

## O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

BURNS.

*TUNE—O let me in this ae night.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?  
 Or art thou waukin', I would wit?  
 For love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.  
 O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 For pity's sake, this ae night,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Out ower the moss, out ower the muir,  
 I came this dark and drearie hour;  
 And here I stand without the door,  
 Amid the pouring storm, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;  
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;  
 Tak' pity on my wearie feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 O' a' my grief and pain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

## HER ANSWER.

BURNS.

O TELL nae me of wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!

Gae back the gate ye cam again ;  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 I tell you now, this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night ;  
 And, ance for a', this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nought to what poor she endures,  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;  
 Let simple maid the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd this summer day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
 Let witless, trusting woman say,  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

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**O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-  
 LARK.**

BURNS.

TUNE—*Loch-Erroch side.*

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,  
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray !  
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
 Thy soothing fond complaining.  
 Again, again that tender part,  
 That I may catch thy melting art ;

For surely that wad touch her heart,  
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
Sic notes of woe could wauken.  
Thou tells o' never-ending care,  
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
Or my poor heart is broken!

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### THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*This is no my ain House,*

O THIS is no my ain lassie,  
Fair though the lassie be;  
O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,  
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;  
It wants to me the witching grace,  
The kind love that's in her ee.  
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
And aye it charms my vera saul,  
The kind love that's in her ee.  
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean;  
She'll steal a blink by a' unseen;

But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the ee.  
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clarks ;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her ee.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

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### YOUNG LOCHINVAR.\*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar has come out of the west ;  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;  
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none :  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so gallant in war !  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone ;  
 He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none :  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented—the gallant came late—  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,  
 Among clansmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all !  
 Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?—

\* This admirable ballad, which first appeared in *Marmion*, is founded upon an old one, called "Katherine Janfarie."

I long woo'd your daughter—my suit you denied ;  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;  
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up ;  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar :  
 Now tread we a measure ! said young Lochinvar.

One touch on her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood  
     near ;  
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
 She is won ! we are gone, over bush, loch, and scaur ;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young  
     Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby  
     clan ;  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
     ran ;  
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

## BESSIE BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

RAMSAY.

*TUNE—Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray.*

O, BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,  
 They were twa bonnie lasses ;  
 They biggit a bouir on yon burn-brae,  
 And theekit it ower wi' rashes.  
 Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
 And thocht I ne'er could alter ;  
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een  
 Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,  
 She smiles like a May mornin',  
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
 The hills with rays adornin' :  
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet fu' genty,  
 With ilka grace she can command :  
 Her lips, O, wow ! they're denty.

Mary's locks are like the craw,  
 Her een like diamonds glances ;  
 She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and brow ;  
 She kills whene'er she dances.  
 Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is,  
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still ;  
 O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas !

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;  
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.

Wae's me ! for baith I canna get ;  
 To ane by law we're stentit ;  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,  
 And be wi' ane contentit.\*

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O, THIS IS MY DEPARTING TIME.

TUNE—*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

O, THIS is my departing time,  
 For here nae langer maun I stay ;  
 There's not a friend or foe o' mine  
 But wishes that I were away.

What I hae done for lack o' wit,  
 I never, never can recall !  
 I hope you're a' my friends as yet ;  
 Good night, and joy be with you all.†

\* Ramsay has here converted into a very pretty and sprightly song, what was originally a very rude but pathetic little ballad. The story upon which that ballad was founded, has often been told. The common tradition is, that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Perth, and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Bessie Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, was on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lynedoch, (now the seat of Lord Lynedoch,) when the plague of 1666 broke out in the country. To avoid the infection, the two young ladies built themselves a bower in a very retired and romantic spot called the Burn-braes, about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch House, where they resided for some time—supplied with food, it is said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal. According to custom, in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary place of sepulture, but in a secluded spot, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the bank of the river Almond. As the ballad says—

“ They thoct to lie in Methven kirk,  
 Among their noble kin ;  
 But they maun lie on Lynedoch-brae,  
 To beak forement the sun.”

Some tasteful person, in modern times, has fashioned a sort of bower over the spot where the two ill-starred beauties were interred.

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

† From Herd's Collection, 1776.

## THE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

BURNS.\*

TUNE—*O'er the hills and far awa.*

O, HOW can I be blithe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best  
 Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snaw ;  
 But aye the tear comes in my ee  
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a' ;  
 But I hae ane will take my part,  
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,  
 And silken snoods he gae me twa ;  
 And I will wear them for his sake,  
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,  
 And spring will clead the birken shaw ;  
 And my sweet babie will be born,  
 And he'll come hame that's far awa.

\* Excepting the first stanza, which formed the commencement of an old song.



O, LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU  
GLIDE.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

O, LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,  
That day I was my Willie's bride ;  
And years sinsyne hae ower us run,  
Like Logan to the summer sun :  
But now thy flowery banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his face,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing flowers :  
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy :  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his sang her cares beguile :  
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return !

How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?  
 But soon may peace bring happy days,  
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

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### BOTHWELL BANK.

JOHN PINKERTON.

TUNE—*Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair.*

ON the blythe Beltane, as I went  
 By mysell attour the green bent,  
 Whereby the glancin' waves of Clyde,  
 Throch sauchs and hangin' hazels glide;  
 There, sadly sittin' on a brae,  
 I heard a damsel speak her wae.

“ Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,  
 But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair!  
 For a' beneth thy holts sae grene  
 My luve and I wad sit at e'en;  
 While primroses and daisies, mixt  
 Wi' blue bells, in my locks he fixt.

“ But he left me ae drearie day,  
 And haply now lies in the clay;  
 Without ae sich his death to roun,  
 Without ae flowir his grave to croun!  
 Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,  
 But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair.”\*

\* In proof of the antiquity of at least the air to which this song is sung, and of its beautiful *overword*, or burden, a story has been quoted from a work entitled “*Verstagan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*,” which was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605. In journeying through Palestine, at some period even then remote, a Scotoman saw a female at the door of a house nilling her child to the air of Bothwell Bank. Surprise and rapture took simultaneous possession of his breast, and he immediately accosted the fair singer. She turned out to be a native of Scotland, who, having wandered thither, was married to a Turk of rank, and who still, though far removed from her native land, frequently reverted to it in thought, and occasionally called up its image by chanting the ditties in which its banks and braes, its woods and streams, were so freshly

## THE MILLER.

SIR JOHN CLERK OF PENNYCUICK.

*TUNE—Merry may the Maid be.*

O, MERRY may the maid be  
 That marries the miller !  
 For, foul day or fair day,  
 He's aye bringing till her.  
 H'as aye a penny in his pouch,  
 For dinner or for supper ;  
 Wi' beef, and pease, and melting cheese,  
 An' lumps o' yellow butter.

Behind the door stand bags o' meal,  
 And in the ark is plenty,  
 And good hard cakes his mither bakes,  
 And mony a sweeter dainty.  
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,  
 Are standing in the byre ;  
 Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mou,  
 Is playing round the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
 And bids me take the miller ;  
 A miller's wife's a merry wife,  
 And he's aye bringing till her.  
 For meal or maat she'll never want,  
 Till wood and water's scanty ;

and so endearingly delineated. She introduced the traveller to her husband, whose influence in the country was eventually of much service to him ; an advantage which he could never have enjoyed, had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate.

The bank itself, which has thus attracted so much honourable notice, is a beautifully wooded piece of ground, descending in a steep semicircular sweep from the foundations of Bothwell Castle (Lanarkshire) to the brink of the Clyde, which is there a river of noble breadth. Being situated at the distance of about eight or nine miles above Glasgow, it is a frequent summer Sunday resort for the lads and lasses of that city, the most cotton-spinning of whom cannot help enjoying the loveliness of the scene, set off as it is, in so peculiar a manner, by poetical association. It is the property of Lord Douglas ; forming, indeed, part of the finely wooded park which surrounds his lordship's seat of Bothwell.

As lang as cocks and cackling hens,  
She'll aye hae eggs in plenty.

In winter time, when wind and sleet  
Shake ha-house, barn, and byre,  
He sits aside a clean hearth-stane,  
Before a rousing fire ;  
O'er foaming ale he tells his tale ;  
And aye, to show he's happy,  
He claps his weans, and dawtes his wife  
Wi' kisses warm and sappy.\*

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**KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.**

*TUNE—Kenmure's on and awa.*

O, KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,  
O, Kenmure's on and awa ;  
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
Success to Kenmure's band !  
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
That rides by Kenmure's band.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
Here's Kenmure's health in wine !  
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
O, Kenmure's lads are men !  
Their hearts and swords are metal true ;  
And that their faes shall ken.

\* For another poetical effort of this accomplished baronet, see Traditions of Edinburgh, vol. I. article " House of the Earl of Eglington." This song first appeared in Yair's Charmer, 1751.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;  
 But sune wi' sound and victorie  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here's *him* that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's *him* that's far awa ;  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.\*

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O! AS I WAS KIST YESTREEN.

TUNE—O, as I was kist yestreen.

O, AS I was kist yestreen !  
 O, as I was kist yestreen !  
 I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
 Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me !

My father was sleeping, my mother was out,  
 And I was my lane, and in cam the Duke :  
 I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
 Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me.

Kist yestreen, kist yestreen,  
 Up the Gallowgate, down the Green :  
 I'll never forget till the day that I dee,  
 Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me.†

\* From Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 1810.

† From Herd's Collection, 1776, where it is mentioned that the song was written "on the late Duke of Argyle." In Johnson's Scots Musical Museum the particular Duke of Argyle is more distinctly specified. The song is there said to have been "composed on an amour of John Duke of Argyle," the hero of Sheriff-muir, and whom Pope so justly described as

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,  
 And shake alike the senate and the field."

May it be possible, since Duke John is so confidently stated to have written the song beginning "Argyle is my name," that he may have also written this light-headed ditty?