

## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

[EARLIEST VERSES.]

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

CAULD kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Strabogie ;  
 Ilka lad has got his lass,  
 Then see gie me my cogie !  
 Then see gie me my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie ;  
 I wadna gie the three-gird stoup  
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

Johnnie Smith has got a wife,  
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie ;  
 Gin she were mine, upon my life,  
 I'd douk her in a bogie.

Than here's to ilka honest life,  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie ;  
 But as for ilka giruin' wife,  
 We'll douk her in a bogie.

## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Strabogie ;  
 Gin I but hae a bonnie lass,  
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.  
 And ye may sit up a' the night,  
 And drink till it be braid day-light

Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,  
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,  
John Bull loves country-dances ;  
The Spaniards dance fandangos well,  
Mynheer an all'mand prances :  
In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
At threesomes they dance wondrous light,  
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,  
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,  
Wale each a blithesome rogie :  
I'll tak' this lassie to mysell,  
She looks sae keen and vogie.  
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;  
The country fashion is the thing,  
To pree their mon's, ere we begin  
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,  
Save yon auld doited fogie,  
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,  
As they do in Strabogie.  
But a' the lasses look sae fain,  
We canna think oursells to hain ;  
For they maun hae their come-again,  
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,  
Like true men o' Strabogie ;  
We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,  
And tippie out a cogie.  
Come now, my lads, and take your glass,  
And try ilk other to surpass

In wishing health to every lass,  
To dance the reel o' Bogie.\*

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE

TUNE—*Loch-Erroch Side.*

As I cam' by Loch-Erroch side,  
The lofty hills surveying,  
The water clear, the heather blooms,  
Their fragrance sweet conveying ;  
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
I found her like May morning ;  
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,  
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
While in my arms I prest her !  
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
As fondly I caress'd her :  
She said, If that your heart be true,  
If constantly you'll love me,  
I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,  
For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
For ever thou shalt find me ;  
And of our meeting here so sweet,  
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.  
Enraptured then, My lovely lass,  
I cried, no more we'll tarry !

\* From the Scots Musical Museum, [vol. II. 1788,] where it is stated to be the composition of the D— of G—; that is to say, of the Duke of Gordon.

We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,  
For lovers soon should marry.\*

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**ILL MAKE YOU FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.†**

*TUNE—I'll mak ye be fain to follow me.*

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,  
I heard him courting a bonnie young lass :  
My hinnie, my life, my dearest, quo' he,  
I'll make you be fain to follow me.  
Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,  
Ilk ane o' our maidens would think I was mad ;  
For battles I never shall long to see,  
Nor shall I be fain to follow thee.

O come wi' me, and I'll make you glad,  
Wi' part o' my supper, and part o' my bed ;  
A kiss by land, and a kiss by sea,  
I think ye'll be fain to follow me.  
O care or sorrow no sodgers know,  
In mirth we march, and in joy we go ;  
Frae sweet St Johnston to bonnie Dundee,  
Wha wadna be fain to follow me ?

What heart but leaps when it lists the fife ?  
Ilk tuck o' the drum's a lease o' life—  
We reign on earth, we rule on sea ;  
A queen might be fain to follow me.  
Her locks were brown, her eyes were blue,  
Her looks were blithe, her words were few—

\* From Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, vol. I. 1787. It is supposed to be the composition of James Tytler, the author of "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie."

† As altered and enlarged by Mr Cunningham, (Songs of Scotland, II. 340.) The original song is in the Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

The lads o' Dumfries stood staring dumb,  
When sweet Jenny Primrose follow'd the drum.

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### THE SILLER CROUN.

TUNE—*The Siller Crown.*

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
Nor think o' Donald mair.  
Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown,  
Wi' a pair broken heart?  
Or what's to me a siller croun,  
Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,  
Far dearer is to me;  
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down and dee;  
For I hae pledged my virgin troth,  
Brave Donald's fate to share,  
And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,  
He gratefu' took the gift;  
Could I but think to seek it back,  
It wad be waur than theft.  
For langest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me;  
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,  
I'll lay me down and dee.\*

\* From the Scots Musical Museum, vol. III. 1790.

## O MARY, YE'SE BE CLAD IN SILK.

O MARY, ye'se be clad in silk,  
 And diamonds in your hair,  
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,  
 Nor think on Arthur mair.  
 Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,  
 Wi' tears blindin' their ee?  
 Before I break my true love's chain,  
 I'll lay me down and dee.

For I have pledged my virgin troth,  
 Brave Arthur's fate to share;  
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.  
 The mind whase every wish is pure,  
 Far dearer is to me;  
 And, ere I'm forced to break my faith,  
 I'll lay me down and dee.

So trust me, when I swear to thee  
 By a' that is on high;  
 Though ye had a' this warld's gear,  
 My heart ye couldna buy;  
 For langest life can ne'er repay  
 The love he bears to me;  
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,  
 I'll lay me down and dee.\*

\* An imitation of the preceding song, from Laurie and Symington's Collection, 1792.

## THE GALLANT AULD CARLE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A GALLANT auld carle a-courting came,  
 And ask'd, with a cough, was the heiress at hame ;  
 He was shaven smooth, with love-knots in his shoon,  
 And his breath was as cauld as the Hallowmass moon.  
 He has twa top-coats on, and a grey plaid ;  
 Be kind to him, maiden, he's weel array'd ;  
 His lairdship lies by the kirk-yard dyke,  
 For he'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

The carle came bea with a groan and a cough,  
 And I was sae wicked and wilful as laugh :  
 He spoke of his lands, and his horses, and kye,  
 They were worth nae mair than a blink o' my eye.  
 He spoke of his gold—his locks, as he spake,  
 From the grey did grow to the glossy black :  
 And I scarce could say to the carle's gripe,  
 I doubt ye'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

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## LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

TUNE—*Logie o' Buchan.*

O, LOGIE o' Buchan, O, Logie, the laird,  
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie that delved in the yard ;  
 He play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma' ;  
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.  
     He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa ;  
     He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa ;  
     For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,  
     And I'll come back and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O, Sandie has owsen, and siller, and kye,  
 A house and a haddin, and a' things forbye,

But I wad hae Jamie, wi's bonnet in's hand,  
Before I'd hae Sandie wi' houses and land.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor ;  
But daddie and minnie although that they be,  
There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;  
He had but ae sixpence—he brak it in twa,  
And he gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.  
Then, haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;  
Simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa,  
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.\*

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### BOATMAN, HASTE!

BOATMAN, haste, launch your skiff—  
Row me quickly o'er the ferry ;  
From his haunt on the cliff  
Screams the gull, wild and eerie.

Boatman, haste, man your skiff—  
Row me quickly o'er the ferry ;

\* "Logie o' Buchan" is stated by Mr Peter Buchan of Peterhead, in his *Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads* (1827), to have been the composition of Mr George Halket, and to have been written by him while schoolmaster of Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, about the year 1736. "The poetry of this individual," says Mr Buchan, "was chiefly Jacobitical, and long remained familiar amongst the peasantry in that quarter of the country: One of the best known of these, at the present, is 'Wherry, Whigs, awa, man!' In 1746, Mr Halket wrote a dialogue betwixt George II. and the Devil, which falling into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland while on his march to Culloden, he offered one hundred pounds reward for the person or the head of its author. Mr Halket died in 1756.

"The Logie here mentioned, is in one of the adjoining parishes (Cramond) where Mr Halket then resided; and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place of Logie."



Snow-white surges, often rearing,  
Warn the dreaded storm is nearing.

Sail and oar swiftly bore  
Him afar from the mooring ;  
But, before he was o'er,  
Winds and waves loud were roaring.  
Soon, alas, the weltering billow,  
Is his cold and restless pillow,  
Where he sleeps without commotion,  
Sheeted by the foaming ocean.\*

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### THE AULD CARLE'S WELCOME.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

How's a' wi' my auld dame,  
My sonsie dame, my mensfu' dame ?  
How's a' the folk at hame,  
Wi' the canty auld gudeman, jo ?  
Sit down in peace, my winsome doo, †  
Though thin thy locks and beld ‡ thy brow,  
Thou once were armfu' fit, I trow,  
To mense a kintra en', jo.

Ance on a day, in trystin time,  
When in thy ee love blinkit prime,  
And through our teens we bore the gree  
In ilka kintra ha', jo ;  
The lasses gloom'd when thou did sing,  
The lads lean'd roun' thee in a ring,  
While blythely I took up the spring,  
And bore the mense awa, jo !

\* From Smith's Scottish Minstrel.

† Dove.

‡ Bald.

An', haith! at kirns\* we're canty yet,  
 Amang our bairnies' bonnie bairns;  
 At bridal shaw, or new house heat,  
 We thraw auld age awa, jo!  
 Though past the younkers' trysting prime,  
 Our pows though strew'd wi' winter's rime,  
 We've linket through a blythesome time—  
 The gouden age awa, jo!

A mirthfu' thing it is, an' blythe  
 To think on't yet, to think on't yet;  
 Though creeping to the grave belyve,  
 We're lifted wi' the thought, jo!  
 We've fouchten teuch, an' warstled sair,  
 Out through this world o' din and care,  
 An', haith! we've something mair than prayer  
 To help a poor bodie, jo!

Reach me the Beuk, my winsome Jean,  
 My specks bring, and the bairns send in,  
 I'll wale a kind and halie thing  
 Seems written just for thee, jo!  
 "The gude auld folk God winna lea'!  
 Nor thraw their bairns on the wide kintrie;" †  
 Then blink fu' blythe, wi' uplift ee,  
 Sin' God has ta'en our han', jo! ‡

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## HIE, BONNIE LASSIE!

TUNE—*Hie, Bonnie Lassie.*

HIE, bonnie lassie, blink over the burn,  
 And if your sheep wander I'll gie them a turn;

\* The feast of harvest-home.

† "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."—*Psalms*, xxxvii. 25.

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

Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A yowe and twa lammies are a' my baill stock,  
But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,  
To buy thee a head-piece, sae bonnie and braid,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee whittle made me a trout creel,  
And, oh, that wee whittle I likit it weel;  
But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair if I had,  
If she'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae little siller, but ae hauf-year's fee,  
But if ye will tak' it, I'll gie't a' to thee;  
And then we'll be married, and lie in ae bed,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

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### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TUNE—*Hey, tuttie, taittie.*

I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;  
I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's nae cauld there, Jean,  
The day is aye fair, Jean,  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,

And we grudged her right sair  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,  
My soul langts to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean,  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

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### THE BANKS OF DOON.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Caledonian Hunt's delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds?  
And I sae weary fou o' care!  
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,  
That wanton through the flow'ry thorn;  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
While ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,  
The sweetest on its thorny tree;  
But my fause love has stown the rose,  
And left the thorn behind wi' me.\*

\* Burns wrote this song upon an unfortunate attachment between Miss K—, a kinswoman of his friend Gavin Hamilton, and a Captain M'—.

## HIGHLAND MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Katherine Ogie.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The Castle o' Montgomery !\*  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,  
 Your waters never drumlie !  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry !  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk !  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom !  
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender ;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder :  
 But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early !  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;

\* Collisfield House, near Mauchline; but poetically titled as above, on account of the name of the proprietor.

And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.\*

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TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BURNS.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn!  
 Again thou usher'st in the day,  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 Oh, Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?—  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

\* This and the following song refer to Mary Campbell, one of Burns's earliest and most beloved mistresses. It affords a strange illustration of the power of a poetical mind, in elevating and adorning whatever it is pleased to regard with respect, that this girl, at the time Burns was acquainted with her, was merely the dairy-woman at Collingfield House; a fact which I have long hesitated to divulge, in the fear that it may dispel from the mind of the reader much of the sentiment which he entertains regarding these glorious lyrics, while, on the other hand, it appeared to me too remarkable an instance of the power of poetry to be withheld. When this much-honoured young woman was about to pay a visit to her relations in Argyleshire, in order to arrange matters for her marriage with the poet, they met, by appointment, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where they spent the day in taking a farewell, and in exchanging assurances of mutual attachment and fidelity. Their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. Mary carried that Bible with her, the poet having previously inscribed upon a blank leaf some testimonial of his affection. At the close of the following Autumn, she crossed the Frith of Clyde, to meet Burns at Greenock; but she had scarcely landed there, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which carried her off in a few days. Her grave is still shown in the churchyard of that town; and her mother resided there so lately as the year 1822.

Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,  
 To live one day of parting love ?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past ;  
 Thy image at our last embrace ;—  
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;  
 The fragrant birch, the hawthorn hoar,  
 Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene.  
 The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sung love on every spray ;  
 Till too, too soon the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care ;  
 Time but the impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade !  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ? \*

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## DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE.

CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*Down the Burn, Davie.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;

\* This admired lyric was composed, late in life, on the anniversary of the incident referred to in the foregoing song and note. Overpowered by his feelings, the poet retired from his family—it was at Ellieland—and, flinging himself upon a half-demolished stack in the farm-yard, lay upon his back the whole night, surveying the starry heavens above him, and forming in his mind the glowing lines of this most impassioned of all his compositions.

When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her ee ;  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free :  
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
 That dwelt on this burnside ;  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride :  
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white ;  
 Her een were bonnie blue ;  
 Her looks were like the morning bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

[ADDED BY BURNS.]

As down the burn they took their way,  
 And through the flow'ry dale ;  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And love was aye the tale.  
 With, Mary, when shall we return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew ?  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 And aye will follow you.\*

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Tibbie Fowler.*

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,  
 The place they ca'd it Linkumdoddie.

\* Burns was informed that the air of this song was composed by David Maigh, who, in his time, had been keeper of the blood-hounds to the Laird of Riddel, in Roxburghshire. The song first appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724.



Willie was a wabster gude,  
 Could stown a clew wi' onie bodie.  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O, Tinkler Madgie was her mother ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her !

She has an ee, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour ;  
 Twa rustie teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;  
 A whiskin' beard about her mou' ;  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither :  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her !

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,  
 Ae limp'in' leg a hand-bread shorter ;  
 She's twisted richt, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther .  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her !

Auld baudrons \* by the ingle sits,  
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin' ;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dichts her grunyie † wi' a hushion. ‡  
 Her walie neeves, || like midden creels ;  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water :  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her !

\* The cat.

† Mouth.

‡ Cushion.

|| Fists.

## COWDENKNOWES.

CRAWFORD.

TUNE—*The Braes o' Cowdenknowes.*

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves ;  
 Around the ewes the lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknowes ;  
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows !

There Colin tuned his aiten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart ;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, of Clyde,  
 The hills and dales around,  
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side ;  
 Oh, how I bless'd the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknowes ;  
 For sure so fresh, so fair a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,  
 May with this broom compare ;  
 Not Yarrow's banks, in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the Bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,  
 My peaceful happy home,

Where I was wont to milk my yowes  
At even, among the broom.

Ye powers, that haunt the woods and plains,  
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,  
Convey me to the best of swains,  
And my loved Cowdenknowes !\*

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### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Mill, Mill, O.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
And eyes again wi' pleasure beam'd,  
That had been blear'd wi' mourning ;  
I left the lines and tented field,  
Where lang I'd been a lodger ;  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth ;  
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder ;  
And for fair Scotia hame again,  
I cheery on 'did wander.  
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy ;  
I thought upon the witching smile,  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
Where early life I sported ;  
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy oft I courted.

\* From the Tea Table Miscellany, 1724.

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling?  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my ee was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom!  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain wad be thy lodger;  
 I've served my king and country lang:  
 Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
 And lovelier grew than ever;  
 Quoth she, A sodger ance I loved,  
 Forget him will I never.  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake o't;  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—  
 Syne pale as ony lily;  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?  
 By Him, who made yon sun and sky,  
 By whom true love's regarded;  
 I am the man! and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted;  
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quoth she, My grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin plenish'd fairly;

Then couse, my faithfa' sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearily.

For gold the merchantt ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor ;  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honour.  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger :  
Remember he's his country's stay,  
In day and hour o' danger.\*

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### THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
But a wee, wee German lairdie ?  
And, when we gaed to bring him,  
He was delving in his yardie :  
Sheughing hail, and laying leeks,  
But the hose, and but the breeks ;  
And up his beggar duds he cleeks—  
This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,  
The wee, wee German lairdie ;  
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,  
And dibbled them in his yardie.  
He's pu'd the rose o' English looms,  
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns ;

\* " Burns, I have been informed," says a clergyman of Dumfries-shire, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, editor of the *Select Melodies of Scotland*, " was one summer evening in the inn at Brownhill, with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window. Of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the recital of his adventures ; after hearing which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction, not unusual to him. He was lifted to the region where he had his garland and his singing-ropes about him, and the result was this admirable song he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O.'"

But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—  
This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,  
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,  
And see the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive  
We dibbled in our yardie :  
And if a stock ye dare to pu',  
Or haud the yoking o' a plough,  
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',  
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
Nae fitting for a yardie ;  
And our Norland thistles winna pu',  
Thou wee bit German lairdie :  
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,  
Wad prune ye o' your German gear—  
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,  
Thou feckless German lairdie !

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole  
For nursin' siccan vermin ;  
But the very dougs o' England's court,  
They bark and howl in German.  
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,  
Thy spade but and thy yardie ;  
For wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
But a wee, wee German lairdie ? \*

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**MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.†**

JOHN LAPRAIK.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,

\* A Jacobite song, evidently written immediately after the accession of George I., in 1714.

† This very beautiful song possesses an external distinction, on account

I glory in the sacred ties  
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain.  
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,  
 The tender look, the meltin' kiss :  
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish ? it's a for thee !  
 I ken thy wish is me to please.  
 Our moments pass sae sweet away,  
 That numbers on us look and gaze ;  
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,  
 Nor envy's sell finds aught to blame ;  
 And aye, when weary cares arise,  
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak my rest :  
 And, if that aught disturb my dear,  
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
 And beg her not to drop a tear.  
 Hae I a joy ? it's a' her ain !  
 United still her heart and mine ;  
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

of its having been eulogized by Burns, who, in consequence of hearing it sung at a rustic merry-meeting, commenced a series of lively epistles to its author, which may be found in his works.

Lapraik was portioner of Dalfron, near Muirkirk, in the eastern part of Ayrshire. He had attained a considerable age during the youth of his illustrious correspondent. The occasion of the song was this—" Lapraik, in a moment when he forgot whether he was rich or poor, became security for some person concerned in a ruinous speculation called the Ayr Bank, and was compelled to sell the little estate on which his name had been sheltered for many centuries. His securities were larger than the produce of his ground covered, and he found his way into the jail of Ayr when he was sixty years old. In this uncomfortable abode, his son told me, he composed this song : it is reconcilable with the account which he gave to Burns—that he made it one day when he and his wife had been mourning over their misfortunes."—*Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 282.