back our pan to claw."

If there's a waddin' in a toun,
I'll airt me to be there,
And pour my kindest benisons
Upon the winsome pair.

And some will gi'e me beef and bread,
And some will gi'e me cheese ;
Syne I'll slip out amang the folk,
And gather the hawbees.

And I will wallop out a dance,
Or tell a merry tale ;
Till some gude fellow in my dish,
Will pour a sowp o' ale.

If begging is as gude's I think,
And as I hope it may,
It's time that I was out the gate,
And trudgin' ower the brae.

And if I chance to prosper,
I may come back and tell ;
But if the trade gaes backlin's,
I'll keep it to mysel'.

To the begging we will go, will go,
To the begging we will go.

I have received no fewer than four manuscript copies of this really worthy and curious song, all differing materially, from correspondents in widely separated parts of Scotland ; and in addition, one from a Scotsman long resident in America. The copy presented, however, is collated mainly from two of these—one from Banffshire, the other from Aberdeenshire. There is an English begging song with a similar refrain ; but beyond the refrain and the measure, there is little resemblance, and no comparison, in respect of quality. The English song has been attributed to Richard Brome, who "performed a servant's faithful part" to rare Ben Jonson. The Scottish song, with which the above is almost identical, was written by Alexander Ross, of Lochlee, the gifted author of *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess*.

NEERIE NORRIE.

O, I'LL sing ye a sang, and I'll tell ye a tale,
Fal lal the dal, fal the dandie, O ;
And it's a' very true, frae the head to the tail,
Wi' my neerie-norrie, neerie-norrie, nandie O.

Owre the hill o' Benachie I saw a skate flee,
Fal lal, etc.,
And four and twenty little flookies chasin' her wi'
glee,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty pairtricks were drawin' at a pleuch,
Fal lal, etc.,
And little robin redbreast haudin' weel eneuch,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty Hielandmen were ridin' on a snail,
Fal lal, etc.,
When up cam' the hindmost and trampit on her tail,
Wi' my neerie, etc.

The snail shot out her horns, just like a hummel coo,
Fal lal, etc.,
"Fie," quo' the foremost, "we'll a' be stickit noo,"
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty tailors were killin' at a loose,
Fal lal, etc.,
"Hillo," says ane o' them, "he's fat and fu' o' juice,"
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Four and twenty headless men were playin' at the ba',
Fal lal, etc.,
When by cam' footless, and took it frae them a',
Wi' my neerie, etc.

Up started mou'less, and merrily he leuch,
 Fal lal, etc.,
 Up started tongueless and tauld his tale teuch,
 Wi' my neerie, etc.

As I gaed by the mill door, out cam' Miller Reid,
 Fal lal, etc.,
 Wi' his bonnet on his feet, and his breeks upon his
 head,
 Wi' my neerie, etc.

'Then forth cam' the maiden—Miller Reid's mither,
 Fal lal, etc.,
 Riddlin' at her green cheese, and siftin' at her butter,
 Wi' my neerie, etc.

Now, I've sung ye a sang, and I've tell'd ye a tale,
 Fal lal, etc.
 And it's a' big lees frae the head to the tail,
 Wi' my neerie, etc.

Peter Buchan prints a ballad somewhat resembling the above, in all but the beginning and the end, the inter-lines of which are, "Quo' the man to the joe, Quo' the man to the joe," and "Quo' the merry, merry men to the green joe." The present version was taken recently from the singing of the late Mr. Thomas Hill, Glasgow, who assured me it was much sung, as he then sang it, in country districts in Førfarshire when he was a boy, more than forty years ago.

JOHNNIE AND MARY.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd ower his brow ;
 Johnnie, liltin', tuned his reed,
 And Mary wiped her bonnie mou'.
 Dear she lo'ed the well-known song,
 While her Johnnie, blythe and young,
 Sang her praise the whole day long.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd ower his brow ;
 Johnnie, liltin', tuned his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonnie mou'.

Costly clothes she had but few,
 Of rings and jewels nae great store ;
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnnie, wisely, wish'd no more.
 Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
 Ower the mountain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, etc.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnnie could not these impart ;
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth,
 Was still her faithfu' Johnnie's heart.
 Sweet the joy that lovers find,
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.

Down the burn, etc.

Clearly an imitation of the Caledonian manner, and interesting mainly as such, the above was introduced as a Scotch song in Bickerstaff's opera of *Love in a Village*, first acted at Covent Garden, London, in 1762. It was a favourite with Scottish chapbook publishers in the early years of last century.

WHEN JOHN'S ALE WAS NEW.



There were some jolly tradesmen Went out to spend an



evening, Went out to spend an evening, A ranting jovial crew.

They called for drink in a hur - ry That o'er it they might be

mer - ry, That o'er it they might be mer - ry, When

ritard.

John's ale was new, brave boys, When John's ale was new.

THERE were some jolly tradesmen,
 Went out to spend an evening,
 Went out to spend an evening,
 A ranting jovial crew ;
 They called for drink in a hurry,
 That o'er it they might be merry,
 That o'er it they might be merry.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
 When John's ale was new.

There soon came in a hatter,
 Who asked what was the matter ;
 He scorned to drink cold water,
 Amongst the jovial crew ;
 He dashed his hat upon the ground,
 Said, " Every man must drink a crown ;"
 The company drank his health around.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
 When John's ale was new.

There next came in a dyer,
 Who sat down by the fire ;
 And no man could be higher,
 Amongst the jovial crew ;

He told the landlord to his face,
The chimley corner was the place,
Where he would sit and dye his face.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

In came a jolly mason,
His hammer to put a face on ;
No man could be more decent,
Amongst the jovial crew ;
He dashed his trowel against the wa',
And wished the kirk and tower should fa',
Then work would be for masons a'.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

There next came in a soldier,
No captain e'er looked bolder ;
His gun on his right shoulder,
His good broad-sword he drew ;
"The French," quoth he, "are fear'd to fight,
They know we keep our bayonets bright,
So we will spend a jovial night,

When John's ale is new, brave boys,
When John's ale is new."

Next came a tailor, nimble,
With lapbroad, shears, and thimble ;
And, oh, how he did tremble,
Amongst the jovial crew ;
They made him pay for drink and smoke,
Until poor snip was fairly broke,
And he was forced to pawn his cloak.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

There next came in a tinker,
Who was no small-beer drinker ;
He scorned to be a trinker,
 Amongst the jovial crew ;
He had rivets made of metal,
To mend each broken kettle ;
What he drank he swore he'd settle.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

Last came a rag-man wary,
His rag-bags he did carry,
And he sought to be merry,
 Amongst the jovial crew ;
He threw his wallets on the ground,
Said he would pay for drink a crown ;
They drank his health right merrily round.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

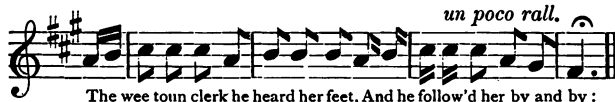
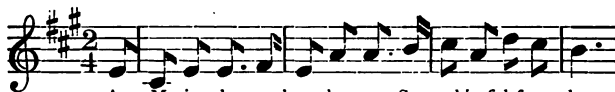
The ale was aye improving,
None ever thought of moving ;
The longer they sat bousing,
 The greater friends they grew ;
They drank each man full glasses,
Till they were drunk as asses,
And the rag-bags burnt to ashes.

When John's ale was new, brave boys,
When John's ale was new.

Originally in some form, I suspect, from the south of the Tweed, the above rant has yet enjoyed a firm hold, and received embellishments here, where distilling of whisky more than brewing of ale abounds. I have talked with many persons, at any rate, not yet greatly stricken in years, who remember it as a popular song at small convivial gatherings in village inns and in city tap-rooms in Scotland, when they were young. Of the particular John, who brewed such tempting ale, it would be interesting to have personal notanda, but none is to hand. On the occasion described at least,

his house must have presented a scene not less wildly bacchanalian than the revels of the "Jolly Beggars," as depicted by Burns, in Poosie Nancy's lodging-house in Mauchline; an excess of drinking and high jinks happily little known in those more rational times, or, when discovered, not deemed a subject fit for celebration in song. The version here printed is collated from a broad-sheet copy, and several in manuscript received from correspondents. A very serviceable copy was one obtained from Mr. Duncan Graham, Crieff, from whose singing the air was written for us by his friend, Mr. Alexander Christie.

THE WEE TOUN CLERK.



As Mysie she gaed up the street,
Some white fish for to buy ;
The wee toun clerk he heard her feet,
And he followed her by and by.

Rickidoo dum day, doo dum day,
Rickidicki doo, dum day.

"O, where live ye, my bonnie lass,
I pray you, tell to me ;
For gin the nicht were e'er sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee."

“ My father he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key ;
Gin ye were ne'er sae wily a wicht,
Ye canna win in to me.”

“ I will get a ladder made,
Full thirty steps and three ;
I'll syne get up to the chimla-tap,
And then come doun to thee.”

The clerk he had a true brither,
And a wily wicht was he ;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a reel,
A creel but and a pin ;
And he's awa' to the chimla-tap,
And he's latten the wee clerk in.

The auld wife couldna sleep that night,
Tho' late, late was the hour ;
“ I'll lay my life,” quo' the silly auld wife,
“ There's a man in our dochter's bower.”

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true ;
But she's ta'en the wee clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue.

“ O where are you gaun now, faither,” she says,
“ Where are you gaun sae late ?
Ye've disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And O, but they were sweet.”

“ O, ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee ;
She has the Gude Book in her arms,
And she’s praying for you and me.”

The auld wife still lay wauken yet,
Till something mair was said ;
“ I’ll lay my life,” quo’ the silly auld wife,
“ There’s a man by my dochter’s bed.”

The auld wife then got up hersel’,
To see if the thing was true ;
But what the wrack took her fit in the dark,
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimla-tap,
Finding the creel was fu’,
He wrappit the rope his elbow round,
And fast to him he drew.

“ O, help ! O, help ! my hinny, noo help !
O, help ! my hinny, do ;
For *him* that ye hae wished me at,
He’s carryin’ me aff just noo.”

“ O, gin the foul thief’s gotten ye, wife,
I wish he may keep his haud ;
For a’ the lee-lang winter’s nicht,
Ye’ll never lie in your bed.”

He’s towed her up, he’s towed her doun,
He’s towed her through and through ;
“ O, Gude assist !” cried the silly auld wife,
“ For I’m just departin’ noo.”

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
 He's let the creel down fa';
 Till every rib i' the auld wife's side,
 Played nick-nack on the wa'.

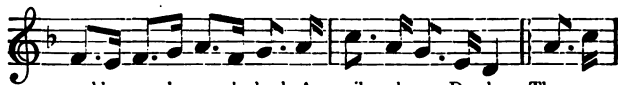
O, the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,
 And I wish the blue aye weel;
 And may every jealous silly auld wife,
 Be rock'd in the same auld creel.

The above graphic and clever ballad, though it has been seldom printed, unless in mangled form in obscure publications, is perhaps more than two hundred years old. While it has been ignored by, or has eluded, the major collectors, however, down to Whitelaw, it has been preserved by the people; and it is not many years since I heard it sung by a Paisley gentleman, who never saw it in print. I plead guilty to a few simple and necessary emendations of the text. Whitelaw gives it the title of "The Keach i' the Creel," but its better known name is "The Wee Toun Clerk." Motherwell mentions the ballad merely in the appendix to his *Minstrelsy*.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.



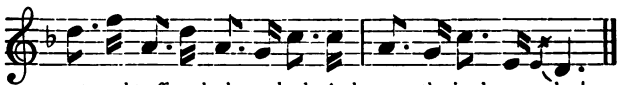
The auld man's mare's dead, The puir man's mare's dead, The



auld man's mare's dead, A mile aboon Dundee. There was



hay to ca', and lint to lead, A hunder hotts o' muck to spread, And



peats and truffs and a' to lead—And yet the jaud to dee!

THE auld man's mare's dead ;
The puir man's mare's dead ;
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffis and a' to lead—
And yet the jaud to dee !

She had the fierceie and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk ;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee ?

The auld man's mare's dead ;
The puir man's mare's dead ;
The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,
And she is gane—wae's me !

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit,
Heam-hough'd and haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chaftit,
And yet the jaud to dee !

She was cut-luggit, painch-lippit,
Steel-wamet, staincher-fittit,
Chanler-chaftit, lang-neckit,
And yet the brute did dee !

The auld man's mare's dead ;
The puir man's mare's dead ;
The auld man's mare's dead—
A better ne'er did dee.

The puir man's head's sair,
Wi' greetin' for his gude grey mare ;
He's like to dee himsel' wi' care,
Aside the green kirk-yard.

He's thinkin' on the by-gane days,
 And a' her douce and canny ways ;
 And how his ain gudewife, auld Bess,
 Micht maist as weel been spared.

The auld man's mare's dead ;
 The puir man's mare's dead ;
 The auld man's mare's dead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.

Patrick, or Patie Birnie, the author of the original of this humorous old ditty, was a well-known rhymers and fiddler in Kinghorn, Fifeshire, where he flourished towards the close of the seventeenth and in the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. His portrait, painted by Aikman, is still extant, and exhibits, as Chambers remarks, "a face mingling cleverness, drollery, roguery, and impudence in harmonious proportions." Patie is described as being at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, probably as one of the militia of his native county ; but, Horace like, he ran away, and never stopped till he landed in Edinburgh'. With a dwarf, named Stocks, who danced on the table to the strains of his violin, Patie gave entertainments in the inns of Fife, and seldom failed to secure a paying auditory. In 1721, Allan Ramsay published an "Elegy on Patie Birnie," in which, while describing the violer's deportment towards inn company, he says :—

"— soon his face wad mak ye' fain,
 When he did sough ;
 ' O wiltu, wiltu, do't again,'
 And graned and leuch.

" This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke ' The auld man's mare she's dead,
 And peats and turrs and a' to lead,'
 O fye upon her !
 A bonnie auld thing this, indeed,
 An't like your honour.

" After ilka tune he took a sowl," etc.

There are two versions of the song, sometimes varying, but always printed distinctly in the song collections. Singers, however, have frequently made one song of the two, and I have printed it in collated form, arranging it in the order in which it has been often sung with rare effect.

TA CLERK IN TA OFFISH.

Noo Rosie she'll be prood, and Rosie she'll be praw,
She'll be whiter than ta roses, an' redder than ta
snaw ;

For ta praw, praw lad's come an' tookit her awa' ;
She's a praw lad, a clerk in an offish.

Wi' my hi hoo honel, an' my honel hoo hi,
Camlachie, Auchtermuchty, Ecclefechan, an'
Mullguy ;

Wi' my hi hoo honel, an' my honel hoo hi,
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Ay, an' this praw lad was o' shentle parents porn,
Her great grandfather was head piper to Lord Shon,
Shuke o' Lorn ;

An' her nainsel's ancestor he played upon ta horn,
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Ay, an' this praw lad, when she was but a pairn,
She was sent to ta College her eedication to learn ;
An' oh, but she could tell hoo mony panes was in a
herrin',

She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Ay, an' this praw lad she could tell ye a' forbye,
Hoo mony sousan' miles Ben Nevis she'll be high ;
An' hoo mony million stars will be hangin' in ta sky,
She's a praw lad, ta clerk in ta offish.

Na, she'll no took ta mason, an' she'll no took ta
wright,

She'll no took ta weaver, ta toosie-lookin' sight ;

But she'll shust took ta lad scrapes ta black upon ta
white,

Wi' a sma' ponny stick in an offish.

O, we'll a' be prood o' Rosie, o' Rosie we'll be prood,
 An' on ta very place this present moment she'll
 stood ;
 For she's married to ta lad that 's come o' shentle
 plood,
 Ta praw lad, ta clerk in an offish.

Here is a song not less grotesquely funny than Alexander Rodger's "Shon M'Nab," or the half-dozen or more efforts in the same vein of humorous caricature from the pen of Alexander Fisher, which adorn the pages of *Whistle Binkie*. It belongs also, I fancy, to a not much later date. Anyway, it was a common song in the East and West of Scotland alike more than thirty years ago. Recently it was revived in one of the Glasgow Christmas pantomimes, since when its vogue has greatly increased. It has been seldom printed, and not previously in any collection. The air is "Johnnie Cope."

THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.

As Jack the jolly ploughboy was ploughing of his land,
 With his horses be - neath yon green shade, He
 whistled and he sang, as his plough it went along, And his
 chance it was to meet a pretty maid, pretty
 maid, And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.

As Jack the jolly ploughboy was ploughing of his
land,
With his horses beneath yon green shade,
He whistled and he sang, as his plough it went alang,
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid,
pretty maid,
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.

O, he whistled and he sang as his plough it slade
alang,
“She’s a maiden of higher degree ;
If her parents come to know she is courted on the
plain,
They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea, to
the sea,
They will send her bonnie laddie to the sea.”

It happened to be so when her parents came to know,
That she was being courted on the plain ;
A press-gang o’ soldiers did hurry him awa’,
And they sent him to the wars to be slain, to be
slain,
And they sent him to the wars to be slain.

Now she’s dress’d herself up in a young man’s array,
With her pockets well lined with gold ;
And she’s marched up the street so nimbly and so
neat,
That she look’d like a jolly sailor bold, sailor bold,
That she look’d like a jolly sailor bold.

The first that she met was a mounted dragoon,
She said, “Did you see my dear swain ?”
“He is sailing on the deep, he is off to face the fleet,
He’s awa’ to the wars to be slain, to be slain,
He’s awa’ to the wars to be slain.”

She went to the captain that ruled o'er the ship,
 And to him she did grievously complain ;
 She said, " I'm gone a-seeking for my jolly plough-
 boy,
 They have sent him to the wars to be slain, to be
 slain,
 They have sent him to the wars to be slain."

She has pulled out her purse of five hundred pounds,
 Of five hundred pounds, ay, and more ;
 And she paid it freely down for her jolly ploughboy,
 And she rolled him in her arms to the shore, to
 the shore,
 And she rolled him in her arms to the shore.

Oh, happy was the day when thae twa lovers met,
 And trials they've since had no more ;
 And they whistle and they sing till the woods and
 valleys ring,
 Since she's found out the laddie she adores, she
 adores,
 Since she's found out the laddie she adores.

Copies of this song, only slightly varying, I have received from correspondents north, south, east, and west, all of whom testify to its popularity among the country people. In the rural districts of Perthshire, I am sure, no song was better known fifty years ago ; and it is still occasionally sung, I am told, both in Aberdeenshire and in Roxburghshire. I have never seen it in print : never in the above form, anyway. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his *Songs and Ballads of the West*, prints an English song, with its music, noted from the singing of a man in Bradstone, which, known as "The Simple Ploughboy," tells an almost identical story ; but, while the melody here is more characteristic, the words also have more character and force. A verse will be sufficient to show this :—

" O the ploughboy was a ploughing
 With his horses on the plain,
 And was singing of a song as on went he,
 ' Since that I have fall'n in love
 If the parents disapprove,
 'Tis the first thing that will send me to the sea.' "

THE MASSACRE OF TA PHAIRSHON.

Phairshon swore a feud a - gainst the Clan Mac - Tavish, And
 march'd in - to their land, to murder and to rafish ;
 For he did re - solve to ex - tirpate the vipers With
 four - an - twenty men, and five - an' - thirty pipers.
 Yochen, ochen, oo ! Yochen, ochen, adle !
 Yochen, ochen, oo ! Yochen, ochen, o - oo !

PHAIRSHON swore a feud,
 Against the Clan MacTavish;
 And marched into their land,
 To murder and to rafish ;
 For he did resolve
 To extirpate the vipers,
 With four-and-twenty men
 And five-and-thirty pipers.

Yochen, ochen, oo !
 Yochen, ochen, adle !
 Yochen, ochen, oo,
 Yochen, ochen, o-oo !

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin' ;
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle ;
All the rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

“Fery coot !” cried Phairshon,
“So my clan disgraced is ;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh,
Coming wi' his fassals—
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails !”

“Coot tay to you, sir !
Are you not ta Phairshon ?
Was you coming here
To visit any pershon ?
You are a plackguard, sir !
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered.”

“Fat is tat you say ?
Dare you cock your peaver ?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehaviour !
You shall not exist
For another day more ;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore !”

“I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention.”
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
And stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
Tied the gallant Phairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior pershon.
Phairshon had a son
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled the Flood
By drinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale,
Sirs, I hope tis new t'ye,
Here's your ferry coot healths
And tamn ta whusky tuty !

In the memoirs of Professor Aytoun, written by his friend and collaborator, Sir Theodore Martin, the following account is given of the origin of the above clever and amusing ballad :—“ Being asked to get up an impromptu amusement at a friend's house in 1844 for some English visitors, who were enthusiastic about the Highlanders and the Highlands, he [Aytoun] fished out from his wardrobe the kilt with which he had electrified the men of Thurso in his boyish days. Arraying himself in this, and a blue cloth jacket with white metal buttons, which he had got years before to act a charity boy in a charade, he completed his costume by a scarf across his shoulders, short hose, and brogues ! The brevity of the kilt produced a most ludicrous effect, and not being eked out with the usual ‘sporrán’ left him very much in the condition of the ‘Cutty Sark’ of Burns's poem. With hair like Katterfelto's, on end in wild disorder, Aytoun was ushered into the drawing-room. He bore himself with

more than Celtic dignity, and saluted the Southrons with stately courtesy, being introduced to them as the famous laird of Macnab. The ladies were delighted with the Cheftain, who related many highly exciting traits of Highland manners. Among other things, when his neighbours, as he told them, made a foray, which they often did, upon his cattle, he thought nothing of 'sticking a tirk into their powels,' when the ladies exclaimed in horror, 'O, Laird, you don't say so!' 'Say so!' he replied, 'on my saul, laties, and to pe surely, I to it.' At supper he was asked to sing a song, 'I am fery sorry, laties,' he replied, 'that I have no voice: but I will speak to you a translation of a fery ancient Gaelic poem,' and proceeded to chant 'The Massacre of ta Phairson,' which came upon all present as if it were the invention of the moment, and was greeted with roars of laughter. The joke was carried on until the party broke up, and the strangers were not undeceived for some days as to the true character of the great Celtic Chief."

The piece forms one of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, which were the joint productions of Aytoun and Martin. When properly sung with mock bagpipe accompaniment in the chorus, it forms an excellent and unique entertainment.

THE OULD BOG HOLE.

O, THE pigs are in the mire, and the cow is at the
grass,
And a man without a woman is no better than an
ass,
My mother likes her ducks, and the ducks like the
drake,
And sweet Judy Flannigan, I'd die for her sake.
For Judy is as fair as the flower on the lea,
She is nate and complate from the neck to the knee,
We met t'other night, and my heart to condole,
Och! I set Judy down by the Old Bog Hole.

Saying, "Cushla mavourneen, would you marry
me?"

Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me?

Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?

Could you fancy the bouncing young Barney
Magee?"

Sweet Judy she blushed, and she hung down her head ;

“ Sure, Barney, you blackguard, I’d like to get wed,
But they say you’re so rough, and you are such a
rake”—

“ Don’t believe it,” says I, “ for it’s all a mistake.
To keep you gentale I will toil at my trade,
I will handle the flail, or the hook, or the spade,
And the turf to procure which is better than coal,
Och, I’ll work to my knees in the Ould Bog Hole.

Then, cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me ?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me ?
Wid the ould britches tattering all over my
knee ?

“ Now give me your hand, and consent just at once,
For it’s not every day that you’ll get such a chance ;
When the priest makes us one, then how happy
you’ll be

As the beautiful, dutiful Mistress Magee.

Though the male may be scarce, we’ll have praties
enough,

And if you should long for more delicate stuff,
Sure I’ll bring out the rod which my grandfather stole,
And I’ll fish for the eels in the Old Bog Hole.

Then, cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me ?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me ?
Sure, my heart is the part that’s devoted to thee.

“ And the childer we’ll have, sure we mustn’t miss
that—

There’ll be Darby, and Barney, and Murphy, and Pat,
Wid Kitty so fair, and Judy so bluff,

And ”—“ Stop, stop,” she cried, “ have you not got
enough ? ”

“Arrah, fait, I have not, for I’ll ne’er be content,
Till you bring home as many as there’s days in the
Lent;
How the neighbours will stare when we go for a
stroll,
And we’ll all promenade round the Ould Bog Hole.

Then, cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Gramachree avourneen, could you marry me?
Cushla mavourneen, would you marry me?
Oh, wurra! wurra! wurra! how I’m doating on
thee!”

“By the hokey,” says she, “I can hardly refuse,
For, Barney, the blarney you know how to use,
You’ve charmed my heart wid the picture you’ve
drawn—

If I thought I could trust you the job might be done.”
“Arrah, murther,” says I, “do you doubt what I say?
If I thought ’twould convince you I’d swear half a
day;”

“Och, no,” she replied, “that is no use at all”—
Then she whispered consent by the Old Bog Hole.

“Arrah, give me a kiss now, my joy and delight.”

“Och, be aisy, you blackguard, till once ye’ve a
right;

Sure, after we’re wed ye may kiss and cajole”—

“And we’ll fish for the eels in the Ould Bog
Hole.”

Many will recall the above as a familiar and attractive street song in Scotland more than forty years ago. I have never seen it in print except in the long and narrow penny sheet forms so commonly hawked at country fairs and feeing markets about the middle of last century. At “Little Dunning” market, at Perth, in the later fifties, I can testify, no song ever attracted greater crowds than “The Ould Bog Hole.” A song of the Green Isle, it had been brought “over” with “Brannan on the Moor,” and others, by the harvesters, I presume, who annually visited our shores in shiploads for the cutting of the corn.

THE SHEPHERD ON THE HILL.

WHAUR Gairn's bonnie mountain stream
Fa's into winding Dee,
Aft 'mang the shady birks we've met,
My shepherd lad and me.
We've courted there the lee lang nicht,
Wi' hearty richt gudewill ;
But noo I fear I'll meet nae mair,
My shepherd on the hill.

My Colin's was the fairest face
And manly was his form,
And he wad meet wi' dauntless step
The winter's wildest storm ;
He climbed the rocky mountain steep,
And crossed the angry rill,
And true and kindly was his heart,
My shepherd on the hill.

That nicht he left my father's cot,
His fleecy flocks to care ;—
Oh, when I saw him leave the door,
My very heart grew sair.
The snaw fell fast, the wind blew loud,
Alang the mountain side :
I placed a licht the window in,
My Colin safe to guide.

'Twas aye I thocht I heard his fit,
My heart it boded ill ;
'Twas aye I feared I'd court nae mair
My shepherd on the hill.
At length the weary nicht gaed by,
Wi' lang and dreary 'oors :
At last the daylight did appear,
Wi' cauld and sleety shoors.

We searched the glen baith up and doun ;
 Oh, weary was the day !
 Until we reached the fatal heath,
 Whaur Colin lifeless lay.
 His faithful dog lay by his side,
 Near to the winding rill ;
 'Twas then I knew I'd court nae mair
 My shepherd on the hill.

'Twas thrice I kissed his clay-cold lips,
 Wi' mony a blinding tear ;
 The meeting there it was to me
 A trial most severe.
 Now since that Colin he is dead,
 My sorrow I'll fulfil ;
 Till death shall lay me lowly by
 My shepherd on the hill.

The above song, of which I have received several copies in manuscript, less or more complete, has been sung chiefly in Aberdeenshire, to which county, by mention of the Gairn, it is evident that it belongs. Mr. John Forbes, Inspector of Police, Ayr, who used to hear it sung in the north when he was a boy, says the air is very sweet and plaintive. A version, I should say, and very likely the original, from which I have culled the second verse, is printed in *The Tales of Scotland* (1845), edited by Robert Scott Fittis. The composition there is attributed to "G. M'Farlane, Montrose."

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Lively.

There cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, My
 dad - die's door, my dad - die's door, There cam' a young man to my
 dad - die's door A - seek - ing me to woo.

And, wow! but he was a braw young lad, A
brisk young lad, and a braw young lad, And, wow! but he was a
braw young lad, Cam' seek - ing me to woo.

THERE cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door ;
There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
A-seeking me to woo.

And, wow ! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad ;
And, wow ! but he was a braw young lad,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he cam',
When he cam', when he cam' ;
I took him in and ga'e him a dram,
To thowe his frozen mou'.

I set him in beside the bink,
I ga'e him bread and ale to drink ;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou'.

" Gae, get you gane, ye cauldribe wooer,
Ye sour-looking, hungry wooer ;"
I straightway showed him to the door,
Saying, " Come nae mair to woo."

A deuk-dub lay before the door,
 Before the door, before the door;
 A deuk-dub lay before the door,
 And there fell he, I trew.

Out cam' the gudeman and high he shouted,
 Out cam' the gudewife, and laich she louted;
 And a' the toun-neighbours were gather'd about it,
 And there lay he, I trew.

Then out cam I and sneered and smiled,
 "Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you."

Yet, wow! but he was a braw young lad,
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad;
 And gay and gallantly was he clad,
 Cam' seeking me to woo.

For this characteristic and clever song, which appears in Herd's collection, into which it was gathered from the stalls and mendicant's baskets, no author has ever been assigned. It sings to the old tune, "Bung' your Eye in the Morning." Editors generally have given it the title of "The Catldrife Wooer," but the title of "The Brisk Young Lad," it will be readily admitted, I think, is more in harmony with the prevailing sarcasm of the song.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

It fell upon a day, and a bonnie summer day,
 When the aits grew green and the barley,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airlie.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
 To come in the morning early;
 And he's up and awa' by the back o' Dunkeld,
 To plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie look'd ower frae her high Castle wa',
And O, but she sigh'd sairly,
When she saw Argyle wi' a hunder o' his men,
Come to plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.

“Come down, come down, Lady Ogilvie,” he says,
“Come down, and kiss me fairly ;
Or I swear by the sword that hangs in my hand,
I winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie.”

“I'll no come down to thee, proud Argyle,
Nor wad I kiss thee fairly ;
I'll no come down thou fause, fause lord,
'Tho' thou shouldna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie.

“If my gude lord had been at hame,
As he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There durstna a Campbell in a' Argyle,
Set a fit upon the bonnie green o' Airlie.

“If my gude lord were here this nicht,
As he is wi' King Charlie,
The dearest blude o' a' thy kin,
Wad slocken the burnin' o' Airlie.

“O, I ha'e borne him seven bonnie sons,
The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And though I had as mony ower again,
I wad gi'e them a' to Prince Charlie.”

Argyle in a rage attacked the bonnie ha',
And he's to the plundering fairly ;
And tears tho' he saw, like dewdrops fa',
In a lowe he set the bonnie House o' Airlie !

- “What lowe is yon?” quo’ the gude Lochiel,
That louns ower the hilltaps clearly?”
- “By the God of my kin!” cried the young Ogilvie,
“It’s my ain dear bonnie House o’ Airlie!”
- “It’s no the bonnie house, nor the lands a’ reft,
That grieves my heart sae sairly;
But O, the winsome dame and the sweet babes I left,
They’ll be smoor’d in the black reek o’ Airlie.”
- “Draw your dirks! draw your dirks!” cried the
brave Lochiel;
“Unsheath your swords!” cried Charlie,
“And we’ll kindle a lowe round the fause Argyle,
And licht it wi’ a spark out o’ Airlie.”

No Scottish song or ballad has had a more lively vagabond career than “The Bonnie House o’ Airlie,” which has formed an item in the repertoire of wandering musicians for many generations. Thirty and odd years ago there was a decrepit old man who used to hunt the Nethergate and Perth Road of Dundee who sang nothing else, and his rendition was so singularly absurd that he had many mock imitators among the younger generations thereaway, who knew the old vocalist only by the self-created name of “Leddly Ogilby.” The ballad, as is well known, describes a real incident in the history of the country, as old as the great civil war of the seventeenth century. Spalding’s account is that the Earl of Airlie went from home to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that he should be pressed to subscribe the Covenant, and left his oldest son, the Lord Ogilvie, a brave young nobleman, behind him at home. The Estates of Parliament learning of his departure, directed the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn, to go to the place of Airlie, and to take it, and for that effect to carry cannon with them. On arrival they summoned the young Ogilvie to surrender the house. The son’s reply was that his father was absent, and had left no commission with him to yield up the house to any subjects, and that he would defend the same till his father returned from England. Some shots were exchanged, but the assailants finding the place invulnerable, by nature of its great strength, retired. The Committee of Estates, finding no contentment in this expedition, next gave orders to the Earl of Argyle to raise men out of his own country, and to go first to Airlie and Forter, and to take and destroy both of these strongholds of the Ogilvie family, and next to go upon their “lymmers” and punish them. Argyle was at feud with the Ogilvies at the time, and is said to have heartily enjoyed the commission to sack their castles, and lost no time in putting his orders into execution. Taking with him an army of about five thousand men,

“ — he's up and awa' by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie House o' Airlie.”

After plundering Airlie Castle, he set it on fire, and afterwards razed the walls. From Airlie he proceeded to Forter—which, by the way, is the scene of the dialogue of the ballad, and not Airlie at all—whence Lady Ogilvie and her family had removed in the interval. Here Argyle is said to have behaved with much cruelty, turning Lady Ogilvie out of doors, though she was then nearing her confinement, and even refusing to grant permission to her grandmother, and his own kinswoman, Lady Drummie, to receive her into her house of Kelly. The castle of Forter was in turn razed to the ground, but not until the Campbells had held possession of it for several months.

There are various readings of the ballad; but they differ only in details, the main features being always the same. I have aimed at selecting the one most generally sung. Everybody knows the air.

**A' BODY'S LIKE 'TO BE MARRIED BUT
ME.**

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
An' thought o' the time that was fast fleein' by 'er,
She said to hersel', wi' a heavy hoch hey!—
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

My youthfu' companions are a' won awa',
And though I've had woers mysel' ane or twa,
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er could yet see;
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, wad ha'e me fu' fain,
Wha has baith a house an' a yard o' his ain:
But before I'd gang to it I rather wad dee;
A wee stumpin' body—he'll never get me.

There's Tammie, my cousin, frae Lunnon cam down,
Wi' fine yellow buskins that dazzled the town;
But, puir deevil, he gat ne'er a blink o' my e'e;
Tho' a' body's like to be married but me.

But I saw a lad by yon sauchie burn-side,
 Wha weel wad deserve ony queen for his bride ;
 Gin I had my will soon his ain I wad be ;
 Oh ! a' body's like to be married but me.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie should,
 My frien's, if they kenn'd it, wad surely run wud ;
 For tho' bonnie and gude he's no worth a bawbee ;
 Oh ! a' body's like to be married but me.

'Tis hard to tak' shelter behint a laich dyke,
 'Tis hard for to tak' ane we never can like,
 'Tis hard to forsake ane we fain wad be wi',
 Yet it's harder that a' should be married but me.

The earliest trace of the above happily-conceived song is in the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1802, where it is signed "Duncan Gray." It has been much sun'g, and often reprinted, but the author has never been discovered.

PAWKIE ADAM GLEN.

PAWKIE Adam Glen,
 Piper o' the clachan,
 When he stoited ben,
 Sairly was he pechin' ;
 Spak' a wee, but tint his win' ;
 Hurklet down an' hoastit syne,
 Blew his beik, an' dichtit's e'en ;
 And whauzled a' forfouchen.

But his coughin' dune,
 Cheerie kyth'd the bodie—
 Crackit like a gun,
 And leuch to auntie Madie ;

Cried, " My callan's, name a spring,
 'Jinglin' John,' or ony thing,
 For weel I'd like to see the fling
 O' ilka lass and laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
 Usquabae was plenty,
 Blythe the piper grew,
 'Tho' shaking hands wi' niuety ;
 Seven times his bridal vow,
 Ruthless fate had broken thro' ;
 Wha wad thocht his coming now,
 Was for our maiden auntie.

She had ne'er been soucht,
 Cheerie hope was fadin' ;
 Dowie is the thocht,
 'To live an' dee a maiden.
 How it comes, we dinna ken,
 Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
 Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
 And sune we'll hae a weddin'.

Written by Alexander Laing, the well-known Brechin poet, who was author besides of "The Braes o' Mar," and the widely esteemed metrical tale of "Archie Allan," the above very pawkie and clever song has, all its time, been a prime favourite at country convivial meetings in the central shires of Scotland. The hero of the verses, Adam Glen, who composed the air to which they are sung, was a well-known wandering minstrel, long a favourite in every farmer's ha', village, and fair, in the west of Angus, and in eastern Forfarshire. He was an excellent performer on the bagpipe, a faithful reciter of old ballads, and in every way an eccentric and queer bodie. In the memorable year of Mar's rebellion, he joined the battalion of his county on its march to Sheriffmuir. The ballad tells that

" Some Angusmen and Fifemen,
 They ran for their life, man."

Adam Glen, however, remained behind, winding his warlike instrument in the front and fire of the enemy, and fell on the field of battle, 13th November, 1715, in the 90th year of his age. A few months prior to his death, he espoused his seventh wife, a maiden lady of forty-five, on which circumstance the song is founded. When rallied on the number of his wives, he replied in his own way, "A'e kist comin' in is worth twa gaun out."

DUNCAN AND JANET M'CLEARY.

DUNCAN M'CLEARY, an' Janet his wife,
 Duncan M'Cleary, he played on the fife :
 Janet she danced until she cried wearie ;
 "It's unco weel danced," quo' Duncan M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet M'Cleary,
 Duncan was blin', and Janet was blearie ;
 He was deafish beside, an' could na just hear aye ;
 "There's nae muckle matter," quo' Janet M'Cleary.

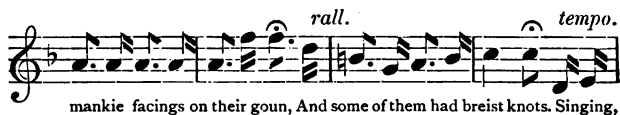
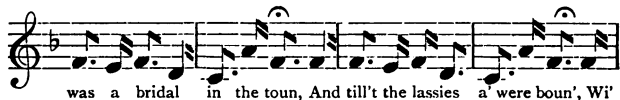
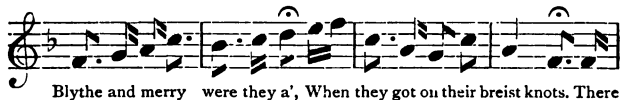
Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet his wife,
 Were peaceable bodies, avoidin' a' strife ;
 She rubbit his beard, he ca'd her his dearie ;
 O, couthie was Duncan wi' Janet M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet his wife,
 They toitet an' toil'd thegither through life ;
 When Duncan was douff, she never was cheerie,
 Sae a'esome was Janet an' Duncan M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet M'Cleary,
 Tho' lovin' an' sweet, the twa couldna wear aye ;
 Sae Duncan he dee'd, syne Janet grew drearie,
 An' sune stapp'd awa' after Duncan M'Cleary.

There is real character, albeit much reserve, in this brief song of happy, healthy, unsophisticated connubial life. The pity is we can gather nothing in respect of its source and authorship.

THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

Lively.

HEY! the bonnie, ho! the bonnie,
 Hey! the bonnie brest-knots!
 Blythe and merry were they a',
 When they got on their brest-knots.

There was a bridal in the toun,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' mankie facings on their gown,
 And some o' them had brest-knots.

Hey! the bonnie, etc.

And there was mony a lusty lad,
As ever handled grape and gaud ;
I wat, their manhood weel they shawed,
At ruffling o' the breist-knots.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

At nine o'clock they did convene,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancing buckles on their sheen,
And flowers upon their waist-coats.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

The bride by this time was richt fain,
When she saw sae light a train,
She pray'd the day might keep frae rain,
For spoiling o' the breist-knots.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wished the lassie happy days,
And muckle made they o' her claes,
And 'specially the breist-knots.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Forth spake the mither, when she saw
The bride and maidens a' sae braw,
" Wi' cackling clouts, black be their fa',
They've made a bonnie cast o't."

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Next down their breakfast it was set,
Some barley lippies o' milk meat ;
It leipit them it was sae het,
As soon as they did taste o't.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Till some frae them the spoon they threw,
And swore that they had burnt their mou';
And some into their cutty blew,
I wat, their will they mist not.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

When ilka ane had clawed his plate,
The piper lad he lookit blate ;
Altho' they said that he should eat,
I trow, he lost the best o't.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
O'er creels and deals and a' did coup,
The piper said wi' them de'il scoup,
He'd make a hungry feast o't.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Syne aff they got a' wi' a fling,
Each lass unto her lad did cling,
And a' cried for a diff'rent spring,
The bride she sought " The Breist-knots."

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

When they tied up the marriage band,
At the bridegroom's they neist did land ;
Forth came auld Madge wi' her split maund,
And bread and cheese a feast o't.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

She took a quarter and a third,
On the bride's head she gae't a gird,
Till farles flew athort the yird ;
She parted round the rest o't.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

The bride then by the hand they took,
 Twice, thrice, they led her round the crook ;
 Some said, " Gude-wife, weel mat ye brook,"
 And some great count they cast on't.

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

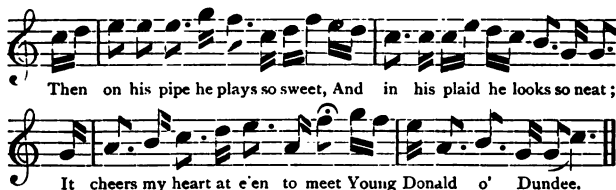
A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
 Some sat on deals, and some on planks ;
 The piper lad stood on his shanks,
 And dirled up " The Breist-knots."

Hey ! the bonnie, etc.

Universally popular in title and refrain, abridgements of the above are not uncommon in the collections. But it is only the complete ballad, as it was written by Alexander Ross, of Lochlee the poet of *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, as it appears in Johnson's *Museum*, and as it is reprinted here, that can appeal with interest and satisfaction to anybody. Three stanzas only have generally appeared, whereas the piece in its full extent presents a picture of a rural merry-making in the olden time valuable for its truth and vivid presentation. The " breist-knot," it may not be unnecessary to explain, was a fashionable piece of female adornment upwards of a century ago, examples of the varying style of which are preserved in the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The tune of the same name, which all fiddlers know, must be older than the song, or the last line of the last verse has no meaning.

DONALD O' DUNDEE.





YOUNG Donald is the blythest lad
 That e'er made love to me ;
 Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
 He seems so gay and free.
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
 And in his plaid he looks so neat ;
 It cheers my heart at e'en to meet
 Young Donald o' Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
 Young Sandy follows me,
 And fain he wants to be my love,
 But ah ! it canna be.
 Though mither frets baith ear' and late
 For me to wed this youth I hate ;
 There's nane need hope to gain young Kate
 But Donald o' Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks o' Tay,
 The ring he showed to me ;
 And bade me name the bridal-day,
 And happy would he be.
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
 Nae mair my mither will I mind ;
 Mess John to me shall quickly bind
 Young Donald o' Dundee.

Long and still a favourite song in town and country all over the shires of Forfar, Perth, and Fife, "Donald o' Dundee," though frequently printed in chap and other popular collections, has seldom in all its busy career been attributed to its author, David Vedder, the sailor-poet, who was born at Burness, Orkney, in 1790, and died at Edinburgh in 1854. It goes with a pleasing air, which, I believe, is original.

NO TO BE MARRIED AVA.

OUR Girzie was noo thirty-six,
 Though some rather mair did her ca',
 And ane quite sae auld to get married
 Has little or nae chance ava.
 And Girzie, aft thinkin' on this,
 Lang sighs frae her bosom wad draw ;
 Oh ! is it no awfu' to think
 I may na be married ava ?

No to be married ava,
 No be married ava ;
 Oh ! is it no awfu' to think
 I may na be married ava ?

For ilka young lass that can brag
 That she has a lover or twa,
 Will haud out her finger and say,
 " Puir body, she's got nane ava ! "

And then, when they a' get married,
 Their husbands will let them gang braw,
 While they lauch at auld maids like mysel',
 For no gettin' married ava.

No to be married ava, etc.

Some women are wasters o' men,
 Wear dune naething less than their twa ;
 Now this I wad haud as a crime,
 That oucht to be punished by law ;
 For are they no muckle to blame,
 When thus to themsel's they tak' a',
 Ne'er thinkin' o' mony an auld maid,
 That's no to be married ava ?

No to be married ava, etc.

But as for the men that get wives,
Although it were some ayont twa,
I think they should aye be respeckit
For helpin' sae mony awa'.
Though, for thae auld bachelor bodies,
Their necks every ane I wad thraw ;
For what is the use o' their lives,
If they never get married ava ?

No to be married ava, etc.

Oh! gin I could get a bit husband,
E'en though he were never sae sma' ;
If he's only a man, I would tak' him,
Though scarce like a creature ava !
Come souter, come tailor, come tinkler,
Oh! come but and tak' me awa' ;
And gie me a bode ne'er so little,
I'll tak' it and never say na !

No to be married ava, etc.

Come deaf, or come dumb, or come cripple,
Wi' a'e leg, or nae leg ava,
Or come ye wi' a'e e'e, or nae e'e,
I'll tak' ye as ready's wi' twa.
Come young, or come auld, or come doited,
Oh! come ony ane o' ye a',
Far better be married to something
Than no to be married ava !

No to be married ava, etc.

Now, lads, if there's ony amang ye
Wad like just upon me to ca',
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
For shyness I ha'e flung awa' ;

And if you should want a bit wifie,
 Ye ken in what quarter to draw,
 And e'en should we no mak' a bargain,
 We'll yet get a kissie or twa !
 No to be married ava, etc.

"It's a solemn thing to get married, Jeanie lass," remarked an old Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking permission to enter the united state. "I ken that, father," returned the thoughtful girl, "but it's a solemn thing no to get married." In the view of the heroine of this song, indeed, it was a calamity not to be married, and she would give her hand to the first man who asked it, not counting the consequences, silly body ! As to the humorous ditty itself, Mr. Whitelaw says it was composed about the year 1826 or 1827, by a young probationer of the Church of Scotland, a native of Ayrshire, who in 1844 was settled as minister of a parish in Aberdeenshire. This statement is, however, only in part, correct. The author left the Establishment at the Disruption, and though really subsequently settled in Aberdeenshire, it was not as a parish minister. The song first appeared, says the editor of *Ayrshire Ballads*, in a small weekly publication issued at Kilmarnock, in 1827, and was subsequently copied into *Chambers' Journal*, with some account of the author. It was at first dressed out in semi-antique language, but was latterly altered and improved and set out in every-day Scotch, by Dr. A. Crawford, of Lochwinnoch. The air is "Woo'd and Married and A'."

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

High upon Hielands, and laich upon Tay,
 Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day ;
 Saddled and bridled, and gallant rade he ;
 Hame cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

Doun' cam his mither dear, greetin' fu' sair,
 Out cam' his bonnie bride, riving her hair ;
 'The meadow lies green, and the corn is unshorn,
 But bonnie George Campbell will never return.

Saddled and bridled, and booted rade he,
 A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee ;
 But toom cam' the saddle, all bloody to see ;
 Hame cam' his gude horse, but never cam' he.

Where is he lying, ye winds, will ye say?
 Is he drowned in the Tummel, or lost in the Tay?
 Oh, vain are our wailings, in vain our despair;
 Bonnie George Campbell we'll never see mair.

Recovered in part from tradition by John Finlay, the author of *Wallace*, an abridgment of the above was printed by Motherwell in his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, who suggests that it might be the lament for some adherent of the house of Argyll who fell at the battle of Glenlivet, in October, 1594. Maidment, on the other hand, believed it to allude to the murder of Campbell of Cawdor, by one of his adherents, in 1591. The first two stanzas are undoubtedly ancient, but the third and fourth are evidently of modern origin. The last, indeed, with neither rhyme nor reason in it, is generally printed to read—

“ Where is he lying, tell me but where,
 Is he drowned in the Yarrow, or lost in the Quair?
 O vain are thy wailings, the echoes reply,
 Bonnie George Campbell, ye'll see him nae mair.”

The case being as stated, I have dared, by a slight alteration, to give it both rhyme and geographical consistency. I hope I may not be blamed. Brief almost to a fault is this, yet a beautiful and suggestive ballad.

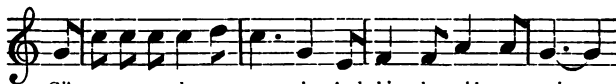
PAWKIE PAITERSON'S AULD YAUD.



As I gaed up by Hawick Loan A'e Monanday at nune,



'Twas there I heard an auld yaud Gi'e mony a heavy grane;



Gi'e mony a heavy grane, sirs, And this she said to mie,



I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld yaud, See how they're guidin' mie.

As I gae'd up by Hawick Loan
A'e Monanday at nune,
'Twas there I heard an auld yaud
Gie mony a heavy grane ;
Gie mony a heavy grane, sirs,
And this she said to mie,
" I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

" The miller o' Hawick he bred mie,
And that you a' do ken ;
Hie brocht mie up and fed mie
On mony a kind o' grain.
But now he's gane and sell't mie,
And that has ruined mie ;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie,

" When a' the rest get corn and hay,
They feed mie on the fog ;
When a' the rest get corn and hay,
They send mie to the bog.
When I gang into Hawick Moss
It's like to swallow mie ;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

" And as for Nellie Harkness,
She rises aye sae sune ;
And ' Lo'dsake ! Jock, get up,' she cries,
' The yaud's among the corn.'
And hie has ta'en the pleugh-staff,
And cam' and swabbed mie ;
I'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld yaud,
See how they're guidin' mie.

“ There’s Rob Young o’ the Back Raw,
He’s aften shod my clutes ;
And I’ll leave him my auld stumps
To mak’ a pair o’ boots.
And when he puts his fit in
He’ll slump up to the knee ;
I’m Pawkie Paiterson’s auld yaud,
See how they’re guidin’ mie.

“ And as for Peggie Duncan,
She is a bonnie lass,
And I’ll leave her my e’e-holes
To mak’ a keekin’-glass ;
They’ll gar her een see straichter,
They aften squint a’glee ;
I’m Pawkie Paiterson’s auld yaud,
See how they’re guidin’ mie.

“ For the minister o’ Wilton,
His coat is worn sae thin,
That for to keep him frae the cauld
I’ll leave him my auld skin :
Baith hide and hair to keep him warm
As lang as they’ve done mie ;
I’m Pawkie Paiterson’s auld yaud,
See how they’re guidin’ mie.

“ And as for Dyker Stewart,
He’s aye sae scarce o’ stanes,
That to mend his fael dykes,
I’ll leave him my auld banes.
And a’ the callants o’ Hawick
Will mak’ bonfires o’ mie ;
I’m Pawkie Paiterson’s auld yaud,
See how they’re guidin’ mie.”

This quaint and curious ditty is popularly ascribed to George Ballantyne, a stocking-maker in Hawick, well known in his day as “Soapy Ballantyne,” who died many years ago. Supposed to be

a parody on an old Northumbrian ballad, the piece first came before the public in or about the year 1811 ; and set out as it is in the true Teri vernacular, it has always been very popular in the district to which it belongs. But it has been sung far from Hawick, and its appearance here will afford it yet a wider field. The author of the words, by the bye, receives credit also for the music, and popularised the ballad, I have been told, by singing it at weddings and social gatherings generally, where he frequently officiated as fiddler and minstrel. For the words here I am indebted to my friend, Mr. George Deans, of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* ; and for the music to Mr. Duncan Smyth, Glasgow, who noted it down from Mr. Deans' singing.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

“ WILL ye gang wi' me, Leezie Lindsay ?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me ?
 Will ye gang wi' me, Leezie Lindsay,
 My bride and my darling to be ? ”

“ To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,
 I dinna ken how that may be ;
 For I ken na the land that ye live in,
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi' ”.

“ O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
 If sae be ye dinna ken me :
 My name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 A chieftain o' high degree. ”

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
 She has kilted them up to her knee ;
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 His bride and his darling to be.

At least seven different versions of this ballad, some of them extending to great length, have been printed, but the few simple and direct verses given here are all that have generally been sung. Burns sent the first verse, in slightly different form, with its air, to Johnson, and Robert Allan of Kilbarchan has been credited with the other three. The lady, according to a tradition of the Mearns, was a daughter of Lindsay of Edzell ; but Kinloch, the antiquarian, says he searched in vain for any confirmation of the story. John Wilson, the famous vocalist, sang the piece into universal knowledge. Few airs are better known.

NAE BONNIE LADDIE WILL TAK ME
AWA'.

My name it is Jean, and my age is fifteen ;
My father's a farmer, he lives on the plain ;
Of money he's plenty, which mak's me sae braw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Each morning I rise, and mak' mysel' clean,
Wi' ruffles and ribbons, and everything fine :
Wi' the finest hair cushions, and French curls twa,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Around my fair neck I wear gauze that's most fine,
That the boys may easily view my white skin ;
For my skin is as white as the new-driven snaw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

In my barrel-breast stays I am laced sae neat,
That scarcely I'm able to stoop to my feet ;
My gown's in the fashion, wi' haunch-knots sae braw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

My petticoats, too, they are flowered sae deep,
Wi' box-plaits and fringes close down to my feet ;
My apron is fringed wi' a fine fa' below,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

My shoon they are made o' the lasting sae strong,
I'm sure they're admired by baith auld and young ;
A saxpence will cover my heels, they're sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

My fine Holland smock I had almost forgot,
Without ony stain, and without ony spot ;
O, the weaver he says he ne'er wrocht ane sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Of all education I'm sure I've the best,
For I can mak' everything up to the taste ;
I can work the fine laces, like Dresden sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

And when that I dance, my feet due time do keep,
From under my petticoat playing bo-peep ;
My stockings are made of cotton sae sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

It's ten times a day I look in the glass,
And think in my heart that I am a fine lass ;
I gie a loud laugh, and a louder guffaw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

At kirk, ilka Sunday, I'm sure to be there,
But our priest he ne'er mentions in preaching or
prayer ;
In preaching or prayer there's no a'e word at a',
For to order young men to tak' maidens awa'.

And when I come hame then my mother does cry,
"For as braw as ye're dress'd a' the lads aye pass by ;
Ere I was your age I had lads twenty-twa,
But I think ne'er a laddie will tak' ye awa'."

This speech o' my mother's it mak's me quite mad,
For to think that I'm courted by never a lad ;
Yet I hope the time's comin' when it will end a',
And some bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

And when I am married I'll do what I can,
To mak' a gude wife, and please my gudeman ;
We'll maybe hae bairns in years less than twa,
Then I'll bless aye the day I was taken awa'.

Then, be na offended at what I ha'e said,
 For it's but the language o' every young maid :
 It's the wish o' a' wishes, o' ane and o' a',
 That some bonnie laddie will tak' them awa'.

James Maidment says the above was written by an inhabitant of Falkirk, of the name of Thomas Scot, on a young lady of the name of Russel, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood. And he adds that the young lady actually did find a "bonnie laddie to tak' her awa'," and she had at least one daughter who was also in due time "taken awa'." The song is of special value and interest from the fact of its supplying a fairly exhaustive catalogue of the wardrobe of a well-to-do farmer's daughter in Scotland about a hundred years ago. A piece with a similar burden, but written in the second person, bearing the title of "The Lass's Wardrobe," may be seen in No. 175 of *Chambers's Journal*, which is said to have been written by an unmarried lady as a kind of burlesque of her own habits and history. It clearly suggested this song, or this suggested it.

THE BANKS O' CLAUDY.

As I walked out one evening clear, all in the month of
 May, Down in yon flow'r-y gar-den I
 care-less-ly did stray, I ov-er-heard a
 young maid, in sor-row sad com-plain, All
 for her absent lov-er, and Johnnie is his name.

As I walked out one evening clear, all in the month
of May,
Down in yon flow'ry garden I carelessly did stray,
I overheard a young maid, in sorrow sad complain,
All for her absent lover, and Johnnie is his name.

I boldly stepped up to her, I put her in surprise ;
I own she did not know me, I being in disguise :
I said, " My pretty fair maid, my joy and heart's
delight,
How far do you mean to wander this dark and dreary
night ? "

" Kind sir, the road to Claudy will you be pleased to
show ?
And pity the distressed, for there I mean to go,
In search of a faithless young man, and Johnnie is
his name,
And on the banks of Claudy I'm told he does remain."

" This is the banks o' Claudy, fair maid, whereon
you stand,
But don't depend on Johnnie, for he's a false young
man ;
It's don't depend on Johnnie, for he'll not meet you
here,
Tarry with me in the greenwood, no danger you need
fear."

" If Johnnie he was here to-night he'd keep me from
all harm,
But he's in the field of battle, all in his uniform ;
He's in the field of battle, his foes he does defy,
Like a ruling king of honour, all on the walls of
Troy."

“ It’s ten long weeks and better since Johnnie left
the shore,
He’s crossing the main ocean where lofty billows roar;
He’s crossing the main ocean for honour and for fame,
And I am told the ship was wreck’d upon the coast
of Spain.”

It’s when she heard the dreadful news she fell in
deep despair,
With the wringing of her hands and the tearing of
her hair—

“ Than my true and faithful Johnnie, no other man
I’ll take ;
Thro’ lonesome groves and valleys I’ll wander for his
sake.”

It’s when he saw her loyalty, no longer could he
stand,

He fell into her arms, saying, “ Bessie, I’m the
man ;”

Saying, “ Bessie, I’m the young man, the cause of all
your pain,

And, since we’ve met on Claudy’s banks, we ne’er
shall part again.”

Many will recognise and welcome an old country favourite here ;
and will be grateful not more for the words than for the pleasing
ballad melody with which they have been so intimately associated.
The drift of the song is common to its class (see “ Cairn-o’-Mount”
and “ Donald and Glencoe”), and had the dignity of being employed
by Burns in “ The Soldier’s Return.” The air is supplied from
memory, by Mr. Walter Deans, Glasgow.

THE CAMERONIAN CAT.

THERE was an auld Seceder’s cat
Gaed hunting for a prey,
And ben the house she catch’d a mouse
Upon the Sabbath day.

The Whig, he being offended
At such an act profane,
Laid by the Book, the cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

“Thou damned, thou cursed creature,
This deed so dark with thee,
Think'st thou to bring to hell below
My holy wife and me ?

“Assure thyself that for the deed
Thou blood for blood shall pay,
For killing of the Lord's own mouse
Upon the Sabbath day.”

The Presbyter laid by the Book,
And earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin the cat had done
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution
Poor pussy she was drawn,
And high hang'd up upon a tree—
The preacher sang a psalm.

And when the work was ended,
They thought the cat was dead,
She gave a paw, and then a meow,
And stretched out her head.

“Thy name,” said he, “shall certainly
A beacon still remain ;
A terror unto evil doers
For evermore, Amen.”

These humorous verses, though they have not been often printed, have been passed down from mouth to mouth. Hogg, to be sure, includes the piece in *The Jacobite Relics*, where he says it is very old. Further he says, “It is by some called ‘The Presbyterian Cat,’ but more generally as above ; and is always sung by the wags in mockery

of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters, which is certainly, in some cases, carried to an extremity rather ludicrous. I have heard them myself when distributing the Sacrament, formally debar from the table the King and all his ministers ; all witches and warlocks ; all who had committed or attempted suicide ; all who played at cards and dice ; all the men who had ever danced opposite to a woman, and every woman who had ever danced with her face toward a man ; all the men who looked at their cattle or crops, and all the women who pulled green kail or scraped potatoes, on the Sabbath-day ; and I have been told, that in former days they debarred all who used fanners for cleaning their oats, instead of God's natural wind. The air is very sweet, but has a strong resemblance to one of their popular psalm-tunes." It is a psalm tune, indeed—"Coleshill" (though it is also sung to "Irish")—and the practice when singing the piece is to "read the line," in imitation of the old style in vogue in public worship when so many of the common people could not read for themselves.

THE BOLD SODGER BOY.

OH ! there's not a trade that's going,
 Worth showing or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing,
 For the bold sodger boy.
 Where right or left we go,
 We know no friend or foe,
 But will have the hand or toe
 From the bold sodger boy.
 There's not a town we march through,
 But ladies looking arch through
 The window-panes will search through,
 The ranks to find their joy ;
 While up the street each girl we meet,
 Will quickly cry, as we pass by,
 " Oh, isn't he a darling, the bold sodger boy ? "

But when we get the rout,
 How they pout and they shout,
 While to the right about
 Goes the bold sodger boy ;

Oh, 'tis then the ladies fair,
In despair tear their hair,
But the devil a hair I care,
Says the bold sodger boy.
For the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
But chalk us out with joy ;
We taste her tap, we tear her cap,
" Oh, that's the chap for me," says she,
" For isn't he a darling, the bold sodger boy ? "

Then come along with me,
Gramachree, and you'll see
How happy you will be
With your bold sodger boy ;
Faith, if you're up to fun,
With me run, 'twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,
Says the hold sodger boy.
And 'tis then, without scandal,
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame, my joy ;
May his light shine as bright as mine,
Till in the line he'll blaze and raise
The glory of his corps, like a bold sodger boy.

Many will recall the above as a popular street song all over Scotland forty and more years ago. Exhibiting no less style, it embraces statements and suggestions more characteristic of our country's fighting men than, perhaps, the best that is enshrined in Kipling's recent and hugely over-rated " Absent-minded Beggar." It displays more of the typical soldier spirit, too : and that means a deal. We have adopted it from Ireland, with so many sons and daughters of the Green Isle. It was written by Samuel Lover.

THE FEEING TIME.

A friend and I struck frae Mill-guy; For
 Glas-gow town we took our way; When all a-long the
 road was strung With lads and bon-nie lass-es gay. When
 draw-ing nigh, one I did spy, Was walk-ing slow-ly
 by hersel'; For fear the rain her dress might stain, I
 did dis-play my um-ber-ell'. My um-ber-ell', my
 um-ber-ell', I did dis-play my um-ber-ell'.

A FRIEND and I struck frae Millguy ;
 For Glasgow town we took our way ;
 When all along the road was strung,
 With lads and bonnie lassies gay.

When drawing nigh, one I did spy,
Was walking slowly by hersel' ;
For fear the rain her dress might stain,
I did display my umberell',
My umberell', my umberell'.
I did display my umberell'.

“ Where are you gaun, my bonnie lass ?
How far now are you gaun this way ? ”
“ To Glasgow town, sir, I am bound,
For this, you know, is feeing-day.”
Says I, “ The day seems wet to be,
Although the morning did look fine.”
Smiling, she said, “ I am afraid,
I'll no be in by feeing-time.”

“ Heeze up your heart, my bonnie lass,
We'll ha'e gude weather by-and-bye ;
And don't be sad when wi' a lad—
A roving baker frae Millguy.
And if you'll here accept my cheer,
A cup o' tea, or glass o' wine ;
We'll rest awhile, and yet we will
Reach Glasgow ere the feeing-time.”

She gave consent, and in we went
Into an ale-house by the way ;
Wi' crack and glass the time did pass
Till baith forgot the feeing-day.
The clock struck three, she smiled on me,
“ Young man,” says she, “ the fault is thine :
The night is on, and I'm from home—
Besides, I've lost the feeing-time.”

“ My lass, don't grieve, for while I live,
I ne'er intend to harm you ;
The marriage tie if you will try,
Your baker lad will aye prove true.”

“ I am too young to wed a man—
 My mother she has nane but me ;
 Yet I'll comply, and ne'er deny ;
 Far better wed than take a fee.”

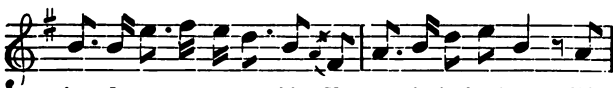
We spent the night in merriment,
 We wedded finely were next day ;
 And aye my lass she did confess
 ’Twas weel to lose the feeing-day.
 My love and me, we sae agree,
 I'm sure she never will repine ;
 But every day will smile and say,
 “ I'm glad I lost the feeing time.”

Like so many of the wandering country class to which it belongs, the above song is poor as literature. It is yet, however, worth preserving for the sake of the vogue it once enjoyed, and to fix in permanency the characteristic rural melody belonging to it, and for which I am indebted, as so frequently in the same way, to Mr. D. Kippen, of Crieff, who noted it many years ago from the singing of an itinerant musician at a village fair in Perthshire. I have modified some of the verses.

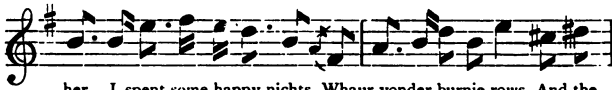
THE CORNCRAIK AMANG THE WHINNY KNOWES.



O, the lass that I had first o' a' Was handsome, young, and fair, Wi'



her I spent some merry nichts Up - on the banks o' Ayr. Wi'



her I spent some happy nichts, Whaur yonder burnie rows, And the



e - cho mocks the corn - craik, A - mang the whinny knowes.

O, THE lass that I had first o' a'
 Was handsome, young, and fair,
 Wi' her I spent some merry nichts
 Upon the banks o' Ayr.
 Wi' her I spent some happy nichts
 Whaur yonder burnie rows,
 And the echo mocks the corncraik,
 Among the whinny knowes.

We lo'ed each other dearly,
 Disputes we never had !
 As constant as the pendulum,
 Her heart-beat always gaed.
 We sought for joy and found it,
 Whaur yonder burnie rows,
 And the echo mocks the corncraik,
 Among the whinny knowes.

O, maidens fair, and pleasure's dames,
 Drive to the banks o' Doon ;
 You'll dearly pay your every cent
 To barbers for perfume ;
 But rural joy is free to a',
 Whaur scented clover grows,
 And the echo mocks the corncraik,
 Among the whinny knowes.

O, the corncraik is noo awa',
The burn is to the brim ;
The whinny knowes are clad wi' snaw
That taps the highest whin.
But when cauld winter is awa',
And summer clears the sky,
We'll welcome back the corncraik,
The bird o' rural joy.

This is the first and only occasion, I think, in which the Corncraik—beautifully feathered, but most unmelodious of birds—has been mixed up in a love song ; and the performance, even if it possessed less literary merit—and it has little to boast of—is worth preserving on that account. It is quite evidently a modern effusion, and the author may be living. I have met with it in various cheap song-sheets, but nowhere with any name attached. Presumably an Ayrshire ditty, it has yet been sung over the wider area of Scotland. The air, a genuine country one, and attached to other songs, is supplied by Mr. Walter Deans, Glasgow.

JOHNNIE, MY MAN.

“ O, JOHNNIE, my man, do ye no think on risin' ?
The day is far spent, and the nicht's comin' on ;
Ye're siller's near dune, and the stoup's toom before ye ;
O, rise up, my Johnnie, and come awa' hame.”

“ O, wha is it that I hear speaking sae kindly ?
I think it's the voice o' my ain wifie Jean ;
Come in by, my dearie, and sit down beside me,
It's time enough yet to be gaun awa' hame.”

“ O, Johnnie, my man, when we first fell a-courting,
We had naething but love then to trouble our mind ;
We spent a' our time 'mang the sweet scented roses,
And I ne'er thocht it lang then to gang awa' hame.”

“ I remember richt weel, Jean, the time that ye
speak o’,
And weel I remember the sweet flowery glen ;
But thae days are a’ past, and will never return, love,
Sae sit down beside me, nor think o’ gaun hame.”

“ O, Johnnie, my man, our bairns are a’ greetin’,
Nae meal in the barrel to fill their wee wames ;
While sittin’ here drinking, ye leave me lamentin’ ;
O, rise up, my Johnnie, and come awa’ hame.”

Then Johnnie he rase, and he bang’d the door open,
Saying, “ Curs’d be the tavern that ere let me in ;
And curs’d be the whisky that’s made me sae frisky ;
O, fare-ye-weel whisky, for I’ll awa’ hame.

“ And Jeanie, my dear, your advice will be taken,
I’ll leave aff the auld deeds, and follow thee hame ;
Live sober and wisely, and aye be respected ;
Nae mair in the ale-house I’ll sit, but at hame.”

Noo Johnnie gaes out ilka fine summer even,
Wi’ his wife and his bairns fu’ trig and fu’ bein,
Though a wee while sin’ syne, in rags they were
rinnin’,
While Johnnie sat fou’ in the ale-house at e’en.

Contented and crouse he sits by his ain fireside,
And Jeannie, a happier wife there is nane ;
Nae mair to the tavern at nicht does he wander,
But’s happy wi’ Jean and his bairnies at hame.

Forty and more years ago, this was a common street song in various parts of Scotland, and found ready sale always in penny-sheet form, chiefly among those who required most its pointed moral lesson.

A COGIE O' YILL.

A cogie o' yill, and a pickle ait meal,
And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky,
Was our forefathers' dose, to sweel down their brose,
And keep them aye cheerie and frisky.

Then hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill;
Gin ye steer a' thegither, they'll do unco weel
To haud the heart cheerie and brisk aye.

When I see our Scots lads, wi' their kilts and
cockauds,
That sae aften ha'e lounder'd our foes, man,
I think to mysel' on the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man.

Then hey for the whisky, etc.

When our brave Hieland blades, wi' their claymores
and plaids,
In the field drive like sheep on our foes, man ;
Their courage and power spring frae this to be sure—
'They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.

'Then hey for the whisky, etc.

But your spindle-skank'd sparks, wha sae ill fill their
sarks ;
Your pale-visaged milksops and beaux, man ;
I think when I see them 'twere kindness to gi'e them
A cogie o' yill, or o' brose, man.

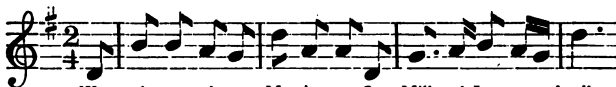
Then hey for the whisky, etc.

What John Bull despises our better sense prizes ;
 He denies eatin' blanter ava, man ;
 Tho' by eatin' o' blanter, his mare's grown, I'll w'rant
 her,
 The nobler brute o' the twa, man.

Then hey for the whisky, etc.

The Scots are generally esteemed a hardy race, and not without reason, but a mixture such as the chorus of this ditty proposes to "haud them cheerie and brisk aye," would, I am afraid, "make the boldest hold their breath for a time." Sandy enjoys his dram on all proper occasions; he discards not at any time his "cogie o' yill, and a pickle ait meal;" but "steered a' thegither"—never! He would die first. The author of the song, Andrew Sheriffs, "a little decrepid body, with some abilities," as Burns describes him, was at one time editor of the *Aberdeen Chronicle*, and author of a Scottish pastoral entitled *Jamie and Bess*, printed first at Aberdeen, in 1787, and afterwards at Edinburgh, in 1790.

THE MILL O' LOUR.



We a' agreed at Martinmas On Mill o' Lour to dwell:



They said it was a very fine place, But it turn'd out not so well.

CHORUS.



Ah riddel doo, ill - dum, da - dee, Ah, riddel doo, ill - dum, day.

WE a' agreed at Martinmas,
On Mill o' Lour to dwell ;
They said it was a very fine place
But it turn'd oot not so well.

Ah riddel doo, ill-dum, da-dee,
Ah riddel doo, ill-dum, day.

The Lour Mill's a heavy mill,
And unco ill to ca' ;
Tho' we yoke a' the horses in
She'll hardly draw ava.

Sandy works the foremost pair,
They are a pair o' blues ;
Altho' ye had them at your wale
Ye wadna ken which to choose.

Jamie works the second pair,
A black ane and a broon ;
'There's no a cannier, trustier pair
In a' the country roun'.

Jess comes in ahint the lave,
She's ca'd the orra mare ;
In winter when we're sheuchin' neeps
She rins like ony hare.

The foregoing fragment of a genuine ploughman's song is so gloriously redolent of the soil that its origin need scarcely be stated. Sung in ampler measure, or sung as above and re-sung, it was a prime favourite in Perth, Forfar, and Angus bothies, as many who are still to the fore are able to testify, fifty and more years ago ; and its effect when led out by a good soloist, with the ringing chorus engaged in by the "squad," and emphasised by a "tackity boot" accompaniment, was lively and inspiring in the extreme. Some versions substituted other local farm names for that of Lour, and verses were freely added here and there to suit the piece to the varying situations. As "The Mill o' Lour," however, it prevailed over a wider area than under any other place-name ; and the snatch printed here calls for respect as forming the main body of one of the topical songs of a vanished time connected with the interesting class among whom it sprung. The tune, of no less interest than the words, is supplied by Mr. Alan Reid, Edinburgh.

THE CORK LEG.

A TALE I will tell, without any flam—
In Holland dwelt Mynheer Von Clam,
Who every morning said, "I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

Ri-tooral, ooral, ooral, allidy
Ri-too looral i-do.

One day he had stuffed till full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg ;
But he kicked him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.

Then a surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration.
He wanted a job for atomization,
But finished his jaw by amputation.

Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work,
"It's by your knife I lose one fork ;
But upon two crutches I'll never stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Now an artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme ;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The springs were a compound of clockwork and
steam.

The leg was made ; it fitted right ;
Inspection the artist did invite ;
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
So he fixed it on and screwed it tight.

Then he walked through squares, and passed each
shop,
At speed he went at the very top ;
Each step he took was a bound and a hop,
Till he found that his leg he could not stop.

Horror and fright were in his face ;
The neighbours thought he was running a race ;
He clung to a lamp-post to stay his pace,
But the leg, remorseless, kept up the chase.

Then he called to some men with all his might,
“ Oh, stop me ! or I'm murdered quite ; ”
But though they heard him aid invite,
He, in less than a minute, was out of sight.

He walked o'er hill and dale and plain ;
To ease his wearied bones he fain
Did throw himself down ; but all in vain,
For the leg got up, and was off again.

He walked of days and nights a score ;
Of Europe he had made the tour ;
He died, and though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before.

In Holland sometimes it comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight.
No cash did the artist's skill requite :
He never was paid—and it served him right.

My tale I've now told both plain and free,
Of the richest merchant that ever could be ;
Who never was buried, though dead, we see,
And I have been singing his L. E. G.

Having been seldom seen in print for many years, the above should be welcome here ; and surprise will be added to the reader's pleasure when he is told that the whimsical entertainment owes

its wonderfully tough existence to Sheriff Henry Glassford Bell. Writing in the *Dundee Advertiser*, on the 15th of June, 1903, Mr. A. H. Millar, F.S.A., Scot., who had intimate means of information, says:—"Those who remember the faded frivolities of the Scottish Concert Rooms in the early Sixties will recollect two favourite comic songs of the period, 'The Cork Leg' and 'The Steam Arm.' The first of these described how a Dutchman had devised an automobile cork leg which ultimately brought disaster upon him. 'The Steam Arm' was founded on a similar idea. It was started and could not be stopped until it had spread devastation around. It is not generally known that both these songs, with their extravagant humour, were written by Henry Glassford Bell, the genial Sheriff of Lanarkshire, who is chiefly remembered as the author of the famous poem on 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' which is still a favourite as a schoolroom recitation. Possibly even those who knew the secret of the authorship have no idea of the source whence Henry Glassford Bell derived his inspiration. In 1832, there was published by F. Morley a book entitled *The Flying Burgomaster: a Legend of the Black Forest*, by an anonymous author. The volume is of 'great scarcity,' to use the bookseller's phrase, and has an etched title-page with 15 full-page octavo etched plates, the text being 'in poetical form.' Very few copies of this work are known to exist, and the story is identical with that of 'The Cork Leg.' It is 'the strange legend of a man with a mechanical leg which carried him forward in spite of himself until he became a skeleton.' A copy of this curious book is now in the possession of Mr. William Downing, bookseller, Birmingham." Later, in a letter to the editor of this work, Mr. Millar adds:—"My father was on very intimate terms with Bell, and it was quite an accepted tradition in our house that he was the author of both 'The Cork Leg' and 'The Steam Arm.' He was a genial humorist, and was guilty of more than one or two jocular poems."

THE END.

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