

# ANNOTATIONS

ON

JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM,

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

[“In the meantime, at your leisure, give a copy of the ‘Museum’ to my worthy friend, Mr. Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddel’s; that I may insert every anecdote I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs.”—Letter to Johnson, 1794. On the copy so ordered, it would appear, the following annotations, or ‘strictures,’ as they have been incorrectly called, were made by our Author, and the book presented by him to Captain Riddel. This valuable memorial of friendship (unfortunately interrupted) came ultimately into possession of the Captain’s niece, Miss Eliza Bayley, of Manchester. By her permission, Mr. Cromek extracted the Notes for publication among his ‘Reliques’—from which we copy them, with Editor’s own notes in their place. We may observe, however, that either the order in which Mr. Cromek has arranged them is incorrect, or the binding of the ‘Museum’ by Mr. Peter Hill has been imperfect—for the annotations are by no means always in the order of the songs as they appear in that work. The songs themselves referred to and commented on we would gladly quote in full, but the limits of our present publication prevent it. A few additional notes or corrections, where necessary, have been added by us [in brackets] from other sources.]

## ANNOTATIONS.

### *The Highland Queen.*

THE Highland Queen, music and poetry, was composed by a Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Vicar, purser of the Solbay man-of-war.—This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

### *Bess the Gawkie.*

THIS song shews that the Scottish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald,\* as I have good reason to believe that the verses and music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen.—It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.

\* Oswald was a music-seller in London, about the year 1750. He published a large collection of Scottish tunes, which he called the Caledonian Pocket Companion. Mr. Tytler observes, that his genius in composition, joined to his taste in the performance of Scottish music, was natural and pathetic. RITSON.

### *Oh, Open the Door, Lord Gregory.*

It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these counties. This, I

conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called both by tradition and in printed collections, “The Lass o’ Lochroyan,” which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway. [Lochryan.]

### *The Banks of the Tweed.*

THIS song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of Anglo-Scottish productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

### *The Beds of sweet Roses.*

THIS song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print—When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard these fanatics, the Buchanites,\* sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.†

\* A set of itinerant fanatics in the West of Scotland, so denominated from their leader, Mrs. Buchan.

† Shakspeare, in his Winter’s Tale, speaks of a Puritan who “sings psalms to hornpipes.”

*Roslin Castle.*

THESE beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit,\* a young man that Dr. Blacklock, to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the tune. Tytler, in his amusing history of Scots music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, where he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.

\* Richard Hewit, Ritson observes, was taken when a boy, during the residence of Dr. Blacklock in Cumberland, to lead him.—He addressed a copy of verses to the Doctor on quitting his service.—Among the verses are the following lines:

“How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;  
Whistled or sung some Fair distrest,  
When fate would steal a tear.”

“Alluding,” as it said in a note, “to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the wintry nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.”

*Blacklock's Poems*, 1795, 8vo. p. 5.

*Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she.*

THIS song for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

*Clout the Cauldron.*

A TRADITION is mentioned in the *Bee*, that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way, as to hear *Clout the Cauldron* played.

I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune—

“Hae ye ony pots or pans,  
Or onie broken chanlers,”

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the Cavalier times; and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

“The Blacksmith and his Apron,”

which from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.

*Saw ye my Peggy.*

THIS charming song is much older, and indeed superior, to Ramsay's verses, “The Toast,” as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear.

Saw ye my Maggie,  
Saw ye my Maggie,  
Saw ye my Maggie  
Linkin o'er the lea?

High kilted was she,  
High kilted was she,  
High kilted was she,  
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,  
What mark has your Maggie,  
What mark has your Maggie  
That ane may ken her *be?* (*by*)

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.

*The Flowers of Edinburgh.*

THIS song is one of the many effusions of Scots Jacobitism.—The title, “Flowers of Edinburgh,” has no manner of connection with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites.—I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyric reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them.—This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots Poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head:—and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stewart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme

*Jamie Gay.*

JAMIE Gay is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece.

*My dear Jockey.*

ANOTHER Anglo-Scottish production.

*Fye, Gae rub her o'er wi' Strae.*

IT is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:—

Gin ye meet a bonie lassie,  
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;  
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,  
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,  
Fye gae rub her o'er wi' strae:  
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,  
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

*The Lass o' Liviston.*

THE old song, in three eight-line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion.—It begins,

The bonie lass o' Liviston,  
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,  
And she has written in her contract,  
To lie her lane, to lie her lane.  
&c. &c.

*The last Time I came o'er the Moor.*

RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

*Jockie's Gray Breeks.*

THOUGH this has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland, called, *The Weaver and his Shuttle O*, which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.

*The Happy Marriage.*

ANOTHER, but very pretty, Anglo-Scottish piece.

*The Lass of Peaty's Mill.*

IN Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, this song is localized (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the north of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire.—The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertsonland, who had it from the last John Earl of Loudon.—The then Earl of Loudon and father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place yet called Peaty's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song.—Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.\*

\* This anecdote is somewhat differently told in Dr. Currie's ed., vol. iv., No. 19. [Difference very slight indeed, and implies no contradiction.]

*The Turnin'spike.\**

THERE is a stanza of this excellent song for local humour, omitted in this set,—where I have placed the asterisms.†

They tak the horse then by te head,  
And tere tey mak her stan', man;  
Me tell tem, me hae seent to day,  
Tey no had sic comman', man.

\* [Compare note on 'Clout the Cauldron,' under which present annotation was probably written, that being the name of the tune to which *Turnin'spike* in the 'Museum' is set.]

† Burns has placed the asterisms between the 9th and 10th verses.

*Highland Laddie.*

AS this was a favorite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the *Musical Museum*, beginning, "I hae been at Crookie-den."—One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of, "The auld Highland laddie."—It is also known by the name of, "Jinglan Johnie," which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times.—As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of "Highland Laddie;" while every body knows "Jinglan Johnie." The song begins

Jinglan John, the meickle man,  
He met wi' a lass was blythe and bonie.

Another *Highland Laddie* is also in the Museum, vol. v., which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus—"O my bonie Highland lad, &c." It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus; and has humour in its composition—it is an excellent but somewhat licentious song.—It begins

As I came o'er the Cairney-Mount,  
And down among the blooming heather, &c.

This air, and the common *Highland Laddie*, seem only to be different sets.

Another *Highland Laddie*, also in the Museum, vol. v., is the tune of several Jacobite fragments.—One of these old songs to it, only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines—

Whare hae ye been a' day,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie?  
Down the back o' Bell's brae,  
Courtin Maggie, courtin Maggie.

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air, called, the new *Highland Laddie*.\*

\* The following observation was found in a memorandum book belonging to the poet.

*The Highlanders' Prayer, at Sheriff-Muir.*

"O L—d be thou with us; but, if thou be *not* with us, be not against us; *but leave it between the red coats and us!*"

*The Gentle Swain.*

To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses, is downright \* \* \* of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.

*He stole my tender Heart away.*

THIS is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.

*Fairest of the Fair.*

[O Nanie wilt thou gang wi' me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot and russet gown?—*Museum*.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot and russet gown?—*Percy*.]

It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots,

to offer to pass it for a Scots song.—I was not acquainted with the Editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.

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*The Blaithrie o't.\**

THE following is a set of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing.

O Willy, weel I mind, I lent you my hand  
To sing you a song which you did me command;  
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot  
That you called it the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,  
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;  
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,  
And preferable to gear and the blaithrie o't.—

Tho' my lassie has nae scarlets or silks to put on,  
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne;  
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she eam in her smock,  
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

Tho' we hae nae horses or minzie† at command,  
We'll toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand;  
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in any spot,  
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie o't.—

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent;  
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will ay be content;  
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a groat,  
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie o't.—

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen;  
They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim:  
On your kirk I'll near encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,  
Sae tak this for the gear and the blaithrie o't.

\* "*Shame fall the gear and the blaithrie o't,*" is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth.

*Kelly's Scots Proverbs*, p. 296.

† *Minzie*—retinue—followers.

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*May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.*

[The silver moon's enamour'd beams  
Steal softly through the night,  
To wanton in the winding streams,  
And kiss reflected light.  
To courts begone! heart-soothing sleep,  
Where you've so seldom been:  
Whilst I May's watchful vigils keep,  
With Kate of Aberdeen:  
With Kate of Aberdeen!]

KATE of Aberdeen, is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country,\* his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, "*as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!*" This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.

\* Cunningham was a native of Ireland.—See *Dr. Anderson's Life of Cunningham, British Poets*, vol. x.

*Tweed-Side.*

[What beauties does Flora disclose!  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,  
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.]

IN Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with the letters D. C. &c.—Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the worthy and able defender of the beautiful queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C, in the *Tea-table*, were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achname, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France.—As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of *Tweed-Side*, is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honor to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford;\* the Mary he celebrates, was a Mary Stewart, of the Castle-Milk family,† afterwards married to a Mr. John Ritchie.

I have seen a song, calling itself the original *Tweed-side*, and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first.—

When Maggy and I was acquaint,  
I carried my noddle fu' hie;  
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,  
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me:  
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed;  
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed;  
So now I maun wander abroad,  
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.—

[\* There has been some uncertainty with respect to this Crawford. Stenhouse, on plausible authority, affirms that his name was William Crawford, of the house of Auchname, Renfrewshire; who was also a poet, but of a remoter date. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, commenting on this, adduces clearer evidence to show, that he was a Robert Crawford, a cadet of the house of Drumsoy—in which respect only, therefore, and not as to his name, our Author's information was incorrect.]

† If the reader refers to note in page 307, he will there find that Sir Walter Scott states this song to have been written in honour of another lady, a *Miss Mary Lillias Scott*, the Flower of Yarrow.

*The Posie.*

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his *Roslin Castle* on the modulation of this air.—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice had no great merit.—The following is a specimen:

There was a pretty may\* and a milkin she went;  
Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair:  
And she has met a young man a comin o'er the bent,  
With a double and adieu to thee, fair may.  
O where are ye goin, my ain pretty may,  
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair?  
Unto the yowes a milkin, kind sir, she says,  
With a double and adieu to thee, fair may.  
What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty may,  
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair;  
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir, she says,  
With a double and adieu to thee, fair may.

\* *May*—Maid—young woman.

*Mary's Dream.*

[The moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tow'r and tree :  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Saying, Mary weep no more for me.]

THE Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghee, daughter to the Laird of Airds, in Galloway. The Poet was a Mr. Alexander Lowe, who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called Pompey's Ghost.—I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland.—By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love disappointment.

*The Maid that tends the Goats.*

BY MR. DUDGEON.

THIS Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

*I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

I NEVER heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

*Allan Water.*

THIS Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honoured with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water, in Strathhallan.

*There's nae Luck about the House.*

THIS is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language.—The two lines,—

“And will I see his face again?  
“And will I hear him speak?”

as well as the preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read : and the lines,—

“The present moment is our ain,  
“The niest we never saw”—

are worthy of the first poet.—It is long posterior to Ramsay's days.—About the year 1771, or 72, it came first on the streets as a ballad ; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.\*

\* [Our readers are no doubt aware that this beautiful song was the composition of William Julius Mickle, of Langholm, a man of exquisite taste, both as an original writer and as a translator. This discovery was not made until the year 1810; previous to which date, it had been ascribed to one Mrs. Jean Adams, Crawford's-Dyke, Greenock. It must be mentioned, however, that the stanza containing the two lines so much admired by our Author, and declared by him to be “worthy of the first poet,” was not the composition of Mickle, but an addition by Dr. Beattie at a later date. The song itself could not be much older than 1760.]

*Tarry Woo.*

THIS is a very pretty song ; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

*Gramachree.*

THE song of *Gramachree* was composed by a Mr. Poe, a counsellor at law in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the “Molly,” who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr. Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line has more true pathos than—

“How can she break that honest heart that wears her in its core!”

But as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection.

*The Collier's Bonie Lassie.*

THE first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay.—The old words began thus :

The collier has a dochter, and, O, she's wonder bonie !  
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.  
She wad na hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady ;  
But she wad hae a collier, the color o' her daddie.

*My ain kind Dearie, O.*

THE old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted ; which were mostly composed by poor Ferguson, in one of his merry humors.—The old words began thus ;

I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O ;  
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O :  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

*Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow.\**

[Happy's the love that meets return,  
When in soft flame souls equal burn ;  
But words are wanting to discover,  
The torments of a hopeless lover.  
Ye registers of heaven relate,  
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
Mary Scott, the Flow'r of Yarrow!]

Mr. Robertson in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, as it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times.—The father-in-law agrees to keep the daughter, for some time after the marriage ; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon.†

\* A very interesting account of “The Flower of Yarrow” appears in a note to Sir Walter Scott's “*Marmion*.”

† Near the lower extremity of Saint Mary's Lake (a beautiful sheet of water, forming the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source), are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than

his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family." Sir Walter proceeds to relate that "he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name; and that the words usually sung to the air of "Tweed-side," beginning, 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour."—*Notes to Canto ii.*, p. 38.

† The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders begin their nightly depredations.

—  
Down the Burn, Davie.

I HAVE been informed, that the tune of "Down the Burn, Davie," was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddell, in Tweeddale.\*

\* [The music is considerably older—older than 1725.]

—  
Blink o'er the Burn, sweet Bettie.

THE old words, all that I remember are,—

Blink over the Burn, sweet Betty,  
It is a cauld winter night;  
It rains, it hails, it thunders,  
The moon she gies nae light:  
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,  
That ever I tint my way;  
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee  
Until it be break o' day.

O, Betty will bake my bread,  
And Betty will brew my ale,  
And Betty will be my love,  
When I come over the dale:  
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,  
Blink over the burn to me;  
And while I hae life, dear lassie,  
My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

—  
The Blithsome Bridal.

I FIND the Blithsome Bridal in James Watson's collection of Scots poems, printed at Edinburgh, in 1709. This collection, the publisher says, is the first of its nature which has been published in our native Scots dialect—it is now extremely scarce.\*

\* [Only three parts (1709, 1710, 1711), constituting one volume—a small octavo—of this book, were ever published: Edinburgh. The book is now, indeed, extremely rare; a single copy, according to condition, being valued from two to five guineas. From copy in our own possession we have extracted the song of *Old Long Syne*, already before our readers.]

—  
John Hay's Bonie Lassie.

[By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining;  
Aft cry'd he, oh hey! maun I still live pining  
Myself thus away, and darna discover  
To my bony lass, that I am her lover!  
Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;  
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer;  
Then I'll tak a heart, and try' at a venture—  
Maybe, ere we part, my vows may content her.]

JOHN Hay's Bonie Lassie was daughter of John Hay, Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh.—She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 and 1740.

—  
The Bonie Brucket Lassie.

[The bonie brucket lassie,  
She's blue beneath the een;  
She was the fairest lassie  
That danc'd on the green.  
A lad he loo'd her dearly,  
She did his love return;  
But his vows he has broken,  
And left her for to mourn.]

THE two first lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *Museum* marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: A mortal, who though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God, and Solomon-the-son-of-David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' which he composed at half a guinea a week!\*

\* A short sketch of this eccentric character may be seen at the end of Remarks.

—  
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been.

THIS song is beautiful.—The chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn any thing of its author.

*Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,  
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
My heart it is like for to break,  
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.*

—  
The Bush aboon Traquair.

[Hear me, ye nymphs and every swa'n,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
Tho' thus I languish and complain,  
Alas! she ne'er believes me:  
My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
Unheeded never move her;  
The bonny bush aboon Traquair  
Was where I first did love her.]

THIS is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shews the old "Bush;" which, when I saw it in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The new Bush."\*

\* [Suggesting most probably the planting of this very 'Bush,' we have heard the following anecdote:—The Duchess of Gordon (if we mistake not), on some festive occasion, took the heir apparent of the Earldom—who was remarkable for large red bushy locks—by the hair of the head, and shaking it playfully, exclaimed, "O lad, lad, what wad ye gie, gin this war the Bush aboon Traquair!" "Not quite so fast," replied the abashed youth, "not quite so fast, please your ladyship."]

—  
Cromlet's Lilt.

[Since all thy vows, false maid,  
Are blown to air;  
And my poor heart betrayed  
To sad despair;  
Into some wilderness  
My grief I will express,  
And thy hardheartedness,  
O cruel fair!]

THE following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Frazer Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee.

"In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

"At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune or found a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay brother of the monastry of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them; Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called Cromlet's Lilt, a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

"When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate: but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother with whom she lived, and who having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands—she submitted, rather than consented to the ceremony: but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put to bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out that after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying *Helen, Helen, mind me!* Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage annulled,—and Helen became lady Cromlecks."

N.B.—Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strewn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

*My Dearie, if thou die.*

[Love never more shall give me pain,  
My fancy's fix'd on thee:  
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
My Peggy, if thou die.  
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,  
Thy love's so true to me,  
Without thee I can never live,  
My deary, if thou die.]

ANOTHER beautiful song of Crawford's.

*She rose and let me in.*

[The night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies,  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more,  
Than those in Nelly's eyes.  
When to her father's door I came,  
Where I had often been,  
I begg'd my fair and lovely dame,  
To rise and let me in.]

THE old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this; but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

*Go to the Ewe-bughts, Marion.*

[Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, my Marion,  
And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
But nae half sae sweet as thee;  
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
But nae half sae sweet as thee.]

I AM not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland.—There is a song apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins thus:

The Lord o' Gordon had three doechters,  
Mary, Marget, and Jean;  
They wad na stay at Bonie Castle Gordon,  
But awa to Aberdeen.

*Lewis Gordon.\**

[Oh! send Lewis Gordon home,  
And the lad I winna name:  
Tho' his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa.]

THIS air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed,

"Tune of Tarry Woo"—

Of which tune, a different set has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,

"Tho' his back be at the wa',"—

—must be very striking.—It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song.

\* The supposed author of Lewis Gordon was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainzie.—R.B. [Rev. Mr. Geddes projected a new Translation of the Bible, with notes, but died before it was completed.]

*Oh ono Chrio.\**

DR. BLACKLOCK informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

\* A corruption of *O hone a rie'* signifying—"Alas for the prince, or chief."

*I'll never leave thee.*

[One day I heard Mary say,  
How shall I leave thee?  
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay;  
Why wilt thou grieve me!]

THIS is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner,—What an absurdity, to join such names as *Adonis* and *Mary* together.

—————

*The mucking of Geordie's Byar.*

[*The mucking of Geordie's Byar,  
And the shooting the griup so clean,  
Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,  
And brought the salt tears in my e'en.*]

THE chorus of this song is old; the rest is the work of Balloon Tytler.

—————

*Bide ye yet.*

THERE is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning,  
"Alas, my son, you little know"—  
which is the composition of a Miss Jenny Graham of Dumfries.

—————

*Waukin o' the Fauld.*

[My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens;  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay;  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld;  
Yet well I like to meet her,  
At the wawkin o' the fauld.]

THERE are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd.—It begins

O will ye speak at our town,  
As ye come frae the fauld, &c.

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humor.

—————

*Tranent-Muir.*

"TRANENT-MUIR," was composed by a Mr. Skirvan, a very worthy respectable farmer near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza,\* came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirvan to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song.—"Gang awa back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here; and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa."—

\* Stanza IX.

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,  
Was brought down to the ground, man;  
His horse being shot, it was his lot  
For to get mony a wound man:  
*Lieutenant Smith*, of Irish birth,  
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
Being full of dread, tap o'er his head,  
And wadna be gainsaid, man!"

—————

*To the Weaver's gin ye go.*

THE Chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine.—Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent.

—————

*Polwarth on the Green.*

[At Polwart on the Green,  
If you'll meet me the morn,  
Where lasses do conven,  
To dance about the thorn:  
A kindly welcome you shall meet,  
Frae her wha likes to view  
A lover and a lad compleat,  
The lad and lover you.]

THE author of "Polwarth on the Green," is Capt. John Drummond M'Grigor, of the family of Bochalzie.

—————

*Strephon and Lydia.*

[All lonely on the sultry beach  
Expiring Strephon lay:  
No hand the cordial draught to reach,  
Nor clear the gloomy way.  
Ill fated youth! no parent nigh  
To catch thy fleeting breath,  
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,  
Or smooth the face of Death]

THE following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the "Gentle Jean," celebrated somewhere in Mr. Hamilton of Bangour's poems.—Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthage.

The author of this song was William Wallace, Esq., of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

—————

*I'm o'er young to marry yet.*

THE chorus of this song is old.—The rest of it, such as it is, is mine.

—————

*M'Pherson's Farewel.*

M'PHERSON, a daring robber, in the beginning of this century, was condemned to be hanged at the assizes at Inverness. He is said, when under sentence of death, to have composed this tune, which he called his own lament, or farewel.

Gow has published a variation of this fine tune as his own composition, which he calls, "The Princess Augusta."



*My Jo, Janet.*

JOHNSON, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous ballad.

\* \* \* \*

*The Shepherd's Complaint.\**

THE words by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

\*[Cannot be distinctly traced by this title in 'Museum.']

*The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

I COMPOSED these stanzas standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at, or near, Moness.

*The Highland Lassie, O.*

THIS was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the Banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West-Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.

[See Highland Mary—Appendix.]

*Fife, and a' the Lands about it.*

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough perhaps, but they served as a vehicle to the music.

*Were na my Heart light, I wad die.*

[There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men;  
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;  
But now she cries dool, and a well-a-day!  
Come down the green gate, and come here away!  
When bonny young Johny came o'er the sea,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me,  
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things:  
And were na my heart light, I wad die.]

[Johny's envious sister prevents a happy marriage.]

LORD HAILES, in the notes to his collection of ancient Scots poems, says that this song was the composition of a Lady Grissel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, of Jerviswood.

*The Young Man's Dream.*

[One night I dream'd I lay most easy,  
By a murm'ring river's side;  
Where lovely banks were spread with daisies,  
And the stream did smoothly glide.] &c.

THIS song is the composition of Balloon Tytler.

*Strathallan's Lament.*

THIS air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best hearted men living—Allan Masterton, Schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause.

To tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*.

*Up in the Morning early.*

THE chorus of this is old; the two stanzas are mine.

*Up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snow,  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

Cold blaws the wind frae east to west,  
The drift is driving sairly;  
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
A' day they fare but sparely;  
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn;  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

*The Tears of Scotland.*

[Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!]

DR. Blacklock told me that Smollett, who was at bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

*What will I do, gin my Hoggie die.*

DR. Walker, who was Minister at Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History, in the University of Edinburgh, told the following anecdote concerning this air.—He said that some gentlemen riding a few years ago, through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Moss-Platt; when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock at her door, was singing.—All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called, "What will I do gin my Hoggie die." No person, except a few females at Moss Platt, knew this fine old tune; which, in all probability, would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down.

*I dream'd I lay where Flowers were springing.*

THESE two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.

*Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate.*

Tune, *Gallashiels*.

[Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish.]

THE old title, "Sour Plums o' Gallashiels," probably was the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost.

The tune of Gallashiels was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Gallashiels' piper.

—

*The Banks of Devon.*

THESE verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Herveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.—I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work.

—

*Mill, Mill, O.*

THE original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is still extant.—It runs thus,

*Chorus.*

*The mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,  
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O;  
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,  
And danc'd the miller's reel O.—*

*As I eam down yon waterside,  
And by yon shellin-hill O,  
There I spied a bonie bonie lass,  
And a lass that I lov'd right weel O.*

—

*We ran and they ran.*

THE author of "We ran and they ran"—was a Rev. Mr. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Dee-side.

—

*Waly, Waly.*

IN the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza.—Instead of the four lines beginning with "When cockle shells, &c.," the other way ran thus:—

*O wherefore need I busk my head,  
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,  
Sin my fause luv has me forsook,  
And says, he'll never luv me mair.*

—

*Duncan Gray.*

DR. BLACKLOCK informed me that he had often heard the tradition that this air was composed by a carman in Glasgow.

—

*Dumbarton's Drums.*

[Dumbarton's drums beat bony, O,  
When they mind me o' my dear Johnny, O!]

THIS is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland. The oldest Ayrshire reel is Stewarton Lassies, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lysle; since which period there has

indeed been local music in that country in great plenty.—Johnie Faa is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

\* [Notwithstanding the great and varied acquaintance of our Author with Scottish music, &c., there seems to have been a mistake here: The Title of Dumbarton (or Dumbarton's) Drums having been derived not from the ancient and celebrated town of that name, but from a regiment commanded by the Earl of Dumbarton.]

—

*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

THIS song is by the Duke of Gordon.—The old verses are,

*There's Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,  
And Castocks in Strathbogie;  
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
Then fye, gie me my coggie.*

*Chorus.*

*My coggie, Sirs, my coggie, Sirs,  
I cannot want my coggie:  
I wadna gie my three-girr'd cap  
For e'er a quene on Bogie.*

*There's Johnie Smith has got a wife  
That scrimps him o' his coggie;  
If she were mine, upon my life,  
I wad douk her in a bogie.*

*My coggie, Sirs, &c.*

—

*For lake of Gold.*

*[For lake of gold she's left me, Oh!  
And of all that's dear bereft me, Oh!  
She me forsook, for a great duke,  
And to endless care has left me, Oh!]*

THE country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line—

*She me forsook, for a great duke,  
For Athole's duke, she me forsook;*

say,

which I take to be the original reading.

THESE words were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh.—He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married; but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the doctor.

[“This lady, a Miss Drummond of Megginch, having survived her first husband, married the late Lord Adam Gordon, uncle to Alexander, the then Duke of Gordon”—and the Doctor too, notwithstanding his disappointment, “afterwards married, and had a fine family of children.”—*Stenhouse.*]

—

*Here's a Health to my true Love, &c.*

*[To me what are riches encumber'd with care?  
To me what is pomp's insignificant glare?  
No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,  
Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.]*

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's.—He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

—

*Hey tutti, taiti.*

I HAVE met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was *Robert Bruce's* march at the battle of *Bannockburn*.\*

\* It does not seem at all probable that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch; it being their custom at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart,

they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not therefore likely that these unpolished warriors would be curious

"to move  
"In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
"Of flutes and self recorders."

These horns, indeed, are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour, to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence; so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe. See *Ritson's Hist. Essay on Scottish Song*.

*Raving Winds around her Blowing.*

I COMPOSED these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon; who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortification he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his finances.

*Tak your auld Cloak about ye.*

A PART of this old song according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspeare.\*

\* In the drinking scene in Othello—Iago sings:

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he called the tailor lown;  
He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:  
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

The old song from which these stanzas are taken, was recovered by Dr. Percy, and preserved by him in his "Reliques of Antient Poetry."—*Cromek*.

*Ye Gods, was Strephon's Picture blest!*

Tune, *Fourteenth of October*.

[Ye Gods, was Strephon's picture blest  
With the fair heav'n of Chloe's breast!]

THE title of this air shews that it alludes to the famous king Crispian, the patron of the honourable corporation of Shoemakers.—St. Crispian's day falls on the fourteenth of October, old style, as the old proverb tells:

"On the fourteenth of October  
"Was ne'er a sutor sober."

*Since robb'd of all that charm'd my View.*

[Since robb'd of all that charm'd my view,  
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair;  
Ye smiling native scenes adieu,  
With each delightful object there!]

THE old name of this air is, "The blossom o' the Raspberry." The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

*Kirk wad let me be.*

TRADITION in the western parts of Scotland tells, that this old song, of which there are still three stanzas extant, once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the Revolution, a period when being a Scots Covenantanter was being a felon, that one of their clergy who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell

in, by accident, with a party of the military. The soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John," to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners, very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect; and among other convivial exhibitions, sung (and some traditions say, composed on the spur of the occasion), "Kirk wad let me be," with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d—d honest fellow, and that it was impossible *he* could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favorite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a peruke, commonly made of carded tow, represents hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw-rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw-ropes twisted round his ankles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather: his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can. In this plight he is brought into the wedding-house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

"O, I am a silly auld man,  
"My name it is auld Glenae,"\* &c.

He is asked to drink, and by and by to dance, which, after some uncouth excuses, he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called, "Auld Glenae;" in short, he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still in all his riot, nay in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

\* Glenae, on the small river Ae, in Annandale; the seat and designation of an ancient branch, and the present representative, of the gallant but unfortunate Dalziels of Carnwath.—This is the Author's note.

*Musing on the roaring Ocean.*

I COMPOSED these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. M'Lachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.

*Blythe was she.*

I COMPOSED these verses while I stayed at Ochertyre with Sir William Murray.—The lady, who was also at Ochertyre at the same time, was the well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lentrose, who was called, and very justly, The Flower of Strathmore.

*Johnny Faa, or the Gypsy Laddie.*

[The gypsies eam to our Lord's yett,  
And vow but they sang sweetly;  
They sang sae sweet, and sae compleat,  
That down eam the fair lady.]

THE people in Ayrshire begin this song—

“The gypsies cam to my Lord Cassillis’ yett”—

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy.—The castle is still remaining at Maybole, where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse and kept her for life.

[This Earl of Cassillis is understood to have been the same who was one of the Scottish Commissioners to Westminster Assembly of Divines. During his absence there, the elopement may have taken place. His residence of Cassillis (‘Cassillis Downans’) was in immediate neighbourhood of Maybole. The lady’s prison at Maybole has been recently restored in very elaborate style, as residence for Marquis of Ailsa’s factor. The original window, with sculpture of gypsy’s head in rude workmanship outside, of the room in which the poor Countess was shut up is still preserved.]

*To daunton me.*

THE two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit:

To daunton me, to daunton me,  
O ken ye what it is that’ll daunton me?—  
There’s eighty-eight and eighty-nine,  
And a’ that I hae borne sinsyne,  
There’s ccess and press\* and Presbytrie,  
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,  
O ken ye what it is wad wanton me?—  
To see gude corn upon the rigs,  
And banishment among the Whigs,  
And right restored where right sud be,  
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.

\* Scot and lot.

*The Bonie Lass made the Bed to me.*

“THE Bonie Lass made the Bed to me,” was composed on an amour of Charles II. when skulking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Port-letham; who was the “lass that made the bed to him:”—two verses of it are—

I kiss’d her lips sae rosy red,  
While the tear stood blinkin in her e’e;  
I said my lassie dinna cry,  
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither’s winding sheet,  
And o’t she made a sark to me:  
Blythe and merry may she be,  
The lass that made the bed to me.

[Author refers here, of course, to original old ballad; his own, on the same subject, being infinitely finer.]

*Absence.*

A song in the manner of Shenstone.

[Ye rivers so limpid and clear,  
Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,  
All the beauties that vary the year,  
All the flow’rs on your margin that grow.]

THIS song and air are both by Dr. Blacklock.

*I had a Horse and I had nae mair.*

[I had a horse, and I had nae mair,  
I gat him frae my daddy:  
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
But my wit it was fu’ ready.

And sae I thought me on a time,  
Outwittens of my daddy,  
To fee mysel to a Lawland laird,  
Who had a bonny lady.]

THIS story was founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Barr-mill, was the luckless hero that “had a horse and had nae mair.”—For some little youthful follies, he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where “he feed himself to a *Highland Laird*,” for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard.—The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great-grandchild to our hero.

[William Murray, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Mansfield, is said to have travelled as a youth to London, on a small Highland pony; the price of which, on sale at the conclusion of his journey, was all the future illustrious Chancellor had in the world to establish himself in the metropolis.]

*Up and warn a’, Willie.*

THIS edition of the song I got from *Tom Neil*,\* of facetious fame, in Edinburgh. The expression “Up and warn a’, Willie,” alludes to the Crantars, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west, and south, say, “Up and *waur* them a’,” &c.

\* *Tom Neil* was a carpenter in Edinburgh, and lived chiefly by making coffins. He was also Procentor, or Clerk, in one of the churches. He had a good strong voice, and was greatly distinguished by his power of mimicry, and his humorous manner of singing the old Scottish ballads.—*Cromek*.

[With all imaginable deference to our Author’s judgment, we cannot help believing that his explanation of a title in this instance is erroneous. It seems much more reasonable to suppose that ‘the Lowlanders in the west and south’ should have adopted this title with reference to William of Orange, as the representative of Protestant interests against the Jacobite Roman Catholic party.]

*A Rose-bud by my early Walk.*

THIS song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruikshank, only child to my worthy friend Mr. Wm. Cruikshank, of the High School, Edinburgh. The air is by a David Sillar, *quondam* Merchant, and now Schoolmaster in Irvine. He is the *Davie* to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of the Cherry and the Slae.

*Auld Rob Morris.\**

[There’s auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,  
He’s the king of good fallows, and wale of auld men;  
Hias fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too,  
And Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.]

It is remark-worthy that the song of “Hooly and Fairly,” in all the old editions of it, is called “The Drunken Wife o’ Galloway,” which localizes it to that country.

\* [Revised by Ramsay. Our Author has an entirely different song under this designation.]

*Rattlin, roarin Willie.*

THE last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments.

*Where, braving angry Winter's Storms.*

THIS song I composed on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co.'s bank, Edinburgh.

*Tibbie, I hae seen the Day.*

THIS song I composed about the age of seventeen.

[If our readers compare the last verse of this song [p. 131] with third verse of old song, 'The Blaithrie o't' [p. 306], they will find a curious coincidence. It looks as if that old song had been still in our Author's mind when he added that verse.]

*Nancy's Ghost.*

[Where waving pines salute the skies,  
And silver streams meand'ring flow;  
Where verdant mountains gently rise,  
Thus Sandy sung his tale of woe.]

THIS song is by Dr. Blacklock.

*Tune your Fiddles, &c.*

[Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,  
Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly,  
Here we are a band completely,  
Fitted to be jolly.  
Come, my boys, be blythe and gaucy,  
Every youngster choose his lassie,  
Dance wi' life, and be not saucy,  
Shy nor melancholy.]

THIS song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, Non-juror Clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead. He is likewise the author of Tullochgorum, Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn, John o' Badenyond, &c.; and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the author of an ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon; the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, The Marquis of Huntley's Reel, His Farewel, and Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel, from the old air, "The German Lairdie."

*Gill Morice.*

THIS plaintive ballad ought to have been called Child Maurice, and not Gill Morice. In its present dress, it has gained immortal honour from Mr. Home's taking from it the ground-work of his fine tragedy of Douglas. But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad, called Child Maurice, now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with *Hardycanute*,\* Kenneth, Duncan, The Laird of Woodhouselie, Lord Livingston, Bin- norie, The Death of Monteith, and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers, as ancient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M'Gibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes.

R. R[IDDEL.]

In addition to the observations on Gill Morice, I add, that of the songs which Captain Riddel mentions, Kenneth and Duncan are juvenile compositions of Mr. M'Kenzie, The Man of Feeling.—M'Kenzie's father shewed them in MSS. to Dr. Blacklock, as the production of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make, in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters. This I had from Blacklock.

\* In the year 1719, the celebrated poem or ballad of *Hardycanute*, first appeared at Edinburgh, as a "fragment," in a folio pamphlet of twelve pages.—Ritson.

*Tibbie Dunbar.*

THIS tune is said to be the composition of John M'Gill, fiddler in Girvan. He called it after his own name.

*When I upon thy Bosom lean.*

THIS song was the work of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, THE AYR BANK. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.\*

\* This is the very song "that some kind husband had address to some sweet wife," alluded to with such exquisite delicacy in the *Epistle to J. Lapraik*.

"There was ae sang among the rest,  
"Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,  
"That some kind husband had address  
"To some sweet wife:  
"It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,  
"A' to the life."

When I upon thy bosom lean  
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
I glory in the sacred ties  
That made us aye, wha ance were twain.  
A mutual flame inspires us both,  
The tender look, the melting 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 smooth away,  
That numbers on us look and gaze.  
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,  
Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame;  
And ay when weary cares arise,  
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

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

*My Harry was a Gallant gay.*

Tune, *Highlander's Lament*.

THE oldest title I ever heard to this air was, "The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland." The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine.

[This song, without the slightest original acknowledgment by our Author in the 'Museum,' has been accidentally omitted by us in its proper place: we subjoin it therefore in full, that its connection with 'Museum' may be known.]

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away,  
I'll never see him back again.  
O for him back again,  
O for him back again,  
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen;  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.  
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Harry back again.  
O for him back again,  
O for him back again,  
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again.

#### *The Highland Character.*

[In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;]

THIS tune was the composition of Gen. Reid, and called by him "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March."  
The words are by Sir Harry Erskine.

#### *Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

[The morn was fair, saft was the air,  
All nature's sweets were springing;  
The buds did bow with silver dew,  
Ten thousand birds were singing.]

THERE is in several collections, the old song of Leader Haughs and Yarrow. It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song, "*Minstrel Burn.*"

[The name of this composer was Nicol Burn, who flourished about middle of sixteenth century. His verses (which consist of twelve stanzas), begin—

When Phoebus bright the azure skies  
With golden rays enlight'neth,  
He makes all Nature's beauties rise,  
Herbs, trees and flowers he quick'neth:  
Amongst all those he makes his choice,  
And with delight goes thorow,  
With radiant beams the silver streams  
O'er *Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*—*Stenhouse.*

#### *The Tailor fell thro' the Bed, Thimble an' a'.*

THIS air is the march of the Corporation of Tailors. The second and fourth stanzas are mine.

#### *Beware o' Bonnie Ann.*

I COMPOSED this song out of compliment to Miss Annie Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work.

#### *This is no mine ain House.*

THE first half stanza is old, the rest is Ramsay's. The old words are—

O this is no mine ain house,  
My ain house, my ain house;  
This is no mine ain house,  
I ken by the biggin o't.  
There's bread and cheese are my door-checks,  
Are my door-checks, are my door-checks;  
There's bread and cheese are my door-checks,  
And pan-cakes the riggin o't.  
This is no my ain wean,  
My ain wean, my ain wean;  
This is no my ain wean,  
I ken by the greetie o't.  
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,  
Aff my head, aff my head;  
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,  
And row't about the feetie o't.

The tune is an old Highland air, called *Shuan truish willighan.*

#### *Laddie, lie near me.*

[Hark the loud tempest shakes earth to its center,  
How mad were the task on a journey to venture;  
How dismal's my prospect! of life I am weary;  
O listen my love, I beseech thee to hear me!  
Hear me, hear me, in tenderness hear me;  
All the long winter night, Laddie be near me.]

THIS song is by Blacklock.

#### *The Gardener wi' his Paidle.*

THIS air is the Gardener's March. The title of the song is old; the rest is mine.

#### *The Day returns, my Bosom burns.*

Tune, *Seventh of November.*

I COMPOSED this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fire-side I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life.

#### *The Gaberlunzie-Man.\**

THE Gaberlunzie-Man is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James the Vth. Mr. Callander, of Craigforth, published some years ago an edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and the "Gaberlunzie-Man," with notes critical and historical. James the Vth is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady Parish, and that it was suspected by his cotemporaries, that in his frequent excursions to that part

of the country he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery. Three favourite ladies, Sandilands, Weir, and Oliphant; (one of them resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood,) were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following satirical advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount; Lord Lyon.†

Sow not your seed on Sandylands,  
Spend not your strength in Weir,  
And ride not on an Elephant,  
For spoiling o' your gear.

\* A wallet-man or tinker, who appears to have been formerly a jack of all trades.  
† Sir David was *Lion King-at-Arms*, under James V.

—————  
*My Bonnie Mary.*

THIS air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old, *the rest mine*.

This song, which Burns here acknowledges to be his own, was first introduced by him in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, as two *old stanzas*.

*See Letters* [Currie's ed.], vol. ii. p. 188.

—————  
*The Black Eagle.*

THIS song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

—————  
*Jamie, come try me.*

THIS air is Oswald's; the song mine.

—————  
*The lazy Mist.*

THIS song is mine.

—————  
*Johnie Cope.*

[Hey Johnie Cope are ye waukin yet,  
Or are ye sleeping I would wit!]

THIS satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston-Pans, in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.

The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was

Will ye go to the coals in the morning.

—————  
*I love my Jean.*

[Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,]

THIS air is by Marshal; the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.

N.B. It was during the honey-moon.

—————  
*Cease, cease, my dear Friend, to explore.*

[Cease, cease, my dear friend, to explore  
From whence and how piercing my smart;  
Let the charms of the nymph I adore,  
Excuse and interpret my heart.]

THE song is by Dr. Blacklock; I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too.

*Auld Robin Gray.*

THIS air was formerly called; "The Bridegroom greets when the Sun gangs down."

[This beautiful song, beginning—

*When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the ky at hame,*

was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, of Balcarras; the music by Rev. W. Leeves, of Wrington. There were other, and very inferior songs, under same title.]

—————  
*Donald and Flora.*

[When merry hearts were gay,  
Careless of aught but play,  
Poor Flora slipt away,  
Sad'ning to Mora.\*]

\* A small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

THIS is one of those fine Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the groundwork of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.

—————  
*O were I on Parnassus Hill.*

THIS air is Oswald's: the song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.

—————  
*The Captive Ribband.*

THIS air is called 'Robie donna Gorach.'

[Not a word about authorship; but the song is his own.]

—————  
*There's a Youth in this City.*

THIS air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old; the rest is mine.

—————  
*My Heart's in the Highlands.*

THE first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine.

—————  
*Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes.*

THIS beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air, or words, were in print before.

[Is, in fact, chiefly by our Author.]

—————  
*The Bridal o't.*

THIS song is the work of a Mr. Alexander Ross, late school-master at Lochlee; and author of a beautiful Scots poem, called the Fortunate Shepherdess.

—————  
*Todden Hame.*

[When I hae sax-pence under my thum,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka town;  
But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gae by—  
Oh, poverty parts good company.  
Todden hame, todlen hame;  
O cou'dna my love come todlen hame.

THIS is perhaps the first bottle song that ever was composed.

*The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*

THIS air is the composition of my friend Allan Masterton, in Edinburgh. I composed the verses on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes had obliged him to sell the estate.

*The rantin Dog, the Daddie o't.*

I COMPOSED this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.

*The Shepherd's Preference.*

THIS song is Blacklock's.—I don't know how it came by the name, but the oldest appellation of the air, was, "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."

It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

*The bonie Banks of Ayr.*

I COMPOSED this song as I conveyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica.

I meant it as my farewell Dirge to my native land.\*

\* "I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy Night is gathering fast.*"

*Letter to Dr. Moore, vol. i. p. 35. Dr. Currie's ed.*

[Compare note on this subject in our own edition.]

*John o' Badenyard.*

THIS excellent song is the composition of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at Linshart.

*A Waukrife Minnie.\**

I PICKED up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale.—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.

Where are you gaun, my bonie lass,  
Where are you gaun, my hinnie?  
She answer'd me right saucie,  
An errand for my minnie.

O where live ye, my bonie lass,  
O where live ye, my hinnie?  
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,  
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,  
To see my bonie lassie;  
And lang before the gray morn cam,  
She was na hauf sae saucie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,  
And the founart lay his crawin!  
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,  
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,  
And o'er the bed she brought her;  
And wi' a mickle hazle rung,  
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass!  
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!  
Thou art a gay and bonie lass,  
But thou has a waukrife minnie.\*

\* The editor thinks it respectful to the poet to preserve the verses he thus recovered.—[*Cromek.*]

*Tullochgorum.*

['Come, gie's a sang,' Montgomery cried,  
'And lay your disputes all aside;  
What signifies't for folks to chide,  
For what was done before them:  
Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory;  
Whig and Tory all agree  
To drop their Whig-mig-morum:  
Let Whig and Tory all agree  
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,  
And cheerful sing along wi' me  
The reel o' Tullochgorum!']

THIS, first of songs, is the master-piece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day, at the town of Cullen I think it was, in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery.—Mrs. Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad.

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

*For a' that and a' that.*

THIS song is mine, all except the chorus.

*Auld lang syne.*

RAMSAY here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment, which may be seen in *the Museum*, vol. v.

[See Various Readings, with note on subject, in present edition.]

*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*

THIS air is Masterton's; the song mine.—The occasion of it was this.—Mr. Wm. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I went to pay Nicol a visit.—We had such a joyous meeting that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.

*Killiecrankie.*

THE battle of Killiecrankie was the last stand made by the Clans for James, after his abdication. Here the gallant Lord Dundee fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party.—General M'Kay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army, said, "Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage."—A great stone marks the spot where Dundee fell.



*The Ewie wi' the crooked Horn.*

[O were I able to rehearse  
My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
As ever piper's drone could blaw.]

ANOTHER excellent song of old Skinner's.

*Craigie-burn Wood.*

It is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale.—The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.

*Frae the Friends and Land I love.*

I ADDED the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.

*Hughie Graham.*

THERE are several editions of this ballad.—This, here inserted, is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.—It, originally, had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

Our lords are to the mountains gane,  
A hunting o' the fallow deer,  
And they have gripet Hughie Graham  
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they have tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up, thro' Stirling town:  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried, Hughie Graham thou'rt a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,  
And put my braid sword in the same;  
He's no in Stirling town this day,  
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
As he sat by the bishop's knee,  
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you  
If ye'll let Hughie Graham free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,  
And wi' your pleading let me be;  
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
As she sat by the bishop's knee;  
Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,  
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady fair,  
And wi' your pleading let me be;  
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
It's for my honor he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,  
He looked to the gallows tree,  
Yet never colour left his cheek,  
Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he looked round about,  
To see whatever he could spy;  
And there he saw his auld father,  
And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
And wi' your weeping let it be;  
Thy weeping's saier on my heart,  
Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John,  
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,  
And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James  
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,  
And bid him come at four o'clock,  
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy my wife,  
The neist time ye gang o'er the moor,  
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,  
Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,  
I never did disgrace their blood;  
And when they meet the bishop's cloak  
To mak it shorter by the hood.\*

\* Burns did not *chuse* to be quite correct in stating that this copy of the ballad of *Hughie Graham* is printed from oral tradition in Ayrshire. The fact is, that four of the stanzas are either added or super-added by himself.

Of this number, the third and eighth are original; the ninth and tenth have received his corrections. Perhaps pathos was never more touching than in the picture of the hero singling out his poor aged father from the crowd of spectators; and the simple grandeur of preparation for this afflicting circumstance in the verse that immediately precedes it is matchless.

That the reader may properly appreciate the value of Burns's touches, I here subjoin two verses from the most correct copy of the ballad, as it is printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 334.

He looked over his left shoulder  
And for to see what he might see;  
There was he aware of his auld father,  
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

O haud your tongue, my father, he says,  
And see that ye dinna weep for me!  
For they may ravish me o' my life,  
But they canna banish me fro' heaven hie.

[*Note by Cromek.*]

*A Southland Jenny.*

[A Southland Jenny that was right bonie,  
She had for a suitor a Norland Johnie;  
But he was sicken a bashful wooer,  
That he could scarcely speak unto her.]

THIS is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before.—It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns's voice.

*My Tocher's the Jewel.\**

THIS tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow.—It is notoriously taken from "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."—It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's æra, in Aird's Selection of Airs and Marches, the first edition, under the name of "The Highway to Edinburgh."

\* *Tocher*—Marriage portion.

*Then guid Wife count the Lawin.*

THE chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect.

Every day my wife tells me  
That ale and brandy will ruin me.  
But if gude liquor be my dead,  
This shall be written on my head.—  
*O gude wife count, &c.*

*There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame.*

THIS tune is sometimes called—"There's few gude Fellows when Willie's awa."—But I never have been able to meet with any thing else of the song than the title.

*I do confess thou art sae fair.*

THIS song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.

The following are the old words of this song

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee;  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak had power to move thee;  
But I can let thee now alone  
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
Thy favours are but like the wind  
That kisseth every thing it meets.  
And since thou can'st with more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,  
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!  
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,  
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;  
But scent and beauty both are gone,  
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been awhile,  
Like sere-flowers to be thrown aside!  
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,  
To see thy love to every one  
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

This song may be seen in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659, folio, under the title of a 'Song to a forsaken Mistress.'

It is also printed in Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, vol. iii., p. 325. [In Watson's Collection it is anonymous—title 'Inconstancy Reproved.']

*The Soger Laddie.*

THE first verse of this is old: the rest is by Ramsay.—The tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called "Jacky Hume's Lament"—or, "The Hollin Buss"—or, "Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?"

*Where wad bonie Annie lie.*

THE old name of this tune is, "Whare'll our gudeman lie." A silly old stanza of it runs thus—

O whare'll our gudeman lie,  
Gudeman lie, gudeman lie,  
O whare'll our gudeman lie,  
Till he shute o'er the simmer?

Up amang the hen-bawks,  
The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,  
Up amang the hen-bawks,  
Amang the rotten timmer.

*Galloway Tam.*

I HAVE seen an interlude (acted at a wedding) to this tune, called 'The Wooing of the Maiden.'—These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland.—Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. Jilly Pure Auld Glenae, and this one, The Wooing of the Maiden.

[See Note on 'Kirk wad let me be.']

*As I cam down by yon Castle Wall.*

[As I cam down by yon castle wa'  
And in by yon garden green,  
O there I spied a bony bony lass,  
But the flower borders were us between.]

THIS is a very popular Ayrshire song.

*Lord Ronald my Son.*

[O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?]

THIS air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of Lochaber.—In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple, artless, original air, which, being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

*O'er the Moor amang the Heather.\**

THIS song is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a wh-re, but also a thief; and in one or other character had visited most of the Correction Houses in the West.—She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock.—I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country, with a slight-of-hand blackguard.

\* Probably some of my readers will be curious to see this production; I here subjoin it:—

Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle,  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,  
There I met a bonnie lassie,  
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.  
*O'er the moor amang the heather,*  
*O'er the moor amang the heather,*  
*There I met a bonnie lassie,*  
*Keeping a' her yowes thegither.*

Says I, my dearie, where is thy hame,  
In moor or dale pray tell me whether?  
She says, I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather.  
*O'er the moor, &c.*

We laid us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.  
*O'er the moor, &c.*

While thus we lay she sang a sang,  
Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
And ay the burden o' the sang  
Was o'er the moor amang the heather.  
*O'er the moor, &c.*

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,  
I could na think on ony ither:  
By sea and sky she shall be mine!  
The bonnie lass among the heather.  
*O'er the moor, &c.*

*To the Rose Bud.*

THIS song is the composition of a — Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast.—The tune is by Oswald, altered, evidently, from Jockie's Gray Breeks.

*Yon wild mossy Mountains.*

THIS tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.

[See note on song, in present edition, p. 280.]

*It is na, Jean, thy bonie Face.*

THESE were originally English verses:—I gave them their Scots dress.

*Eppie M'Nab.*

THE old song with this title, has more wit than decency.

*Wha is that at my Bower Door?*

THIS tune is also known by the name of, "Lass, an I come near thee." The words are mine.

*Thou art gane awa.*

THIS tune is the same with, "Haud awa frae me, Donald."

*The Tears I shed must ever fall.*

THIS song of genius, was composed by a Miss Cranston.\*—It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,  
Just what would make suspicion start;  
No pause the dire extremes between,  
He made me blest—and broke my heart!

\* This lady was afterwards married to Professor Dugald Stewart.

*The bonie wee Thing.*

COMPOSED on my little idol, "The charming, lovely Davies."

*The tither Morn.*

THIS tune is originally from the Highlands.—I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.

*A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son.*

THIS most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddel, of the family of Glengarnock, at Ayr.—The words were composed to commemorate the much lamented, and premature death of James Ferguson, Esq., jun., of Craigdarroch.

*Daintie Davie.*

[The tradition connected with this old ditty contains a scandal affecting the Rev. David Williamson and Lady Cherrytrees' daughter, in times of the Persecution, which need not be repeated at this date. It may have had foundation in fact, but would certainly lose nothing in the telling. Our Author has made the song itself entirely new and beautiful.]

*Bob o' Dumblane.*

RAMSAY, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal inn there, is;

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
And I'll lend you my thrippin-kame;  
My heckle is broken, it cannot be gotten,  
And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood;  
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame:  
An it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,  
An it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dumblane (Sheriff-Muir) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army observed to His Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that they had gotten the victory.—"Weel, weel," returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, "if they think it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

[In concluding these notes, we cannot help remarking the strong resemblance between our Author and Sir Walter Scott, both in their extensive acquaintance with tradition, their power of retaining an immense amount of traditional poetry in their memories, and their disposition occasionally to pass off some of their own finest compositions as ancient traditional fragments.]

*Note referred to in page 308.*

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF JAMES TYTLER.

[We extract this notice entire from Cromek's Reliques, being much too interesting in many ways to abridge. From a note by Cromek himself at the conclusion, it appears that he had been much indebted to Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh, in its composition.]

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a country clergyman in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother to Dr. Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. He was instructed by his father in classical learning and school divinity, and attained an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and an extensive acquaintance with biblical literature and scholastic theology. Having discovered an early predilection for the medical profession, he was put apprentice to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards sent to attend the medical classes at Edinburgh. While a medical student, he cultivated experimental chemistry and controversial theology with equal assiduity. Unfortunately his religious opinions, not deemed orthodox, or calvinistical, connected him with a society of Glassites, and involved him in a marriage with a member of the society, which terminated in a separation. He now settled at Leith, as an apothecary, depending on the patronage of his religious connections; but his separation from the society, which happened soon after, with an unsteadiness that was natural to him, disappointed his expectations. When he ceased to be a Glassite, he ceased not to be a firm believer

in the Christian revelation, and a zealous advocate of genuine Christianity; but he never afterwards held communion with any denomination of Christians. The neglect of his business was the unavoidable consequence of his attention to religious dissensions; and having contracted debts to a considerable amount, he was obliged to remove to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle. In both places he was employed in preparing chemical medicines for the druggists; but the liberality of his employers being insufficient to preserve an increasing family from the evils of penury, he returned to Edinburgh, in the year 1772, in extreme poverty, and took refuge from the molestation of his creditors within the precincts of the sanctuary of Holyrood House, where debtors are privileged from arrests. At this period his wife deserted him and their five children, the youngest only six months old, and returned to her relations. He solaced himself for the privation of domestic happiness by composing a humorous ballad, entitled "*The Pleasures of the Abbey*," which was his first attempt in poetry. In a description of its inhabitants, the author himself is introduced in the 16th and 17th stanzas. In the avocation of an author by profession, which he was now compelled to assume, he displayed a versatility of talent and a facility in writing unexampled in the transactions of the press. He commenced his literary career by a publication entitled "*Essays on the most important Subjects of Natural and Revealed Religion*," which issued from the asylum for debtors, under the peculiar circumstances of being composed by himself, at the printing case, from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him, and wrought off at a press of his own construction, by his own hands. He left this singular work, which was to be completed in two volumes 8vo, unfinished, and turned aside, to attack the opinions of a new religious sect called Bereans, in a "*Letter to Mr. John Barclay on the Doctrine of Assurance*," in which he again performed the functions of author, compositor, and pressman. He next set forth with such assistance as he could find, a monthly publication, entitled "*The Gentleman and Lady's Magazine*," which was soon abandoned for "*The Weekly Review*," a literary miscellany, which, in its turn, was discontinued in a very short time. These publications, unavoidably disfigured with many typographical deformities, made him known to the booksellers; and from them he afterwards found constant employment in compilations, abridgments, translations, and miscellaneous essays. He now ventured to leave the miserable apartments which he had long occupied in the sanctuary for debtors, for more comfortable lodgings, first at Restalrig, and afterwards in the city; and if his prudence and steadiness had been equal to his talents and industry, he might have earned by his labours a complete maintenance, which never fell to his lot. As he wrote for subsistence, not from the vanity of authorship, he was engaged in many works which were anonymous, and in others which appeared with the names of his employers. He is editor or author of the following works: "*The Weekly Mirror*," a periodical publication which began in 1780. "*A System of Geography*," in 8vo. "*A History of Edinburgh*," 12mo. "*A Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar*," 2 vols. 8vo. "*A Review of Ditchken's Theory of Inflammation*," 12mo, with a practical

dedication. "*Remarks on Mr. Pinkerton's Introduction to the History of Scotland*," 8vo. "*A Poetical Translation of Virgil's Eclogues*," 4to. "*A General Index to the Scots Magazine*." "*A System of Chemistry*," written at the expense of a gentleman who was to put his name to it, unpublished. He gave his assistance in preparing the *System of Anatomy* published by A. Bell, and was an occasional contributor to the "*Medical Commentaries*," and other periodical publications of the time. He was the principal editor of the 2d edition of the "*Encyclopaedia Britannica*," and finished, with incredible labour, a large proportion of the more considerable scientific treatises and histories, and almost all the minor articles. He had an apartment assigned him in the printing-house, where he performed the offices of compiler, and corrector of the press, at a salary of *sixteen shillings a week!* When the third edition was undertaken, he was engaged as a stated contributor, upon more liberal terms, and wrote a larger share in the early volumes than is ascribed to him in the general preface. It was his misfortune to be continually drawn aside from the business of his employers by the delight he took in prosecuting experiments in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics, which consumed a large portion of his time and money. He conducted for some time, with success, a manufacturing process of which he was the inventor; but after he had disclosed his secret to the gentleman at whose expense it was carried on, he was dismissed, without either obtaining a share in the business, or a suitable compensation for his services. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire balloon, constructed upon the plan of Montgolfier. He ascended from *Comely Garden*, Edinburgh, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, and descended at a distance of a quarter of a mile, owing to some unforeseen defect in the machinery. The failure of this adventure deprived him of the public favour and applause, and increased his pecuniary difficulties. He again had recourse to his pen for subsistence, and amidst the drudgery of writing, and the cares which pressed upon him daily, he exhilarated his spirits, at intervals, with a tune on the Irish Bagpipe, which he played with much sweetness, interposing occasionally a song of his own composition, sung with great animation. A solace of this kind was well suited to the simplicity of his manners, the modesty of his disposition, and the integrity of his character, such as they were before he suffered his social propensities to violate the rules of sobriety. Forgetting his old friends, he associated with discontented persons, and entered into a deliberate exposition of the abuses of the government in "*A Pamphlet on the Excise*," and more systematically in a periodical publication, entitled "*The Historical Register*," which gratified malignity by personal invective and intemperance of language. He was concerned in the wild irrational plans of the British Convention, and published "*A hand bill addressed to the people*," written in so inflammatory a style, as rendered him obnoxious to government. A warrant was issued to apprehend him, and he left his native country and crossed the Atlantic for America, where he fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, where he established a newspaper in connection with a printer, which he continued till his death, which happened in the year 1805, in the 58th year of his age.