

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BURNS.*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here—
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
 Chasing the wild-deer and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

[WRITTEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN,
 1746.]

SMOLLETT.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.

* Except the first four lines, which are old.

Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door ;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shines with undiminis'd blaze ?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke ;
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day ;
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night :
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought is heard but sounds of wo ;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful curse ! oh, fatal morn,
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !
 The sons against their fathers stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood ;
 Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor's soul was not appeased ;

The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head ;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread :
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn ! *

**THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER
BEGUILE THEE.**

RAMSAY.

TUNE—There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.

* There is a literary tradition, that when Smollet first showed this song, the friend to whom it was imparted took the liberty of entering a remonstrance against the impropriety of expressing such vehement feeling of resentment against the dominant powers; when the indignant author, to show the firmness of his resolution on that score, retired, and immediately after reproduced the poem, with the addition of the last verse.

'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny ;
 Receive it, then, with a kiss and smily ;
 There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are !
 Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
 That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin',
 O gin I had thee on a mountain !
 Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry howes I daunder,
 Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander ;
 Gin thou'll gae along, I'll daute thee gaylie,
 And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
 To haud thy wooer up niff-naffin :
 That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely ;
 O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

CORN-RIGS ARE BONNY.†

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Corn-rigs are bonny.*

MY Patie is a lover gay ;
 His mind is never muddy ;

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

† There is a set of music bells in the steeple of St John's Church at Perth, which play one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened, one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking scripture metaphor, " Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," that the music bells, much after the manner of an orchestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air, " Corn-rigs are bonny," to the infinite edification and no less amusement of the audience.—*Picture of Scotland*, volume second, article *Perthshire*.

His breath is sweeter than new hay ;
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his walking ;
 The shining of his een surprise ;
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking .

Last night I met him on a bank,
 Where yellow corn was growing ;
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lo'ed me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting :
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate ;
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.*

SOGER LADDIE.

TUNE—*Soger Laddie.*

My soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me ;
 And when he comes hame he'll make me a lady ;
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

* From the Gentle Shepherd.

My doughtie laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave ;
 True to his country, to love he is steady ;
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my longing arms.
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he gets his due :
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.*

AMBITION AND LOVE.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, OF MINTO, BART.

TUNE—*My apron, dearie.*

MY sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? Why broke I my vow ?
 Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love !
 Oh, fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well-founded, a passion so true !

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine :
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.*

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

BURNS.

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

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat ower the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw !
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn ;
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa' ;
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay :
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa.

* First printed in Herd's Collection, 1776.

THE BROADSWORDS OF OLD SCOTLAND.

J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

TUNE—*The Kail-broes of Old Scotland.*

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on
the sea,

Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the
slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honour his grave.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the
shore,

Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham,
All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the
Forth,

Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the
north,

Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their
worth,

All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
 Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
 For the private is brother in blood to his grace.
 Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
 Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
 Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
 Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland !
 And oh, the old Scottish broadswords !

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SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns  
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;  
 The muircock springs on whirring wings,  
 Among the blooming heather.  
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary farmer ;  
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;  
 The plover loves the mountains ;  
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,  
 The soaring hern the fountains.  
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves,  
 The path of man to shun it ;  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender ;

Some social join, and leagues combine ;  
 Some solitary wander :  
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,  
 The fluttering, gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow :  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms o' nature,  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press't,  
 And swear I love thee dearly.  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

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### THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

BURNS.

*TUNE—Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern let's fly.*

No churchman am I, for to rail and to write ;  
 No statesman or soldier, to plot or to fight ;  
 No sly man of business, contriving a snare ;  
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy—I give him his bow ;  
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;

But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,  
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;  
There centum-per-centum, the cit with his purse ;  
But see you ' the Crown,' how it waves in the air !  
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;  
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;  
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,  
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;  
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;  
But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,  
With a glorious bottle, that ended my cares.

" Life's cares they are comforts,"\* a maxim laid down  
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black  
gown ;  
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair,  
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

[ STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE. ]

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,  
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;  
May every true brother of the compass and square  
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care.

\* Young's Night Thoughts.

## SCORNFU' NANCY.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*

NANCY's to the greenwood gane,  
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring ;  
 And Willie he has follow'd her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :  
 But, a' that he could say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;  
 And, aye when he began to woo,  
 She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minnie or my auntie ?  
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kale and ranty-tanty :  
 Wi' hannocks o' gude barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was richt plenty,  
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,  
 And was not that richt dainty ?

Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
 He keepit aye a guid kale-yard,  
 A ha' house, and a pantry :  
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,  
 An owerlay 'bout his craigie ;  
 And aye, until the day he dee'd,  
 He rade on guid shanks-naigie.'

Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?  
 Wad ye compare yoursell to me—  
 A docken till a tanzie ?  
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,  
 They ca' him Souple Sandy ;

And weel I wat his bonny mou'  
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Now, Nancy, what need a' this din?  
Do I no ken this Sandy?  
I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin  
Was Rab, the beggar-randy:  
His minny Meg, upon her back,  
Bare baith him and his billy;  
Will ye compare a nasty pack  
To me, your winsome Willy?

My gutcher left a guid braidword:  
Though it be auld and rusty,  
Yet ye may tak' it on my word,  
It is baith stout and trusty;  
And if I can but get it drawn,  
Which will be richt uneasy,  
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,  
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,  
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;  
I ken he disna fear ye:  
Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy;  
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
Ye never shall get Nancy.\*

\* This clever song is marked in the Tea-Table Miscellany as one of the anonymous and old sort of which the editor knew nothing; but I have been informed, upon good authority, that it was the composition of a Mr Ainslie, a small farmer at Carrington, near Dalketh, who lived upwards of a century ago. It seems to present a just, as it certainly does a graphic picture of the food and dress of the rustic people of Scotland at that period.

## THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

TUNE—*The Highland Queen.*

No more my song shall be, ye swains,  
 Of purling streams or flowrie plains ;  
 More pleasing beauties now inspire,  
 And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre.  
 Divinely aided, thus I mean  
 To celebrate, to celebrate,  
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet innocence you'll find,  
 With freedom, truth, and virtue join'd ;  
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
 And gives a lustre to the whole.  
 A matchless shape and lovely mien,  
 All centre in, all centre in,  
 All centre in my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,  
 Her settled calm of mind destroy ;  
 From pride and affectation free,  
 Alike she smiles on you and me.  
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
 I do pronounce, I do pronounce,  
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth whom gentle fate  
 Has destined to so fair a mate,  
 With all those wondrous gifts in store,  
 To which each coming day brings more.  
 No man more happy can be seen,  
 Possessing thee, possessing thee,  
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.\*

\* From an old manuscript copy. The first printed collection in which it is observable, seems to be that of Herd, 1776. In the Scots Musical Museum, the "poetry and music both" are stated to have been "by a Mr M'Vicar, once of the Solbay man-of-war."

## THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Tartan Screen.*

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
 Coming down the street, my joe?  
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,  
 Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe!  
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the nicht  
 That never wis'd a lover ill,  
 Sin' ye're out o' your mitber's sicht,  
 Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.\*

Oh, Katie, wik thou gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinsome toun a while?  
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' creation's gann to smile.  
 The mavis, nichtingale, and lark,  
 The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,

\* The Old Town of Edinburgh, now so degraded, but formerly a place of the highest fashion, is the locality of this fine song, of which the first verse contains a picture of certain customs which obtained a century ago in the capital of Scotland, but are now totally forgotten by all except the antiquary. A young country gentleman, walking up the High Street in the evening, encounters his mistress, no doubt a young lady of good birth as well as breeding, and recognises her even under the tartan garment, then used by all sorts of women as a veil, and against which, as affording peculiar facilities for intrigue, the whole vengeance of the town-council and the kirk-session had been directed in vain. He solicits her to walk with him up to *the hill*—the abbreviated popular phrase for the esplanade in front of Edinburgh Castle, which was then the only promenade at the command of the citizens, and a favourite place among lovers for nocturnal assignments. In their walk along the Castle Hill, he takes advantage of the situation to depict the delights of a summer residence in the country, which, in all its poetical and sunshine beauty, may be supposed to have contrasted strongly with the darkness and din of the city beneath, and therefore to have disposed the young lady very favourably to his suit.

It is quite as remarkable as it is true, that the mode of courtship among people of the middle ranks in Edinburgh has undergone a complete change in the course of no more than the last thirty years. It used to be customary for lovers to walk together for hours, both during the day and the evening, in the Meadows, or the King's Park, or the fields now occupied by the New Town; practices now only known to artisans and serving-girls.

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

In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Sune as the clear gudeman o' day  
Does bend his mornin' draught o' dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flouirs to busk your brow.  
We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
The lucken-gowans frae the bog ;  
Between hands, now and then, we'll lean  
And sport upon the velvet fog.

There 's, up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tower,  
A canny, saft, and flowery den,  
Which circling birks have form'd a bower.  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to the caller shade remove ;  
There will I lock thee in my arm,  
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

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**MY MOTHER'S AYE GLOWRIN' OWER  
ME;**

*IN ANSWER TO THE YOUNG LAIRD AND  
EDINBURGH KATY.*

RAMSAY.

*TUNE—My Mother's aye glowrin' o'er me.*

My mother's aye glowrin' ower me,  
Though she did the same before me ;  
I canna get leave  
To look at my love,  
Or else she'd be like to devour me.



Right fain wad I tak' your offer,  
 Sweet sir - but I'll tyne my tocher;  
     Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,  
     And wyte your puir Kate,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty  
 Of silver, and plenishing dainty,  
     Yet he's unco sweir  
     To twine wi' his gear;  
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion;  
     Brag weel o' your land,  
     And, there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

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 DUETT—PHILLY AND WILLY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Sow's Tail.*

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,  
 When, roving through the gather'd hay,  
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O, Willy, aye I bless the grove,  
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above,  
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year  
 Are ilka day more sweet to hear,

So ilka day to me more dear  
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose  
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,  
So in my tender bosom grows  
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,  
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,  
Were ne'er so welcome to my eye  
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,  
Though wafting o'er the flow'ry spring,  
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring  
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that, through the sunny hour,  
Sips nectar in the opening flower,  
Compared wi' my delight is poor,  
Upea the lips of Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat,  
When evening shades in silence meet,  
Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet  
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,  
And fools may tine, and knaves may win;  
My thoughts are a' bound up in aine,  
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie !  
 I care na wealth a single flee ;  
 The lad I love's the lad for me,  
 And that's my ain dear Willy.\*

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O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.†

BURNS.

TUNE—*My Love is lost to me.*

O, WERE I on Parnassus Hill,
 And had of Helicon my fill,
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee !
 But Nith mann be my Muse's well,
 My muse maan be thy bonnie sell,
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay ;
 For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing ower the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth, I love thee !

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—
 The thoughts of thee my breast inflame !

* On resolving to write a new song for this well-known tune, Burns proposed that it should be a sort of duett between Mr George Thomson, for whose work he was to write it, and Mrs Thomson ; but as both Mr Thomson's first name, and that of Mrs Thomson, (Katherine,) were unfit for being introduced into a sentimental song, he eventually adopted the names of Willy and Philly, the last of which was a sort of favourite with the poet, on account of its being the abbreviated name of a lady whom he admired excessively, and in whose honour he wrote many other songs—Miss Philadelphia Macmurdo.

† Burns wrote this song, while settled at Ellisland, in honour of Mr Burns.

And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
 Though I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run,
 Till then—and then I'll love thee.*

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**CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.**

TUNE—*Charlie is my darling.*

O, CHARLIE is my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 O, Charlie is my darling,  
 The young Chevalier!

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
 Richt early in the year,  
 That Charlie cam to our town,  
 The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,  
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
 And a' the folk cam rinnin' out  
 To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Highland bonnets cock'd ajee,  
 And bridswords shining clear,  
 They cam to fight for Scotland's right  
 And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Highland hills,  
 Their wives and bairnies dear,

\* It may be mentioned, that the compliment here paid to the heroine's dancing was no higher than deserved. Mrs Burns's dancing was exactly of that admirable sort which is found in almost all women of exquisitely symmetrical persons; a series of naturally graceful attitudes and motions, producing the most fascinating effect without the least apparent exertion; the apotheosis of handsomeness. Even at the present time (1826), I am informed that this very interesting and amiable lady continues to dance with extraordinary grace.

To draw their sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,  
And mony hopes and fears,  
And mony were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.\*

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### THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

ON the banks of Allan water,  
When the sweet spring-time did fall,  
Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
Fairest of them all.  
For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he ;  
On the banks of Allan water  
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,  
When brown autumn spread its store,  
There I saw the miller's daughter,  
But she smiled no more :  
For the summer grief had brought her,  
And her soldier false was he ;  
On the banks of Allan water  
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,  
When the winter snow fell fast,  
Still was seen the miller's daughter—  
Chilling blew the blast ;

\* This spirited Jacobite song has been written, evidently at a very recent period, in imitation of a less delicate and poetical ditty with the same overword and chorus.

But the miller's lovely daughter  
 Both from cold and care was free ;  
 On the banks of Allan water  
 There a corse lay she.

ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

STEWART LEWIS.\*

TUNE—*Gramachree*.

ON Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,  
 I tuned "my wood-notes wild ;"  
 I sung of flocks and flow'ry plains,  
 Like nature's simple child.  
 Some talk'd of wealth—I heard of fame,  
 But thought 'twas all a dream,  
 For dear I loved a village maid  
 By Annan's winding stream.

\* Stewart Lewis was a native of Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire. In the earlier part of his life he was a merchant-tailor, but a dispute with his partner caused him afterwards to assume the more manly profession of arms. I remember seeing him in his old days, about the year 1810; when, having long given up all regular employment, he used to travel through the country, with a bundle of small pamphlets, containing his poems, which he subsisted by selling. He was a man of extravagant speech, and had at least one pretension to the character of a poet—that he held all persons of merely common sense in great scorn, and looked upon worldly prudence as next thing to villainy. His poetry had some merit; but if he had been a Shakspeare, or a Burns, he could not have had a higher notion of his dignity as a bard. His wife travelled with him; a little old woman, forming a strong contrast in her real appearance to the fanciful description of her in the above song. She was, however, a woman of prudence, and was devotedly attached to her husband. When seen along with him, with her modest figure, and her perpetual attempts to soften away the effects of his wild language, she looked like "dejected Pity" by the side of Revenge, in Collins's Ode, and was almost as interesting a picture. When she died, the poor poet almost went distracted with grief. One day, soon after that event, I found, on coming home, a letter lying for me, which had been left by him in my absence. It was scrawled from top to bottom in huge and wildly irregular characters; but the whole words which it contained were the following: "MY DEAR SIR, I AM MAD—STEWART LEWIS." He did not long survive his partner, but died in 1818, at Lockerby, in a state of incurable and almost insane melancholy, which had no other cause than grief for her death.

The dew-bespangled blushing rose,  
 The garden's joy and pride,  
 Was ne'er so fragrant nor so fair  
 As her I wish'd my bride.  
 The sparkling radiance of her eye  
 Was bright as Phœbus' beam ;  
 Each grace adorn'd my village maid  
 By Annan's winding stream.

But war's shrill clarion fiercely blew—  
 The sound alarm'd mine ear ;  
 My country's wrongs call'd for redress—  
 Could I my aid forbear ?  
 No ;—soon, in warlike garb array'd,  
 With arms that bright did gleam,  
 I sigh'd, and left my village maid  
 By Annan's winding stream.

Perhaps blest peace may soon return,  
 With all her smiling train ;  
 For Britain's conquests still proclaim  
 Her sovereign of the main.  
 When'er that wish'd event appears,  
 I'll hail the auspicious gleam,  
 And haste to clasp my village maid  
 Near Annan's winding stream.

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 LEWIE GORDON.

GEDDES.*

TUNE—*Lewie Gordon.*

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
 And the lad I daurna name ;

* A Roman Catholic priest at Shenval, in the Enzie, Banffshire. "Lewie Gordon" was Lord Lewis Gordon, son of the Duke of Gordon, who raised a regiment and joined Prince Charles in 1745. By "the lad I daurna name," is meant Prince Charles Stuart, to whom the whole song, after the first line, evidently alludes.

Though his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa.
 Ocho, my Highlandman !
 O my bonnie Highlandman !
 Weel would I my true love ken,
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O ! to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
 Philabeg aboon his knee !
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
 Ocho, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
 Is fitted for to be a king ;
 On his breast he wears a star :
 You'd tak' him for the god of war.
 Ocho, &c.

O ! to see this princely one
 Seated on a royal throne !
 Disasters a' would disappear ;
 Then begins the jub'lee year.
 Ocho, &c.

O, HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—" *Gadil gu lo.*" *

O, HUSH thee, my baby ! Thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
 The woods and the glens from these towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

* " Sleep on till day."

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows ;
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose.
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my baby ! The time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
 Then hush thee, my darling ; take rest while you may ;
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

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### OCH HEY, JOHNNIE LAD.

TANNAHILL.

Och hey, Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sou'd hae been ;  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.  
 I waited lang beside the wood,  
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane ;  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,  
 It was a waefu' nicht yestreen !

I lookit by the whinny knowe,  
 I lookit by the firs sae green ;  
 I lookit ower the spunkie howe,  
 And aye I thocht ye wad hae been.  
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,  
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my een :  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sou'd hae been.

Gin ye were waitin' by the wood,  
 It's I was waitin' by the thorn ;  
 I thocht it was the place we set,  
 And waited maist till dawnin' morn.

But be nae beat, my bonnie lass,  
 Let my waitin' stand for thine ;  
 We'll awa to Craigton shaw,  
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

**OUR GUDEMAN CAM HAME AT E'EN.**

OUR gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he saw a saddle-horse,  
 Where nae horse should be.  
 Oh, how cam this horse here ?  
 How can this be ?  
 How cam this horse here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
 A horse ! quo' she !  
 Aye, a horse, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a bonnie milk-cow,  
 My mither sent to me.  
 A milk-cow ! quo' he ;  
 Aye, a milk-cow, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But a saddle on a milk-cow  
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots,  
 Where nae boots should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife ?  
 What's this I see ?  
 How cam thae boots here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?

Boots! quo' she ;  
 Aye, boots, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a pair o' water-stoups,  
 The cooper sent to me.  
 Water-stoups! quo' he ;  
 Aye, water-stoups, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But siller-spurs on water stoups  
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he saw a siller sword,  
 Where nae sword should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife ?  
 What's this I see ?  
 O how cam this sword here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
 A sword ! quo' she ;  
 Aye, a sword, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a parridge-spurtle,  
 My minnie sent to me.  
 A parridge-spurtle ! quo' he ;  
 Aye, a parridge-spurtle, quo' she.  
 Weel, far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But siller-handed parridge-spurtles  
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he spied a powder'd wig,  
 Where nae wig should be.

What's this now, gudewife ?  
 What's this I see ?  
 How cam this wig here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
     A wig ! quo' she ;  
     Aye, a wig, quo' he.  
 Ye suld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 'Tis naething but a clocken-hen  
 My minnie sent to me.  
     A clocken-hen ! quo' he ;  
     Aye, a clocken-hen, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen,  
 But pouther on a clocken-hen  
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,  
 And hame cam he ;  
 And there he saw a mickle coat,  
 Where nae coat should be.  
 How cam this coat here ?  
 How can this be ?  
 How cam this coat here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
     A coat ! quo' she ;  
     Ay, a coat, quo' he.  
 Ye suld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be !  
 It's but a pair o' blankets  
 My minnie sent to me.  
     Blankets ! quo' he ;  
     Ay, blankets, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And muckle hae I seen ;  
 But buttons upon blankets  
 Saw I never nane !

Ben gaed our gademan,  
 And ben gaed he ;  
 And there he spied a sturdy man,  
 Where nae man should be.  
 How cam this man here ?  
 How can this be ?  
 How cam this man here,  
 Without the leave o' me ?  
 A man ! quo' she ;  
 Ay, a man, quo' he.  
 Puir blind body,  
 And blinder mat you be !  
 It's but a new milkin' maid,  
 My mither sent to me.  
 A maid ! quo' he ;  
 Ay, a maid, quo' she.  
 Far hae I ridden,  
 And nauckle hae I seen,  
 But lang-bearded maidens  
 Saw I never nane.\*

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ETTRICK BANKS.

TUNE—*Ettrick Banks.*

ON Ettrick banks, ae simmer's nicht,
 At gloamin, when the sheep gaed hame,
 I met my lassie braw and ticht,
 Come wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
 My heart grew licht—I ran—I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang ;
 My words they werena mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?

* This admirable specimen of old Scottish humour first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1778.

I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe
 When ye come to the brig o' Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrin at the Broomielaw;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
 There's gear to win ye never saw.

All day, when we have wrocht eneuch,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Sune as the sun gaes wast the loch,
 At nicht, when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
 And thus the weary nicht will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their blume,
 And gowans glent ower ilka fiel',
 I'll meet my lass among the brume,
 And lead you to my summer shiel:
 Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.*

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*My tocher's the jewel.*

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
 But little thinks my love I ken brawly
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

* This beautiful song made its first appearance in the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is marked as a composition of indefinite age.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a for the hinnie he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie is sae in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny ;
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy :
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning ;
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like the timmer o' yon rotten wood ;
Ye're like the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread ;
And you'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.
