

MACPHERSON'S RANT.

I've spent my time in rioting,
 Debauch'd my health and strength;
 I've pillaged, plunder'd, murdered,
 But now, alas, at length,
 I'm brought to punishment direct;
 Pale death draws near to me;
 This end I never did project,
 To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree, a tree!
 That cursed unhappy death!
 Like to a wolf, to worried be,
 And choaked in the breath.
 My very heart wad surely break
 When this I think upon,
 Did not my courage singular
 Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth, that draweth breath,
 More courage had than I;
 I dared my foes unto their face,
 And would not from them fly.
 This grandeur stout I did keep out,
 Like Hector, manfully;
 Then wonder one like me so stout
 Should hang upon a tree.

The Egyptian band I did command,
 With courage more by far,

friendship with a delinquent, in whose crimes the acknowledgment might implicate an avowed acquaintance. As no friend came forward, Macpherson said, the companion of so many gloomy hours should perish with him; and, breaking the violin over his knee, he threw away the fragments. Donald Macpherson picked up the neck of the violin, which to this day is preserved, as a valuable memento, by the family of Cluny, chieftain of the Macphersons."

The old ballad, for which Burns substituted the above beautiful verses, is given, in continuation, from Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs [1776.]

Than ever did a general
 His soldiers in the war.
 Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
 I lived most joyfullie :
 Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree !

As for my life I do not care,
 If justice would take place,
 And bring my fellow-plunderers
 Unto the same disgrace.
 But Peter Brown, that notour loun,
 Escaped, and was made free :
 Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree !

Both law and justice buried are,
 And fraud and guile succeed ;
 The guilty pass unpunished,
 If money intercede.
 The Laird of Grant, that Highland saunt,
 His mighty majestic,
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
 And lets Macpherson die.

The destiny of my life, contrived
 By those whom I obliged,
 Rewarded me much ill for good,
 And left me no refuge.
 But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
 He first laid hands on me ;
 And if that death would not prevent,
 Avenged would I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
 When I shall be no more ;
 To part with life I am content,
 As any heretofore.

Therefore, good people all, take heed,
 This warning take by me,
 According to the lives you lead,
 Rewarded you shall be.

FAREWHEEL, EDINBURGH ! *

FAREWHEEL, Edinburgh, where happy I hae been ;
Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen !
Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie New beside ;
 Ye're like a chieftain auld and grey, wi' a young bonnie
 bride.

Fareweel, Edinburgh ; your trusty volunteers ;
 Your Council a' sae circumspect, your Provosts wish-
 out fears ;
 Your stately College stuff'd wi' lear ; your rantin' Hie
 Schule Yard ;
 The gib, the lick, the roguish trick ; the ghaists o' the
 auld Town Guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh ; your philosophic men ;
 Your scribes that set ye a' to rights, and wield the
 golden pen ;
 The Session Court, your thrang resort, big wigs and
 lang gowns a ;
 And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' the gatherin' wealth ;
 Your Bernard's Well, your Calton Hill, where every
 breath is health ;
 And, spite of a' your fresh sea-gales, if ony chance to
 dee,
 It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the fee.

* Written, as I have been informed upon good authority, by two young ladies, when about to leave Edinburgh, to which they had been paying a visit. It was sung, for the first time in public, by Miss Stephens, at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, on the last night of her engagement, 1823.

Fareweel, Edinburgh; your Hospitals and Ha's;
 The rich man's friend, the Cross lang-kenn'd; auld
 ports and city wa's;
 The Kirks that grace their honest place, and peacefu'
 as they stand,
 Where'er they're fund on Scottish ground, the bulwarks
 o' the land.
 Fareweel, Edinburgh; your sons o' genius fine,
 That send your name on wings of fame beyond the
 burnin' line;
 A name that's stood maist since the flood; and just
 when it's forgot,
 Your bard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter
 Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
 Your Palace in the shelter'd glen, your Castle in the
 air;
 Your rocky brows, your grassy knowes, and eke your
 mountains bauld;
 Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad ne'er be
 tauld.
 Now fareweel, Edinburgh, where happy I hae been;
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
 Prosperity to Edinburgh, wi' every rising sun,
 And blessings be on Edinburgh, till Time his race has run.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Flora Macdonald's Lament.*

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her laue,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.

She look'd at a boat, with the breeze that swung
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;
 And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd, and she sung,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young !
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connel,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clanronald,
 Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can claim ;
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea ;
 But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore ;
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more :
 There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust ;
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.*

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## GUDE NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

TUNE—*Gude Night, and Joy be wi' you a'.*

GUDE night, and joy be wi' you a' ;  
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :

\* From the *Jacobite Relics*, 1821.

May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw ;  
 In sorrow may you never part !  
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;  
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain :  
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
 And in your deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Wha show'd himself a better man,  
 Or fiercer waved the red claymore ?  
 But when in peace—then mark me there—  
 When through the glen the wanderer came,  
 I gave him of our lordly fare,  
 I gave him here a welcome hamie.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;  
 Be cantie, but be guid and leal ;  
 Your ain ill's aye hae heart to bear,  
 Another's ay hae heart to feel.  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see your triumph ere I fa' ;  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine—  
 Good night, and joy be wi' you a' !

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 GILDEROY.

SIR ALEXANDER HALKET.

TUNE—*Gilderoy*.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy ;
 Had roses tull his shoon ;
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging downe :
 It was, I ween, a comely sicht,
 To see sae trim a boy ;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, sic twa charming een he had,
 A breath as sweet's a rose ;
 He never wore a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes :
 He gain'd the love o' ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy :
 Ah, wae is me ! I mourn the day,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae town 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 luv 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 nor lassie e'er 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.

Oh, 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 gara my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
 The tears they wat mine ee ;
 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, aith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in ilka toun,
 And bauldly bare away the gear
 Of mony a Lawland 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 nicht,
 That my luvie let me want ;
 For cow and ewe he to me brocht,
 And e'en when they were scant :
 All those did honestly possess,
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun 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 their laws been made so strict,
 I ne'er had lost my joy ;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheik
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He micht have banish'd been ;
 Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men !
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae 'sweit 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 ;
 Tull 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 loo'd best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away ;
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I wash'd his comely clay ;
 And sicker in a grave sae deep
 I laid the dear-loo'd boy ;
 And now for ever maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.*

* First published in D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy. Vol. V. 1719.

Gilderoy, or more properly Gilleroy, [*red-hatred boy*.] was one of the broken clan Gregor, who, taking advantage of the disorders of the times, distinguished themselves during the first years of the great Civil War, by their extensive depredations upon the Low Country. He was hanged, with some of his accomplices, at the Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh, in the year 1638.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*Lord Balgonie's Favourite.*

GLOOMY winter's now awa,
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw :
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw,
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell,
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sell,
 My young, my artless dearie, O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae ;
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;

I have seen, upon an old *broad-side*, a more ancient, and probably the original, version of "Gilderoy." It ran thus :—

My love he was as brave a man
 As ever Scotland bred ;
 Descended from a Highland clan,
 A kateran to his trade.
 A woman, then, or womankind,
 Had ever greater joy,
 Than we two, when we lodged alone,
 I and my Gilderoy.

First, when I and my love met,
 With joy he did me crown ;
 He gave me a new petticoat,
 And then a tartan gown, &c.

There is something touching in the conclusion :—

And now he is in Edinburgh town ;
 'Twas long ere I came there ;
 They hang'd him upon a-hie,
 And he wagg'd in the air.
 His relics they were more esteem'd
 Than Hector's were at Troy ;
 I never love to see the face
 That gazed on Gilderoy !

Silken saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks;
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

MY 'BONNIE MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Bonnie Mary.*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassié,
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick Law;
 And I maun lea' my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly;
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar;
 The battle closes thick and bloody:
 But it's not the roar of sea or shore,
 Would mak me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar;
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT.

GUDE day, now, bonnie Robin,
 How lang hae ye been here?
 I've been a bird about this bush
 This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird
 That ever sat on brier;
 And I wad mak my testament,
 Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonnie neb o' mine,
 That picks upon the corn;
 And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton,
 To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my neb;
 And gie to the Lady Hamilton,
 To fill a feather bed.

Gar tak this gude richt leg of mine,
 And mend the brig o' Tay;
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It will neither bow nor [gae].

And tak this other leg of mine,
 And mend the brig o' Weir;
 It will be a post and pillar gude,
 It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my tail;
 And gie to the lads o' Hamilton
 To be a barn-flail.

And tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
 The feathers o' my breastr ;
 And gie them to the bonnie lad,
 Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam my Lady Wren,
 Wi' mony a sigh and groan,
 O what care I for a' the lads,
 If my ain lad be gone !

Then Robin turn'd him round about,
 E'en like a little king ;
 Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,
 Ye little cutty-quean.*

GUDEWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Gudewife, count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mairk's the night ;
 But we'll ne'er stray for fant o' light ;
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776. "Gude day to ye, Robin," is a song which I have heard sung by old women and nurses in my own young days. It may be localised, from the various allusions, as belonging to Clydesdale; and I should suppose it to have been written some time after 1632, probably not long, as the old bridge of Tay at Perth, built by Robert Bruce, gave way that year, and was not again built till 1772. The sending or re-erection of the bridge of Tay was a matter in agitation during the reign of Charles I.; and that sovereign, when in Scotland in 1641, subscribed an hundred pounds for the purpose. May not the song have been written at that precise era?

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And simple folk maun fecht and fen ;
 But here we're a' in as accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout—
 An ye drink but deep, ye'll find him out.
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin,
 Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
 And bring's a coggie mair.

SONG.

ROBERT JAMIESON, ESQ.

Go to him, then, if thou canst go ;
 Waste not a thought on me ;
 My heart and mind are a' my store ;—
 They ance were dear to thee.
 But there is music in his gold,
 (I ne'er sse sweet could sing,)
 That finds a chord in every breast,
 In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell ;
 The honest loves retire ;
 The finer sympathies of soul
 Far other charms require.
 The breathings of my plaintive reed
 Sink dying in despair ;
 The still small voice of gratitude,
 Even that is heard nae mair.

But, if thy heart can suffer thee,
 The powerful cause obey ;
 And mount the splendid bed that wealth
 And pride for thee display.
 There gaily bid farewell to a'
 Love's trembling hopes and fears ;
 While I my lonely pillow, here,
 Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him,
 That half thy worth ne'er knew,
 O think na on my lang-tried love,
 How tender and how true !
 For sure 'twould break thy tender heart,
 My breaking heart to see,
 Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it tholed,
 And yet maun thole for thee.*

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GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Gie me a Lass wi' a Lump o' Land.*

GIE me a lass with a lump o' land,  
 And we for life shall gang thegither ;  
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,  
 Or black or fair, it makna whether.  
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,  
 And blood alane's nae worth a shilling ;  
 But she that's rich, her market's made,  
 For ilka charm about her's killing.

Gie me a lass with a lump o' land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

\* From Mr Jamieson's valuable publication, entitled *Popular Songs and Ballads*, 2 vols. 1808.

Laugh on wha likes : but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poertith, though bonnie, to meddle ;  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,  
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in hands and bags ;  
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion ;  
 But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection :  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles, and riggs, and mairs, and meadows ;  
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,  
 But weel-tocher'd lasses or jointured widows.\*

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THE BUSH ABUNE TRAQUAIR.†

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*The Bush abune Traquair.*

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish and complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her ;
 At the bonnie bush abune Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

† The Bush abune Traquair was a small grove of birches that formerly adorned the west bank of the Quair water, in Peebles-shire, about a mile from Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must once have been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated in the above verses.

I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame—
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,
 It's sweets I'll aye remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay—
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 O make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me :
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the Bush abune Traquair—
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.*

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**HAME, HAME, HAME.**

*TUNE—Hame, hame !*

Hame, hame, hame ! O hame fain wad I be !  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !  
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the  
 tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.  
 Hame, hame, hame ! O hame fain wad I be !  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

\* This song appeared, for the first time, in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning now to fa';  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';  
 But we'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
 And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! O hame fain wad I be!  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's nocht new frae ruin my country can save,  
 But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs, who died for loyaltie,  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! O hame fain wad I be!  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, wha attempted to savé;  
 The green grass is growing abune their graves;  
 Yet the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,  
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! Hame fain wad I be!  
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

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## THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Banks of Devon.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,  
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming  
 fair!

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,

In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,

That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !  
 Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,  
 And England triumphant display her proud rose ;  
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.\*

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NORA'S VOW.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HEAR what Highland Nora said :
 The Earlie's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I,
 For all the gold, and all the gear,
 And all the lands, both far and near,
 That ever valour lost or won,
 I will not wed the Earlie's son.

A maiden's vows, old Callum spoke,
 Are lightly made and lightly broke.
 The heather on the mountain's height
 Begins to bloom in purple light ;
 The frost wind soon shall sweep away
 That lustre drop from glen and brae ;
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 May blithely wed the Earlie's son.

The swan, she said, the lake's clear breast
 May barter for the eagle's nest ;

* " These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was residing, when I wrote these lines, at Harveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon."—
 BYRNES.

The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
 Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly:
 But I, were all these marvels done,
 Would never wed the Earlie's son.

Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
 Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever;
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
 To shun the flash of foemen's steel
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
 But Nora's heart is lost and won—
 She's wedded to the Earlie's son.*

TURNIMSPIKE.

TUNE—*Clout the Caudron.*

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
 And many alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
 Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came
 Nainsell was driving cows, man,
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,
 About te precks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear te philabeg,
 Te plaid prick'd on her shoulder;

* Translated from the Gaelic, for Mr Campbell's voluminous collection of Highland music, entitled *Albyn's Anthology*. "In the original," says the author in a note, "the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestations."

To gude claymores hung py her salt ;
Her pistol charged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preaks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit ;
Ohon that ere she saw the day !
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration ;
Te sodger dwell at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland new,
The laws bring in te caudger ;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeda,
But, oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man ;

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they gie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man ;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
 And pay him what him like, man ;
 She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
 That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa to te Highland hills,
 Where deil a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near te turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her. *

JOHN TOD.

HE's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
 He's a terrible man, John Tod ;
 He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,
 He scolds in the very hie road, John Tod,
 He scolds in the very hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
 The weans a' fear John Tod ;
 When he's passing by, the mothers will cry,
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
 The callants a' fear John Tod ;
 If they steal but a neap, the laddie he'll whip,
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod,
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod.

And saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod,
 O saw ye nae little John Tod ?
 His shoon they were re'in, and his feet they were seen,
 But stout does he gang on the road, John Tod,
 But stout does he gang on the road.

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod ?

How is he fendin', John Tod ?

He is scourin' the land wi' a rung in his hand,
And the French wadna frighten John Tod, John Tod,
And the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-burnt and tatter'd, John Tod, John Tod,

Ye're tautit and batter'd, John Tod ;

Wi' your auld strippit cowl ye look maist like a fule ;
But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod, John Tod,
But there's nous in the linin', John Tod.

He's wiel respeckit, John Tod, John Tod,

He's weel respeckit, John Tod ;

Though a terrible man, we'd a' gang wrang,
If he should leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
If he should leave us, John Tod.

THE HIGHLAND BALOO.

HEE, baloo, my sweet wee Donald,

Picture o' the great Clanronald ;

Thou'lt be chief o' a' thy clan,

If thou art spared to be a man.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie !

An thou live thou'lt lift a naigie,

Travel the country through and through,

And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, near the Border,

Weel, my babie, may thou funder ;

Herry the loons o' the laigh countrie,

Syne to the Highlands hame to me.*

* Preserved by Burns, and published in Mr Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 3 vols.

**HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E
DEAR.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Here's a Health to them that's awa.*

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear—
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when kind lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear, Jessie!

Although thou maun never be mine—
Although even hope is denied—
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside, Jessie!

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie!*

**HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE
NIGHT.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Could Kail in Aberdeen.*

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie;

* Written upon Miss Lewara, now Mrs Thomson, of Dumfries; a true friend and a great favourite of the poet, and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For, oh, her lanely nights are lang,
 And, oh, her dreams are eerie,
 And, oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I but be eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day how dreary!
 It wasna sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

HOGG.

TUNE—*Killicrankie*.

HERSELL pe aughty years and twa,
 Te twenty-tird o' May, man;
 She twell amang the Heelan hills,
 Ayont the reefer Spey, man.
 Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,
 She first peheld te licht, man;
 Tey shot my father in tat stoure—
 A plagnit, vexin spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotland here at hame,
 In France and Shermanie, man;
 And cot tree tespurt pluddy oons,
 Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man:

But wae licht on te nasty cun,
 Tat ever she pe porn, man ;
 Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,
 Her leaves pe never torn, man.

Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,
 Phane'er it cam my turn, man ;
 Put a' te force tat I could gie,
 Te powter wadna purn, man.
 A filty loun cam wi' his cun,
 Resolvt to too me harm, man ;
 And wi' te tirk upon her nose
 Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my cun wi' a' my micht,
 And felt his neepour teit, man ;
 Tan drew my swort, and at a straik
 Hewt aff te haf o's heit, man.
 Be vain to tell o' a my tricks ;
 My oons pe nae tiscrace, man ;
 Ter no pe yin pehint my back,
 Ter a pefor my face, man.

WANDERING WILLIE.

BURNS.

[TUNE—*Here awa, there awa.*

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie !
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame !
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie ;
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie again.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting ;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee :
 Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie ;
 The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers !
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, 'if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main !
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

TUNE—*Muirland Willie.*

HEARKEN, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie cam to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do ;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But aye he cries, What'e'r betide,
 Maggie I'se hae to be my bride.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yaud as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on with mickle pride,
 With mickle mirth and glee ;
 Out ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,
 Till he came to her daddie's door.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within ?
 I'm come your dochter's luv to win :
 I carena for makin' muckle din ;
 What answer gie you me ?—
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wad ye licht down,
 I'll gie ye my dochter's luv to win.
 With a fal, dal, &c,

New, wooer, sin ye are lichtit down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town?
 I think my dochter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he steppit up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous crouse!
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I hae three owsen in a pleuch,
 Twa guid gaun yauds, and gear eneuch—
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
 I scorn to tell a lie:
 Besides I haud, frae the great laird,
 A peat-spat and a lang-kale yard.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid pat on her kirtle broun;
 She was the brawest in a' the toun;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stendit up in haste,
 And grippit her hard about the waist.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
 I'm young, and hae eneuch o' gear;
 And for mysell ye needna fear,
 Troth, try me when ye like.
 He took aff his bannet, and spat in his chew,
 He dichtit his gab, and he pried her mou'.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and beingit fa' law:
 She hadna will to say him na;
 But to her daddie she left it a',
 As they twa could agree.

The lover he gave her the tither kist,
 Syne ran to her daddie and tellt him this.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Your douchter wadna say me na,
 But to yoursell she has left it a',
 As we could 'gree between us twa—
 Say what will ye gie me wi' her?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na mickle,
 But sic as I hae ye'se get a pickle.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,
 Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk kye;
 Ye'se hae the waddin-dinner free;
 Troth, I dow do nae mair.
 Content, quoth Willie, a bargain be't;
 I'm far frae hame; make haste, let's do't.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythsome lad and lass;
 But siccan a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple strakit hands;
 Mess John tied up the marriage-bands.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue;
 Frae tap to tae they were bran new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our lads's een.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic birdum-dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he ower her, and she ower him;

The minstrels they did never blin',
 Wi' mickle mirth and glee ;
 And aye they bobbit, and aye they beck't,
 And aye they real'd, and aye they set.
 With a fal, dal, &c.*

MY SPOUSE NANCIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Jo Janet.*

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I'm not your slave, sir.

One of two must still obey,
 Nancie, Nancie ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse Nancie ?

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good-bye, allegiance !

Sad will I be so bereft,
 Nancie, Nancie ;

* In the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it first appeared, this song is marked as one of those of which the editor knew neither the age nor the history. It is certainly a composition of considerable antiquity; probably, from similarity of style and structure of verse, by the author of *The Galloway Man*. Muirland Willie is one of those perfect and unique delineations of character in which Scottish song abounds. He has a touch of the good old riding times about him, in the "dunk and pistol by his side;" and he makes love with a confident ease, that is not more old-fashioned than it is manly, and every way admirable. His "*chew*," however, and the matches with top-knots of the bride's maidens, make the era of Muirland Willie's courtship considerably later than might otherwise have been argued. It was printed in both the *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1724) and in the *Orpheus Caledonius* (2d edit. 1733.)

Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancie.

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it ;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think—think how you will bear it.

I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancie, Nancie,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancie.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

I'll wed another like my dear
Nancie, Nancie ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancie !

HARD IS THE FATE.

THOMSON.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
Or to the lonely list'ning plain !
Oh, when she blesses next our shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,

From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear !
 Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her, spotless soul refined !

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.
 But if at first her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that, of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

TUNE—*John Ochiltree.*

HONEST man, John Ochiltree !
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree !
 Wilt thou come ower the muir to me,
 And do as thou wast wont to do ?
 Alake, alake ! I wont to do !
 Ochon ! I wont to do !
 Now wont to do's away frae me,
 Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest man, John Ochiltree,
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Come ance out ower the muir to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.
 Alake, alake ! I dow to do !
 Walaways ! I dow to do !
 To hoast, and hirple ower my tree,
 My bonny muir-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways, John Ochiltree !
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land,
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand ;
 Thou'd tyne thy beast, thysell wad die,
 My silly auld John Ochiltree.
 Come to my arms, my bonnie thing,
 And cheer me up to hear thee sing ;
 And tell me ower a' we hae done,
 For thochts maun now my life sustain.*
 * * * * *

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O'er the hills and far away.*

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet his foe !
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, where it is marked with the letter Z, indicating that it was then a song of unknown antiquity.

Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away !

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power,
 As the storms the forests tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet.
 Then may heaven with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.

THE BANKS OF CREE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Banks of Cree.*

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village bell has toll'd the hour,
 O, what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark to the grove, !
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true !
 O welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.*

THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Breist-Knots.*

HEY the bonnie, how the bonnie;
 Hey the bonnie breist-knots !
 Tight and bonnie were they a',
 When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,
 And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wished the lassie happy days ;
 And meikle thocht they o' her claes,
 And 'specially the breist-knots.†

* Written, as the bard acknowledges, to suit an air which his friend, Lady Elisabeth Heron of Heron, had composed, and which, in compliment to a very beautiful river in Galloway, her ladyship had called "the Banks of Cree."

† Abridged from Johnson's Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

[JACOBITE SONG.]

TUNE—*Hey, tuttie, taitie.*

HERE'S to the king, sir !
 Ye ken wha I mean, sir ;
 And to every honest man,
 That will do't again.
 Fill fill your bumpers high ;
 Drain drain your glasses dry ;
 Out upon them, fy ! oh fy !
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
 Of the gallant Highland clans !
 They hae done it mair nor ance,
 And will do't again.

When you hear the trumpet sound
 Tuttie, taitie, to the drums ;
 Up wi' swords and down your guns,
 And to the loons again.

Here's to the King o' Sweds !
 Fresh laurels crown his head !
 Shame fa' every sneaking blade,
 That winna do't again !

But to mak a' things right, now,
 He that drinks maun fight, too,
 To show his heart's upright, too,
 And that he'll do't again !