

JOCKEY FOU, AND JENNY FAIN.

TUNE—*Jockey fou, and Jenny fain.*

JOCKEY fou, Jenny fain ;
 Jenny was na ill to gain ;
 She was couthie, he was kind ;
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind :

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice ;
 Gie me love at ony price :
 I winna prig for red or white ;
 Love alane can gie delyte.

Others seek they kenna what,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
 Gie me love for her I court :
 Love in love makes a' the spert.

My name, she says, is Mistris Jean,
 And I follow the collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie ?
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
 And aye to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
 And spen't at nicht fu' brawlie ;
 And mak my bed in the collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
 Though the wee cot house should haud me,
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my collier laddie.

Burns says of " My Collier Laddie," " I do not know a blyther old song than this." *Cromek's Select Scottish Songs*, ii, 9.

Let love sparkle in her ee ;
 Let her love nae man but me :
 That's the tocher-gude I prize ;
 There the lover's treasure lies.

Colours mingled unco fine,
 Common notions lang sinsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is nae meat, but appetite,
 That makes our eating a delyte ;
 Beauty is at best deceit ;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.*



BONNIE JEAN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Bonnie Jean.*

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen ;
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie ;
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

* This spirited song, with the exception of the first stanza, is from the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where it is printed with the signature Q, indicating that it was an old song, with additions. The fourth stanza is probably an addition by Burns, being from a copy in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, the work to which he contributed so many revised and improved editions of old Scottish songs.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,
 Or what wad make her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her ee,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'ening, on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale of love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?

Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn nor byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.*

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## NANCY.

BURNS.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
Every pulse along my veins,  
Every roving fancy.  
To thy bosom lay this heart,  
There to throb and languish;  
Though despair had wrung its core,  
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,  
Rich with balmy treasure:  
Turn away thine eyes of love,  
Lest I die with pleasure.

\* The heroine of this song was Miss Jean Macmurdo, of Dumfries, sister to the Miss Philadelphia Macmurdo, whom the poet has celebrated in so many of his songs. It is proper, however, to remark, that the poet has not painted her here in the rank she held in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.

What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.



### THE LANDART LAIRD.

THERE lives a landart \* laird in Fife,  
 And he has married a dandily wife:  
 She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,  
 But sit wi' her cummers, and fill hersell fu'.

She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card;  
 But she wad sit and crack wi' the laird.  
 Sae he is down to the sheep-fauld,  
 And cleekit a wether † by the spauld. ‡

He's whirled aff the gude wether's skin,  
 And wrapped the dandily lady therein.  
 "I downa pay you, for your gentle kin;  
 But weel may I skelp my wether's skin. §



### KEEP THE COUNTRY, BONNIE LASSIE.

TUNE—*Keep the Country, bonnie Lassie.*

KEEP the country, bonnie lassie,  
 Keep the country, keep the country;  
 Keep the country, bonnie lassie;  
 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye:

\* Landward—that is, living in a part of the country at some distance from any town.

† Wedder.

‡ Shoulder.

§ This curious and most amusing old ditty is from Mr Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs," 1806.

Gowd for ye, bonnie lassie,  
 Gowd for ye, gowd for ye:  
 Keep the country, bonnie lassie;  
 Lads will a' gie gowd for ye.\*

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## HAP AND ROW THE FEETIE O'T.

WILLIAM CREECH. †

TUNE—*Hap and row the feetie o't.*

WE'LL hap and row, we'll hap and row,  
 We'll hap and row the feetie o't.  
 It is a wee bit weary thing:  
 I downa bide the greetie o't.  
 And we pat on the wee bit pan,  
 To boil the lick o' meatie o't;  
 A cinder fell and spoil'd the plan,  
 And burnt a' the feetie o't.

Fu' sair it grat, the puir wee brat,  
 And aye it kicked the feetie o't,  
 Till, puir wee elf, it tired itself;  
 And then began the sleepie o't.

The skirling brat nae parritch gat,  
 When it gaed to the sleepie o't;  
 It's waesome true, instead o' t's mou',  
 They're round about the feetie o't.

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776.

† A gentleman long at the head of the bookselling trade in Edinburgh, and who had been Lord Provost of the city. A volume of his miscellaneous prose essays has been published, under the title of "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces." He was not only remarkable for his literary accomplishments, but also for his conversational powers, which were such as to open to him the society of the highest literary men of his day.

## THE WEDDING DAY.

TUNE—*How can I be sad on my Wedding-day!*

ONE night as young Colin lay musing in bed,  
 With a heart full of love and a vapourish head;  
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,  
 Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding day:  
 “What would I give for a wedding day!  
 Who would not wish for a wedding day!  
 Wealth and ambition, I’d toss ye away,  
 With all ye can boast, for a wedding day.”

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom implore  
 One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,  
 For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone I would pray,  
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day!  
 Blessed be the approach of my wedding day!  
 Hail, my dear nymph and my wedding day!  
 Earth smile more verdant, and heavenshine more gay!  
 For happiness dawns with my wedding day.”

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides  
 O’er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,  
 Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife’s mind:  
 O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!  
 “Why was I born to a wedding day!  
 Cursed, ever cursed be my wedding day.”  
 Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,  
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd’s distress,  
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,  
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
 And blast all your joys on your wedding day.  
 Horns are the gift of a wedding day;  
 Want and a scold crown a wedding day;

Happy and gallant, who, wise when he may,  
Prefers a stout rope to a wedding day!\*

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RATTLIN ROARING WILLIE.†

TUNE—*Rattlin roarin Willie.*

O RATTLIN roarin Willie,
O he held to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware ;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee ;
And rattlin roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine ;
O Willie come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' wad think I was mad ;
For mony a ranting day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam in by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben ;

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788.

† Rattling Roaring Willie was the descriptive nickname of a musician of great celebrity, who lived, probably during the seventeenth century, on the Border, and who was at last executed at Jedburgh for murdering a brother in trade, whose nickname was *Sweet Milk*. A rude ballad on Rattling Roaring Willie, with some prose information regarding him, may be found in the Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Popular tradition in Liddisdale preserves another ballad regarding him, the first verse of which has been thus recited to the present editor :

Rattlin roarin Willie,
Where have ye been so late ?
I have been at my awin kind dearie's ;
Sae weel as I ken the gate !

Rattlin roarin Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord-en' ;
 Sitting at yon boord-en',
 And amang gude companie ;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.*

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### DUSTY MILLER.

TUNE—*The Dusty Miller.*

HEY, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty coat !  
 He will win a shilling,  
 Ere he spend a groat.  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour ;  
 Dusty was the kiss,  
 That I gat frae the miller !

Hey, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty sack !  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck ;  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller :  
 I wad gie my coatie  
 For the dusty miller.†

\* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788. This song was recovered by Burns, who added the last verse in compliment to William Dunbar, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh, Colonel of what was called the Crochallan corps, a club of wits, which took its rise at the time of the raising of the fencible regiments for the French Revolutionary War, and of which the poet was a member. It is worthy of remark, that there is a modern song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, to the tune of "Rantin roarin Willie."

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788. This is one of the few old Scottish songs, of which it can be said that the sentiment is in every respect irreproachable.

## JUMPIN JOHN.

TUNE—*Jumpin John.*

HER daddie forbade, her minnie forbade ;  
 Forbidden she wadna be.  
 She wadna trow't, the browst she brewed,  
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie ;  
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillings and three ;  
 A very gude tocher, a cottarman's dochter,  
 The lass wi' the bonnie black ee.  
 The lang lad, &c.\*

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THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—*Mount your baggage.*

O MOUNT and go,
 Moant and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the captain's lady.

“ He will win a shilling,
 Ere he spend a groat,”

is a passage of which it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient laudation. There should be more songs in reference to domestic economy and domestic enjoyments, and a great deal fewer on the subject of antenuptial affection.

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part II. 1788.

When the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.
 O mount and go, &c.

When the vanquished foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,
 To the shades * we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it. †
 O mount and go, &c.

O DEAR! MINNIE, WHAT SHALL I DO?

TUNE—*O dear! mother, what shall I do?*

“ Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?”
 “ Daft thing, doiled † thing, do as I do.”

“ If I be black, I canna be lo'ed ;
 If I be fair, I canna be gude ;
 If I be lordly, the lads will look by me ;
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?

Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?
 Oh dear ! minnie, what shall I do ?”
 “ Daft thing, doiled thing, do as I do.” §

* Could the poet here mean the celebrated tavern called “ The Shades,” near London Bridge ?

† From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III. 1790.

‡ Stupid, with imbecillity.

§ This amusing old thing is printed in Johnson's Musical Museum, (Part III. 1790,) as the ancient verses for an air which is there given with a song beginning, “ Oh dear Peggy, love's beguiling.”

KILLIECRANKIE.

TUNE—*The braes o' Killiecrankie.*

WHERE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Where hae ye been sae brankie, O ?
 Where hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?
 An ye had been where I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O ;
 An ye had seen what I hae seen
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea ;
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
 But I met the deevil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
 And Claverse gat a clankie, O ;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.*

The superstitious notions which the girl entertains regarding the fates attached to particular complexions, are by no means discountenanced by the old oral poetry and proverbs of Scotland. The following, for instance, is a rhyme which one sometimes hears quoted by the country people, as a law upon the subject :

Lang and lazy,
 Little and loud,
 Red and foolish,
 Black and proud.

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part III. 1790 ; where it is marked with the letter Z, signifying that it was an old song, corrected and enlarged for that publication.

DONALD COUPER.

TUNE—*Donald Couper and his man.*

Hey Donald, howe Donald,
 Hey Donald Couper !
 He's gane awa to seek a wife,
 And he's come hame without her.

O Donald Couper and his man
 Held to a Highland fair, man ;
 And a' to seek a bonnie lass—
 But fient a ane was there, man.

At length he got a carline gray,
 And she's come hirplin hame, man ;
 And she's fawn ower the buffet stool,
 And brak her rumple-bane, man.*

LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING!

TUNE—*Little wat ye wha's coming!*

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;
 Jock and Tam and a' 's coming !

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alister and a' 's coming !

* From Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV. 1792.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;
 Jock and Tam and a' 's coming !

Borland and his men's coming,
 The Camerons and Maclean's coming,
 The Gordons and Macgregor's coming,
 A' the Duniewastles coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;
 MacGilvray o' Drumglass is coming !

Winton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
 Withrington and Nairn's coming ! *

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;
 Blythe Cowhill † and a' 's coming !

The Laird o' Macintosh is coming,
 Macrabie and Macdonald's coming,
 The Mackenzies and Macphersons coming,
 A' the wild MacCraws coming !

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming ;
 Donald Gun and a' 's coming !

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig ;

* Lowland and English partisans.

† A gentleman of Dumfries-shire.

They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds ;
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming ;
Mony a buttock bare's coming !*

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### WIDOW, ARE YE WAUKIN ?

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*Widow, are ye waukin ?*

O WHA'S that at my chamber-door ?  
Fair widow, are ye waukin ?  
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in taunking.

\* From Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. VI. 1803. The following anecdote is humbly submitted as an illustration of the allusion to the Highland dress in the last line.

#### *Bare-faced Rebellion.*

For some time after the suppression of the insurrection of 1745, it was customary in miscellaneous parties to argue whether the term "rebellion" was or was not applicable to that affair; the Whigs asserting that it was, and the Jacobites that it was not. One night, at a tea-drinking in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where this question was agitated, a Whig lady affirmed it to have been as "bare-faced"—that is, as unequivocal or certain, a rebellion as ever happened within the memory of man. In the heat of argument, she repeated this assertion several times: "It was a most bare-faced rebellion—as bare-faced a rebellion as could have happened—there never was a mair bare-faced rebellion!" The Honourable Andrew Erskine happened to be present; a gentleman who derived his predilections in favour of the House of Stewart at once from his father the Earl of Kelly, who had been "out in the Forty-five," and from his maternal grandfather, the famous Dr Pitcairn, than whom a more zealous cavalier never lived. When he heard this ludicrous re-iteration of the phrase "*bare-faced* rebellion," his mind was impressed with a grotesque idea which, though indelicate, he found it utterly impossible to keep to himself. Edging his chair towards the lady-disputant, he thus addressed her sideways, with the soft and sly expression peculiar to him:—"I'm no just clear, madam, that it could be ca'd a *bare-faced* rebellion; but weel I wat, there's naeboddy can dispute but it was a *bare-bottomed* ane." It is unnecessary to describe the convulsive roar of transport, which instantaneously burst from all quarters of the room, and beneath which the unhappy disputant was immediately obliged to retire.

Gie me a lad that's young and tight,  
 Sweet like an April meadow;  
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight  
 And bosom of a widow.

O widow, wilt thou let me in?  
 I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,  
 And come of a right gentle kin;  
 I'm little mair than fifty.  
 Daft carle, ye may dicht your mouth;  
 What signifies how pawky,  
 Or gentle-born ye be, bot youth?  
 In love you're but a gawky.

Then, widow, let these guineas speak,  
 That powerfully plead clinkan;  
 And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,  
 And nae mair love will think on.  
 These court indeed; I maun confess,  
 I think they make you young, sir,  
 And ten times better can express  
 Affection than your tongue, sir.\*



## MY GODDESS, WOMAN.

JOHN LEARMONT.†

OF mighty Nature's handy-works,  
 The common or uncommon,  
 There's nought through a' her limits wide  
 Can be compared to woman.

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) where it is wittily entitled,  
 "The Auld Man's best Argument."

† Recently a gardener at Dalkeith.



The farmer toils, the merchant tokes,  
 From dawning to the gloamin ;  
 The farmer's cares, the merchant's toils,  
 Are a' to please thee, woman.

The sailor spreads the daring sail  
 Through billows chafed and foaming,  
 For gems, and gold, and jewels rare,  
 To please thee, lovely woman.  
 The soldier fights o'er crimson'd fields,  
 In distant climate roaming ;  
 But lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,  
 Before thee, conquering woman.

The monarch leaves his golden throne,  
 With other men in common,  
 And lays aside his crown, and kneels  
 A subject to thee, woman.  
 Though all were mine, e'er man possess'd,  
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,  
 What would earth be, frae east to west,  
 Without my goddess, woman !

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### WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS?

TUNE—*Will ye go to Flanders?*

WILL ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O ?  
 Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O ?  
     There we'll get wine and brandy,  
     And sack and sugar-candy !  
 Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O ?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O,  
 And see the chief commanders, my Mally, O ?

You'll see the bullets fly,  
 And the soldiers how they die,  
 And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally, O!\*



### MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'Tis nae very lang sinsyne,  
 That I had a lad o' my ain :  
 But now he's awa to another,  
 And left me a' my lane.  
 The lass he's courting has siller,  
 And I hae nane at a' ;  
 And 'tis nocht but the love o' the tocher  
 That's taen my lad awa.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain ;  
 And I'll keep it a' my life,  
 Until that I meet wi' a lad  
 Wha has sense to wale a good wife.  
 For though I say't mysell,  
 That shouldna say't, 'tis true,†  
 The lad that gets me for a wife,  
 He'll hae nae occasion to rue.

I gang aye fou clean and fou tosh,‡  
 As a' the neebours can tell ;  
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back,  
 But sic as I spin mysell.  
 But when I am clad in my curtsey,  
 I think mysell as brow

\* From Herd's Collection, 1776. It seems probable, however, that the song was written during some of the Continental wars, at an earlier period in the century.

† " Though I say't mysell, that shouldna say't," is a very common expression in Scotland, when one is obliged, by the current of conversation, to say any thing in his own favour.

‡ Neat.

As Susie, wi' a' her pearlins,  
That's taen my lad awa.

But I wish they were buckled thegither ;  
And may they live happy for life !  
Though Willie does slicht me, and's left m ,  
The chield, he deserves a gude wife.  
But oh, I'm blythe that I've missed him,  
As blythe as I weel can be ;  
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller,  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty ;  
I hate to be scrimpit or scant ;  
The wee thing I hae I'll mak use o't,  
And nae ane about me shall want.  
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld ;  
I ken when to hand and to gie :  
For whingin and cringin for siller  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,  
And he wha has that has eneuch ;  
The master is seldom sae happy  
As Robin that drives the pleuch.  
But if a young lad wad cast up,  
To mak me his partner for life,  
If the chield has the sense to be happy,  
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.\*

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ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*On a bank of flowers.*

ON a bank of flowers, on a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,

* *This excellent philosophical song is from Herd's Collection, 1776.*

The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ;
 When Willie, wandering through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
 Were sealed in soft repose ;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
 It richer dyed the rose.
 The springing lillie, sweetly prest,
 Wild wanton kissed her rival breast.
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace ;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace :
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings ;
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs ;
 But Willie followed—as he should ;
 He overtook her in the wood ;
 He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good !*

* The subject of this song is taken from an old one, which begins in the same manner.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

JOHN HAMILTON.

TUNE—*Up in the morning early.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south ;
 The drift is driving sairly ;
 The sheep are cawrin in the heuch :
 O ! sirs, it's winter fairly.
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,
 Up in the mornin early ;
 I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.*

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
 And tirls the branches barely ;
 On hill and house hear how it thuds !
 The frost is nipping sairly.
 Now up in the mornin's no for me,
 Up in the mornin early ;
 To sit a' nicht wad better agree,
 Than rise in the mornin early.

The sun peeps ower yon southland hills,
 Like ony timorous carlie,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again ;
 And that we find severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the mornin early ?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush :
 Poor things, they suffer sairly ;

* Part of this stanza was taken from an old song, for some notice of which see the Introduction.

In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht ;
 A' day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 A penniless purse I wad rather dree
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie house and canty wife,
 Aye keep a body cheerly ;
 And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,
 They answer unco rarely.
 But up in the morning—na, na, na !
 Up in the morning early !
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
 When I rise in the mornin early.



WILL YE GO TO SHERRAMUIR?

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*We'll awa to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order.*

WILL ye go to Sherramuir,
 Bauld John of Innisture,
 There to see the noble Mar,
 And his Highland laddies ?
 A' the true men o' the north,
 Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,
 Scouring on to cross the Forth,
 Wi' their white cockadies !

There you'll see the banners flare,
 There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
 And the trumpet's deadly blare,
 Wi' the cannon's rattle !

There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,
 Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,
 And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
 Rushing to the battle!



THE HARPER OF MULL.

TANNAHILL.

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!
 Still gladsome as summer the time glided by;
 I played my harp cheerie, while fondly I sang
 Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang.
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
 Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me;
 For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane;
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
 Though Rosie is faithless she's not the less fair,
 And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair:
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was more blest,
 As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.
 Thou false, fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
 Thou wakedst me to tortures unequalld before;
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
 And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!
 On the mountain dawns the day;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear.
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
 Merrily, merrily mingle they—
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Wa^lken, lords and ladies gay!
 The mist has left the mountain gray;
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
 Diamonds in the brake are gleaming;
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green:
 Now we come to chant our lay—
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 To the greenwood haste away:
 We can show you where he lies,—
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
 You shall see him brought to bay:
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them, youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we.
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk?
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk:

Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!



O MY LOVE IS A COUNTRY LASS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O MY love is a country lass,
And I am but a country laddie ;
But true love is nae gentleman,
And sweetness is nae lofty lady.
I mak my bed 'mang brackens green ;
My licht's the mune, round, bricht, and bonnie ;
And there I muse the simmer nicht
On her, my leal and lovely Jeanie.

Her gown, spun by her ain white hand ;
Her coat sae trim of snowy plaiden :
Is there a dame in a' the land,
Sae ladylike in silk and satin ?
Though minstrel-love is a' my wealth,
Let gowks love gold and mailins many,
I'm rich eneuch when I have thee,
My witty, winsome, lovely Jeanie.

O ! have ye seen her at the kirk,
Her brow with meek devotion glowing ?
Or got ae glance of her bright eye,
Frae 'neath her tresses dark and flowing ?
Or heard her voice breathe out such words
As angels use—sweet, but not many ?
And have ye dream'd of aught sinsyne,
Save her, my fair, my lovely Jeanie ?

KELLYBURNBRAES.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Kellyburnbraes.*

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburnbraes ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme ;)
 And he had a wife was the plague of his days ;
 (And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day, as the carle gaed up the lang glen,*
 He met wi' the deevil, says, "How do ye fen'?"

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave;
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I maun have."

"O, welcome most kindly," the blythe carle said;
 "But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd!"

The deevil has got the auld wife on his back,
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack.

He carried her hame to his ain hallan door;
 Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a ——.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick of his band,
 Turn out on her guard, in the clap of a hand.

The carline gaed through them like ony wud bear:
 Whae'er she got hands on cam near her nae mair.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa';
 "Oh help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'."

* The parenthetical lines of the first verse are repeated in all the succeeding stanzas.

The deevil he swore by the edge of his knife,
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife.

The deevil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven! but in hell.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack,
And to her auld husband he's carried her back.

“ I hae been a deevil the feck o' my life ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme ;)
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife ;
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)*”

~~~~~

## PHILLIS THE FAIR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

WHILE larks with little wing  
Fanned the pure air,  
Tasting the breathing spring,  
Forth I did fare ;  
Gay the sun's golden eye  
Peeped o'er the mountains high ;  
Such thy morn! did I cry,  
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song  
Glad I did share,  
While you wild flowers among,  
Chance led me there :

\* Burns confesses, in his Notes on Johnson's Musical Museum, that he composed this wildly humorous ditty out of “ the old traditional verses.”

Sweet to the opening day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;  
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,  
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,  
 Doves cooing were ;  
 I marked the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare ;  
 So kind may fortune be !  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair !

~~~~~

PEGGY AND PATIE.

[FROM THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.]

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Yellow-haired Laddie.*

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first seyed my young skill,
 To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs waved yellow, and blue heather-bells
 Bloomed bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, brier, or bracken, gave trouble to me,
 If I found but the berries right ripened for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And cam aff the victor, my heart was aye fain :

Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden Broom-knowes,"
And Rosie liltis sweetly the "Milking the Ewes;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
With, "Through the wood, Laddie," Bess gars our
lugs ring :

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The "Boatman," "Tweedside," or the "Lass of the
Mill,"

'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,
With praises sae kindly increasing love's fire !
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

~~~~~

## THE ROVER OF LOCHRYAN.

H. AINSLIE.

THE Rover of Lochryan he's gane,  
Wi' his merry-men sae brave ;  
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel  
Ne'er bowled ower the back of a wave ;

It's no whan the loch lies dead in its trough ;  
When naething disturbs it ava ;  
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,  
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw ;

It's no when the yawl, and the licht skiffs, crawl  
 Ower the breast o' the siller sea ;  
 That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,  
 And the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flood,  
 And the sea lays its shouther to the shore,  
 When the wind sings high, and the sea-whelps cry,  
 As they rise frae the whitening roar ;

It's then that I look through the blackening rook,  
 And watch by the midnight tide ;  
 I ken that the wind brings my rover hame,  
 On the sea that he glories to ride.

O, merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,  
 Wi' the helm-haft in his hand ;  
 And he sings aloud to his boys in blue,  
 As his ee's upon Galloway's land.

“ Unstent and slack each reef and tack,  
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit :  
 She has roared through a heavier sea before,  
 And she'll roar through a heavier yet !

When landsmen sleep, or wake and creep,  
 In the tempest's angry moan,  
 We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift  
 O' the wave that heaves us on.

It's brave, boys, to see the morn's blythe ee,  
 When the night's been dark and drear ;  
 But it's better far to lie, and our storm-locks dry,  
 In the bosom o' her that is dear.

Gie her sail, gie her sail, till she buries her wale,  
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit :  
 She has roared through a heavier sea before,  
 And she'll roar through a heavier yet !”

---

## THE FORAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE last of our steers on the board has been spread,  
 And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red :  
 Up, up, my brave kinsmen !—belt swords and begone ;  
 There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won !

The eyes that so lately mixed glances with ours,  
 For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,  
 And strive to distinguish, through tempest and gloom,  
 The prance of the steeds and the top of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,  
 The moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud—  
 'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye  
 Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient—I hear my blythe grey ;  
 There is life in his hoof-clang and hope in his neigh ;  
 Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane  
 Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The draw-bridge has dropped, and the bugle has blown ;  
 One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and begone :  
 To their honour and peace that shall rest with the slain !  
 To their health and their glee that see Teviot again !

## TAM O' THE BALLOCH.

H. AINSLIE.

TUNE—*The Campbells are coming.*

IN the Nick o' the Balloch lived Muirland Tam,  
 Weel stentit wi' brochan and braxie-ham ;  
 A breist like a buird, and a back like a door,  
 And a wapping wame that hung down afore.

But what's come ower ye, Muirland Tam ?  
 For your leg's now grown like a wheel-barrow tram ;  
 Your ee it's faun in—your nose it's faun out,  
 And the skin o' your cheek's like a dirty clout.

O ance, like a yaud, ye spankit the bent,  
 Wi' a fecket sae fou, and a stocking sae stent,  
 The strength o' a stot—the wecht o' a cow ;  
 Now, Tammy, my man, ye're grown like a grew.

I mind sin' the blink o' a canty quean  
 Could watered your mou and lichtit your een ;  
 Now ye leuk like a yowe, when ye should be a ram ;  
 O what can be wrang wi' ye, Muirland Tam ?

Has some dowg o' the yirth set your gear abreed ?  
 Hae they broken your heart or broken your head ?  
 Hae they rackit wi' rungs or kittled wi' steel ?  
 Or, Tammy, my man, hae ye seen the deil ?

Wha ance was your match at a stoup and a tale ?  
 Wi' a voice like a sea, and a drouth like a whale ?  
 Now ye peep like a powt ; ye glumph and ye gaunt ;  
 Oh, Tammy, my man, are ye turned a saunt ?



Come, lowse your heart, ye man o' the muir ;  
 We tell our distress ere we look for a cure :  
 There's laws for a wrang, and sa's for a sair ;  
 Sae, Tammy, my man, what wad ye hae mair ?

Oh ! neebour, it neither was thresher nor thief,  
 That deepened my ee, and lichtened my beef ;  
 But the word that makes me sae waefu and wan,  
 Is—Tam o' the Balloch's a married man !



## LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

### TANNAHILL.

LOUDON's bonnie woods and braes,  
 I maun leave them a', lassie ;  
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
 Would gie to Britons law, lassie ?  
 Wha would shun the field o' danger ?  
 Wha to fame would live a stranger ?  
 Now when freedom bids avenge her,  
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie ?  
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,  
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,  
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,  
 When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark ! the swelling bugle rings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie ;  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings  
 Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.  
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,

Still the weary moments counting,  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.  
 Ower the gory fields o' war,  
 Where vengeance drives his crimson car,  
 Thou may fa', frae me afar,  
 And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,  
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie ;  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the soldier shares, lassie :  
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,  
 Till the vengeful strife is over ;  
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
 Till the day we dee, lassie :  
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes,  
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
 On London's flowery lea, lassie.

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### QUEEN MARIE.

[SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY LORD DARNLEY, IN  
 PRAISE OF THE BEAUTY OF QUEEN MARY, BEFORE  
 THEIR MARRIAGE.\*]

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes,  
 More by your number than your light,  
 Like common-people of the skies,  
 What are ye when the moon doth rise ?

\* For some notice of the literary abilities of this unfortunate young man, see "The Life of Queen Mary, by H. G. Bell, Esq." published in Constable's Miscellany.

Ye violets, that first appear,  
 By your purple mantles known,  
 Like proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the Spring were all your own,  
 What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye wandering chanters of the wood,  
 That fill the air with nature's lays,  
 Making your feelings understood  
 In accents weak—What is your praise,  
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You glancing jewels of the east,  
 Whose estimation fancies raise,  
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
 Of glittering gems, what is your praise,  
 When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But ah, poor light, gem, voice, and sound,  
 What are ye if my Mary shine?  
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,  
 Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,  
 And yield to merit more divine.

The rose and lily, the whole spring,  
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed;  
 The diamond darkens in the ring;  
 When she appears, the moon looks dead,  
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.\*

\* Ramsay prints a version of this song, slightly different from the above, which he states himself to have copied from an old manuscript collection by an Aberdeenshire gentleman.

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TUNE—*Macgregor's Gathering.*

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day—  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich !

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,  
 Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful halloo—  
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalich !

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,  
 Glenstrae, and Glenlyon, no longer are ours—  
 We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich !

But, doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,  
 Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword—  
 Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalich !

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roof to the flames, and their flesh to the  
 eagles—  
 Come then, Gregalich, come then !

While there's leaves on the forest, or foam on the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich !

## THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—*The flower of Dunblane.*\*

THE sun has gane down on the lofty Ben Lomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lonely I stray, in the calm summer gloamin,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin blossom !  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie ;  
 For guileless simplicity marks her it's ain ;  
 And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dun-  
 blane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy sang to the e'ning,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !  
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain ;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dun-  
 blane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

\* This air, certainly one of the most successful of all modern imitations of the ancient Scottish melody, was the composition of Tannahill's friend, the late Mr R. A. Smith.

## BY JOVE!

TUNE—*When she cam ben she bobbit.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my brave jolly boys ;  
 Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise ;  
 For I've tried the endearments and pleasures of love,  
 And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove !

When, first of all, Betty and I were acquaint,  
 I whined like a fool, and she sighed like a saint :  
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,  
 Were hypocrisy, paint, and self-interest, by Jove !

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languishing air ;  
 Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair ·  
 But her soul was sophisticate ; so was her love ;  
 For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove !

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charmed me at last :  
 You know marriage and money together do best.  
 But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,  
 Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove !

Come fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys ;  
 Here's a farewell to impert'nence and noise :  
 I know few of the sex that are worthy my love ;  
 And, for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove !\*

\* From the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is marked by the signature L; the initial, no doubt, of one of the ingenious young gentlemen who favoured Ramsay with new songs to the old Scottish airs. It is very probable that Lauder was the person meant—William Lauder, originally a schoolmaster at Dalkeith, but who afterwards distinguished himself in the literary world, by pretending to have detected Milton in stealing the plot of his *Paradise Lost* from an old Italian author. See *Chalmers's Life of Rudiman*.

## THE BONNY SCOT.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*The Boatman.*

YE gales, that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boat-man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny Scot-man.  
 In haly bands we joined our hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
 While parents rate a large estate  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse, in Highland glens  
 To herd the kid and goat, man,  
 Ere I could, for sic little ends,  
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
 Wae worth the man, wha first began  
 The base ungenerous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,  
 While strangers to its passion !

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Haste to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom hause thee.  
 Love gies the word ; then, haste on board ;  
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,  
 My blythe, my bonny Scot-man.\*

\* There is a tradition, mentioned by the Rev. James Hall, in his *Travels through Scotland*, [2 vols. 1807,] that the early song upon which Ramsay founded the above, was composed on the preference which Mary of Guise gave to our James V., as a husband, over the English Henry VIII.

## SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Laddie, lie near me.*

'Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin ;  
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoin' :  
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;  
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter ;  
 Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

~~~~~

THE ELECTION.*

BURNS.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickering there,

* This poem is here printed *for the first time*. Its interest must be considerably impaired in the eyes of a general reader, by the local and personal allusions in which it consists; but it is, nevertheless, well worthy of a place, as containing many things in Burns's very best manner.

For Murray's light horse are to muster ;
And oh, how the heroes will swear !

And there will be Murray commander,
And Gordon the battle to win :
Like brithers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and sin.

And there will be black-nebbed Johnnie,
The tongue of the trump to them a' ;
If he get na hell for his haddin',
The deil gets nae justice ava !

And there will be Templeton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane ;
But, as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff :
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped ;
She's gotten the heart of a B——by,
But what has become of the head ?

And there will be Cardoness' squire,
So mighty in Cardoness eyes ;
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christening towns far and near ;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the doup of a peer.

And there will be Kenmure sae generous,
Whose honour is proof 'gainst the storm ;
To save them frae stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle ;
 The body, e'en let him escape :
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

And there is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
 Sae famed for his grateful return ?
 The billie is getting his questions,
 To say in St Stephen's the morn.

And there will be lads of the gospel,
 Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true ;
 And there will be Buittle's apostle,
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be folk frae St Mary's,*
 A house o' great merit and note :
 The deil ane but honours them highly—
 The deil ane will gie them his vote.

And there will be wealthy young Richard :
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck :
 But for prodigal thriftless bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brither Nabobs ;
 Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first.
 And there will be Colliston's whiskers,
 And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.

And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie—
 Tak tent how you purchase a dram ;
 And there will be gay Cassencarry ;
 And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.

* Meaning the family of the Earl of Selkirk, resident at St Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright.

And there will be trusty Kirrochtrie,
 Whase honour is ever his sa':
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

And can we forget the auld Major,
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?
 Our flattery we'll keep for some other;
 Him only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
 And also Barskimming's gude wight;
 And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
 Wha luckily roars in the right.

And there, frae the Niddisdale border,
 We'll mingle the Maxwells in droves,
 Teuch Jockie, stanch Geordie, and Willie,
 That granes for the fishes and loaves.

And there will be Logan M'D——l;
 Sculduddery and he will be there;
 And also the Scott o' Galloway,
 Sodgering, gunpowder Blair.

Then hey! the chaste interest o' Broughton,
 And hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons;
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king.

And hey! for the sanctified M—r—y,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
 He foundered his horse among harlots,
 But gied the *auld mare* to the Lord.

STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Steer her up.*

O STEER her up and haud her gaun ;
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
 And gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.

First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' another gill, jo ;
 And gin she tak the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate ;
 And gin she tak it ill, jo,
 Then lea' the lassie to her fate,
 And time nae langer spill, jo.

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebut,
 But think upon it still, jo,
 That gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll find another will, jo.*

* This song, and the four which follow, are from Johnson's Musical Museum. It is somewhat strange that they should have been overlooked by Dr Currie, and still more so, that they should have also escaped the research of the many less scrupulous editors who have laboured since. They are not, perhaps, in Burns's best style; but, as Johnson's work is so rare as to render them almost as good as manuscript, their insertion here seems at least justifiable.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES.

BURNS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
 Gude news hae I to tell ;
 There's a boat fu' o' lads
 Come to our toun to sell.

The wean wants a cradle,
 And the cradle wants a cod ;
 And I'll no gang to my bed,
 Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mother, quo' she,
 Do ye what ye can,
 I'll no gang to my bed
 Till I get a man.

I hae as gude a craft-rig
 As made o' yird and stane ;
 And waly fa' the ley crap,
 For I maun till't again.

~~~~~

## LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

BURNS.

TUNE—*O lay thy loof in mine, lass.*

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me muckle wae ;

But now he is my deadly fae,  
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;  
But thou art queen within my breast,  
For ever to remain.



**HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE  
LASS.**

BURNS.

*TUNE—Logan Burn.*

HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass !  
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' thee !  
I'll come nae mair to thy bouir door,  
To tell thee that I loe thee.  
Oh dinna think, my pretty pink,  
But I can live without thee :  
I vow and swear I dinna care  
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing  
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;  
I'll be as free informing thee,  
Nae time hae I to tarry.  
I ken thy friends try ilka means  
Frae wedlock to delay thee,  
Depending on some higher chance ;  
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate ;  
But that does never grieve me ;  
For I'm as free as ony he :  
Sma' siller will relieve me.

I'll count my health my greatest wealth,  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it :  
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
 Sae lang's I get employment.

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And aye until ye try them ;  
 Though they seem fair, still have a care,  
 They may prove bad as I am.  
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,  
 My dear I'll come and see thee ;  
 For the man that loes his mistress weel,  
 Nae travel makes him weary.



## SCROGGAM.

BURNS.

THERE was a wife wonned in Cockpen,  
 Scroggam ;  
 She brewed gude ale for gentlemen :  
 Sing, auld Cowl, lay ye down by me ;  
 Scroggam, my dearie, Ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,  
 Scroggam ;  
 The priest o' the parish fell in another :  
 Sing, auld Cowl, lay ye down by me ;  
 Scroggam, my dearie, Ruffum.

They laid the twa in the bed thegither,  
 Scroggam,  
 That the heat o' the tane might cool the tother :  
 Sing, auld Cowl, lay ye down by me ;  
 Scroggam, my dearie, Ruffum.

## I'LL SOON HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

ROBERT WHITLEY.

FRAE Clyde to the banks o' sweet Earn  
 I've travell'd fu' mony a lang mile ;  
 But thoughts o' my dearest lass Ailie  
 The wearisome hours did beguile.  
 The happy wae night that we parted,  
 She vow'd she wad constant remain :  
 My heart-strings a' dirl'd wi' fondness ;  
 I kiss'd and I kiss'd her again.

'Tis not that her cheeks are like roses,  
 Nor yet for her dark-rowing ee ;  
 'Tis not for her sweet comely features ;  
 These charms are a' naething to me.  
 The storms o' this life may soon blast them,  
 Or sickness may snatch them away ;  
 But virtue, when fix'd in the bosom,  
 Will flourish and never decay.

Nae langer I'll spend a' my siller ;  
 Nae langer I'll now lie my lane ;  
 Nae langer I'll hunt after lasses ;  
 I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.  
 For mony a wild foot have I wander'd,  
 And mony a night spent in vain,  
 Wi' drinking, and dancing, and courting :  
 But I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.

Her mother's aye roaring and flyting :  
 " I rede ye, tak tent o' that chiel ;  
 He'll no be that canny to leeve wi' ;  
 He'll ne'er be like douce Geordie Steele.



He's courtit far ower mony lasses ;  
 To slight them he thinks it gude fun ;  
 He'll mak but a sober half-marrow  
 Ye'd best rue before ye be bun'."

Though Geordie be laird o' a housie,  
 And brags o' his kye and his pelf,  
 And warld's gear I be right scant o' ;  
 A fig for't as lang's I've my health !  
 If ance I were kippled wi' Ailie,  
 She'll seldom hae cause to complain ;  
 We'll jog on through life aye right cannie,  
 When I get a wife o' my ain.

But if that my Ailie prove faithless,  
 And marry before I return,  
 I'll ne'er, like a coof, greet about her,  
 Nor yet for ae minute I'll mourn.  
 Awa straight to some other beauty  
 Without loss o' time I will hie,  
 And shaw to the lasses I'm careless,  
 Unless they're as willing as I. \*



## THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

BURNS.

TUNE—*Banks of Ayr.*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain.

\* The author of this song is a weaver at the village of Biggar, in Lanarkshire. The heroine's name was Alison Bogle.

The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
 While here I wander, prest with care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn,  
 By early winter's ravage torn ;  
 Across her placid azure sky  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows, roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
 Though death in every shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear :  
 But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
 The scene where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
 Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,  
 My peace with these, my love with those ;  
 The bursting tears my heart declare ;  
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.\*

\* Burns wrote this song, while conveying his chest so far on the road from Ayrshire to Greenock, where he intended to embark in a few days for Jamaica. He designed it, he says, as his farewell dirge to his native country.

## A SOUTH-SEA SONG.\*

RAMSAY.

TUNE—*For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we cam to London toun,  
 We dreamed of gowd in gowpens† here,  
 And rantingly ran up and doun,  
 In rising stocks to buy a skair : ‡  
 We daftly thought to row in rowth,  
 But for our daffin' § paid richt dear ;  
 The lave || will fare the waur in trowth,  
 For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purses toom, ¶  
 And dainty stocks began to fa',  
 We hung our lugs,\*\* and, wi' a gloom,  
 Girmed at stock-jobbing, aue and a'.  
 If ye gang near the South-sea House,  
 The whilly-whas †† will grip your gear ;  
 Syne a' the lave will fare the waur  
 For our lang biding here.

\* Written on the famous South-Sea Bubble, 1720.

† A *gowpen*, in the Scottish language, signifies as much as one can hold in both hands together.

‡ Share.

§ *Daffin'*—sportive behaviour. For instance, a late professor of the College of Edinburgh used to translate “*Dulce est desipere in loco*,” *wee-timed daffin'*.

|| The rest.

¶ Empty.

\*\* Ears.

†† *Whilly-wha* is an epithet of contempt, applied to a person who endeavours to deceive by the plenitude and glossiness of his language.

## THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

WILLIAM WILSON.

Wha my kettle now will boil,  
 Wha will cheer me wi' her smile,  
 Wha will lichten a' my toil,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Wha will meet me on the stair,  
 Wha will kiss me kindly there,  
 And lull to rest ilk earthly care,  
 When thou art far awa'?

When the day is at a close,  
 Wha will mak my wee drap brose,  
 Snodly mend my holley hose,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Wha will wi' my failings bear,  
 Wha my e'enin' psalm will share,  
 Wha will kneel wi' me in prayer,  
 When thou art far awa'?

When the nights grow lang and cauld,  
 And the wind blows snell and bauld,  
 Wha her arms will round me fauld,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Wha will trigly mak my bed,  
 Draw my nichtcap o'er my head,  
 And kiss me when I down am laid,  
 When thou art far awa'?

Nane!—and dowie now I gang  
 Through the house the hale nicht lang,

Croonin ower some simple sang  
O' her that's far awa.

Now I downa bide to leuk  
Ayont the cheerless ingle neuk,  
Where aft I read the haly beuk  
To her that's far awa.

Haste, my dearest! haste ye hame,  
Come, my ain beloved dame!  
Ferry ower loch, sea, and stream,  
And ne'er gae mair awa!



### SONG.

JOHN GRIEVE.

TUNE—*Polwart on the Green.*

'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang  
His am'rous roundelay;  
And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang  
On flower and leafy spray.  
The coverlet of gloaming grey  
On every thing was seen,  
When lads and lasses took their way  
To Polwart on the Green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,  
And harmless revelry  
Of young hearts all in unison,  
Wi' love's soft witcherie;  
Their hall the open-daisied lea,  
While frae the welkin sheen,  
The moon shone brightly on the glee  
At Polwart on the Green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,  
 And cheeks of rosy hue,  
 And finer forms, without compare,  
 Than pencil ever drew ;  
 But ane, wi' een of bonnie blue,  
 A' hearts confess'd the queen,  
 And pride of grace and beauty too,  
 At Polwart on the Green.

The miser hoards his golden store,  
 And kings dominion gain ;  
 While others in the battle's roar  
 For honour's trifles strain.  
 Away, such pleasures ! false and vain ;  
 Far dearer mine have been,  
 Among the lowly rural train,  
 At Polwart on the Green.

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### MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

TUNE—*Maggie's Tocher.*

THE meal was dear short syne :  
 We buckled us a' thegither :  
 And Maggie was in her prime,  
 When Willie made courtship till her.  
 Twa pistols charged beguess,  
 To gie the courting shot ;  
 And syne came ben the lass,  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.  
 He speir'd at the gudeman,  
 And syne at Giles the mither,  
 An ye wad gie's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My dochter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gie you her by the hand ;  
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fay,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your tocher it shall be good,  
 There's nane shall hae its maik,  
 The lass bound in her snood,  
 And crummie wha kens her stake,  
 Wi' an auld bedding o' claes,  
 Was left me by my mither ;  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes ;  
 Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak richt weel, gudeman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll no quit your land.  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gaun thegither,  
 A house is but and ben,  
 And Crummie will want her fother.  
 The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither !  
 We've neither pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs thegither.

Your tocher's be guid eneuch,  
 For that ye needna fear,  
 Twa good stilts to the pleuch,  
 And ye yoursell maun steer :  
 Ye sall hae twa guid pocks,  
 That ance were o' the tweel,  
 The tane to haud the groats,  
 The tither to haud the meal :  
 Wi' an auld kist made o' the wands,  
 And that sall be your coffer,

Wi' aiken woody bands,  
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,  
We hae but borrowed gear ;  
The horse that I ride on  
Is Sandy Wilson's mare ;  
The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
And when that I gae hame,  
I maun tak to my coots ;  
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
That gars me look sae crouse ;  
Come fill us a cogue o' swats,  
We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,  
For telling me sae plain ;  
I married when little I had  
O' gear that was my ain.  
But sin' that things are sae,  
The bride she maun come forth,  
Though a' the gear she'll hae,  
'Twill be but little worth.  
A bargain it maun be,  
Fye, cry on Giles the mither ;  
Content am I, quo' she,  
E'en gar the hizzie come hither.

The bride she gaed to her bed,  
The bridegroom he cam till her ;  
The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
And they cuddled it a' thegither.\*

\* Printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) with the signature letter Z, indicating that it was then a song of unknown age.