

FAREWELL TO BONNIE TEVIOTDALE.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

OUR native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renown'd in song !
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long !

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow !
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe !

The mossy cave, and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dell ;

The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell !

Home of our love ! our fathers' home !
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main :
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again !

Our native land, our native vale
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

BURNS.*

OH, open the door, some pity show,
Oh, open the door to me, oh !
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh !

* Or rather, only mended by Burns.

False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !
My true love, she cried, and sunk down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh !

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE—*The ewie wi' the crookit horn.*

O, were I able to rehearse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn !
A' that kenn'd her would hae sworn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upon hip or heel ;
Her crookit hornie did as weel,
To ken her by among them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot ;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd ;
For, silly thing, she never miss'd
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock ;
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I gae to Jean ; and now
 The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her ;
 Ance she lay an ouk and langer
 Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kale for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But teesed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mishanter should come ower her,
 Or the fuimart micht devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can tell o't without greeting ?)
 A villain cam, when I was sleeping,
 Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
 And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
 There I fand her crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I hae sworn as weel as said it,

Although the laird himsell forbid it,
I sall gie his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn :
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,
Safe steekit up ; but, 'gain the morn,
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa.

A' the claes that we hae worn,
Frae her and hers sae aft was shorn ;
The loss o' her we could hae borne,
Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa.

O, had she died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It hadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
Beneath a bluidy villain's knife ;
In troth, I fear that our gudewife
Will never get abune 't ava.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call up your mases, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd and a' !

MEG O' THE MILL.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack.*

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten ?

She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a wuddiefa' bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fallow, and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear-chain'd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it's sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin'!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parole.
But, Gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

THE WHIGS O' FIFE.

TUNE—*The Whigs o' Fife.*

O WAE to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
That e'er they cam frae hell!

There's gentle John, and Jock the slorp,
And skellied Jock, and bellied Jock,
And curly Jock, and burly Jock,
And lying Jock himsell.

Deil claw the traitors wi' a flail,
That took the middens for their bail,
And kiss'd the cow ahint the tail,
That keaved at kings themsell.

At sic a sty o' stinking crew
 The fiends themselves were like to spew ;
 They held their nose, and crook'd their mou',
 And doughtna bide the smell.

But gin I saw his face again,
 Thae hounds hae hunted ower the plain,
 Then ilka ane should get his ain,
 And ilka Whig the mell.

O for a bank as lang as Crail,
 And for a rape o' rapes the wale,
 To hing the tykes up by the tail,
 And hear the beggars yell !

O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they cam frae hell !*

O LIGHT IS THE HEART AND THE EE.

LAING.

TUNE—I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane.

O LIGHT is the heart and the ee,
 When the laddie we loe is our ain ;
 And licht is the toil o' the day,
 When trysted to meet him at e'en :
 And sweet is the smile o' the sun,
 When lichting the landscape anew ;
 But sweeter the blink o' the mune,
 When lichtin' our lover in view.

* From the *Scottish Minstrel*, a collection of united songs and airs, by Mr R. A. Smith, 6 vols. 1825-8.

Yestreen, by the howe in the vae,
 My laddie was waitin' on me ;
 Though fond as my laddie himsell,
 Yet waitin' I wish'd him to be.
 He pu'd me low down on his knee,
 His arms he around me did twine ;
 And press'd at my hand for a wee,
 And lean'd his warm cheek upon mine.

Dear lassie, he whisper'd, now we
 Hae stown this moment our lane ;
 But had we the Martinmas fee,
 We'll e'en hae a house o' our ain.
 Though we hae nae gowd to gae through,
 We hae what the gowd canna buy ;
 He gied me a kiss o' his mou',
 And tell'd me the lave in a sigh.

My bosom a' lowin' wi' love,
 I sigh'd and said naething ava ;
 And O that sweet nicht was above
 The sweetest that ever did fa' !
 And sae will I lovingly strive
 To follow his wishes wi' mine,
 That yet, when in years we arrive,
 He'll think wi' delight on yestreen.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree ;
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright ;

The May-flower and the eglantine
 May shade a brow less sad than mine :
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot or to sage be due.
 The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
 But that Matilda will not give.
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses bought so dear ;
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
 With heath and hare-bell dipp'd in dew ;
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green :
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
 And while his crown of laurel-leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
 But when you hear the passing-bell,
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes, twine for me the cypress-bough ;
 But, O Matilda, twine not now !
 Stay till a few brief months are past,
 And I have look'd and loved my last !
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue—

Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree !

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOUN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*I'll gang nae mair to yon toun.*

O WAT ye wha's in yon toun
Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?
The fairest maid's in yon toun,
That e'enin sun is shining on.
Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
How blest, ye flow'rs, that round her blaw !
Ye catch the glances o' her ee.
How blest, ye birds, that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year !
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear !

The sun blinks blythe on yon toun,
Amang yon broomy braes sae green ;
But my delight, in yon toun,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's drearie sky.
My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon toun,
The sinking sun's gane down upon ;

The dearest maid's in yon toun,
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.
 If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I'll careless quit aught else below ;
 But spare, oh ! spare me Jeanie dear.
 For, while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart :
 For, as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.*

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### THE BOATIE ROWS.†

TUNE—*The Boatie rows.*

O WEEL may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed !  
 And weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns's bread !  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wishes her to speed !

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,  
 And fishes I caught nine ;  
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And three to bait the line.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wishes her to speed !

\* This song was written upon Miss Lucy Johnstone, afterwards Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive, a most accomplished and lovely woman, who died in the prime of life at Lisbon. The poet, in his first fervour, thought of sending his song to the heroine, but immediately after gave up the idea ; because, said he, in a letter to Mr Syme, " perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification of that servility which my soul abhors."

† Stated by Burns to have been written by a Mr Ewen of Aberdeen.

O weel may the boatie row,  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
 And buys our parritch meal.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,  
 O muckle lighter grew my creel !  
 He swore we'd never part.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
 And muckle lighter is the lade,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,  
 And dress'd mysell fu' braw ;  
 I trow my heart was douf and wae,  
 When Jamie gaed awa :  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part ;  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care  
 That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
 Are up, and gotten lear,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling round the door,

They'll row to keep us hale and warm,  
 As we did them before :  
 Then, weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns's bread ;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boat to speed !\*

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### THE ROSY BRIER.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The wee wee Man.*

O, BONNIE was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
 And bonnier she, and, ah, how dear !  
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the mornin' dew,  
 How pure among the leaves sae green ;  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson'd rose, how sweet and fair !  
 But love is a far sweeter flower,  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimplin' burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
 And I the world nor wish nor scorn,  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, volume the Fifth, published circa 1796.

It is customary to abridge this song when sung, by giving only the first, second, and sixth verses.