

SCOTTISH SONGS.

AH, CHLORIS!

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

AH, Chloris! could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness or pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
So love, as unperceived, did fly,
And centre in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still, as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
To make a beauty, she.*

* This song, which appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (1724,) is said to have been written by President Forbes of Culloden, upon Miss Mary Rose, a daughter of his neighbour, Rose of Kilravock, Nairnshire; and the

THE COCK-LAIRD.*

TUNE—*A Cock-Laird.*

A COCK-LAIRD, fou cadgie,
 Wi' Jennie did meet; -
 He hawsed, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his sweet.
 Wilt thou gae along wi' me,
 Jennie, Jennie?
 Thou'se be my ain lemmane,
 Jo Jennie, quo' he.

If I gae along wi' thee,
 Ye maunna fail
 To feast me wi' caddels
 And guid hackit kail.
 What needs a' this vanity,
 Jennie? quo' he;
 Is na bannocks and dribly-beards †
 Guid meat for thee?

Gin I gang along wi' you,
 I maun hae a silk hood,
 A kirtle-sark, wyliecoat,
 And a silk snood;
 To tie up my hair in
 A cockernonie.
 Hout awa, thou's gane wud, I trow,
 Jennie! quo' he.

Gin ye'd hae me look bonnie,
 And shine like the moon,

period generally assigned to the composition is 1710, when Forbes was a very young man. The woods around Kilravock house are said to have been the favourite resort of this interesting pair.

* Such is the epithet usually given in Scotland to a very small proprietor.

† Otherwise *laber-beards*; i. e. long stripy pieces of the herb called *kail*, which, on being raised by the spoon from a plate of bapth, generally belabber [*Scottice, laber,*] the chin of the individual who is supping them.

I maun hae katlets and patlets,
 And cam'el-heel'd shoon ;
 Wi' craig-claiths and lug-babs, *
 And rings twa or three.
 Hout, the deil's in your vanity,
 Jennie ! quo he.

And I maun hae panners,
 With pearlins set roun',
 A skirt o' the puady, †
 And a waistcoat o' brown.
 Awa wi' sic vanities,
 Jennie, quo' he,
 For curches and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
 As muckle a-year,
 As haud us in pottage
 And guid knockit bear ;
 But, havin' nae tenants,
 Oh, Jennie, Jennie,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quo' he.

The borrowstown merchants
 Will sell ye on tick ;
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Although they should break :
 When broken, frae care
 The fools are set free,
 When we mak' them lairds
 In the Abbey, ‡ quo she. §

* Cloths for the throat, and rings for the ears.

† Probably paduasoy.

‡ Abbey-laird is a cant phrase for the unfortunate persons who are obliged to elude the prosecutions of their creditors, by taking refuge in the well-known Sanctuary of the Abbey of Holyrood.

§ The version here given of "the Cock-Laird" is partly from the Orpheus Caledonius, (1733,) and partly from a more recent copy.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

SAID TO BE BY JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND
GREENWICH—[BORN 1678—DIED 1743.]

TUNE—*Bannocks o' Barley Meal*

ARGYLE is my name, and you may think it strange,
To live at a court, yet never to change ;
A' falsehood and flattery I do disdain,
In my secret thoughts nae guile does remain.
My king and my country's foes I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced ;
I do every thing for my country's weal,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
And put my blue bonnet and my plaidie on ;
With my silk tartan hose, and leather-heel'd shoon,
And then I will look like a sprightly loon.
And when I'm sae dress'd frae tap to tae,
To meet my dear Maggie I vow I will gae,
Wi' target and hanger hung down to my heel ;
And I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich garment to gie to my dear,
A ribbon o' green for Maggie to wear ;
And mony thing brawer than that, I declare,
Gin she will gang wi' me to Paisley fair.
And when we are married, I'll keep her a cow,
And Maggie will milk when I gae to plow ;
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggie should chance to bring me a son,
He'll fight for his king, as his daddy has done ;
He'll hie him to Flanders, some breeding to learn,
And then hame to Scotland, and get him a farm.

And there we will live by our industry,
 And wha'll be sae happy as Maggie and me?
 We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then fare ye weel, citizens, noisy men,
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury Lane;
 Ye bucks o' Bear-garden, I bid ye adieu;
 For drinking and swearing, I leave it to you.
 I'm fairly resolved for a country life,
 And nae langer will live in hurry and strife;
 I'll aff to the Highlands as hard's I can reel,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.*

MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE.

TUNE—*My Wife has ta'en the Gee.*

A FRIEND o' mine cam here yestreen,
 And he wad hae me down
 To drink a bottle o' ale wi' him
 In the neist burrows town:
 But oh, indeed, it was, sir,
 Sae far the waur for me;
 For, lang or e'er that I cam hame,
 My wife had tane the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That, lang or e'er the midnight cam,
 We a' were roarin' fou.
 My wife sits at the fireside,
 And the tear blinds aye her ee;
 The ne'er a bed wad she gang to,
 But sit and tak' the gee.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776. Another conjecture or tradition gives this song to James Boswell.

In the mornin' sune, when I cam down,
 The ne'er a word she spake ;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And aye her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour on me ?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck ;
 And twenty kisses, in a crack ;
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life, I'll be the wife
 That never taks the gee.*

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## THE BONNIE LASS O' BRANKSOME.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Bonnie Lass o' Branksome.*

As I cam in by Teviot side,  
 And by the braes of Branksome,  
 There first I saw my bonny bride,  
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.  
 Her skin was safter than the down,  
 And white as alabaster ;  
 Her hair, a shining, waving brown ;  
 In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,  
 Her clear een were surprising,  
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,  
 Her little breasts just rising :

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Nae silken hose with gushats fine,  
 Or shoon with glancing laces,  
 On her bare leg, forbad to shine  
 Weel-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat and bodice white  
 Was sum o' a' her claithing;  
 E'en these o'er muckle;—mair delyte  
 She'd given clad wi' naething.  
 We lean'd upon a flowery brae,  
 By which a burnie trotted;  
 On her I glowr'd my soul away,  
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert  
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,  
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,  
 And, bot designing, charm'd me.  
 Hurried by love, close to my breast  
 I clasp'd this fund of bliesses,—  
 Wha smiled, and said, Without a priest,  
 Sir, hope for nocht but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,  
 And yet I couldna want her;  
 What she demanded, ilka charm  
 O' hers pled I should grant her.  
 Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,  
 Straight to the kirk I led her;  
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,  
 And a young lady made her.\*

\* This song, which appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724), was founded upon a real incident. The *bonnie lass* was daughter to a woman who kept an alehouse at the hamlet near Branksome Castle, in Teviotdale. A young officer, of some rank,—his name we believe was Maitland,—happened to be quartered somewhere in the neighbourhood, saw, loved, and married her. So strange was such an alliance deemed in those days, that the old mother, under whose auspices it was performed, did not escape the imputation of witchcraft.

## WINDING NITH.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,  
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;  
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,  
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.  
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties!  
 They never wi' her can compare:  
 Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,  
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,  
 So artless, so simple, so wild;  
 Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—  
 For she is simplicity's child.  
 The rose bud's the blush of my charmer,  
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:  
 How fair and how pure is the lily!  
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;  
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,  
 Its dew-drop of diamond her eye.  
 Her voice is the song of the morning,  
 That wakes through the green spreading grove,  
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,  
 On music, on pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,  
 The bloom of a fine summer day!  
 While worth, in the mind of my Phillis,  
 Will flourish without a decay.  
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties!  
 They never wi' her can compare:



Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,  
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.\*

OH! WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

WILLIAM GLEN.

TUNE—*The Gipsy Laddie.*

A wee bird cam to our ha' door,  
It warbled sweet and clearly,  
And aye the owercome o' its sang  
Was, Wae's me for Prince Charlie!  
Oh, when I heard the bonny bonny bird,  
The tears cam drapping rarely;  
I took my bannet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, My bird, my bonny bonny bird,  
Is that a tale ye borrow?  
Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote,  
Or a lilt of dule and sorrow?  
Oh, no, no, no, the wee bird sang,  
I've flown sin' morning early;  
But sic a day o' wind and rain!  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart near bursted fairly,  
For sadly changed indeed was he;  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

\* Written in honour of Miss Philadelphia Barbara Macmurdo, Drumlanrig, afterwards Mrs Norman Lockhart of Torbrax. This lady, who was the heroine of several other songs by Burns, died September 5, 1825.

Dark night cam on, the tempest howl'd  
 Out ower the hills and valleys ;  
 And where was't that your Prince lay down,  
 Whase hame should been a palace ?  
 He rowed him in a Highland plaid,  
 Which cover'd him but sparely,  
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom :  
 Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

But now the bird saw some red-coats,  
 And he shook his wings wi' anger :  
 O, this is no a land for me,  
 I'll tarry here nae langer.  
 Awhile he hover'd on the wing,  
 Ere he departed fairly ;  
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain  
 Was, Wae's me for Prince Charlie !

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MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.*

As I cam down the Cannogate,
 The Cannogate, the Cannogate,
 As I cam down the Cannogate,
 I heard a lassie sing, O :
 Merry may the keel rowe,
 The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
 Merry may the keel rowe,
 The ship that my love's in, O !

My love has breath o' roses,
 O' roses, o' roses,
 Wi' arms o' lily posies,
 To fauld a lassie in, O !

* This seems, from the allusions, to have been the ditty of some one of the Jacobite ladies of the Cannogate of Edinburgh, regarding either Prince Charles Stuart himself, or one of his adherents.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin, O !

WALIFOU FA' THE CAT.

As I gaed down by Tweedside,
 I heard, I dinna ken what ;
 I heard ae wife say to anither,
 Walifou fa' the cat.
 Walifou fa' the cat,
 She's bred the house muckle wanease,*
 She's open'd the awmrie-door,
 And eaten up a' the cheese.

She's eaten up a' the cheese,
 O' the kebbuck she's no left a bit ;
 She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,
 And it's faun in the sowen-kit,
 It's out o' the sowen-kit,
 And it's into the maister-can ; †
 And now it's sae fiery saut,
 It will pussion a' our guidman. ‡

AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUCKEN
 CARLE.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

TUNE—*The East Neuk o' Fife.*

Auld guidman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken carle ;
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt ;

* Uncasiness.

† This will not bear explanation.

‡ From Herd's Collection, 1776.

O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pear
 Ill-far'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flyting body, flyting body :
 Will ye hae ; but, guid be praised, the wit ye want.
 The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a doddy.
 Mak na sic an awesome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man :
 Ye get fou, auld man :
 Fye for shame, auld man,
 To your wame, auld man :
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
 A plack to cleid your back and pow.
 It's a lie, gudewife,
 It's your tea, gudewife.
 Na, na, gudewife,
 Ye spend a', gudewife.
 Dinna fa' on me pell mell,
 Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursell.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic.
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever liked to tak a drappy ?
 An 'twere na just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
 Soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy.
 But twascore years we hae fought thegither, fought
 thegither ;
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John :
 Ower lang, auld John,
 For nought, gude John,
 We hae fought, gude John ;
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
 We're far ower feckless now to fight.

Ye're richt, gude Kate ;
 The nicht, gude Kate,
 Our cup, gude Kate,
 We'll sup, gude Kate ;
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
 And toom the stoup atween us twa.

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Johnnie's Grey Brecks.*

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues ;
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw ;
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team ;
 Wi' joy the tentie seedman stauks ;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims ;
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry ;
 The stately swan majestic swims ;
 And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slaps,
 And o'er the moorland whistles shrill ;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,

And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me !*

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love !
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But it shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore ;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, Adieu for evermore,
My love !
And adieu for evermore.

* In most editions of the author's works, this fine song is printed with the following absurd chorus, which was part of a song written by one of his friends:—

And maun I still on Menie doot,
And bear the scorn that's in her ee ?
For it's jet-jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And winna let a bodie be.

FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

AND fare ye weel, my auld wife ;
 Sing bum, bee, berry, bum ;
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife ;
 Sing bum, bum, bum.
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
 The steerer up o' sturt and strife,
 The maud 's abune the meal the night,
 Wi' some, some, some.

And fare ye weel, my pike-staff ;
 Sing bum, bee, berry, bum :
 Fare ye weel, my pike-staff ;
 Sing bum, bum, bum.
 Fare ye weel, my pike-staff,
 Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff ;
 The maud's abune the meal the night,
 Wi' some, smoe, some.*

O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Mowdiwart.*

AND oh, for ane and twenty, Tam !
 And hey for ane and twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

* From Lawrie and Symington's Collection, 1792.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith and kin I needna speir,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysell hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie ? there's my lufe,
 I'm thine gin ane and twenty, Tam.

ALAS, MY SON, YOU LITTLE KNOW.

MISS JENNY GRAHAM. *

TUNE—*Bide ye yet.*

ALAS, my son, you little know
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow ;
 Farewell to every day of ease,
 When you have gotten a wife to please.
 Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet ;
 The half of that will gane you yet,
 If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your experience is but small,
 As yet you've met with little thrall ;
 The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
 Which gars you sing along the road.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
 Or some piece of the spinning wheel,
 She will drive at you wi' guid-will ;
 And then she'll send you to the deil.

When I, like you, was young and free,
 I valued not the proudest she ;

* A maiden lady, who died at an advanced age, at Dumfries, towards the close of the last century.

Like you I vainly trusted then,
That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules, and Sampson too,
Were stronger men than me or you ;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls ;
But nocht is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand. *

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### AULD ROB MORRIS.

TUNE—*Auld Rob Morris.*

MOTHER.

Auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,  
He's the king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men ;  
He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too ;  
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mother, and let that abee ;  
For his eild and my eild can never agree :  
They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;  
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride,  
For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride ;  
He shall lie by your side, and kiss you too ;  
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,  
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel ;

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed too ;  
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

## MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,  
Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan ;  
Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe,  
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

## DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,  
His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown grey ;  
I had rather die than live wi' him a year ;  
Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will hear. \*

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HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER!

BURNS.

TUNE—*Ballinamona and Ora.*

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms ;
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms !
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher !
The nice yellow guineas for me !

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new-deckit wi' bonnie white ewes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess'd ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany (1724), where it is printed with the signature Q.

But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.

AE FOND KISS.

BURNS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
War in sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame thy partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her, was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly ;
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
War in sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

WILLIAM WALLACE, ESQ.

ALL lovely, on the sultry beach,
 Expiring Strephon lay ;
 No hand the cordial draught to reach,
 Nor cheer the gloomy way.
 Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh
 To catch thy fleeting breath,
 No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
 Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
 Thy parents sit at ease ;
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
 And all the spring to please.
 Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,
 Not force of foe, depress'd,
 Thou fall'st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,
 Thy country, unredress'd.*

POLWARTH, ON THE GREEN.†

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Polwarth on the Green.*

AT Polwarth, on the Green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lads and lasses do convene
 To dance around the thorn ;

* This Song was written by William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire, upon the fate of an unfortunate couple who figured in fashionable society at Edinburgh during the earlier half of the last century. Strephon was a gentleman commonly known by the name of *Beau Gibson*, and Lydia was a lady celebrated in the poems of Mr Hamilton of Bangour, under the title of *Gentle Jean*. Having met frequently at public places, they formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthage.

† Polwarth is a small primitive-looking parish-village in the centre of Berwickshire, with a green, in the centre of which three thorns grow within a little enclosure. These trees are the successors of one aged thorn, which,

A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her, wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee—
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwarth, on the Green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the live-lang day.
 At nicht, if beds be ower thrang laid,
 And thou be twined of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.
