

AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Awa, Whigs, awa!*

OUR thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses,
But Whigs came, like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!

after keeping its place there for centuries, was blown down some years ago. It was formerly the custom of the villagers, who are a simple race, and were formerly vassals to the Earl of Marchmont, whose seat is in the neighbourhood, to dance round this venerable tree at weddings; which they are said to have done in consequence of a romantic incident in the history of the noble family just mentioned.

The song first appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons;
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we have done wi' thriving.

A foreign Whiggish loon bought seeds,
In Scottish yird to cover;
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't!
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't!

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day, when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,
And ramping came amang us;
But he pitied us, sae cursed wi' Whigs,—
He turn'd and wadna wrang us.

Sae grim he sat amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brimstone matches;
And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,
And ne'er do good at a'.*

* This song is partly of ancient and partly of modern composition.
"There is a tradition," says Mr Hogg, in the Notes to his Jacobite Relics,
"that at the battle of Bothwell-bridge, the piper to Clavers's own troop of
horse stood on the brink of the Clyde, playing the air of this song with-

AT SETTING DAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Bush abune Traquair.*

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.*

FAREWELL TO THE MASON-LODGE,
 AT TARBOLTON, IN AYRSHIRE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Peacock.*

ADIEU ! a heart-warm fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's sliddry ba',

great glee; but, being struck by a bullet, either by chance, or in consequence of an aim taken, as is generally reported, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always, as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes more of it, till at last he plunged into the river, and was carried peaceably down the stream, among a great number of floating Whigs."

* From the Gentle Shepherd.

With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light ;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw !
Strong memory on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa !

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious architect divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine—
Shall be my prayer when far awa.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard, that's far awa.*

THE RANTIN HIGHLANDMAN.

JOHN HAMILTON.

Ae morn, last onk, as I gaed out,
To fit a tether'd yowe and lamb,

* Written as a sort of farewell to the companions of his youth, when the poet was on the point of leaving Scotland for Jamaica, 1786.

I met, as skiffing ower the green,
 A jolly rantin Highlandman.
 His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,
 And ilka smile my favour wan;
 I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad,
 As this young rantin Highlandman.

He said, My dear, ye're sune asteer;
 Cam ye to hear the laverock's sang?
 O, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,
 And wed a rantin Highlandman?
 In summer days, on flowery braes,
 When frisky is the ewe and lamb,
 I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
 And be your rantin Highlandman.

With heather bells, that sweetly smells,
 I'll deck your hair sae fair and lang,
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent
 Wi' me, a rantin Highlandman.
 We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
 Syne do the best that e'er we can;
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
 To trust a rantin Highlandman.

His words sae sweet gaed to my heart,
 And fain I wad hae gien my han',
 Yet durstna, lest my mother should
 Dislike a rantin Highlandman.
 But I expect he will come back;
 Then, though my kin should scauld and ban,
 I'll ower the hill, or where he will,
 Wi' my young rantin Highlandman.*

* John Hamilton, author of this and of several other songs of merit, was a music-seller in Edinburgh. He died in the year 1814.

**AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S
MOURNFUL FATE.**

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

TUNE—*Galashiels.*

AH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover,
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air
So fatally beguiling;
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm, whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.*

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**OWER THE MUIR TO MAGGY.**

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AND I'll ower the muir to Maggy,  
Her wit and sweetness call me;

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

There to my fair I'll show my mind,  
 Whatever may befall me :  
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;  
 Or likes the Nine to follow,  
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,  
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,  
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour ;  
 If to the softer dance inclined,  
 With gayest airs I'll charm her ;  
 If she love grandeur, day and night  
 I'll plot my nation's glory,  
 Find favour in my prince's sight,  
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,  
 Where wit is corresponding ;  
 And bravest men know best to please,  
 With complaisance abounding.  
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn  
 Me to what shape she pleases,  
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,  
 Which in my bosom bleazes.\*

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BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Liggeram cosh.* †

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me :

* From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

† "*Liggeram cosh.*" is the Highland name of the tune more commonly known by the title of "*The Quaker's Wife.*"

Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang, can please me;
 Lesley is so fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I do nocht but glowr,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

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**THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL  
 JAMIE COMES HAME.**

BURNS.

*TUNE—There'll never be peace till Jamie comes Hame.*

By yon castle-wa', at the close o' the day,  
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;  
 And, as he was singing, the tears down came—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:  
 We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:  
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
 Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
 But till my last moments my words are the same,—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.



## MY NANNIE, O.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Nannie, O.*

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has closed,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.  
 The westlin' wind blows loud and shrill ;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flatterin' tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
 The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be—  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
 My riches a' 's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O.  
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thochts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
 But I'm as blyth, that hauds his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O.

Nae other care in life hae I,  
But live and love my Nannie, O. \*

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**THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Birks of Abergeldy.*

BONNIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go, to the Birks of Abergeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays ;  
Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
In the Birks of Abergeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blythely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks of Abergeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
The Birks of Abergeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,  
White ower the lin the burnie pours,  
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs  
The Birks of Abergeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks of Abergeldy. †

\* The heroine of this song was a Miss Fleming, the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire. It was written while Burns was a very young man, and while, in reality, his only employment was "to haud the plough," and ponder on his mistress.

† Burns composed this song while standing under the Falls of Abergeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire. The chorus is borrowed from an old simple

## LOGAN BRAES.

MAYNE.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,  
 Fou aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;  
 Herded sheep and gather'd slaes,  
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.  
 But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,  
 And I wi' grief may herd alane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
 Atween the preachins meet wi' me ;  
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
 I weel may sing, thae days are gane :  
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,  
 I daunder out and sit alane,  
 Sit alane, beneath the tree,  
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.  
 Oh, could I see thae days again,  
 My lover skaithless, and my ain !  
 Beloved by friends, revered by faes,  
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

While for her love she thus did sigh,  
 She saw a sodger passin' by,  
 Passin' by, wi' scarlet claes,  
 While sair she grat on Logan braes :

ditty, called "the Birks of Abergeldy," with the alteration of the letter "g" into "f," to make it suit the beautiful scene which he wished to eulogize. Abergeldy is an estate in Aberdeenshire, formerly remarkable for the production of birches, but now planted (by its proprietor, Mr Gordon of Abergeldy,) with oaks, and other more profitable timber.

Says he, What gars thee greet sae sair ?  
 What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care ?  
 Thae sportin' lambs hae blythsome days,  
 And playful skip on Logan braes !

What can I do but weep and murn ?  
 I fear my lad will ne'er return,  
 Ne'er return to ease my waes,  
 Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes.  
 Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,  
 And said, I'm free of war's alarms ;  
 I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,  
 We'll happy live on Logan braes.

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,  
 And join'd their hands with one consent,  
 With one consent, to spend their days,  
 And live in bliss, on Logan braes.  
 And now she sings, Thae days are gane,  
 When I wi' grief did herd alane,  
 While my dear lad did fight his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.\*

## ANDRO AND HIS CUTTIE GUN.

TUNE—*Andro and his Cuttie Gun.*

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben ;  
 Weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leuch to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, she set me down,  
 And hecht to keep me lawin'-free ;  
 But, cunning carline that she was,  
 She gart me birlie my bawbee.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

\* This song, the author of which is still alive, was written as a substitute for one or two old rude verses which were formerly sung to the same air.

We loo'd the liquor weel eneuch ;  
 But, wae's my heart, my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new-begun,  
 In startit, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro, wi' his cuttie gun.

The carline brocht her kebbuck ben,  
 Wi' girdle-cakes weel-toasted brown ;—  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken,  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber doun.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawnin' we ne'er jee'd our bum,  
 And aye the cleanest drinker out  
 Was Andro wi' his cuttie gun.

He did like ony mavis sing ;  
 And, as I in his oxter sat,  
 He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro wi' his cuttie gun.\*

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### BLYTHE WAS SHE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Andrew and his Cuttie Gun.*

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

\* First published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724.

By Ochertyre there grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow braes the birken shaw ;  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;  
 She trippit by the banks o' Earn,  
 As licht's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
 As onie lamb upon a lee ;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Hieland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass  
 That ever trode the dewy green.\*

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**BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT  
 ARRIVE.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Oran Gaoil.*

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;  
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !  
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?  
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.  
 I'll often greet this surging swell,  
 Yon distant isle will often hail :  
 " E'en here I took my last farewell,  
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

\* Written by Burns, while on a visit to Sir William Murray at Ochertyre, Perthshire, on Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, whose beauty had occasioned her to be popularly called " the Flower of Strathmore."

Along the solitary shore,  
 While sitting sea-fowl round me cry,  
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :  
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,  
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !  
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,  
 Oh, tell me, does she muse on me ?

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THE AULD MAN.

BURNS.

*Written to an East Indian air.*

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,  
 The woods rejoiced the day,  
 Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay :  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa !  
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow. nae kindly thowe  
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.  
 Oh, age has weary days,  
 And nights o' sleepless pain !  
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,  
 Why com'st thou not again.

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BESS, THE GAWKIE.

REV. MR MUIRHEAD.

TUNE—*Bess the Gawkie.*

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,

Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie ?  
 Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak a care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak a care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see young Jamie pass,  
 Wi' mickle blytheness in his face,  
 Out ower the muir to Maggie.  
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,  
 And Maggie took them ne'er amiss,  
 'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,  
 That Bess was but a gawkie—

For when a civil kiss I seek,  
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll hardly speak ;  
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie ?  
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense,  
 She'll gie a scôre without offence ;  
 Now gie me ane into the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,  
 But I will never stand for ane  
 Or twa, when we do meet again ;  
 So ne'er think me a gawkie.  
 Ah, na, lass, that canna be ;  
 Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,  
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet ;  
 Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.



O, dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 When I cam' by, your gown sae new;  
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew.  
 Quoth she, That's like a gawkie!

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane:  
 Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie.  
 The guilt appeared in Jamie's cheek:  
 He cried, O cruel maid, but sweet,  
 If I should gang anither gate,  
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue  
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,  
 Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.  
 As they gaed ower the muir, they sang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,  
 Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.\*

### JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

TUNE—*John Hay's Bonnie Lassie.*

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,  
 Aft cried he, Oh, hey! maun I still live pining  
 Mysell thus away, and daurna discover  
 To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover!

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger;  
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:  
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;  
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

\* This song is stated by Mr Cunningham, in his *Songs of Scotland*, to have been written by the Rev. Mr Muirhead, (minister, about fifty years ago, of the parish of Urr, in Galloway,) upon a youthful adventure of his own. It appears in Herd's Collection, 1776.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow :  
 The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,  
 Looks wither'd and dead, when twined of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invite her,  
 The fountains run clear, and the flowers smell the sweeter.  
 'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing :  
 Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;  
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded :  
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye ;  
 For a' my desire is John Hay's bonny lassie.\*

ANNIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,  
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi,

\* From the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1774.—I have found it asserted by a credible tradition in Roxburghshire, that this song was written by a working joiner, in honour of a daughter of John, first Marquis of Tweeddale, who is here familiarly called by his simple name, John Hay. She was a sister of the second Marquis, who, under his junior title of Lord Yester, is usually given as the author of the first version of "Tweedside."

The first Marquis of Tweeddale had two daughters, *Lady Margaret* and *Lady Jean*; but, Burns having somewhere mentioned, that the song was written in honour of one who was afterwards Countess of Roxburgh, we are enabled to set forward the eldest, *Lady Margaret*, as the heroine. We are further enabled, by Mr Wood's Peerage, to state the probable era of the song. *Lady Margaret Hay*, wife of the third Earl of Roxburgh, was a widow, at the age of twenty-five, in the year 1682. Allowing from thirteen to five-and-twenty as the utmost range of age during which she could be celebrated as "*John Hay's Bonny Lassie*," the song must have been written between the years 1670 and 1682, probably nearer the first era than the last.

It may be mentioned as a remarkable circumstance regarding this interesting lady, that she survived her husband, in uninterrupted widowhood, the amazingly long period of seventy-one years. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, on the 25d of January, 1753, at the age of ninety-six, after having seen out several generations of her shortlived descendants; the third person in descent being then in possession of the honours of Roxburgh. Her husband was one of the unfortunate persons who were drowned at Yarmouth-roads, on the occasion of the shipwreck of the Gloucester frigate, which was bringing the Duke of York down to Scotland, May 1682.

The winds were whisp'ring through the grove,  
 The yellow corn was waving ready :  
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
 And thought on youthful pleasures many ;  
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—  
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bower ;  
 Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie ;  
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
 The place and time I meet my dearie !  
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
 She, sinking, said, I'm thine for ever !  
 While many a kiss the seal impress'd,  
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae ;  
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow ;  
 How cheerie, through her short'ning day,  
 Is Autumn in her weeds of yellow !  
 But can they melt the glowing heart,  
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,  
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,  
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ? \*

SCOTIA'S SONS HAE AYE BEEN FREE.

M'PHAIL.

TUNE—*Andrew and his cuttie Gun.*

BLYTHE, blythe, around the nappie,  
 Let us join in social glee ;  
 While we're here we'll hae a drappie—  
 Scotia's sons hae aye been free.

\* "I walked out," says Burns, "with the Museum in my hand, (John-son's Musical Museum,) and turning up 'Allan Water,' the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air: so I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure."

Our auld forbears, when ower their yill,  
 And cantie bickers round did ca',  
 Forsooth, they cried, anither gill !  
 For sweirt we are to gang awa.

Some hearty cock wad then hae sung  
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
 Syne pledged his cogue : the chorus rung,  
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs, gaed roun',  
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw :  
 Yet, dreich to rise, the carles roun'  
 Cried, Deoch an doras, then awa !

The landlord then the nappie brings,  
 And toasts, Fu' happy a' may be,  
 Syne tooms the cogue : the chorus rings,  
 Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.

Then like our dads o' auld lang syne,  
 Let social glee unite us a',  
 Aye blythe to meet; our mou's to weet,  
 But aye as sweirt to gang awa.

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## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true ?  
 And are ye sure he's weil ?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?  
 Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a',

There's nae luck about the house,  
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the key,  
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,  
Put on the mickle pat;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their stockins white as snaw;  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—  
He likes to see them brow.

There are twa hens into the crib,  
Hae fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weil may fare.

My turkey slippers I'll put on,  
My stockins pearl-blue—  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;  
His breath's like cauler air;  
His very fit has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:  
In troth I'm like to greet.\*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## THE BRAES O' BALLENDINE.

DR BLACKLOCK.

TUNE—*The Braes o' Ballendine.*

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain  
 Ae evening reclined, to discover his pain ;  
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,  
 The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountain to flow ;  
 Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him complain,  
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view !  
 Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey ;  
 Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than they.  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight ;  
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,  
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air ;  
 But love's ardent fire burns always the same,  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires ;  
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
 Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?  
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.\*

\* The celebrated Tenucci used to sing this song, with great effect, in St Cecilia's Hall, at Edinburgh, about fifty years ago. Mr Tytler, who was a great patron of that obsolete place of amusement, says, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, " Who could hear with insensibility, or without being moved in the highest degree, Tenucci sing, ' I'll never leave thee,' or, ' The Braes o' Ballendine ?'" The air was composed by Oswald.  
 " Ballendine, or Bellendean Braes," which have given name to another

## BONNIE WEE THING.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Wee Thing.*

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish  
 In that bonnie face o' thine;  
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,  
 In ae constellation shine;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.\*

---

## THE CRADLE SONG.

RICHARD GALL.

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
 O saftly close thy blinkin' ee!  
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
 For thou art doubly dear to me.

Scottish song, are situated in the Carse of Gowrie; or, rather, they rise in gentle undulations from that fine piece of champagne ground towards the Sidlaw Hills. Ballendean is the estate of William Trotter, Esq. who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1826-7.

\* "Composed," says Burns, (Reliques,) "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies."

Thy daddie now is far awa,  
 A sailor laddie o'er the sea ;  
 But hope aye hechts his safe return  
 To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
 O saftly close thy blinkin' ee !  
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
 For thou art doubly dear to me.  
 Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,  
 Like ony summer e'enin' fa' ;  
 Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black ;  
 Thy neck is like the mountain anaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
 O saftly close thy blinkin' ee !  
 Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
 For thou art doubly dear to me.  
 O but thy daddie's absence lang  
 Would break my dowie heart in twa,  
 Wert thou no left, a dautit pledge,  
 To steal the eerie hours awa.

~~~~~  
**COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY
 BREAST.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
 The world's wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her ?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :
 And, by thy een sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

~~~~~

### TULLOCHGORUM.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE—*Tullochgorum.*

COME gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,  
 And lay your disputes all aside ;  
 What signifies't for folks to chide  
 For what's been done before them ?  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree  
 To drop their Whignegmorum.  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree  
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,  
 And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight ;  
 It gars us a' in ane unite ;  
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
 In conscience I abhor him.  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
 And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
 Blithe and merry we's be a',  
 As lang as we has breath to draw,  
 And dance, till we be like to fa',  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a praise,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;  
 I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys  
 For half a hundred score o' 'em.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorums.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,  
 And sullen sots themselves distress  
 Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Like auld Philosophorums ?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And canna rise to shake a fit  
 At the reel of Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest-hearted open friend ;  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 And a' that's good watch o'er him !  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties, a great store o' 'em !  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;  
 And may he never want a groat,  
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him !  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say, Wae's me for 'im !  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
 The reel of Tullochgorum ! \*

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### THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE. †

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen  
 Came down upon the raw, man ;  
 Who, being stout, gave mony a shout ;  
 The lads began to claw, then.  
 Wi' sword and targe into their hand,  
 Wi' which they were na slaw, man ;  
 Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,  
 The lads began to claw, then.

Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,  
 She flang amang them a', man ;

\* Burns informs us, upon the authority of the author's son, the late Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen, that the old gentleman wrote this song at the request of a lady of the name of Montgomery, in whose house, at the town of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, he happened to be at the time on a visit. I have farther heard, that the opening lines refer to a dispute upon some matter of stale politics which took place that day after dinner, and which Mrs Montgomery attempted to put a stop to by asking for a song. She happened to observe, in the conversation which ensued, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, and she suggested to Mr Skinner the propriety of his supplying the desideratum. He complied by, either that evening or next morning, producing the above song.

† Fought on the 17th of July 1689, between the troops of King William, under General Mackay, and the Highland clans, who were commanded, for King James, by the celebrated Viscount Dundee, more commonly known in the south of Scotland by his patrimonial title, Graham of Claverhouse. The latter were triumphant, but with the loss of their brave leader.

The butter-box \* gat mony knocks ;  
 Their riggings paid for a', then.  
 They got their paiks wi' sudden straits,  
 Which, to their grief they saw, man ;  
 Wi' clinkum-clankum ower their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa', then.

Her † leap'd about, her skipp'd about,  
 And fiang among them a', man ;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleaved in twa, then ;  
 The durk and dour made their last hour,  
 And proved their final fa', man ;  
 They thocht the devil had been there,  
 'That play'd them sic a pa', man.

The Solemn League and Covenant  
 Cam whigging up the hill, man ;  
 Thocht Highland trews durst not refuse  
 For to subscribe their bill, then :  
 In Willie's name, they thocht nae ane  
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;  
 But Her-nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,  
 Cried, Furich, Whigs, awa, man.

Sir Evan Dhu, ‡ and his men true,  
 Cam linking up the brink, man ;  
 The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,  
 They bred a horrid stink, then.  
 The true MacLean, and his fierce men,  
 Cam in amang them a', man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand ;  
 A' fled and ran awa, then.

\* Apparently a cant word for the skull.

† The Highlanders have only one pronoun, and as it happens to resemble the English word *her*, it has caused the Lowlanders to have a general impression, that they mistake the feminine for the masculine gender. It has even become a sort of nick-name for them, as in the present case, and in a subsequent verse, where it is extended to—*Her-nain-sell*.

‡ Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

*Och on a righ! och on a righ!*  
 Why should she lose King Shames, man?  
*Och rig in di! och rig in di!*  
 She shall break a' her banes, then;  
 With *furichinich*, and stay a while,  
 And speak a word or twa, man;  
 She's gie ye a straik out ower the neck,  
 Before ye win awa, then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane!  
 Her-nain-sell's won the day, man.  
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
 Because they ran awa, then.  
 Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,  
 And made as lang a stay, man,  
 They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,  
 And Willie 'd run awa, then. \*

~~~~~  
**CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY
 KATY?**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy. *

~~~~~

### REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

[By a young English Gentlewoman. Found amongst Burns's manuscripts  
after his decease.]

STAY, my Willie—yet believe me,  
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;  
'Tweel, thou know'st na every pang  
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,  
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;  
And when this heart proves false to thee,  
Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.

But to think I was betray'd,  
That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!  
To take the floweret to my breast,  
And find the guilefu' serpent under!

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive me,  
Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,  
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres  
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

~~~~~

THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON.

HOGG.

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,
Never mair thy face to see,—
Can I bear to part wi' thee,
Drucken Laird o' Lamington?

* These three stanzas, Burns tells us, he composed in the course of two turns through his room, with the assistance of two or three pinches of Irish blackguard.

Canty war ye ower your kale,
 Toddy jugs, and jaups o' yill ;
 Heart aye kind, and leal, and hale,—
 The honest Laird o' Lamington !

He that swears is but so so ;
 He that cheats to hell must go ;
 He that falls in bagnio,
 Falls in the devil's frying-pan.

Wha was't ne'er put aith to word,
 Never fleech'd to duke or lord,
 Never sat at sinfu' board?—
 The honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just ;
 He that prays is ne'er to trust ;
 He that drinks to drank his dust,
 Wha can say that wrang is done ?

Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclined,
 Never pray'd sin' he could mind ?
 Ane whase drouth there's few can find—
 The honest Laird o' Lamington !

I like a man to tak' his glass,
 Toast his friend and bonnie lass ;
 He that winna is an ass—
 Deil send him ane to gallop on !

I like a man that's frank and kind,
 Meets me when I hae a mind,
 Sings his sang and drinks me blind,
 Like the honest Laird o' Lamington.

CARLE, AN THE KING COME.

TUNE—*Carle an the King come.*

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

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

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

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,
 O, then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle, an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
 As we hae done—a dog's propine—
 But quaff our draughts o' rosy wine,
 Carle, an the king come.

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

* This is an old favourite cavalier song; the chorus, at least, is as old as the time of the Commonwealth, when the return of King Charles II. was a matter of daily prayer to the Loyalists.