

ROBIN AND NANNIE.

CHARLES LORD BINNING.

DID ever swain a nymph adore
 As I ungrateful Nannie do ?
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore ?
 Was ever broken heart so true ?
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears ; but she
 Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bade me run ?
 She only had a word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done.
 I always thought on her ; but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day ?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay ?
 Though to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two.
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep,
 Within my folds in frost and snow ?
 Have they not there from cold been free ?
 But Nannie still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan :
 Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain :
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be ;
 But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
 Full as they were, I brought them home ;
 Her corn I carried to the mill :
 My back did bear her sacks ; but she
 Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave ;
 I'm sure they always had the best ;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least.
 Her little pigeons kiss ; but she
 Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo ?
 And Nannie still on Robin frown ?
 Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nannie does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.*

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### PINKIE HOUSE.

TUNE—*Pinkie House.*

By Pinkie House oft let me walk,  
 And muse o'er Nelly's charms !  
 Her placid air, her winning talk,  
 Even envy's self disarms.  
 O let me, ever fond, behold  
 Those graces void of art—

\* This strange string of puns and antitheses is selected not so much on account of its humour, or other merit, as for the purpose of supplying a specimen of a peculiar style of composition, which extended itself at the beginning of the last century from the brilliant circle at Will's Coffeehouse to a set of Scottish gentlemen, who then first attempted to express themselves in English verse, and of course imitated the models supplied to them by Dryden's *Miscellanies* and such publications.

Charles Lord Binning was the son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, and the great-grandfather of the present earl. He died at Naples in 1732-3, "universally lamented."

Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold,  
In willing chains, my heart !

O come, my love ! and bring anew  
That gentle turn of mind ;  
That gracefulness of air in you  
By nature's hand design'd.  
These, lovely as the blushing rose,  
First lighted up this flame,  
Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquettes ! ye airy things !  
How vain is all your art !  
How seldom it a lover brings !  
How rarely keeps a heart !  
O gather from my Nelly's charms  
That sweet, that graceful ease,  
That blushing modesty that warms,  
That native art to please !

Come then, my love ! O, come along !  
And feed me with thy charms ;  
Come, fair inspirer of my song !  
Ob, fill my longing arms !  
A flame like mine can never die,  
While charms so bright as thine,  
So heavenly fair, both please the eye,  
And fill the soul divine ! \*

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

Pinkie House, the seat of Sir John Hope, Bart., is a Scottish manor-house, in the taste of the time of King James the Sixth, situated in the midst of a fine old grove, close by the town of Musselburgh.

## A WEARIE BODIE'S BLYTHE WHEN THE SUN GAES DOUN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—*Auld Robin Gray.*

A WEARIE bodie's blythe when the sun gaes down,  
A wearie bodie's blythe when the sun gaes down ;  
To smile wi' his wife, and to daut wi' his weans,  
Wha wadna be blythe when the sun gaes down ?

The simmer day's lang, and we're a' toil'd sair ;  
Frae sunrise to sunset's a dreich tack o' care ;  
But at hame for to daut 'mang our wee bits o' weans,  
We think on our cares and our toils nae mair.

The Saturday sun gangs aye sweetest down ;  
My bonnie boys leave their wark i' the town ;  
My heart louns licht at my ain ingle-side,  
When my kind blythe bairntime is a sittin' roun'.

The Sabbath morn comes, and warm lowes the sun,  
Ilk heart's fu' o' joy, a' the parishen roun',  
Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet psalm-tune,  
And the auld folk a' to the preachin' are boun'.

The hearts o' the younkers loup lightsome to see  
The gladness that dwells in their auld grannie's ee ;  
And they gather i' the sun, 'side the green haw-tree ;  
Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome and hie.

Though my sonsie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are  
preif,  
Though roses that blumed there are smit in the leaf ;  
Though the young blinks o' luvè hae a' dee'd in her ee,  
She is bonnier and dearer than ever to me !

Ance puirtith cam in yont our hallan to keek,  
 But my Jeanie was nursin' and singin' sae sweet,  
 That she laid down her pocks at another door-cheek,  
 And steppit blythely ben her auld shanks for to beek.

My hame is the mailin' weel-stockit and fu',  
 My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I loe ;  
 My Jeanie is the gowd and delight o' my ee ;  
 She is worth a hail mailin' o lairdships to me.

O wha wad fade awa like a flower i' the dew,  
 And leave nae a sprout for kind heaven to pu' ?  
 Wha wad rot 'mang the mools like the trunk o' a tree,  
 Wi' nae shoots, the pride o' the forest to be ?

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### ROYAL CHARLIE.

TUNE—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

AROUSE, arouse, each kilted clan !  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 And forward, wi' their dirks in han',  
 To fight for royal Charlie.  
 Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,  
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain,  
 Welcome to your Isle again ;  
 O, welcome, royal Charlie !

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang Highland hills,  
 Can nobly brave the face o' ills ;  
 For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,  
 At sight o' royal Charlie.

The ancient thistle wags her pow,  
 And proudly waves ower dale and knowe,  
 To hear the oath and sacred vow—  
 We'll live and die wi' Charlie !

Rejoiced to think nae foreign weed  
 Shall trample on our kindred seed ;  
 For weel she kens her sons will bleed,  
 Or fix his throne right fairly.

Among the wilds o' Caledon  
 Breathes there a base degenerate son,  
 Wha would not to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie !

Then let the flowing quaich go round,  
 And loudly let the pibroch sound,  
 Till every glen and rock resound  
 The name of royal Charlie.

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### JEAN'S BRICHT EE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

OUR gudewife's awa—  
 Now's the time to woo,  
 For the lads like lasses,  
 And the lasses lads too.  
 The moon's beaming bricht,  
 And the gowan's in the dew,  
 And my love's by my side,  
 And we're a happy now.

I hae wale o' lovers—  
 Nancie rich and fair,  
 Bessie brown and bonnie,  
 And Kate wi' curlin' hair,  
 And Bell young and proud,  
 Wi' gold abune her brow ;  
 But my Jean has twa een  
 That pierce me through and through.

Sair she slichts the lads—  
 Three like to dee,  
 Four in sorrow listed,  
 And five flew to the sea.  
 Nigh her chamber-door  
 Lads watch a' nicht in dule—  
 Ae kind word frae my love  
 Wad charm frae Yule to Yule.

Our gudewife's come hame—  
 Mute now maun I woo ;  
 But my love's bricht glances  
 Shine a' the chamber through.  
 O sweet is her voice,  
 When she sings at her wark ;  
 Sweet the touch o' her hand,  
 And her vows in the dark !

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LORD GREGORY.

BURNS.

OH, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempests roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door !

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonnie Irvine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin love
 I lang lang had denied ?

How aften didst thou pledge the vow,
 Thou wad for aye be mine !
 And my fond heart, itsell sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast !
 Thou dart of heaven that flashes by,
 Oh, wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see ;
 But spare and pardon my false love
 His wrongs to heaven and me ! *

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

GONE were but the winter cold,
 And gone were but the snaw,
 I could sleep in the wild woods,
 Where primroses blaw.

Cold 's the snaw at my head,
 And cold at my feet ;
 And the finger of death 's at my een,
 Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
 Or my mother sae dear—
 I'll meet them both in heaven
 At the spring of the year.

* This song was composed upon the subject of the well-known and very beautiful ballad, entitled "The Lass of Lochroyan."

BAULDY FRASER.

HOGG.

TUNE—*The Whigs o' Fife.*

MY name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
 I'm puir and auld, and pale and wan ;
 I brak my shin and tint a han'

 Upon Culloden lee, man.
 Our Highland clans were bauld and stout,
 And thought to turn their faes about,
 But gat that day a desperate rout,
 And ower the hills did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,
 Wi' cuffs, and buffs, and blinded sen,
 While Highland swords, o' mettle keen,
 War gleamin' grand to see, man.
 The cannons routit in our face,
 And brak our banes and rave our claes :
 'Twas then we saw our ticklish case
 Atween the hill and sea, man.

Sure Charlie and the brave Lochyell
 Had been that time beside theirsell,
 To plant us in the open fell
 In the artillery's ee, man :
 For had we met wi' Cumberland
 By Athol braes or yonder strand,
 The bluid o' a' the savage band
 Had dyed the German sea, man !

But down we drappit dadd for dadd ;
 I thought it should hae put me mad,
 To see sae mony a Highland lad
 Lie blutherin' on the brae, man.

I thocht we ance had won the fray;
 We slash'd ae wing till it gae way,
 But the other side had lost the day,
 And skelpit fast awa, man.

When Charlie wi' Macpherson met,
 Like Hay he thought him back to get;
 We'll turn, quo he, and try them yet;
 We'll conquer or we'll dee, man!
 But Donald jumpit ower the burn,
 And sware an aith she wadna turn,
 Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn;
 Then fast awa did flee, man.

O, had ye seen that brunt o' death!
 We ran until we tint our breath,
 Aye lookin' back for fear o' skaith,
 Wi' hopeless shinin' ee, man.
 But Albyn ever may deplore
 That day upon Drummossie moor,
 When thousands ten were drench'd in gore,
 Or hang'd outower a tree, man.

O, Cumberland! what meant ye then
 To ravage ilka Highland glen?
 Our crime was truth and love to ane;
 We had nae spite at thee, man.
 And you and yours may yet be glad
 To trust the honest Highland lad;
 Wi' bonnet blue and beltit plaid,
 He'll stand the last o' three, man.

THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

A LADDIE and a lassie fair
 Lived in the south countrie;

They hae coost their claes thegither,
 And wedded wad they be :
 On Tuesday to the bridal feast
 Came fiddlers flocking free—
 But hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

She had nae run a mile or mair,
 Till she 'gan to consider
 The angering of her father dear,
 The vexing of her mither ;
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The warst of a' the three—
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

Her father and her mither baith
 Ran after her wi' speed ;
 And aye they ran and cried, How, Aun !
 Till they came to the Tweed :
 Saw ye a lass, a lovesome lass,
 That weel a queen might be ?
 O that's the bride, the rinaway bride,
 The bride that's ta'en the gee.

And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gaur'd the clap gang through ;
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,
 The face o't lined up wi' blue ?
 The face o't lined up wi' blue,
 And the tail turn'd up wi' green ;
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,
 Should hae been married on Tuesday 't e'en ?

O at the saft and silly bridegroom
 The bridemaids a' were laughin' ;

When up there spake the bridegroom's man,
 Now what means a' this daffin?
 For woman's love's a wilfu' thing,
 And fancy flies fu' free;
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.*

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

TUNE—*Banks of Forth.*†

AWAKE, my love! with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day.
 Awake! the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows.
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride;
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

Oh, more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.‡

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† The air of the Banks of Forth was by Oswald, composer of "Roalin Castle."

‡ From Herd's Collection, 1776.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN!

A LASS that was laden wi' care
 Sat heavily under a thorn ;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn :—
 Whene'er my own lover was near,
 The birds seem'd far sweeter to sing ;
 The cold nipping winter-time wore
 A face that resembled the spring.
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been !
 My heart is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we hae seen.

There was love in his sweet silent looks,
 There was love in the touch of his hand ;
 I liked mair the glance o' his ee,
 Then a' the green earth to command :
 A word, and a look, and a touch—
 Hard-hearted, oh ! how could I be ?
 Oh ! the caulddest lass i' the land
 Wad hae sigh'd and hae melted like me !
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been !
 I wonder my heart disna break,
 When I think on the days we hae seen.

But now he is far, far awa,
 Between us is the rolling sea ;
 And the wind that wafts pleasure to a',
 Brings nae word frae Willie to me.
 At night, when the rest o' the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I sit mysell under an oak,
 A-heavily sighing for him.

Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been !
 My heart it will break ere the spring,
 As I think on the days that are gane.*

MARY SCOTT.

RAMSAY.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of Heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow ?

Ah, no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the Banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair ;
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish ;
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.†

* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.

KATHERINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely,
 I chanced to meet a pretty maid ;
 She shined, though it was foggy ;
 I ask'd her name : sweet sir, she said,
 My name is Katherine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katherine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou art a match for lord or duke,
 My charming Katherine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katherine Ogie.

Then I'd despise the Imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations :
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations :
 Might I caress, and still possess
 This lass, of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compared with Katherine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie ;
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for Katherine Ogie.*

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*An thou were my ain thing.*

AN thou were my ain thing,
 I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee ;

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is printed without a mark.

There is, in Tom D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, volume VI., a song called "Bonny Kathern Loggy," similar to "Katherine Ogie," in versification and also in incident, but much more gross, and evidently written, like almost all the rest of Tom D'Urfey's Scotch Songs, by an Englishman. The first verse, as here copied *verbatim et liberatim* from the original, will probably be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the reader regarding it:—

As I cam down by Hay Land town,
 There was lasses many
 Sat in a rank, on either bank,
 And ane more gay than any ;
 Ise leekt about for ane kind face,
 And Ise spy'd *Willie Scroggy* :
 Ise speir'd of him what was her name,
 And he caw'd her *Kathern Loggy*.

An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I lo'e thee !

I would clasp thee in my arms,
I'd secure thee from all harms ;
For above mortal thou hast charms :
How dearly do I lo'e thee !
An thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee,
So I must still presumptuous be,
To show how much I lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save ;
O, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee !
An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
What man can more, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.*_4

* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.