











# THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC  
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME II.

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AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

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1825/26

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1827/28

THE SCOTS  
GARDEN  
Musical Museum  
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots songs  
with proper Bases for the

PIANO FORTE &c.  
Humbly Dedicated  
To the Society

OF  
Antiquaries of Scotland  
BY JAMES JOHNSON

In this publication the original simplicity of our  
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered  
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the  
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume II. Pr. 7/6

Butterworth

Script.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at  
T. PRESTON N° 97 Strand LONDON, M<sup>r</sup> FADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal  
Music Sellers.



## P R E F A C E .

IN the first Volume of this work, two or three *Airs* not of Scots composition have been inadvertently inserted; which, whatever excellence they may have, was improper, as the Collection is meant to be solely the music of our own Country — The Songs contained in this Volume, both music and poetry, are all of them the work of Scotsmen — Wherever the old words could be recovered, they have been preferred; both as generally suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier Sons of the Scottish Muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them — "Buried 'midst the wreck of things which were." Of our more modern Songs, the Editor has inserted the Authors' names as far as he could ascertain them; and as that was neglected in the first Volume, it is annexed here. — If he have made any mistakes in this affair, which he possibly may, he shall be very grateful at being set right.

Ignorance and Prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these pieces; but their having been for ages the favorites of Nature's Judges — the Common People, was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit.

Materials for the third Volume are in great forwardness;

Edin<sup>r</sup> March 1. 1788.

Entered in Stationer's Hall.



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Note, the Songs marked B, R, X, &c. are originals by different hands, but all of them Scots gentlemen, who have favoured the Editor, and the Public at large, with their compositions: these marked Z. are old verses, with corrections or additions.

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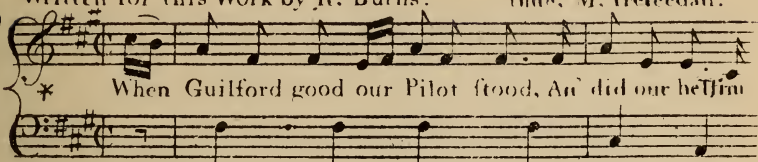
## When Guilford good our Pilot stood,

Written for this Work by R. Burns.

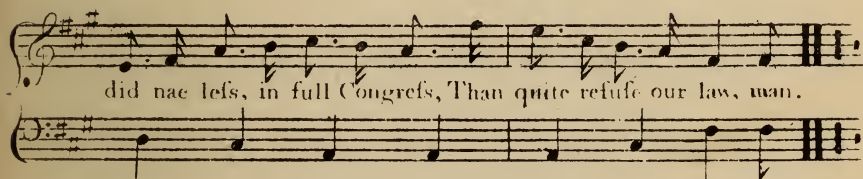
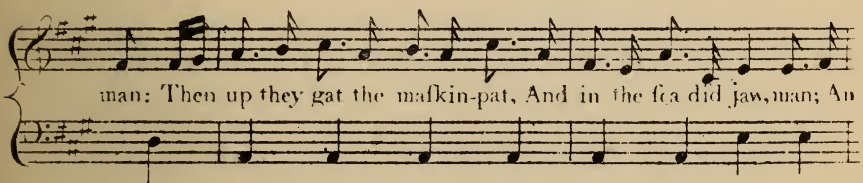
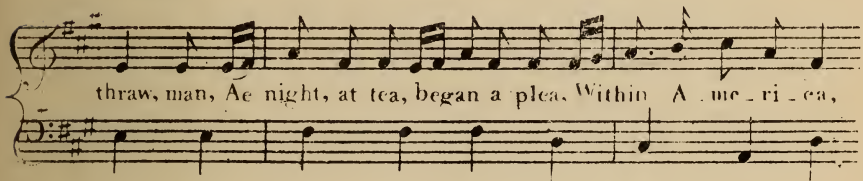
Time, M. freeteean.

N<sup>o</sup>

101



Lively



2

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought

I wat he was na flaw, man;

Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,

And C-rl-t-n did ca', man;

But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,

Montgomery-like did fa', man,

Wi' sword in hand, before his band,

Among his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tommy G-g-e within a cage

Was kept at Boston ba', man;

Till Willie H-e took o'er the know

For Philadelphia, man;

Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin

Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;

But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,

Sae Loin he hacked sma', man.

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,

Till Frater brave did fa', man;

Then lost his way, ae misty day,

In Saratoga thaw, man.

An' did the Buckskins claw, man;

But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save

He hung it to the wa', man.

5

Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,

Began to fear a fa', man; (floure,

And S-ckv-ll-e douce, wha stood the

The German Chief to thraw, man;

For Paddy B-erke, like ony Turk,

Nae mercy had at a', man;

An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,

An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

6

Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game

Till Death did on him ca', man;

When Sh-lb-rue meek held up his cheek

Conform to Gospel law, man;

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,

They did his measures thraw, man;

For N-rth an' F-x united flocks,

An' bore him to the wa', man.

7

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's car. An' Chatham's wreath, in heavenly graith.

He swept the fakes awa', man; (tes. (Inspired Bardies saw, man)

Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!

Led him a fair faux pas, man; 'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,

9

On Chatham's Boy did ca', man;

But, word an' blow, N-erth, E-x, and Co.

An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,

Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,

'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'

Till Suthrons raise, an' coost their claife

Behind him in a raw, man:

8

Behind the throne then Gr-nv-ll's gone, An' Caledon threw by the drone,

A secret word or twa, man;

An' did her whittle draw, man;

While flee D-and-s arousd the clafs

An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,

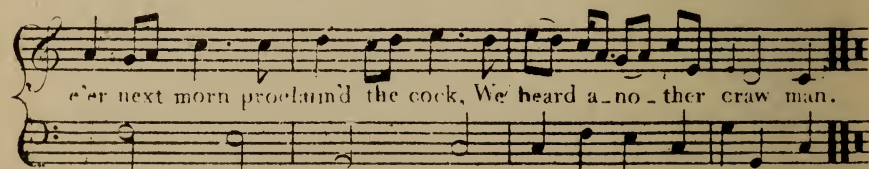
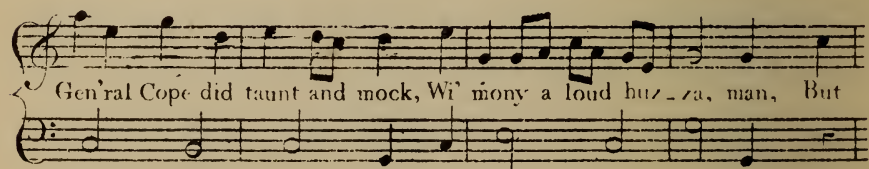
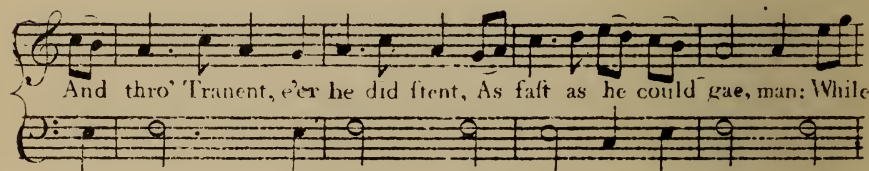
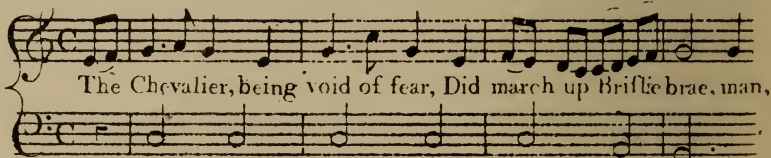
Be-north the Roman wa', man:

To mak it guid in law, man.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Tranent Muir.

102



The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,

The bluff dragoons swore blood and boons,

Led Camerons on in clouds, man:

They'd make the rebels run, man;

The morning fair, and clear the air,

And yet they flee when them they see,

They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;

And winna fire a gun, man.

Down guns they threw, & swords they drew, They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,

And soon did chace them aff, man;

Such terror seiz'd them a', man;

On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafis. Some wet their cheeks some fyld their breeks,

And gart them rin like daft, man.

And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,  
 And vow gin they were crouse, man;  
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn't,  
 They were not worth a louse, man;  
 Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!  
 They'd better staid awa', man,  
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,  
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when herfell f—t,  
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man,  
 Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,  
 But aff fou fast did scour, man;  
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,  
 Before he tasted meat, man,  
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,  
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And Simpson keen to clear the een  
 Of rebels far in wrang, man;  
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
 But gallopp'd with the thrang, man;  
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack  
 Was cleanly out of fight, man;  
 And thought it best, it was nae jest  
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang  
 But twa, and ane was tane, man;  
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,  
 And fair he paid the kain, man;  
 Fell skelps he got was war then shot  
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;  
 Frae many a spout came running out  
 His reeking-hot red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave  
 Like to a hero bright, man;  
 His courage true, like him were few  
 That still despised flight, man;  
 For King and laws, and country's cause,  
 In Honour's bed he lay, man;  
 His life, but not his courage, fled,  
 While he had breath to draw, man.

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, lap o'er his head,  
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sick haste, fae spair'd his beast  
 'Twas little there he saw, man;  
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,  
 The Scots were rebels a', man;  
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend  
 His use and wont to lie, man;  
 The Teague is naught; he never fought  
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, among the rest,  
 With gun and good claymore, man;  
 On gelding grey he rode that way,  
 With pistols set before, man; (blood  
 The cause was good, he'd spend his  
 Before that he would yield, man;  
 But the night before he left the cor,  
 And never fae'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a foger,  
 Stood and bravely fought, man;  
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,  
 But mae down wi' him brought, man;  
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,  
 (Some standing round in ring, man.)  
 On's back lying flat, he wad his hat.  
 And cry'd, God save the King, man.

(dogs  
 Some Highland rogues, like hungry,  
 Neglecting to pursue, man,  
 About they fac'd, and in great haste  
 Upon the booty flew, man;  
 And they as gain, for a' their pain,  
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;  
 Fow bald can tell how her nainfell  
 Was ne'er fae pra before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see  
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,  
 There mony slain lay on the plain;  
 The clans pursuing still, man.  
 Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,  
 I never saw the like, man,  
 Lost hands & heads cost them their dead  
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,  
 I gaed to see the fray, man;  
 But had I wist what after past,  
 I'd better staid away, man;  
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,  
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;  
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,  
 For a' the fun and mair, man.



## Prælium Gillicrankianum.:

To the foregoing Tune

Grahamius notabilis coegerat Montanos, Maelcanius, circumdatus tribu martiali,  
 Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos; Semper, devinctissimus familiæ regali,  
 Fugerant Vallicolæ, atque Puritani, Fortiter pugnaverat more Atavorum,  
 Caeavere Batavi et Camcroniani. Deinde dissipaverat Turmas Batavorum,  
 Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides, Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,  
 Cujus Regi fuerat intemerata fides, Hostes Ense peremit, et abrio pugione.  
 Agiles monticolas marte inspiravit, Iustos et intrepidus Orco dedicavit,  
 Et duplicatum numerum hostium profliga- Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunensis, MacNeillius de Bara, Glencous Kepech-  
 Cujus in Rebelles stringebatur Ensis; Ballechinus cum fratre, Stuartus Apianus,  
 Nobilis et Sanguine, Nobilior virtute, Pro Jacobo septimo, fortiter gessere,  
 Regi devotissimus intus et in Cute; Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere,  
 Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus, Canonicus clarissimus, Gallovidianus,  
 Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus, Acer et indomitus, consilioque Sanus,  
 Capita rebellium, is Excecebravit, Ibi Dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,  
 Hostes unitissimos Ille dimicavit, Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit  
 (Fellona;

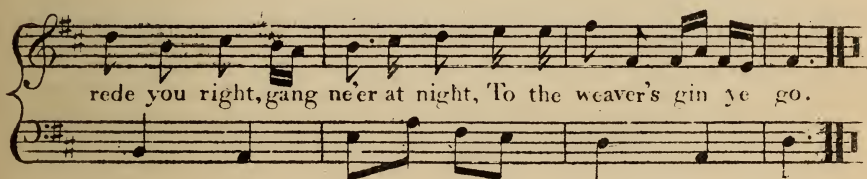
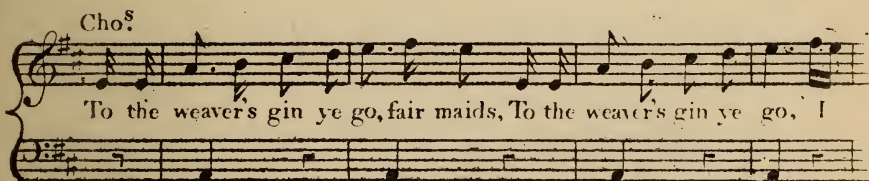
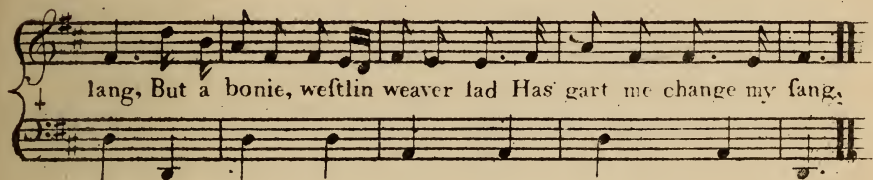
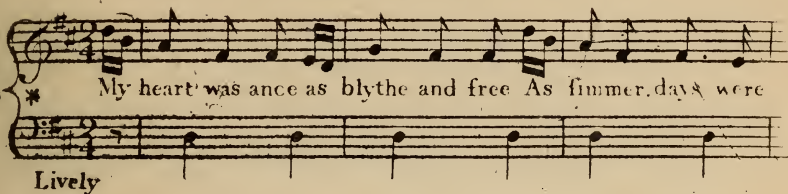
Glengarius magnanimus atque Bellicosus, Ducalidont, dominum Spreverat Gradivus,  
 Functus ut Eneas, pro rege animosus, Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus,  
 Fortis atque Strenuus, hostes Expugnavit, Nam cum nativum, principem, exulem, audiret  
 Sanguine Rebellium Campos coloravit; Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inserviret;  
 Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insulanus, Illic et adfuerat, Tutor Ranaldorum,  
 Pugnaverat viriliter, cum Copiis Skyanis, Qui Strenue pugnaverat, cum Copiis viror-  
 Pater atque Filij, non dissimularunt, Et ipse Capitaneus, ætate puerili, (-um,  
 Sed pro Rege proprio, unanimes pugnarunt. Intentus est ad prælium, spiritu virili.

Glenmoristonus Junior, Optimus Bellator,  
 Subito jam factus, hactenus venator;  
 Perduelles Whiggeos, ut pecora prostravit,  
 Ense et fulmineo MacKaium fugavit.  
 Regibus et Legibus Scotici constantes,  
 Vos Clypeis et gladiis Pro principe pugnantes;  
 Vestra est victoria, vestra est et Gloria:  
 In Cantis et Historia perpes est Memoria.

: Autore Herberto Kennedy, quondam in Academia Edinburgensi Professore.  
 Ex antiqua familia quandoque, de Haleaths, in valle Annandix orto.

## To the Weaver's gin ye go.

103



My mither sent me to the town  
To warp a plaiden wab;  
But the weary, weary warpin o't  
Has gart me sigh and fab.  
To the weaver's &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
And ay I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and every knock,  
My heart it gae a ftoun.  
To the weaver's &c.

A bonie westlin weaver lad  
Was working at his loom;  
He took my heart as wi' a net  
In every knot and thrum.  
To the weaver's &c.

The moon was sinking  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.  
To the weaver's &c.

But what was said, or what was done,  
Shame fa' me gin I tell;  
But Oh! I fear the kintra foon  
Will ken as weel's myself.  
To the weaver's &c.

## Strephon and Lydia

Tune, The Gordons has the guiding o't.

104

\* All lovely on the fultry beach, Expiring Strephon lay, No

Slow 6 6 4 3 6

hand the cordial draught to reach, Nor cheer the gloomy way. Ill

6

fated youth! no parent nigh, To catch thy fleeting breath, No

bride, to fix thy swimming eye, Or smoothe the face of Death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,  
 Thy parents sit at ease,  
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,  
 And all the spring, to please.  
 Ill fated youth! by fault of Friend,  
 Not force of foe, depress'd,  
 Thou fall'st, alas! thy self, thy kind,  
 Thy country, unredress'd!

On a rock by seas surrounded.

Tune Anthy the lovely.

105

\* On a rock by seas sur- round - - ed,

5 6



Dis - tant far from sight of shore, When the ship-wreck'd

wretch con - found - ed, Hears the bel - low - ing tem - pest  
Crescendo il For.

roar, Hopes of life do then for - sake him,

In this fast de - plor'd ex - - treme; When

lo, his own loud shrieks a - - wake him,

And he finds it all a dream.

## Whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

106

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; O

whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad: Though fath-er and

mither should baith gae mad, 'O whistle, an' I'll come

to you, my lad. Come down the back stairs when ye

come to court me; Come down the back stairs when ye come to court

me; Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see; And come as ye

were na' coming to me, And come as ye were na' coming to me.

## I'm o'er young to Marry Yet.

107

I am my mam-my's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I

Lively

weary, Sir, And ly-ing in a man's bed, I'm fley'd it

make me irie, Sir. I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm

o'er young to marry yet; I'm o'er young, 'twad be a Tin To

tak me frae my mam-my yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;  
 And you an' I in ae bed,  
 In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.  
 I'm o'er young &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmers Sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.  
 I'm o'er young &c.



## Hamilla.

Tune, The bonniest lass in a the world.

108

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles, Hamilla, heavenly char-

Slowish

6 6 6 6 6 6

-mer, see how with all their arts and wiles, The loves and graces arm her!

6 6 6 6 6 5 4 7

A blush dwells glowing on her cheek, Fair seat of youthful pleasure!

6 6 6 6 6 6 2

There love in smiling language speaks, There spreads the rosy treasure.

6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

O fairest maid, I own thy power;  
I gaze, I sigh, and languish;  
Yet ever, ever will adore,  
And triumph in my anguish.

But ease, O charmer, ease my care,  
And let my torments move thee;  
As thou art fairest of the fair,  
So I the dearest love thee.

Love is the cause of my Mourning.

109

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay, Be so

Slow

6 6 6 4

kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her say, Tell Strephon I die, if he

6 6 4 3

passes this way, And love is the cause of my mourning. False shepherds, that

6 6 2 6 6 3 6

## Continued.

tell me of beauty and charms, Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never  
 warms; Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die in his arms; O Strephon! the  
 cause of my mourn-ing. But first, said she, let me go down to the  
 shades below, e'er ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so: Then on my  
 pale cheek no blushes will shew, That love is the cause of my mourn-ing.

Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon came by;  
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;  
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,

Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art:  
 They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,  
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then, is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me! he said;

I'll follow thee, chaste inaid,

Down to the silent shade:

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

## Bonnie May.

110 { It was on an ev'ning fae fast and fae clear, A

Slow

bonnie lass was milking the kye, And by came a troop of

gentlemen, And rode the bonnie lassie by.

Then one of them said unto her,  
Bonnie lassie, shew me the way.  
O if I do see it may breed me wae,  
For langer I dare na stay.

It fell upon another fair evening,  
The bonnie lass was milking her kye,  
And by came the troop of gentlemen,  
And rode the bonnie lassie by.

But dark and misty was the night  
Before the bonnie lass came hame:  
Now where hae you been, my ae daughter?  
I am sure you was na your land.

Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
Wha's aught that baby ye are wi'?  
The lassie began for to blush, and think  
To a father as gude as ye.

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,  
A gentleman of high degree,  
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,  
And bonnie, bonnie blinkit his ee.

O had your tongue, my bonnie May,  
Sae loud's I hear you lie;  
O dinnae you mind the misty night  
I was in the bught with thee.

But when twenty weeks were past & gane,  
O twenty weeks and three,  
The lassie began to grow pale and wan,  
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,  
And he has taen her hame:  
Now let your father bring hame the kye,  
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

O wad be to my father's herd,  
An ill death may he die;  
He bigged the bughts fae far frae hame,  
And wadna bride wi' me.

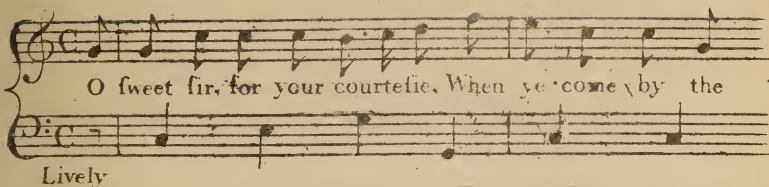
He was the laird of Auchentrone,  
With fifty ploughs and three,  
And he has gotten the bonniest lass  
In a' the south countrie.



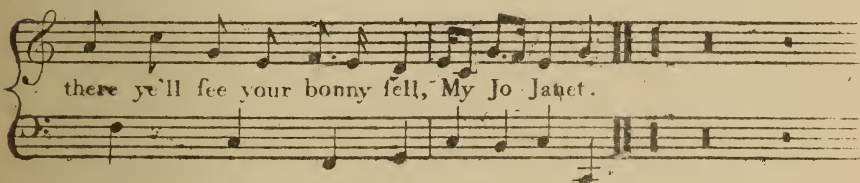
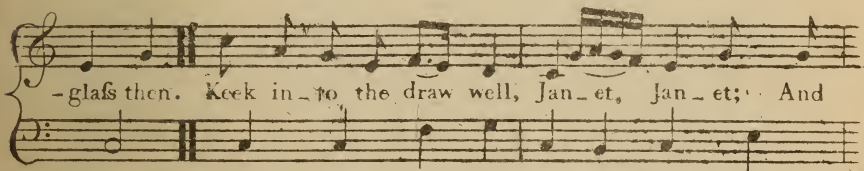
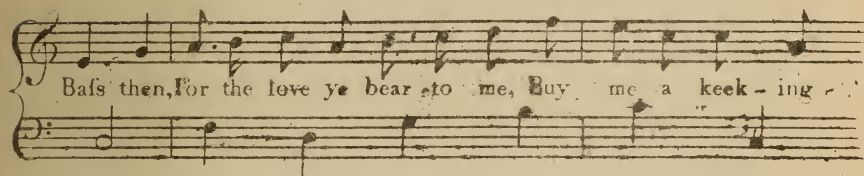
# My Jo Janet.

114

111



Lively



Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
What if I should fa' in then;  
Syne a' my kin will say, and swear,  
I drownd mysell for tin, then.  
Had the better by the brae,  
Janet, Janet  
Had the better by the brae,  
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,  
For the love you bear to me,  
Buy me a pair of shoon then.  
Clout the auld, the new are dear,  
Janet, Janet.  
A pair may gain ye half a year,  
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,  
And skipping like a mawkin  
If they should see my clouted shoon,  
Of me they will be taunking.  
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en  
Janet, Janet.  
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,  
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye gae to the cross then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pacing horse then.  
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,  
Janet, Janet,  
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,  
My jo Janet.

He who presum'd to guide the Sun.

Tune: The Maids complaint.

112

He who presum'd to guide the sun, Was crown'd with bad suc-

Slów

-cess; Tho' for his rash attempt undone, Had glory'd ne'er the less.

Him you resemble, and aspire To lead our brightest fair; Like

him too, tho' consum'd by fire, You boast because you dare:

### The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Written for this Work by R. Burns. Tune, Birks of Abergeldie.

113

Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

Lively

bonny, lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aber-fel-dy. Now



Simmer blinks on flowery braes, And, o'er the chrystal stream - lets  
 plays; Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A - ber -  
 fel - dy. Bonny lalsie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonny lalsie, will ye go to the Birks of Abergeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing -  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing;  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
 In the birks of Abergeldy  
 Bonny lalsie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,  
 White o'er the lians the burnie pours.  
 And rising weets wi' misty showers  
 The birks of Abergeldy.  
 Bonny lalsie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,  
 The birks of Abergeldy.  
 Bonny lalsie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me.  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
 In the birks of Abergeldy.  
 Bonny lalsie, &c. B

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Birks of Abergeldie.

**B**ONNY lalsie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonny lalsie, will ye go  
 To the birks o' Abergeldie?  
 Ye shall get a gown of silk,  
 A gown of silk, a gown of silk,  
 Ye shall get a gown of silk,  
 And coat of calimancoe.

Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,  
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang.  
 Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang.  
 "My minnie she'll be angry:  
 Sair, fair wad she flyte,  
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,  
 Sair, fair wad she flyte,  
 And fair wad she ban me.

## Mc Pherson's Farewell.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

114

Farewell, ye dungeon's dark and strong, The wretch's destin-

Slowly

-ie! Mc Pherson's time will not be long, On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, Sae daunting-ly gae'd he. He

play'd a spring, and danc'd it round Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?

On many a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again!

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife:

I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart I must depart

And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

Untie these bands from off my hands, Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,

And bring to me my sword;

And all beneath the sky!

And there's no a man in all Scotland, May coward shame disdain his name,

But I'll brave him at a word.

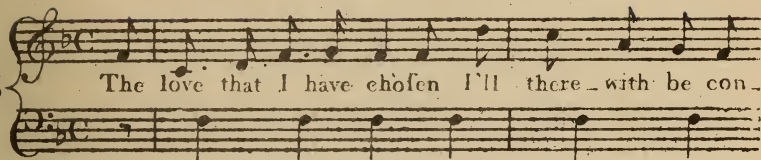
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

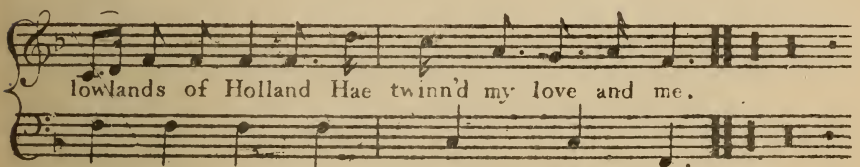
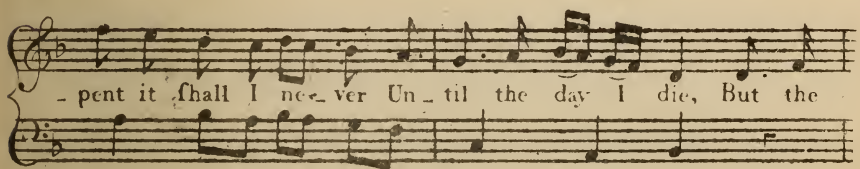
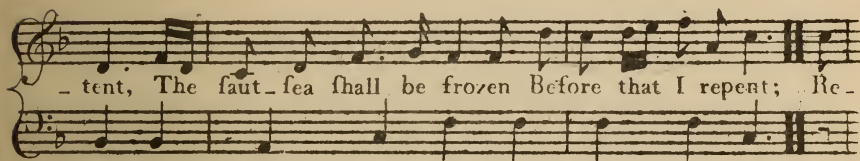
Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

## The Lowlands of Holland.

115



Slowish



My love lies in the faut sea,  
 And I am on the side,  
 Enough to break a young thing's heart  
 Wha lately was a bride:  
 Wha lately was a bonie bride  
 And pleasure in her e'e;  
 But the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

New Holland is a barren place,  
 In it there grows no grain;  
 Nor any habitation  
 Wherein for to remain:  
 But the sugar canes are plenty,  
 And the wine draps frae the tree;  
 And the lowlands of Hoiland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonie ship  
 And set her to the sea,  
 Wi' seven score brave mariners  
 To bear her companie.

Threescore gaed to the bottom,  
 And threescore did at sea;  
 And the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love has built another ship  
 And set her to the main,  
 He had but twenty mariners  
 And all to bring her hame:  
 The stormy winds did roar again,  
 The raging waves did rout,  
 And my love and his bonie ship  
 Turn'd widdershins about.

There shall nae mantle cross my back  
 Nor kame gae in my hair,  
 Neither shall coal nor candle-light  
 Shine in my bower mair;  
 Nor shall I chuse anither love  
 Until the day I die,  
 Since the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.



## The Maid of Selma.

116

In the hall I lay in night - mine eyes half-clos'd with

Very Slow

sleep, - Soft music came to mine ear, Soft music came.

to mine ear, It was the Maid of Selma. Her breasts were

white as the bosom of a Swan, Trembling on swift-rolling

waves, She rais'd the nightly song, For she knew that my

foul was a stream that flow'd at pleas-ant

sounds; mix'd with the Harp a-rose her voice,

mix'd with the Harp a - rose her Voice, She

came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam

on the dark heaving oce - an when it bursts from a

cloud and bright ens the foamy fide of a

wave; 'twas like the memory of joys that are

past, plea - sant and mourn - ful to the soul,

pleasant and mourn - ful to the soul.

## The Highland Laysie O.

117

\* Nae gen- tle dames, tho' ne'er fae fair, Shall e- ver

Slowly

be my muse's care; Their ti- tles a are empty show; Gie

Chorus

me my Highland Laysie, O. With- in the glen fae bushy,

O, A- boon the plain fae rashy O, I fet me down wi'

right gude will, To sing my Highland Laysie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland Laysie, O.

Within the glen &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore;  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland Laysie, O.

Within the glen &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea;  
 But while my crimson currents flow,  
 I love my Highland Laysie, O.

Within the glen &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 For her bosom burns with honor's glow,  
 My faithful Highland Laysie, O.

Within the glen &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By secret truth and honor's band!  
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland Laysie, O.  
 Farewel, the glen fae bushy, O!  
 Farewel, the plain fae rashy, O!  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland Laysie, O!



## The Northern Lads.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

118

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, Far

Slow 6

as the pole and line; Her dear i - de - a

5 6 5 4 3

round my heart - Should tender - ly en - twine. Tho'

6 5 6 4 3

mountains rise, and deserts howl, And oceans roar be

6 4

- tween; Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I

4 2 6

till would love my Jean.

6 4 3

R

## Song of Selma.

119

It is night. I am a - lone, for - lorn on the hill of

Plaintive

6 6

Storms. The Wind is heard in the Mountain, the Tor - rent

6 6 5 6 5 6

6 6 5 4 3

Shrieks down the Rocks, no Hut receives me from the Rain; for -

6 4 5 5 6 7 4 2 6

- lorn on the Hill of Winds, Rife, Moan, from be hind thy

6 2 5 5 5

Clouds: Stars of the Night, ap - pear! Lead me Light to the

6

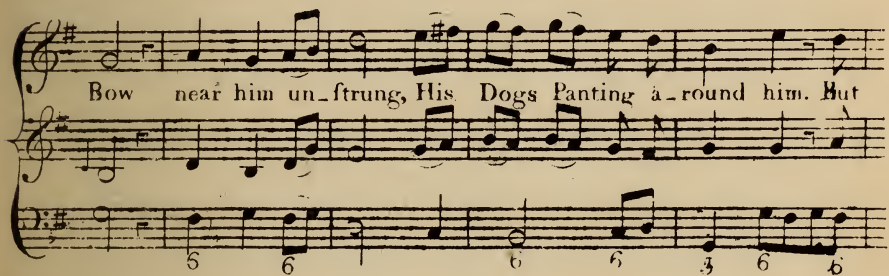


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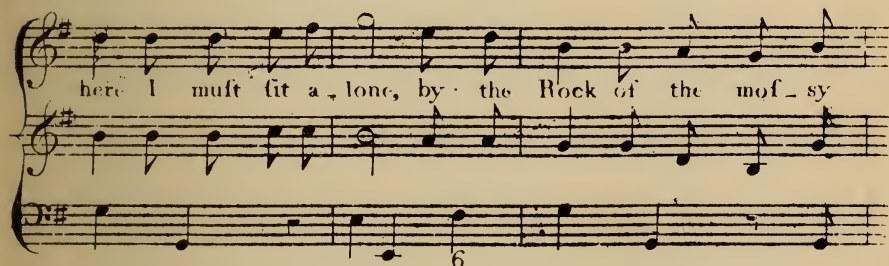
Place where my Love Rests from the Toil of the chase; His

7 6 3 4



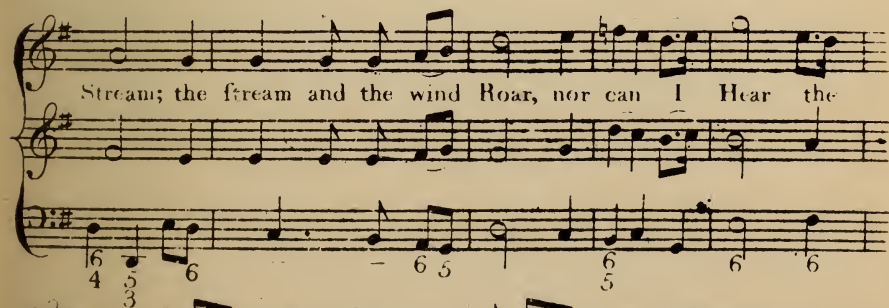
Bow near him un-strung, His Dogs Panting a-round him. But

5 6 6 6 3 6 6



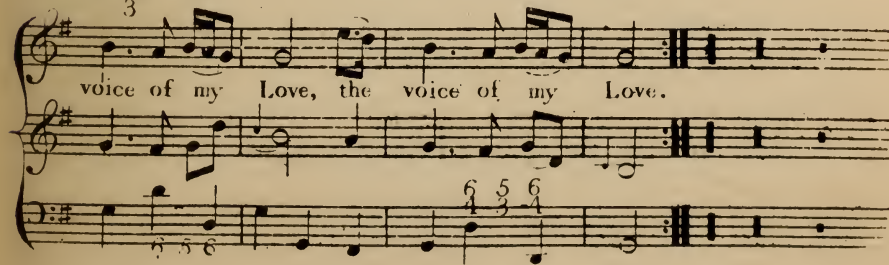
here I must sit a-long, by the Rock of the mos-sy

6



Stream; the stream and the wind Roar, nor can I Hear the

6 4 3 6 6 5 6 5 6 6



voice of my Love, the voice of my Love.

6 5 6 6 5 6

## Fife and a' the lands about it.

120 x Allan by his grief ex-cit-ed, Long the vic-tim

Slowly

of despair, Thus de-plor'd his pas-sion flighted, Thus ad-

-dress'd the scornful fair. Fife and all the lands a-

-bout it, Undesir-ing I can feel Joy may crown my

days without it, Not, my charmer, with-out thee.

Must I then forever languish,  
Still complaining still endure;  
Can her form create an anguish,  
Which her soul disdains to cure!  
Why by hopeless passion fated,  
Must I still those eyes admire;  
Whilst unheeded, unregretted,  
In her presence I expire!

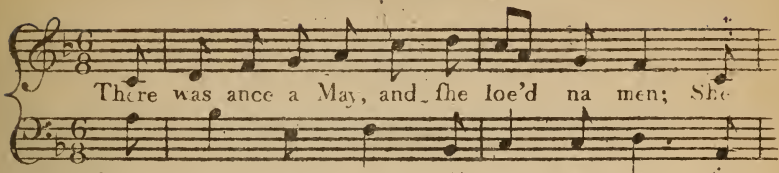
Would thy charms improve their power, Vain alas! expostulation,  
Timely think, repentless maid;  
Beauty is a short liv'd flower,  
Destined but to bloom and fade!

Let that heaven, whose kind impression  
All thy lovely features shew,  
Melt thy soul to soft compassion  
For a suffering lover's woe.

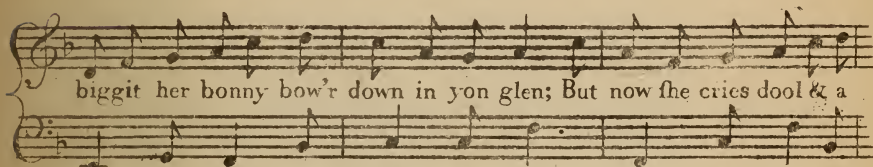
See my colour quickly fading  
To a sad portentous pale;  
See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,  
O'er my vital frame prevail.  
But with silent resignation  
Bid adieu to life and pain!

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

121



Slowish



When bonny young Johnny cam o'er the sea,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things;  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,  
Because I was twice as bonny as she;  
She rais'd sick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,  
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;  
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for aye of a higher degree,  
Said, 'What had he to do with the like of me!  
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny;  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,  
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,  
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill-ee;  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,  
She spy'd me as I cam o'er the lee;  
And then she ran in and made a loud din,  
Believe your ain een, an ye throw na me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;  
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new;  
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing;  
And casts himself dowie upo' the corn bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hunt the tykes;  
The live-lang night he n'er steeks his eyes;  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,  
And linking it on the lily-white lee;  
And wow gin I were but young for thee.



## The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

122

Slowish

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And  
 sum-mer ap-approach-ing re-joic-eth the swain,  
 - joic-eth the swain. The yel-low-hair'd laddie wou'd  
 of-ten-times go, To wilds and deep glens, where the  
 haw-thorn trees grow, haw-thorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn.  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,  
 That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maggie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;  
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four;  
 Then sighing he wished, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

## To the foregoing Tune.

Peggy **W**HEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,  
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,  
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells  
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,  
Nae birns, briers, or brechens gae trouble to me,  
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:  
Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me;  
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden broom knows,  
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;  
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,  
At hro' the Wood, Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring;  
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,  
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lads of the Mill,  
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;  
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy How easy can lasses trow what they desire!  
And praises fae kindly increases Love's fire:  
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,  
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

## The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

**T**HE yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,  
Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;  
And ay she milked, and ay she sang,  
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.  
And ay she milked, &c.

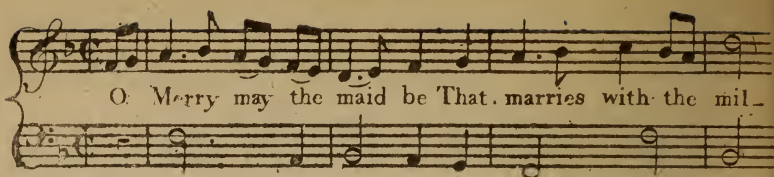
The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,  
The ewes are new clipped they winna bught in,  
They winna bught in, tho' I shou'd die,  
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.  
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;  
The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirk;  
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sour,  
I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae ha'f hour;  
It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,  
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.



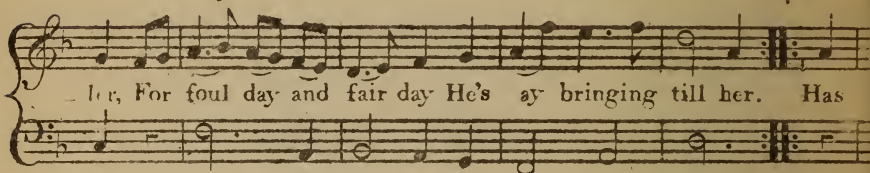
## The Miller.

123

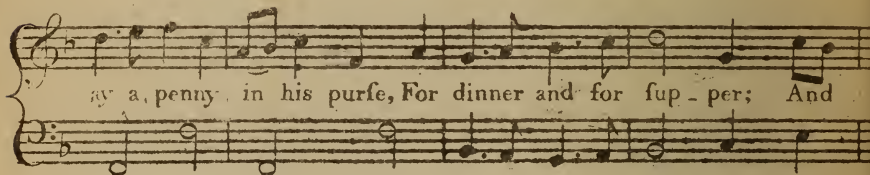


Slowish.

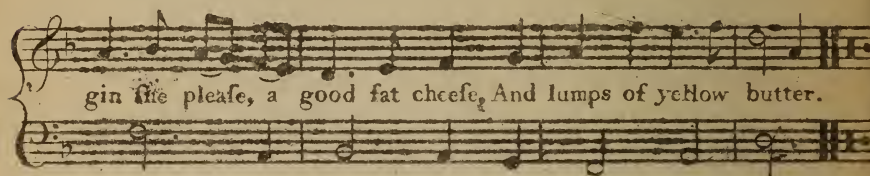
O Merry may the maid be That marries with the mil-



-ler, For foul day and fair day He's ay bringing till her. Has



ay a penny in his purse, For dinner and for sup-per; And



gin life please, a good fat cheese, And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,

I speir'd what was his calling;

Fair maid, says he, O come and see,

Ye're welcome to my dwelling;

Though I was shy, yet I could spy

The truth of what he told me,

And that his house was warm and couth, And now and then a keekling hen

And room in it to hold me.

Good signs are these, my mither says

And bids me tak the miller;

For foul day and fair day

He's ay bringing till her;

For meal and malt she does na want,

Nor ony thing that's dainty;

And now and then a keekling hen

To lay her eggs in plenty.

Behind the door a bag of meal,

And in the kist was plenty,

Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,

And bannocks were na scanty;

A good fat sow, a sleeky cow

Was standin in the byre;

Whilst lazy poufs with mealy mouse

Was playing at the fire.

In winter when the wind and rain

Blaws o'er the house and byre,

He sits beside a clean hearth stane

Before a rousing fire;

With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,

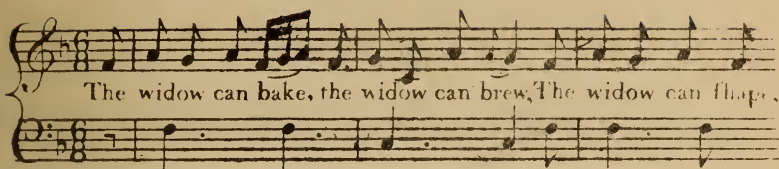
Which rows him o'er fou nappy

Who'd be a king - a petty thing,

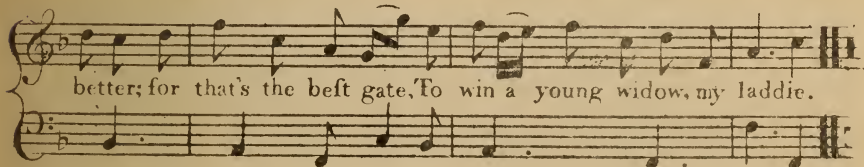
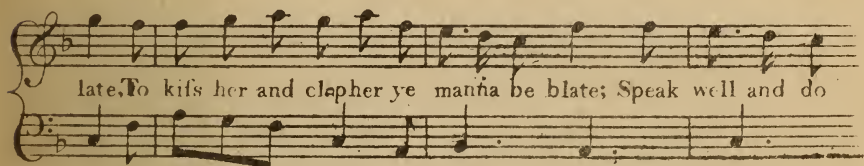
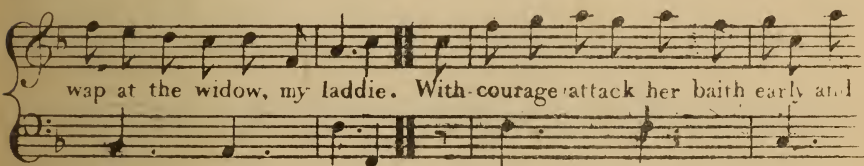
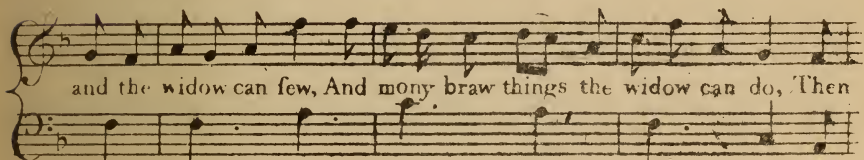
When a miller lives so happy.

## Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

124



Lively

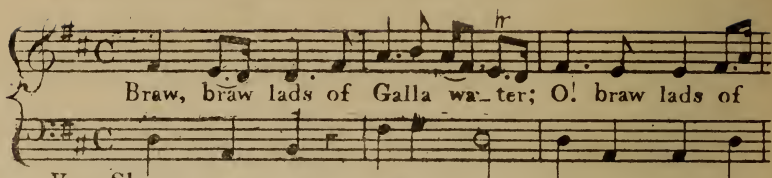


The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The wur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could you wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

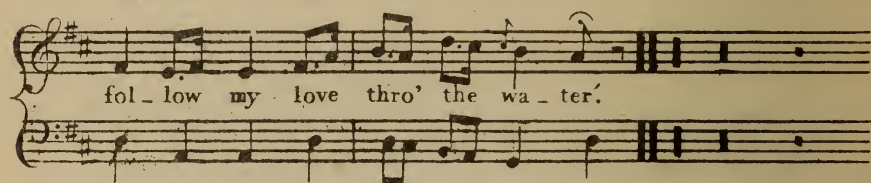
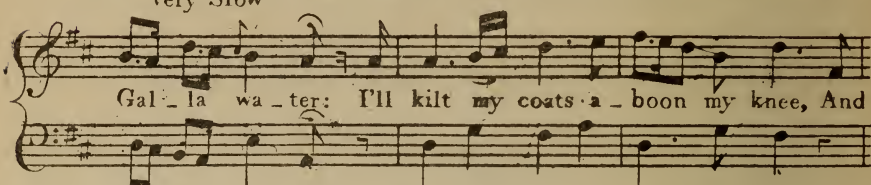
Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,  
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
 Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it for wald,  
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

## Braw, braw lads of Galla-water.

125



Very Slow



Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,

Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;

Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',

The mair I kifs, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,

O'er yon moss among the heather;

I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,

And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,

Down among the broom, my dearie.

The lassie lost a filken snood,

That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

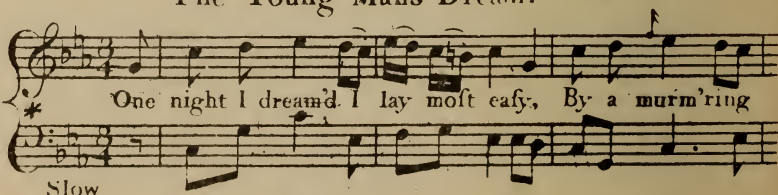
## Same Tune.

NO repose can I discover  
Nor find joy without my lover;  
Can I stay when she's not near me;  
Cruel fates! once deign to hear me.

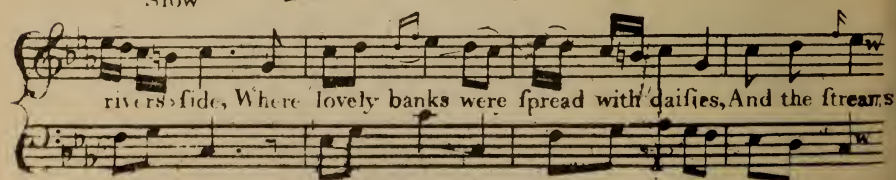
The charms of grandeur don't decoy me,  
Fair Eliza must enjoy me;  
My crown and sceptre I resign,  
The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

## The Young Man's Dream.

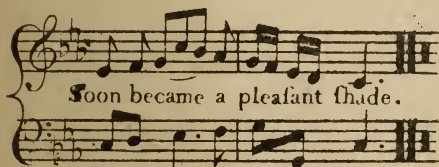
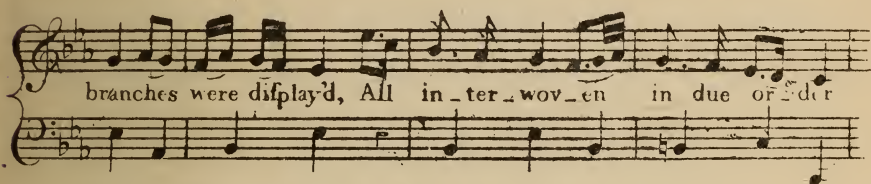
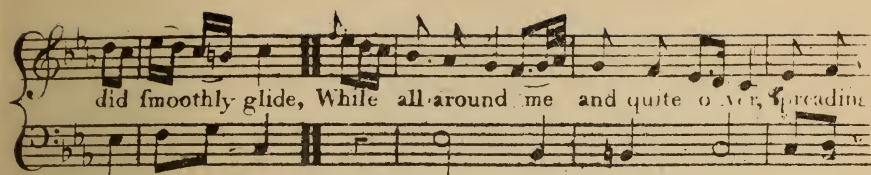
126



Slow







2

I saw my lass come in most charming  
With a look and air so sweet;  
E'ry grace was most alarming  
Every beauty quite complete.  
Cupid with his bow attended;  
Lovely Venus too was there:  
As his bow young Cupid bended,  
Far away flew carking care.

3

On a bank of roses seated,  
Charmingly my true love sung;  
While glad echo still repeated  
And the hills and vallies rung:  
At the last, by sleep oppress'd,  
On the bank my love did ly;  
By young Cupid still caressed,  
While the graces round did fly.

The roses red, the lily's blossom  
With her charms might not compare,  
To view her cheeks and heaving bosom.  
Down they droop'd as in despair.  
On her slumber I encroaching,  
Panting came to steal a kiss;  
Cupid smil'd at me approaching  
Seem'd to say, "There's nought amiss."

With eager wishes I drew nigher,  
This fair maiden to embrace;  
My breath grew quick, my pulse beat  
Gazing on her lovely face. (higher,

The nymph awaking quickly check'd in  
Starting up, with angry tone;  
"Thus, says she do you respect me  
"Leave me quick, and hence begone.  
Cupid for me interposing,  
To my love did bow full low,  
She from him her hands unloosing,  
In contempt struck down his bow.

Angry Cupid, from her flying,  
Cry'd out as he fought the skies,  
"Haughty nymphs their love denying,  
"Cupid ever shall despise!"  
As he spoke, old Care came wand'ring  
With him stalk'd destructive Time:  
Winter froze the streams meand'ring,  
Nipt the Roses in their prime.

Spectres then my love furrounded,  
At their back march'd chilling Death.  
Whilst she, frighted and confounded,  
Felt their blasting, poisonous breath:  
As her charms were swift decaying,  
And the furrows seiz'd her cheek;  
Forbear ye fiends! I vainly crying,  
Wak'd in the attempt to speak.

T

## Same Tune.

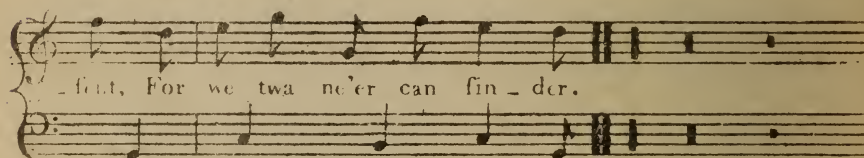
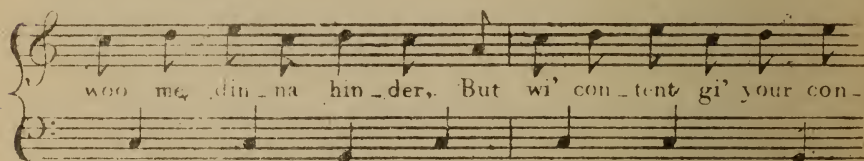
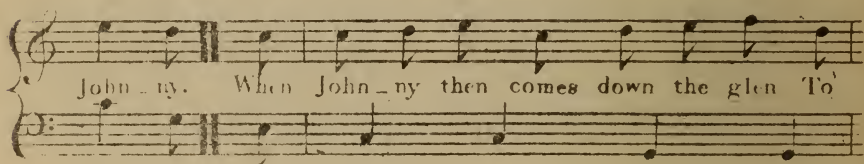
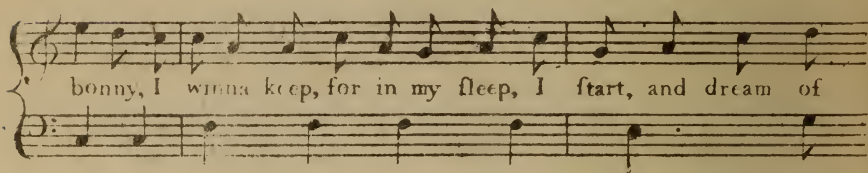
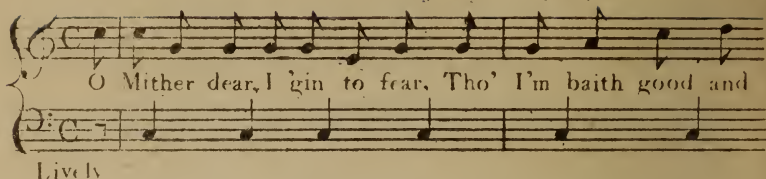
O Molly Molly, my dear honey,  
Come and sit thee down by me,  
And tell to me what is the reason  
That I so slighted am by thee.  
For if I speak, you say I flatter,  
And if I speak not, how shall I speed?  
And if I chance to write a letter,  
Your answer is, I cannot read.



## O Mither dear.

Tune, Jenny dang the weaver.

127



Better to marry, than miscarry;

For shame and skaith's the clink o't;

To thole the dool, to mount the stool, And that's the way that they maun gae,

I downa bide to think o't;

For poor folk hae nae filler.

Sae while 'tis time, I'll thun the crime,

That gars poor Epps gae whing-aug, Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young,

With haunches fow, and een fae blew,

Replied the kindly mither,

To all the bedrals bingeing.

Get Johnny's hand in haly band,

Hed Epps's apron bidden down,

Sync wap your wealth together.

The kirk had ne'er a kend it;

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,

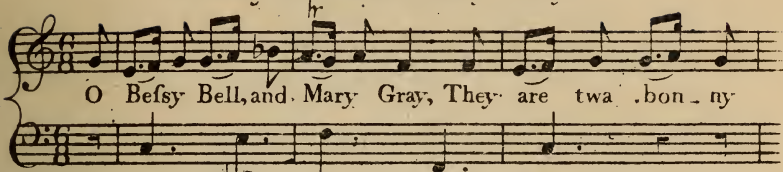
But when the word's gane thro' the town, And prove a wife will gar his life,

Ake, how can the mend it!

And thae go on right sweetly.

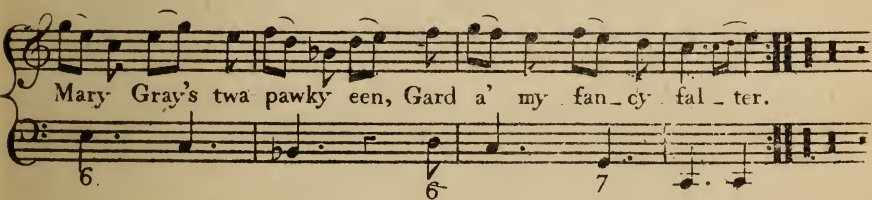
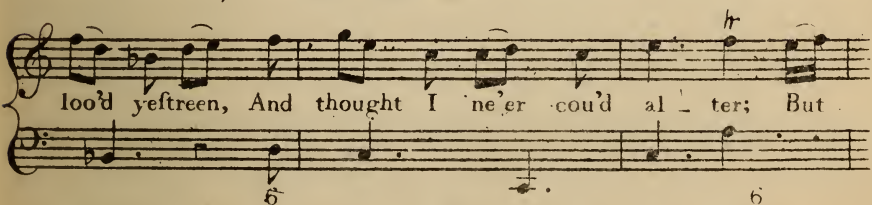
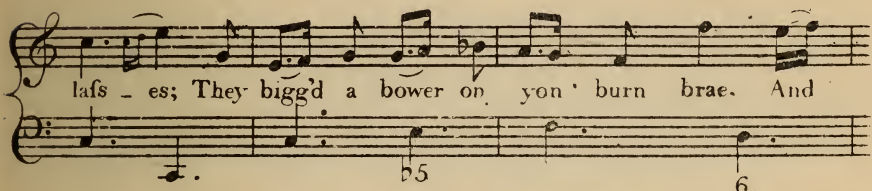
## Befsy Bell, and Mary Gray.

128



Lively

b5



Now Befsy's hair's like a lint tap,  
 She smiles like a May morning,  
 When Phæbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning.  
 White is her neck, soft is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;  
 With ilka grace she can command  
 Her lips; O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
 Her een like diamonds glances;  
 She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,  
 She kills when e'er she dances;

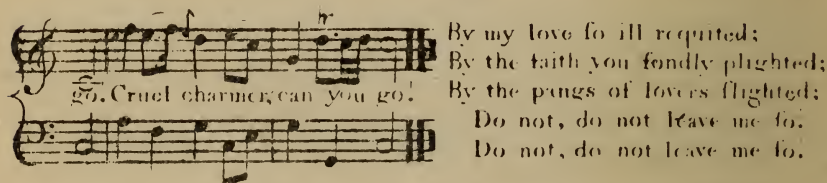
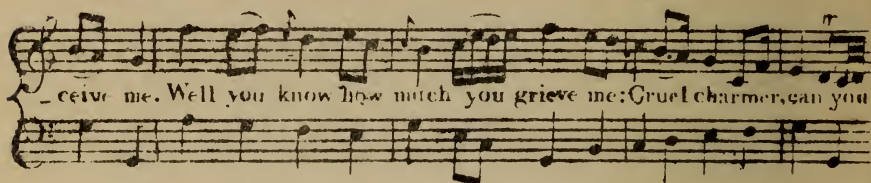
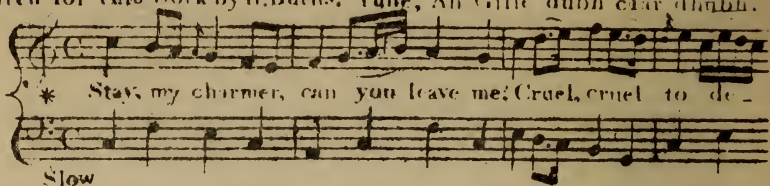
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,  
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Befsy Bell, and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco' fair oppress us,  
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny lasses!  
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law we're stented,  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate  
 And be with ane contented.

## Stay, my Charmer, can you leave me?

Written for this Work by R. Burns. Tune, An Gille dubh eiar dhanbh.

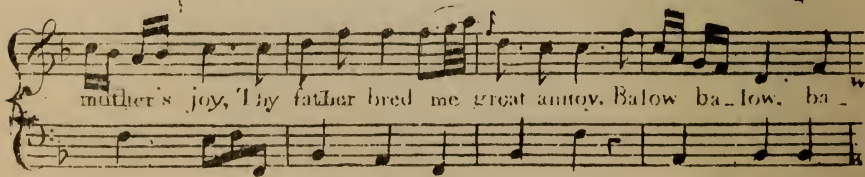
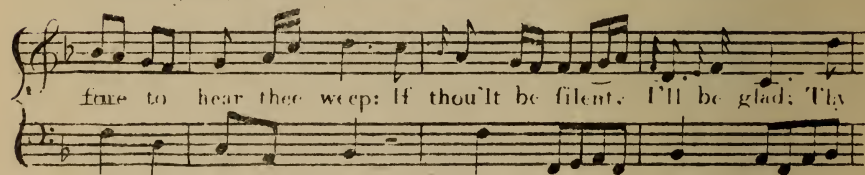
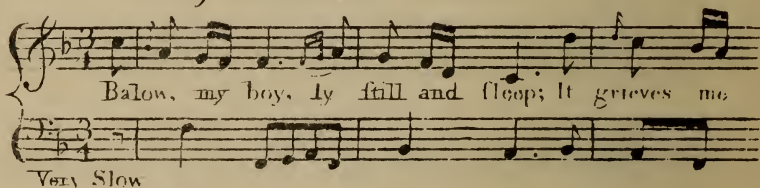
129



R

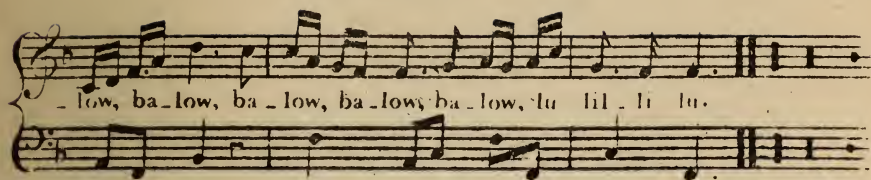
## Lady Bothwell's Lament.

130





## Continued.



Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;  
For in thine eye his look I see,  
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, balow, &c.

When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugar'd words to move,  
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,  
In time to me did not appear:  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, balow, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth  
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;  
Let never any after me  
Submit unto thy courtesy:  
For if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, balow, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,  
To yield thee all a maiden durst;  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
But, quick as thought, the change is wrought:  
Thy love was nought, thy promise nought.

Balow, balow, &c.

O gin I were a maid again,  
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,  
For now unto me grief I find  
They all are perjur'd and unkind:  
Bewitching charms bred all my harms;  
Witness my babe lyes in my arms.

Balow, balow, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,  
That I must needs be now a nurse,  
And lull my young son on my lap:  
From me, sweet orphan, tak the pap.  
Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
Shall wait as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wrangling thee  
Nor pity her deserved smart,  
Who can blame none but her fond heart  
For too soon trusting latest finds,  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
When he the thriftless son hath play'd:  
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
Preferred the wars to thee and me.  
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, balow, &c.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee,  
Perhaps at death, for who can tell,  
Whether the Judge of heaven & hell.  
By some proud foe, has struck the blo  
And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, balow, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds  
Where he lyes smother'd in his wound:  
Repeating, as he pants for air,  
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.  
No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, balow, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
Then quickly to him would I make  
My smock once for his body meet,  
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.  
Ah me! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:  
Too soon, alack, thou'lt weep for me:  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum;  
God grant thee patience when they -  
Born to sustain thy mother's name (come  
A hapless fate, a base old name.

Balow, balow, &c.



Woes my heart that we shoud funder.

131

With broken words and down cast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his  
 Slow 6 4 5  
 passion tender, And parting with his Grify cries, Ah woes my heart that  
 6 6 6  
 we shoud funder; To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine  
 6 4 5  
 eyes like tinder, From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my  
 6 6  
 heart that we shoud funder.

Chaid to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,  
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.  
 The image of thy graceful air,  
 And beauties which invite our wonder.  
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,  
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,  
 Always to love me, tho' we funder.  
 Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,  
 That as I leave her I may find her.

When that blest'd time shall come to pass,  
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

**S**PEAK on,—speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief;  
 When Fate must, from his Peggy funder.  
 A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossoms,  
 Alake poor me! will now conspire  
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.  
 No more the shepherd, who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,  
 Ah! I can die, but never funder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.  
 Again, ah! shall I never creep  
 Around the know with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.  
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.

## Strathallan's Lament.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

132

\* Thick\_ est night, fur\_ round my dwelling! Howling

Plaintive

6

tempelts, o'er me rave! Turbid tor\_ rents, wintry wel\_ ling,

6 1 6 6

Roaring by my lone\_ ly cave. Chrystal stream\_ lets gen\_ tly

6 8 7 6

flowing, Bu\_ fy haunts of base mankind, Western breezes softly

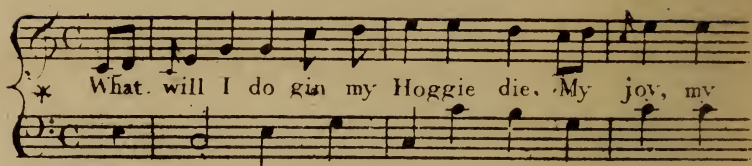
blow\_ ing, Suit not my dif\_ tracted mind.

6

In the cause of Right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honor's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens deny'd success:  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us  
 But a world without a friend!

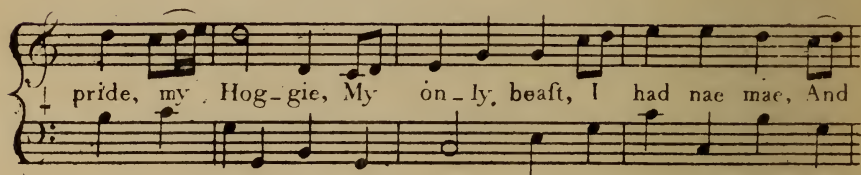
What will I do gin my Hoggie die.

133

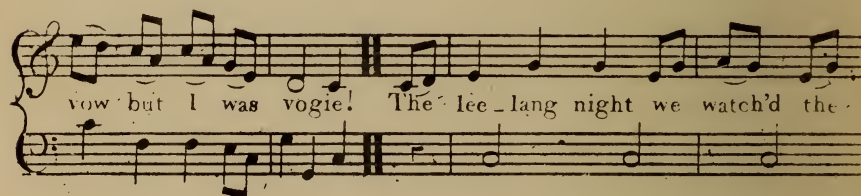


\* What will I do gin my Hoggie die. My joy, my

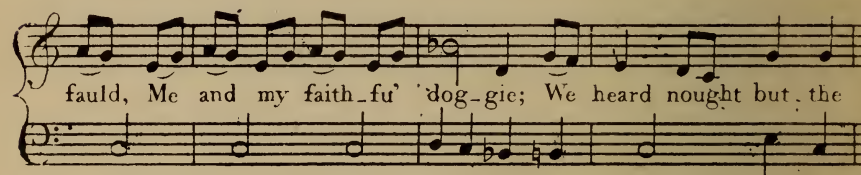
Lively



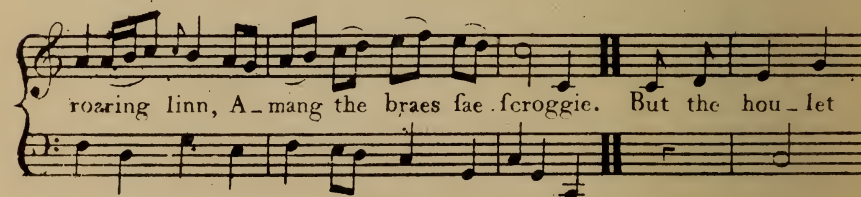
pride, my Hog-gie, My on-ly, beaft, I had nae mae, And



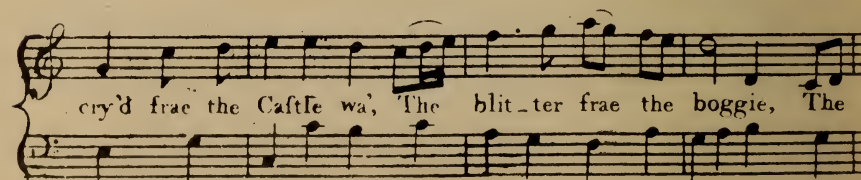
vow but I was vogie! The lee-lang night we watch'd the



fauld, Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We heard nought but, the

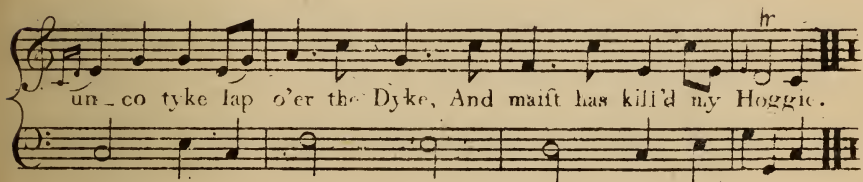
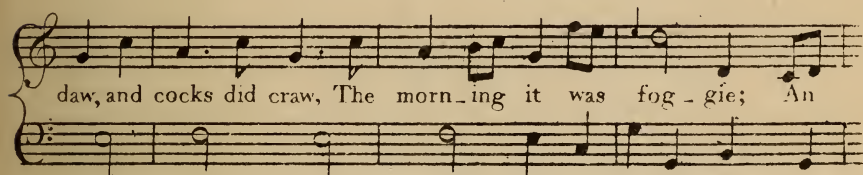
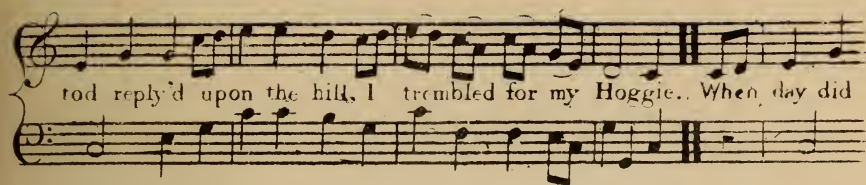


roaring linn, A-mang the braes fae scroggie. But the hou-let



cry'd frae the Castle wa', The blit-ter frae the boggie, The





\*\*\*\*\*

### To the Foregoing Tune.

What words, dear Nancy, will prevail,  
 What tender accents move thee.  
 How shall I speak the soft detail,  
 And shew how much I love thee.  
 The pains my soul is doom'd to bear,  
 Are far beyond expression;  
 No rising sigh, nor falling tear  
 Can half reveal my passion.

Yet when the bosom rack'd with pain  
 It's latent woe discloses,  
 'Tis nature's tribute to complain,  
 And sorrow's self reposes.  
 Delusive rest! for grief and shame,  
 Unpitied, should'st thou hear me,  
 Shall reinforce the cruel flame,  
 The incessant pangs that tear me.

In apathy to spend my days,  
 I oft have woth'd with ardor,  
 Tho' hard thy image to craze,  
 To bear it still seem'd harder;  
 But vain my wishes, vain my toils,  
 Lost freedom to recover;  
 From the harsh task my soul recoils.  
 A self devoted lover.

You see by what degrees I pine,  
 Whilst every look implores you,  
 While calmly you to fate resign  
 The youth whose soul adores you.  
 Yet come it will the destined hour  
 When Death my soul shall sever,  
 And love and beauty lose their power  
 To torture me for ever.



## The Carle he came o'er the Craft.

134

The carle he came o'er the craft, And his beard

Lively

new shaven, Glow'd at me as he'd been daft, The

carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt a-wa, I

win-na hae him, No forfooth, I'll no hae him. New hose and

new shoon And his beard new shav-en.

A filler broach he gae me nieft.

To fasten on my curchie nooked,

I wot'awee upon my breast: (ed:

But soon, alack! the tongue o't crook

And fae may his; I winna hae him,

Na, forfooth, I winna hae him,

Ane twice a bairn's a lafs's jest;

Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has nae fault but ane,

For he has lands and dollars plenty;

But wae's me for him! skin and bane

Is no for a plump lafs of twenty.

Howt awa, I winna hae him.

Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!

What signifies his dirty riggs,

And cash, without a man wi' them.

But shoud' my canker'd dady gar

Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,

I warn the fumbler to beware,

That antlers dinna claim their station.

Howt awa, I winna hae him!

Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!

I'm flect to crack the haly band,

Sae lawty says, I shoud' nae hae him.

## Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny.

135

\*

O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the ky wi' me; O

Lively

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be merry wi' thee. And

Was she na' wordy of kisses, And was she na' wordy of three, And

Chorus

was she na' wordy of kisses, That gaed to the ky wi' me? O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the ky wi' me; O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be merry wi' thee.

I hae a house a biggin,  
 Anither that's like to fa',  
 I hae a lassie wi' bairn,  
 Which grieves me warft of a',  
 Gae to the ky, &c.

But if she be wi' bairn,  
 As I trow weel she be,  
 I hae an auld mither at hame.  
 Will doudle it on her knee.  
 Gae to the ky, &c.

## Why hangs that cloud?

Tune, Hallow ev'n.

136

Why hangs that cloud u - pon thy brow, That beauteous  
 heav'n e're while serene! Whence do these storms and tempests flow, Or  
 what this gust of passion mean? And must then man-kind  
 lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to shine, And, ly ob-  
 scurd in endless night, For each poor fil-ly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,	Who can the double pain endure;
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,	Or who must not resign the field
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,	To thee, celestial maid, secure
Thy beauty can make large amends:	With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?
Or if I durst profanely try,	
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,	If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,	Let not a wretch in torment live:
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.	But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
	Since we must sin ere it forgive.
For Venus every heart t'enfnare,	Yet pitying Heaven not only does
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,	Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
And Pallas with unusual care,	But even itself appeas'd bestows,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.	As the reward of penitence.



Willy was a wanton wag.

137

Willy was a wanton wag, The blythefst lad that e'er I faw, At  
 Lively  
 bridals still he bore the brag, And carried ay the gree a-wa. His  
 doublet was of Zetland flag, And vow! but Willy he was brow, And at his  
 6.  
 Vers 2d  
 shoulder hung a tag, That pleas'd the lassies best of a. He was a &c.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw;  
 And ay whatever Willy said,  
 It was still hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon-flaw,  
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
 The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?  
 He wan the love of great and sma,  
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
 He kiss'd the lassies hale-fale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
 When by the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a' great lown,  
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen,  
 When he danc'd with the lassies round,  
 The bridegroom-speer'd where he had  
 been

Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing, faith, my thanks are fair  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

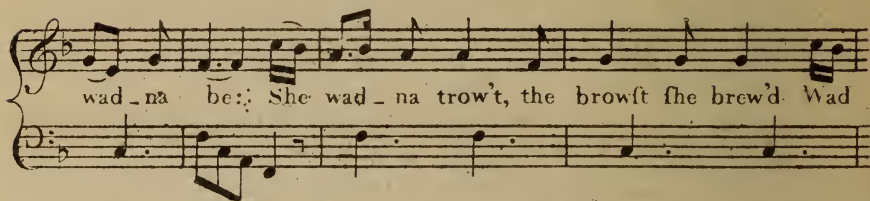
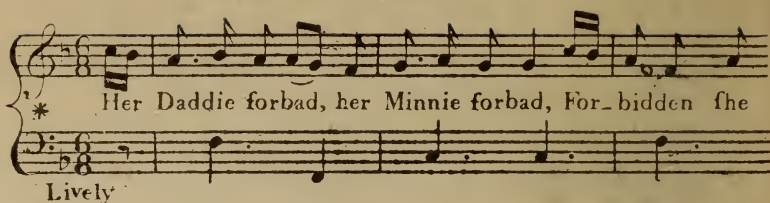
Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring,  
 But shame light on his souple snout  
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.  
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
 Says, Well's me on your bonny face,  
 With bobbing, Willy's thanks are fair,  
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance  
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
 Unless like Willy ye advance;  
 (O! Willy has a wanton leg!)  
 For wi' he learns us a' to steeer,  
 And formast ay bears up the ring:  
 We will find nae sic dancing here,  
 if we want Willy's wanton fling.

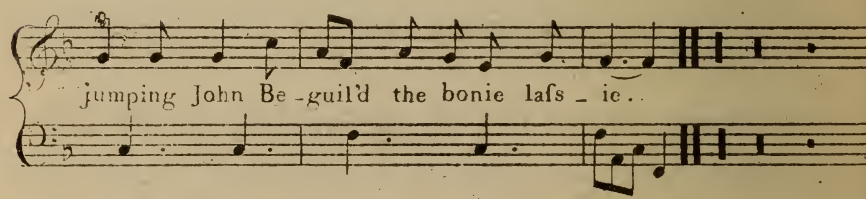
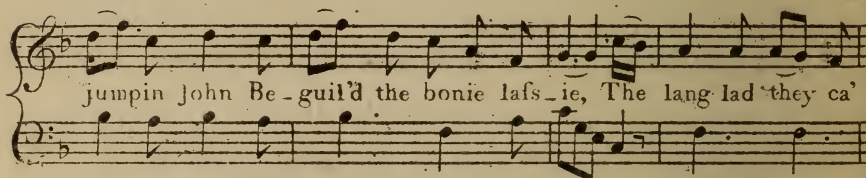
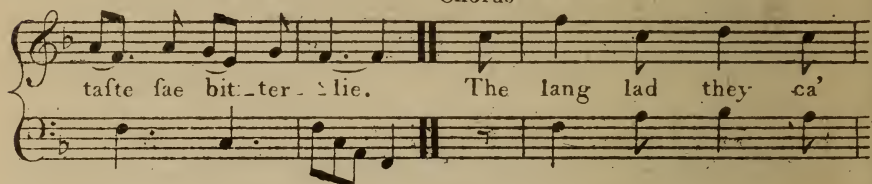


## Jumpin John.

133



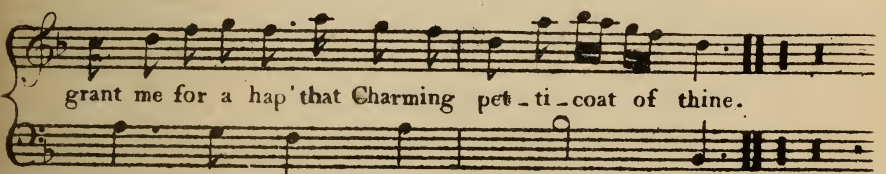
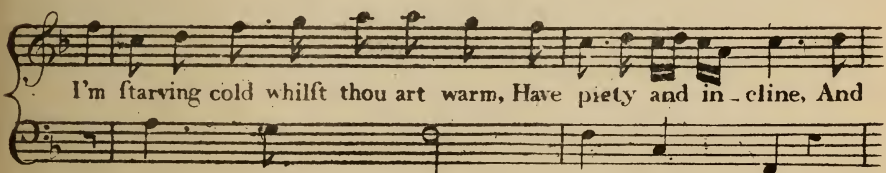
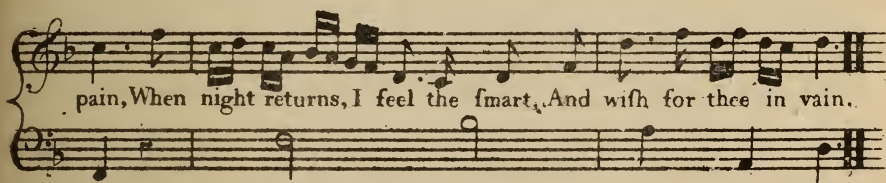
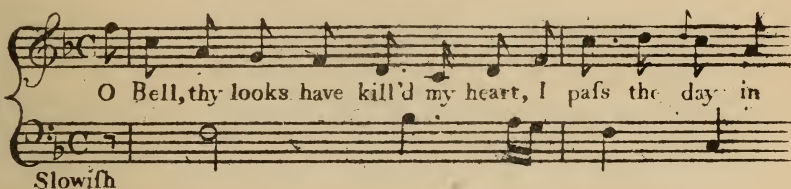
## Chorus



A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillins and three;  
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,  
 The lafs wi' the bonie black e'e.  
 The lang lad &c.

## Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

139



My ravish'd fancy in amaze  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways  
 Present thee to my arms.  
 But waking think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure  
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just reward that's due to love,  
 And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize  
 That lovely breast of thine;  
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure, Heaven has fitted for delight  
 That beauteous form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its law to flight,  
 By hind'ring the design.  
 May all the powers of love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine;  
 Or loose my chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

## Up in the Morning Early.

140

\* Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, The drift is driving  
Lively

fairly; Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast, I'm fure its win - ter

fairly: Up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morning early, When

a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, I'm fure it is winter fair - ly.

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 fure it's winter fairly.  
Up in the mornings, &c.

Z

141

## The Tears of Scotland.

Plaintive

and

Slow.

Mourn, hapless Ca - le - do - ni - a, mourn, Thy banish'd peace, thy

laurels torn! Thy sons, for valour long renown'd, Lie slaughter'd



## Continued.

on their native ground; Thy hos - pi - table roofs no more Invite the

stranger to - the door; In smoaky ruins sunk they lie, The monu -

- ments of cruel - ty - . The monu - ments of cruel - ty .

The wretched owner fees, afar;	Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
His all become the prey of war;	Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,	The sons against their fathers flood;
Then smites his breast, and curses life.	The parent shed his children's blood.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,	Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:	The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;	The naked and forlorn must feel
Thy infants perish on the plain.	Devouring flames, and murthering steel.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,  
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze;  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend.  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"



Where winding Forth adorns the vale.

Tune, Cumbernauld-house.

142

Where winding Forth a-dorns the vale, Fond Strephon,

Slow

once a shepherd gay, Did to the rocks his lot be-wail, And

thus addrest his plaintive lay. O Julia, more than lil-ly

fair, More blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breast

re-lentless wear. A heart more cold then winter's snows!

Yet, nipping Winter's keenest reign

But for a short-liv'd space prevails;

Spring-time returns, and cheers each swain, Where mortal foot did ne'er repair.

Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.

Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,

Thou, mistress of angelic charms,

Come smiling like the morn of May,

And center in thy Strephon's arms.

Else, haunted by the fiend despair,

He'll court some solitary grove,

Where mortal foot did ne'er repair.

But swains oppress'd with hapless love.

From the once pleasing rural throng

Remov'd, he'll bend his lonely way,

Where Philomela's mournful song

Shall join his melancholy lay.

## The young Highland Rover.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns. Tune, Morag.

143

\* Loud blaw the frosty breezes, The snaws the mountains

Slow

cover, Like winter on me feizes; Since, my young Highland

Chorus

Ro-ver Far wan-ders na-tions o-ver. Where

e'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden; Re-

-turn him safe to fair Strathspey, And bonie Castle Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,

Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,

The birdies dowie moaning,

Shall a' be blythely finging,

And every flower be springing.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,

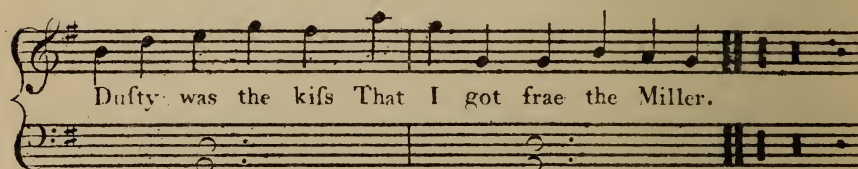
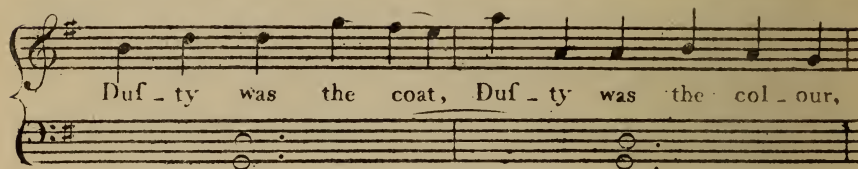
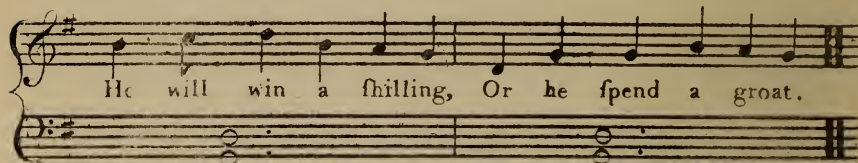
When by his mighty Warden

My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,

And bonie Castle-Gordon.

## Dufty, Miller.

144

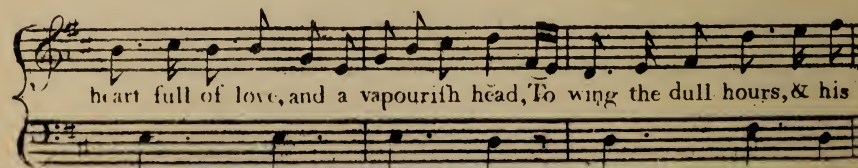
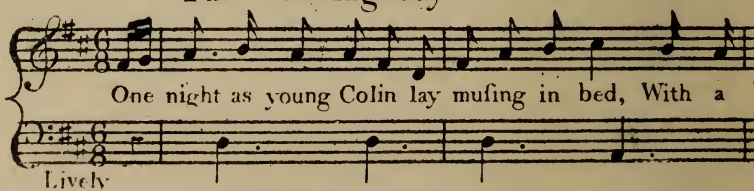


Hey, the dufty-Miller,  
And his-dufty sack;  
Leeze me on the calling  
Fills the dufty peck:

Fills the dufty peck,  
Brings the dufty filler;  
I wad gie my coatie  
For the dufty Miller.

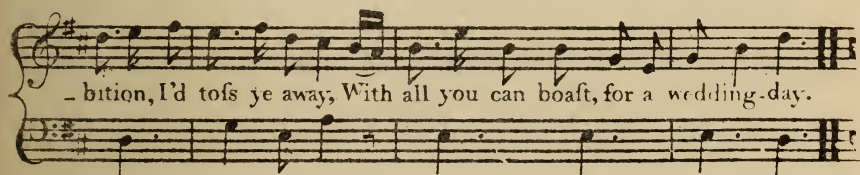
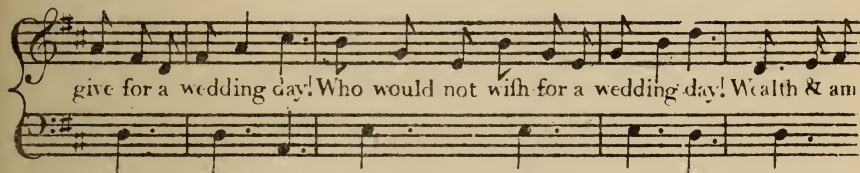
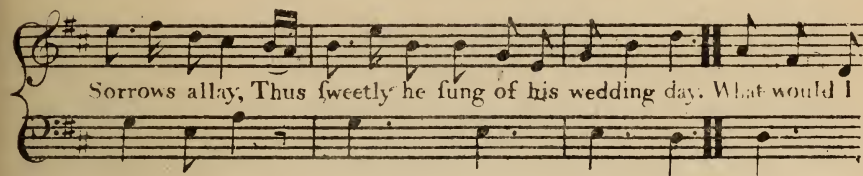
## The Wedding-day.

145





## Continued.



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

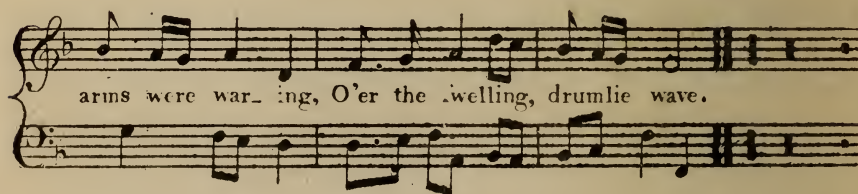
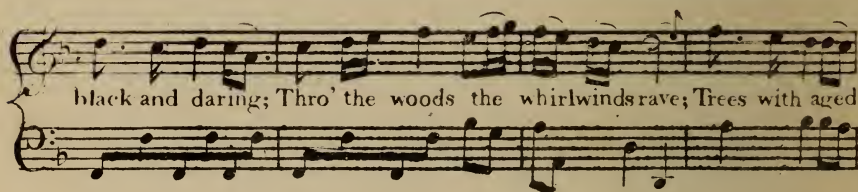
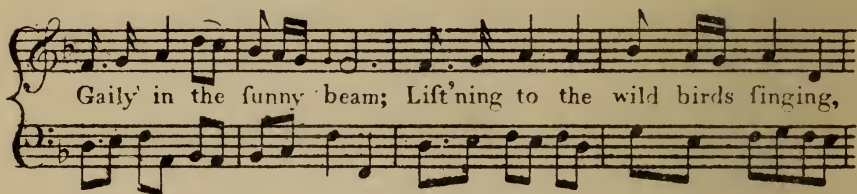
But Luna, who equally sovereign presides  
 O'er the hearts of the Ladies, and flow of the tides,  
 Unhappily changing, soon chang'd his wife's mind:  
 O Fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!  
     Why, was I born to a wedding-day!  
     Curs'd, ever curs'd be my wedding-day!  
     Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,  
     And dates all his plagues from his wedding-day.

Ye Batchelors, warn'd by the Shepherds distress,  
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,  
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
 And blast all your joys on a wedding-day.  
     Horns are the gift of a wedding-day,  
     Want and a Scold crown a wedding-day,  
     Happy the gallant, who wife when he may,  
     Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day



## I dream'd I lay, &amp;c.

146



Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;  
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming  
 A' my flowery blifs destroy'd.  
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,  
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;  
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

I, who am fore oppress'd with Love.

Tune, Lovely falls of Monargon.

147

\* I, who am fore oppress'd with Love, Must like the

Slowish

lonely turtle dove, To hills and shady groves repair, To vent my

grief and sorrow there; Must now, a - las! re - solve to

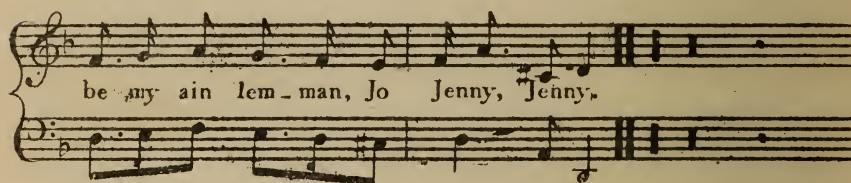
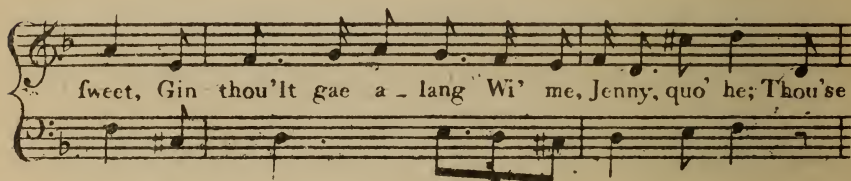
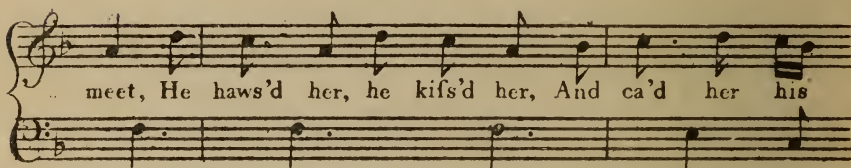
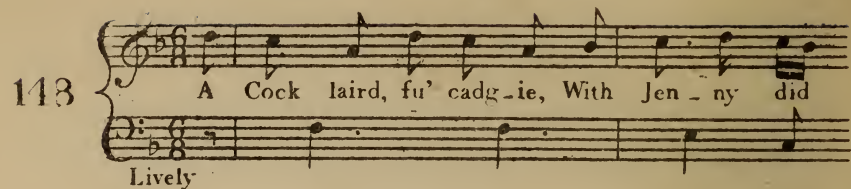
part At once with you and with my heart; For do you think my

heart can stay Be - hind, when you are gone a - way!

No, no, my dear, whene'er we part,  
 Take with you my poor bleeding heart;  
 But use it kindly, for you know  
 How much it lov'd you long ago:  
 You know to what a great degree,  
 Sighing for you, it wasted me,  
 When one sweet kiss could well repay  
 My pains and troubles all the day.

## A Cock Laird, fu' cadgie.

148



If I gang along wi' ye,  
Ye mauna fail  
To feast me with caddels  
And good hackit-kail.  
The deil's in your nicety.  
Jenny, quoth he,  
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal  
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners  
With pearling set round,  
A skirt of puddy,  
And a waistcoat of brown,  
Awa' with sick vanities,  
Jenny, quoth he,  
For kurchis and kirtles—

My lairdship can yield me  
As meikle a year,  
As had us in pottage  
And good knockit beer:  
But having nae tenants,  
O Jenny, Jenny,  
To buy ought I ne'er have  
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants  
Will sell you on tick,  
For we maun hae braw things,  
Albeit they sould break.  
When broken, frae care  
The fools are set free,  
When we mak them lairds—



## Duncan Davison.

149

\* There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, And she held o'er the

Lively

moors to spin; There was a lad that fol- low'd her, They

ca'd him, Duncan Davison, The moor was driegh, and Meg was

skiegh, her favour Duncan could na win; For wi' the rock she

wad him knock, And ay she shook the tem-per-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foot,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,  
 And ay she fet the wheel between:  
 But Duncan swoor a haly aith

That Meg should be a bride the morn,  
 Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee houle,  
 And we will live like king and queen  
 Sae blythé and merry's we will be,  
 When ye fet by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink and no be drunk,  
 A man may fight and no be flain;  
 A man may kiss a bonny lass,  
 And ay be welcome back again.



## Love will find out the way

150

150

Quite over the mountains, And over the waves, Quite

Slow 6 6 6 6

over the fountains, And under the graves; O'er floods that are

6 6 5 4 3

deepest, Which Neptune o - bey, O'er rocks that are steepest, Love will

find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest, Which Neptune O -

- bey, O'er rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie;  
 Where there is no space  
 For the receipt of a fly;  
 Where the midge dare not venture,  
 Left herself fast she lay;  
 But if love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
 A child in his force;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward, which is worse;  
 But if she, whom love doth honour,  
 Be conceal'd from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
 Which is too unkind;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing to be blind;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that ye may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The Phoenix of the east;  
 The Lionsess, ye may move her  
 To give o'er her prey,  
 But you'll never stop a lover,  
 He will find out his way.

Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful fate.

158

Tune, Gallashiels.

151

Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love &

Slow

doom'd to languish, To bear the scornful fair one's hate, Nor dare dis-

-close his anguish! Yet eager looks, & dying sighs, My secret soul dis-

cover; While rapture trembling through mine eyes, Reveals how much I

love her: The tender glance, the red'ning cheek, O'erspread with rising

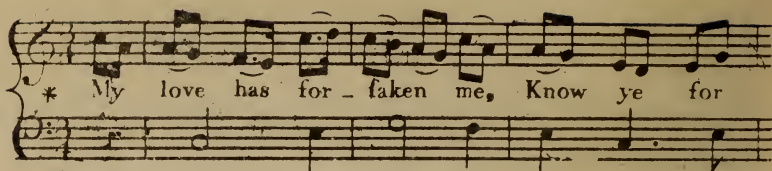
blushes, A thousand various ways they speak A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling!  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm, whene'er I view thee;

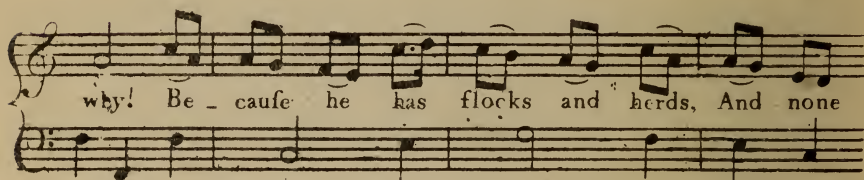
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,  
Still will my hopes pursue thee;  
Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Bow at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of Heaven.

## My love has forsaken me.

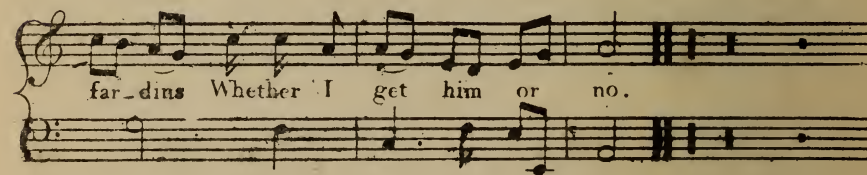
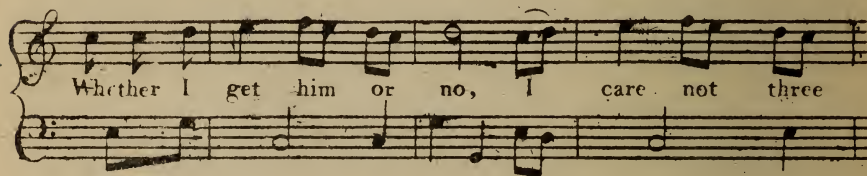
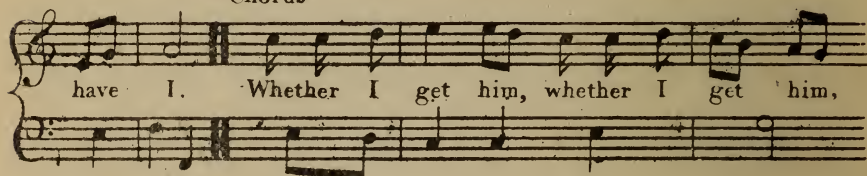
152



Slow



Chorus



But the rot may come amongst them, A thief will but rob me,

And they may all die;

Take all that I have;

And then he'll be forsaken,

But an inconstant lover

Ay, as well as I.

Will bring me to my grave.

Whether I get him, &c.

Whether I get him, &c.

Meeting is a pleasure,

The grave it will rot me,

And parting's a grief,

And bring me to dust;

And an inconstant lover

An inconstant lover

Is worse than a thief.

No woman should trust.

Whether I get him, &c.

Whether I get him, &c.



## My lov'd Celestia.

Tune, Beauty Side.

153

Slow

\* My lov'd Ce-lestia is so fair, So charming

in each part, That ev'-ry feature is a snare To

catch my wounded heart. And, like the flutt'ring

bird in vain. That labours to be freed, The more I struggle

with my pain, A-las! the more I bleed.

Altho' the Heavens her heart have made  
 Insensible of care,  
 Yet will I gaze, nor hope for aid,  
 But gazing I despair:  
 Then tell me, ye who read the skies,  
 The mystery disclose,  
 Why, for the pleasure of my eyes  
 I forfeit my repose.



## Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

154

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of six systems, each with a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, trills (marked 'tr'), and fingerings (e.g., 6, 4, 3, 7, 5). The tempo is marked 'Slow' at the beginning. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nel-ly to mourn! Thy  
 presence cou'd ease me, When naething can please me, Now dowie I sigh  
 on the banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.  
 Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings so 'clear, While lav'rocks are  
 singing, and primroses springing; yet none of them pleases my  
 eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na, to tell:

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myfell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in langour till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

# The Original words of Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

As Philermón and Phillis together did walk,  
 To the woods they did wander - To the woods they did wander.  
 As Philermón and Phillis together did walk,  
 To the woods they did wander, together did talk.  
 O could you, Philermón, this forest forfake,  
 And leave off to wander, - And leave off to wander,  
 O could you, Philermón, this forest forfake,  
 And leave off to wander, For Phillis's sake.

If I this fine forest and woods should give o'er,  
 And leave off to wander - And leave off to wander,  
 If I this fine forest and woods should give o'er,  
 And leave off to wander, 'Tis thee I adore.  
 Just as they were talking, a Boy they espy'd,  
 With a bow and a quiver - With a bow and a quiver,  
 Just as they were talking, a Boy they espy'd,  
 With a bow and a quiver - his arrows fast ty'd.

Young shepherd! said he, To thee I am sent,  
 From Venus my mother - From Venus my mother,  
 Young shepherd! said he, to thee I am sent,  
 From Venus my mother - Thy breast to torment:  
 With a bow ready bended, and a thundering dart,  
 Philermón was wounded - Philermón was wounded,  
 With a bow ready bended, and a thundering dart,  
 Philermón was wounded - quite thoro' the heart.

The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,  
 And left poor Philermón - And left poor Philermón,  
 The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,  
 And left poor Philermón - a victim and prey:  
 But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,  
 A cure I will tender - A cure I will tender,  
 But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,  
 A cure I will tender - Let the Boy fly aloft.

She kiss'd and embrac'd him, and soothed his pain;  
 For Phillis was loving - For Phillis was loving,  
 She kiss'd and embrac'd him, and soothed his pain,  
 For Phillis was loving - And loved again:  
 Then, down in yon meadow, there chafly we'll stay,  
 Thou Queen of my fancy - Thou Queen of my fancy -  
 Then, down in yon meadow, there chafly we'll stay,  
 Thou Queen of my fancy, I'll embrace thee always.

The beech and the beech our covering shall be,  
 No canopy like them - no canopy like them -  
 The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,  
 No canopy like them - While sitting by thee:  
 With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;  
 Gang thro' the wood, Laddie - Gang thro' the wood, Laddie,  
 With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;  
 Gang thro' the wood, Laddie - I'll show my respect.

## Where Helen Lies.

155

O that I were where Hel - en lies! Night

Plaintive

and day on me she cries: O that I were where

Hel - en lies In fair Kirk - connel lee. O Helen, fair be -

- yond com - pare, A ringlet of thy flow - ing hair, I'll wear it

still for e - ver - mair Un - til the day I die.

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot, O Helen chaste, thou'rt now at rest,  
And curs'd the gun that gave the crack! If I were with thee I were blest,  
Into my arms bird Helen lap, Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest  
And died for sake o' me! On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O think na ye but my heart was fair;  
My love fell down, and spake nae mair; I wish my grave was growing green,  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care, A winding sheet put o'er my een,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee. And I in Helen's arms lying  
In fair Kirkconnel lee.

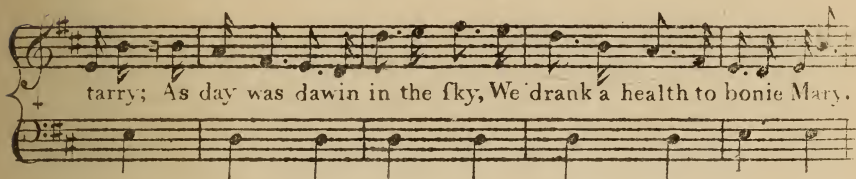
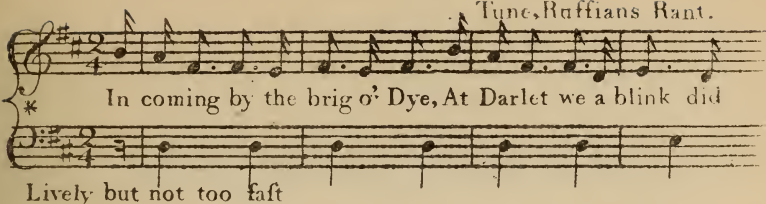
I lighted down, my sword did draw, I wish I were where Helen lies!  
I cutted him in pieces sma', Night and day on me she cries:  
I cutted him in pieces sma', O that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee. On fair Kirkconnel lee!



## Theniel Menzies bonie Mary.

Tune, Ruffians Rant.

156



Her een fae bright, her brow fae white,  
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;  
And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' &c.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,  
Till Piper lads were wae and weary;  
But Charlie gat the spring to pay  
For kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' &c.

2

## To the foregoing Tune.

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank,  
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,  
They'll step in and tak a pint  
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Lady Onlie, honest lucky,  
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;  
I wish her sale for her gude ale,  
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house fae bien, her curch fae clean  
I wat she is a dainty Chuckie!  
And cheary blinks the ingle gleede  
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Lady Onlie, &c.



## The Banks of the Devon.

Written for this Work by Burns. Tune, Bhanneraich dhon na chri.

157

\* How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon, With

Slow

green-spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair! But the bon-ni-est

flow'r on the banks of the Devon Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the

Ayr. Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing Flower, In the

gay, rosy morn as it bathes in the dew; And gentle the fall of the

soft vernal flower, That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizest  
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded Lillies,  
 And England triumphant display her proud Rose;  
 A faster than either adorns the green vallies  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

## Waly, Waly.

158

O Waly, waly, up yon bank, And waly, waly down yon brae &amp;

Very Slow

waly by yon river side, Where I and my love went to gae! O

waly, waly, love is bonny, A little while when it is new, But

when 'tis auld, it waxes cauld, And wears away like morning dew!

I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and fyne it brak,  
 And fae did my faulc love to me.  
 When cockle-shells turn filler bells,  
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;  
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

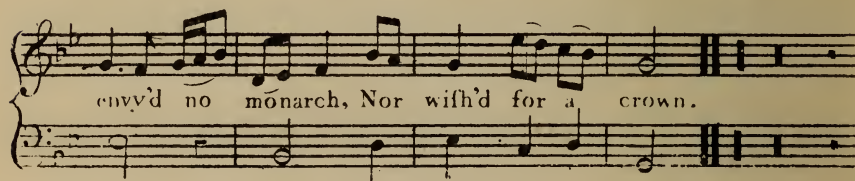
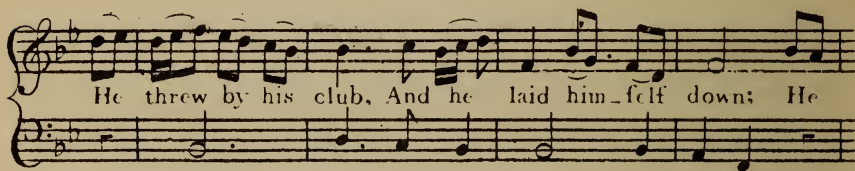
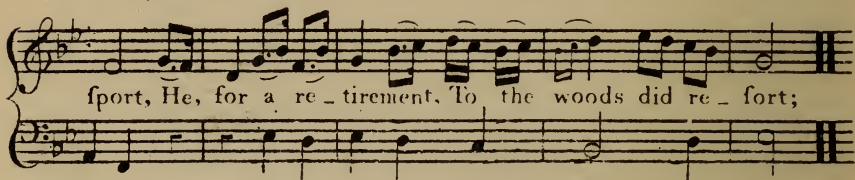
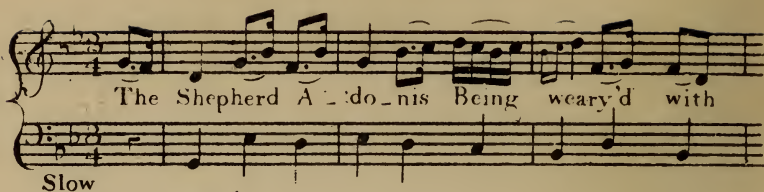
'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry:  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me  
 When we came in' by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely fight to see;  
 My love was cled in velvet black  
 And I mysel in cramasie.

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyld by me,  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true-love's forsaken me.  
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree!  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come  
 And tak a life that wearies me!

But had I wist before I kifs'd  
 That love had been fae ill to win;  
 I'd lockt my heart in a case of gold.  
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.  
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee;  
 And I mysel were dead and gane;  
 For maid again I'll never be.

## The Shepherd Adonis.

159



He drank of the burn,  
 And he ate frae the tree,  
 Himself he enjoy'd,  
 And frae trouble was free:  
 He wish'd for no nymph,  
 Tho' never fae fair,  
 Had nae love nor ambition,  
 And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus  
 In an ev'ning fae clear,  
 A heav'nly sweet voice  
 Sounded fast in his ear;  
 Which came frae a shady  
 Green neighbouring grove,  
 Where bonny Amynta  
 Sat fing'ring of love.

He wander'd that way,  
 And found wha was there;  
 He was quite confounded  
 To see her fae fair:

He stood like a statue,  
 Not a foot could he move,  
 Nor knew he what griev'd him;  
 But he fear'd it was love.

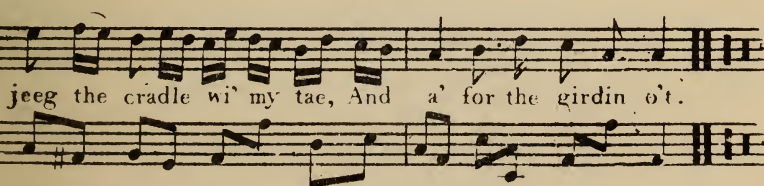
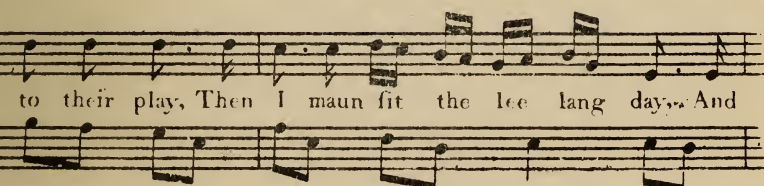
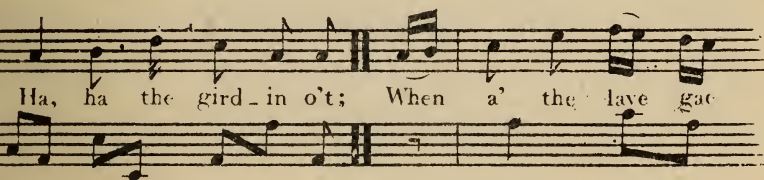
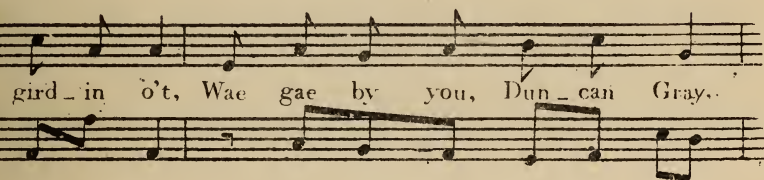
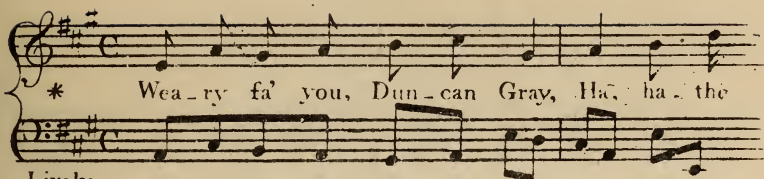
The nymph she beheld him  
 With a kind modest grace,  
 Seeing something that pleas'd her  
 Appear in his face;  
 With blushing a little,  
 She to him did say,  
 O shepherd, what want ye,  
 How came you this way?

His spirits reviving,  
 The swain to her said,  
 I was ne'er fae surpris'd  
 At the sight of a maid;  
 Until I beheld thee,  
 From love I was free;  
 But now I'm ta'en captive,  
 My fairest, by thee.



160

Lively



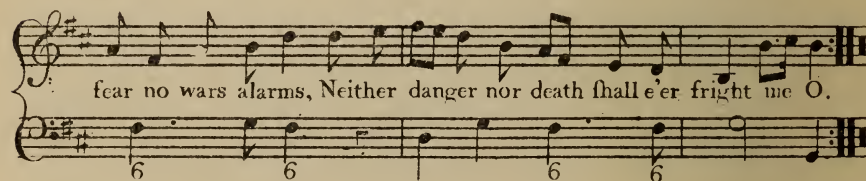
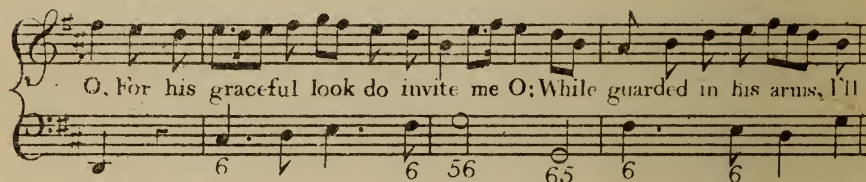
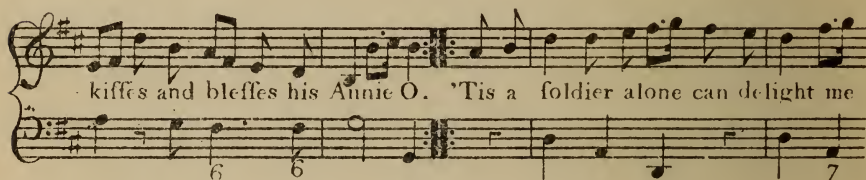
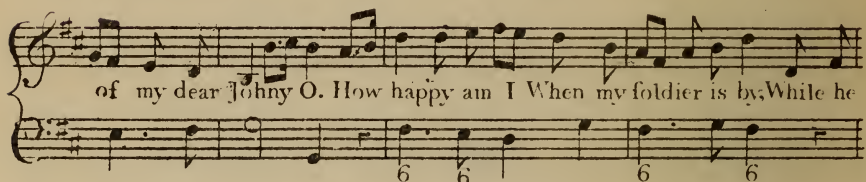
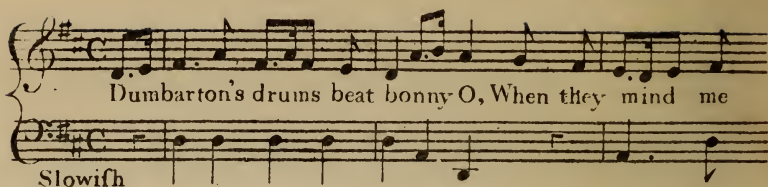
Bonie was the Lammas moon,  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't;  
 Glowrin a' the hills aboon,  
 ' Ha, ha the girdin o't;  
 The girdin brak; the beast cam down,  
 I tint my curch and baith my fhoon,  
 And Duncan, ye're an unco loun;  
 Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't,  
 I'll blefs you wi' my hindmost breath  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't;  
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
 The beast again can bear us baith,  
 And auld Mefs John will mend the  
 And clout the bad girdin o't. (kail)



## Dumbarton's Drums.

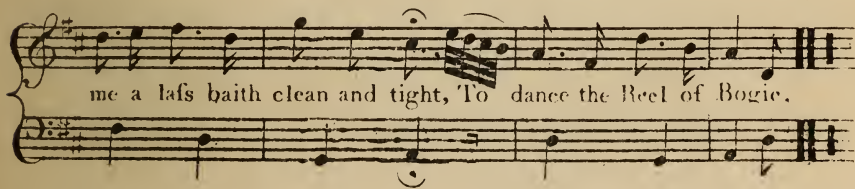
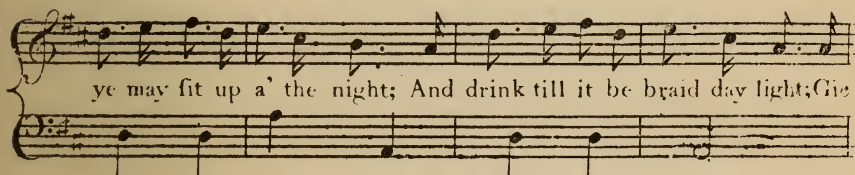
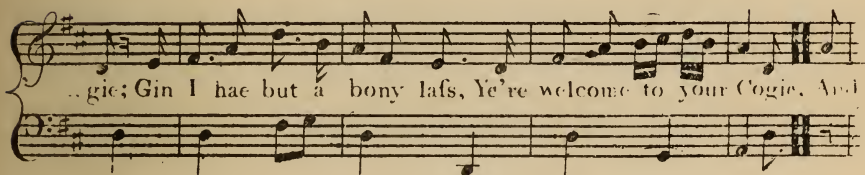
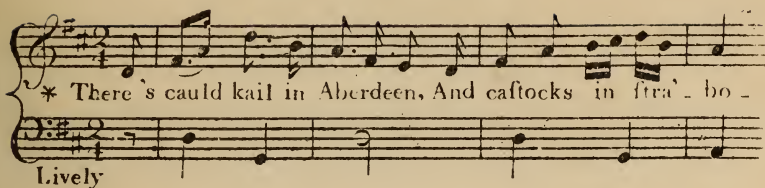
161



My love is a handsome laddie O:	Then I'll be the captain's lady O:
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:	Farewell all my friends and my daddy O:
Tho' commiffions are dear,	I'll wait no more at home,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;	But I'll follow with the drum,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie O.	And when'er that beats I'll be ready O.
A foldier has honour and bravery O,	Dumbarton's drums sound bonny O,
Unacquainted with rogues & their knavery O:	They are sprightly like my dear Johnny O:
He minds no other thing	How happy shall I be,
But the ladies or the king:	When on my foldier's knee,
For every other care is but slavery O.	And he kiffes and bleffes his Annie O!

Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

162



In Cotillons the French excel,  
John Bull, in Countra-dances;  
The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,  
Mynheer an All'mande prances:  
In Foursome Reels the Scots delight,  
The Threesome maist dance wondrous -  
But Twosome ding a' out o' fight, (light;  
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs,  
Save yon' auld doited Fogie,  
And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,  
As they do in Stra'bogie.  
But a' the lasses look sae fain,  
We canna think oursel's to hain;  
For they maun hae their Come-again  
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Come, Lads, and view your Partners well, Now a' the lads hae done their best  
Wale each a blythsome Rogie; Like true men of Stra'bogie;  
I'll tak this Lafsie to mysel, We'll stop a while and tak a rest,  
She seems sae keen and vogie; And tippie out a Cogie;  
Now, Piper lad, bang up the Springs; Come now, my lads, & tak your glafs,  
The Countra fashon is the thing, And try ilk other to surpass,  
To prie their mou's ere we begin In wishing health to every lafs  
To dance the Reel of Bogie. To dance the Reel of Bogie.

## For lake of Gold.

163

For lake of Gold she's left me Oh! And of all that's  
Slowish 6 5 6 5 6

dear bereft me Oh! She me forlook, For a great Duke, & to endless  
6 6 3

care has left me Oh! A star & garter has more art, Than youth, a  
6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6

true and faithful heart; For emp-ty ti-tles we must part, And for  
5 6 6 4 3

glitt'ring show she left me Oh! No cruel fair shall ever move  
My injur'd heart again to love,  
Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!  
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care  
Commit my lovely, charming fair,  
Your choicest blessings on her share,  
Tho' she's for ever left me, Oh!

## Katharine Ogie.

164

As walking forth to view the plain, Up-on a morning  
Slow



## Continued.

ear - ly, While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From  
 flow'rs which grew so rarely; I chanc'd to meet a  
 pretty maid, She find' tho' it was foggy: I ask'd her  
 name, Sweet Sir, she said, My name is Katharine Ogie.

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

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;  
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,  
 Far excells any clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
 My charming Katharine, Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain,  
 To feed my flock beside thee;  
 At boughing time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee!

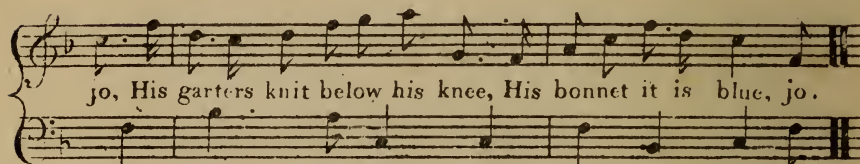
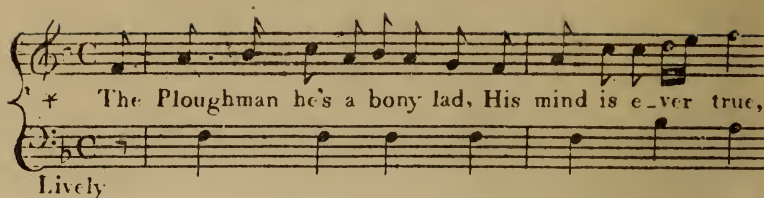
I'd think myself a happier man,  
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten  
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne  
 And statesmen's dangerous station.  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:  
 Might I carefs and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogue;  
 For these are toys, and still look less  
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

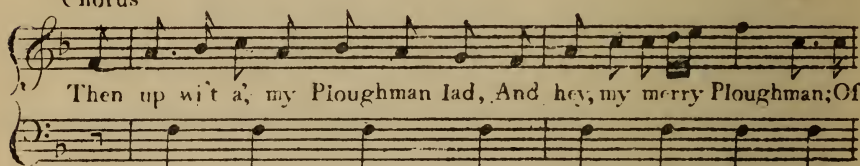
But I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature,  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love  
 That are both dark and foggy:  
 Pity my case, ye powers above,  
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

## The Ploughman

165



## Chorus



My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
He's aften wat and weary:  
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
And gae to bed, my Dearie.  
Up wi't a' &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been at Saint Johnston.  
The boniest fight that e'er I saw  
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin'.  
Up wi't a' &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,  
And I will dress his o'erlay;  
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,  
And cheer him late and early.  
Up wi't a' &c.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,  
And filler buckles glancin';  
A gude blue bannet on his head,  
And O but he was handsome!  
Up wi't a' &c.

Commend me to the Barn yard,  
And the Cora-mou, man;  
I never gat my Coggie fou  
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.  
Up wi't a' &c.

166

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score includes repeat signs at the end of the first and third lines of music.

To me what are riches en-cumbred with care? To  
 me what is pomp's in-fig-ni-ficant glare? No  
 minion of fortune, no pageant of state, Shall e-ver  
 in-duce me to en-vy his fate.

Let rakes in a paramour's love acquiesce,  
 Or jealousies stifle, in noisy excess,  
 Such pleasures I court as my soul can review,  
 Nor tumults attend, nor compunctions pursue.  
 Their personal graces let fops idolize,  
 Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise;  
 But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,  
 And all their false lusture be hid in the tomb.  
 Let the meteor discovery attract the fond sage,  
 In fruitless researches for life to engage,  
 Content with my portion the rest I forego,  
 Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.  
 Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,  
 While misers their wishes concenter in self,  
 Let the godlike delight of imparting be mine;  
 Enjoyment reflected is pleasure divine.  
 Extensive dominion and absolute power,  
 May tickle ambition perhaps for an hour,  
 But power in possession, soon loses its charms,  
 While conscience remonstrates, and terror alarms.  
 With vigour, O teach me, kind heaven, to sustain,  
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain;  
 And, when 'tis allow'd me the goal to desery,  
 For my species, I liv'd, for my self let me die.



# Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

167

trily

Jocky he came here to woo, On ae feast-day when  
we were fu; And Jenny pat on her best array, When she  
heard that Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,  
Sae privily to change her smock;  
And ay she loud as her mither did rair,  
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,  
And she came bobbin and bekin ben; jimp!  
Her slays they were laced, & her waist it was  
And a bra' new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand,  
O Jenny, can ye fancy me?  
My father is dead, & has left me some land,  
And bra' houses twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee,  
A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock;  
Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee;  
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh,  
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:  
A weel, goodwife, and what say ye?  
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,  
O mither, fetch us some gude meat;  
A piece of the butter was kirnd the day,  
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,  
Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;  
It was nae for meat that I came here,  
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Then Jocky and Jenny were led to their bed,  
And Jocky he lay neist the stock;  
And five or six times ere break of day,  
He aisk'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock?

Quo' Jenny, Dear Jock, you gie me content,  
I blefs my mither for gieing consent:  
And on the next morning before the first cock,  
Our Jenny did cry, I dearly love Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,  
Wi' a green gown as fide as her smock;  
And ay she loud as her mither did rair,  
Vow firs! has nae Jenny got Jock.

## O'er Bogie.

168

I will a\_wa wi' my love, I will a\_wa wi' her; Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will awa wi' her. I'll

O'er Bog-ie, o'er Bog-ie, o'er Bog-ie wi' her, Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,  
 I dinna care a strae;  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
 And wordy of my hand,  
 And well I wat we shanna part  
 For filler or for land.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,  
 And beaux admire fine lace,  
 But my chief pleasure is to blink  
 On Betty's bonny face.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,  
 Of colour, treats, and air.  
 The fault that sparkles in her eye  
 Makes her a jewel rare.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Her flowing wit gives shining life  
 To a' her other charms;  
 How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,  
 And lock'd up in my arms;  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There blithly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,  
 Shame fa' them that wad change.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

A kiss of Betty and a smile,  
 Albeit ye wad lay down,  
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,  
 And offer me ye'r crown.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

### Same Tune.

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me;  
 Next to my father gae;  
 Make him content to give consent,  
 He'll hardly say you nay:  
 For you have what he wad be at,  
 And will commend you weel,  
 Since parents auld think love grows could  
 Where bairns want milk and meat.  
 Should he deny, I care na by,  
 He'd contradict in vain,  
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane:  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like these in high degree:  
 And if ye prove faithful in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

## Lafs wi' a Lump of Land.

169

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Lively' at the beginning. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

Gie me a lafs wi' a lump o' land, And we  
Lively  
for life shall gang the-gither, Tho' daft or wife, I'll  
never de-mand, Or black, or fair, it makesna whether: I'm  
aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And blood a-lane is  
no worth a shilling, But she that's rich her market's made, For  
il-ka charm a-bout her is kil-ling.

Gie me a lafs wi' a lump of land,

And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;

Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,

Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,

I hate with poortith, tho' bonay, to meddle;

Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land.

Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands &amp; bryes

And filler &amp; gowds a sweet complection;

For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,

Have tint the art of gaining affection:

Love tips his arrows with wood and parks

And castles, &amp; riggs, &amp; muirs &amp; meadows

And naething can catch our modern sparks

But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointurd-  
widows.



170 \* Landlady, count the lawin, The day is near the dawin; Ye're  
Lively

a' blind drunk, boys, And I'm but jolly fou. Hey tut-ti tai-ti,

How tut-ti tai-ti, Hey tut-ti tai-ti, wha's fou now?

Cog an ye were ay fou,  
Cog an ye were ay fou,  
I wad sit and sing to you,  
If ye were ay fou.  
Hey tutti &c

Weel may we a' be!  
Ill may we never see!  
God blefs the king  
And the companie!  
Hey tutti &c

### Same Tune.

HERE is to the king, Sir,  
Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,  
And to every honest man  
That will do't again.

#### Chorus.

Fill up your bumpers high,  
We'll drink a' your barrels dry;  
Out upon them, fy! fy!  
That winna do't again.

Here's to the Chieftans  
Of the Scots Highland clans;  
They hae done it mair than ance,  
And will do't again.  
Fill up &c.

When you hear the trumpet-sounds,  
Tutti taiti to the drum;  
Up your swords, and down your gun  
And to the louns again.  
Fill up &c.

Here is to the king o' Swedes,  
Fresh laurels crown his head!  
Pox on every sneaking blade  
That winna do't again!  
Fill up &c.

But to mak a' things right, now,  
He that drinks maun fight too,  
To shew his heart's upright too,  
And that he'll do't again.  
Fill up &c.

## The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

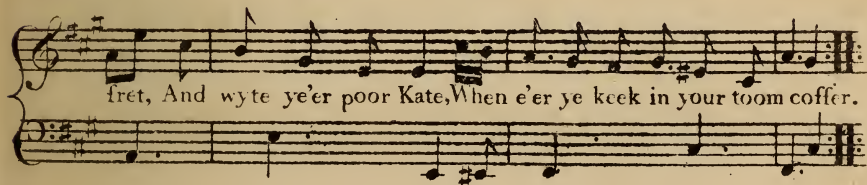
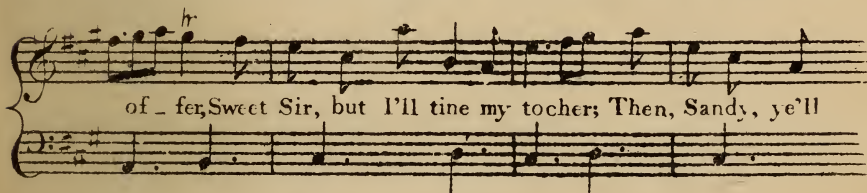
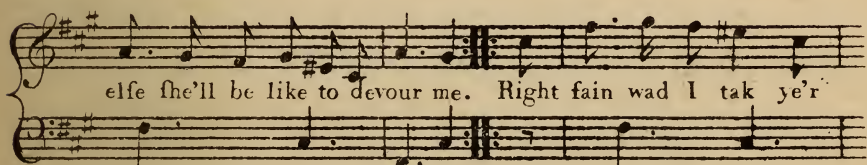
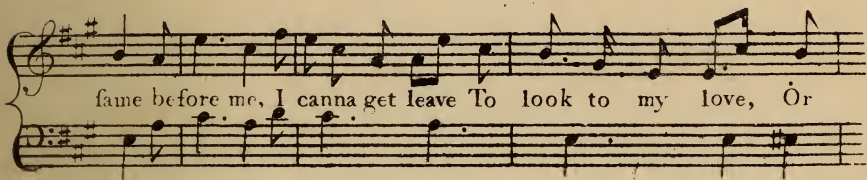
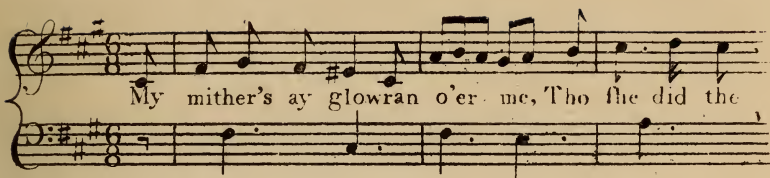
171

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the  
street, my jo: My mis-trefs in her tar-tan screen, Fu'  
bonie, braw and sweet, my jo. My dear, quoth I, thanks  
to the night That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of your  
mither's fight, Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,  
And leave the dunsome town a while,  
The blossoms sprouting frae the tree,  
And at the summer's gawn to smile:  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs and whistling hind,  
In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad yer mind.  
Soon as the clear, goodman of day  
Bends his morning draught of dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flowers to buik yer brow;

We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
The lucken gowans frae the bog:  
Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
And sport upo' the velvet fog.  
There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
A canny, fast, and flow'ry den, (bow'r;  
Where circling bicks have form'd a  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to that cauld'er shade remove,  
There will I lock thee in my arms,  
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

172



For tho' my father has plenty  
Of filler and plenifhing dainty,  
Yet he's unco sweer  
To twin wi' his gear,  
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wylie in ilka motion,  
Brag weel o' ye'r land,  
And there's my leal hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



## Raving winds around her blowing.

Written for this Work by R. Burns. Tune. M<sup>c</sup> Grigor of Roro's Lament.

173

\* Raving winds a-round her blow-ing, Yel-low

Very Slow

leaves the woodlands strowing, By a river hoarsely roaring I-sa-

- bel-la stray'd de-ploring. Farewell, hours that late did measure

Sun shine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of

sorrow, Cheer- less night that knows no morrow.

O'er the Past too fondly wandering,  
 On the hopeless Future pondering,  
 Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,  
 Fell Despair my fancy seizes.  
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
 Load to Misery most distressing,  
 Gladly how would I resign thee,  
 And to dark Oblivion join thee!

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest.

Tune, 14<sup>th</sup> of October.

174

Slow

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. Fingering numbers (1-5) are indicated below the bass staff notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest, With the fair  
 heav'n of Chloe's breast! Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart, Oh  
 gently throb, too fierce thou art, Tell me, thou bright-est  
 of thy kind, For Strephon was the bliss design'd, For Strephon's sake dear  
 charming maid, Didst thou pre-fer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest'd shade, that sweetly art  
 Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,  
 For me the tender hour improve,  
 And softly tell how dear I love.  
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear  
 Its wretched master's ardent prayer,  
 Ingrossing all that beautiful heaven,  
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord  
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,  
 I'd be a miser too, nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive.

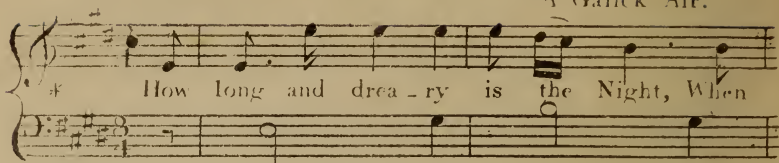
Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
 On these cold looks that lifeless are,  
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O powerful maid  
 To life can bring the silent shade;  
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art  
 And real warmth and flames impart.  
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
 I ever lov'd and lov'd but thee:  
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
 Say, Thou canst love, and make me blest

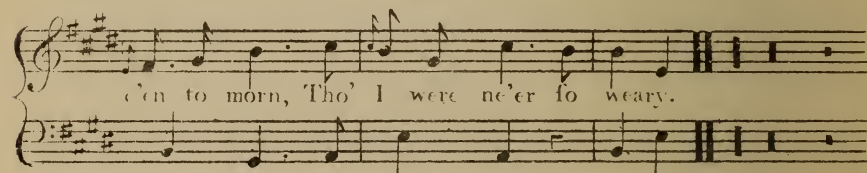
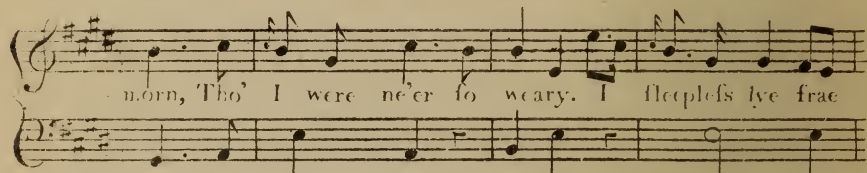
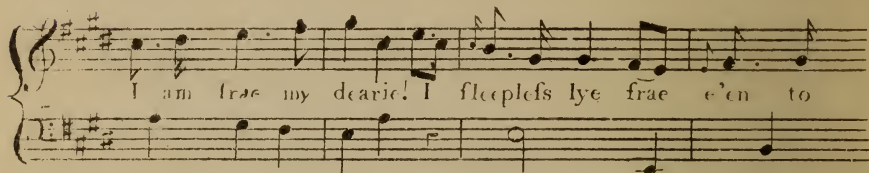
How long and dreary is the Night.

A Galick Air.

175



Slow



When I think on the happy days

I spent wi' you, my dearie;

And now what lands between us lie, It was na fae ye glinted by,

How can I be but eerie!

When I was wi' my dearie.

And now what lands, &amp;c.

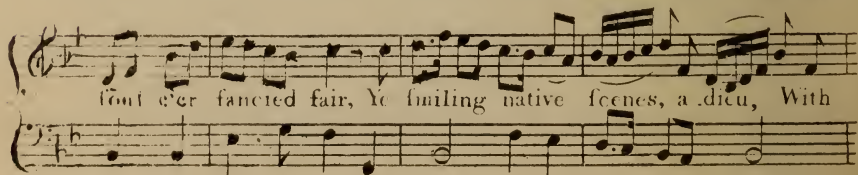
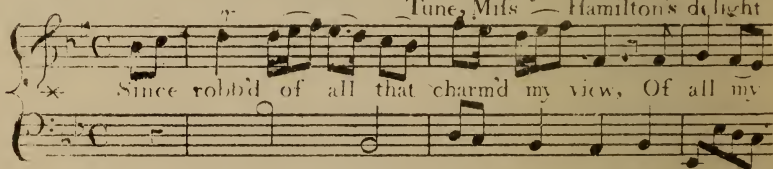
It was na fae ye glinted, &amp;c.

\*\*\*\*\*

Since robb'd of all that charmd my views,

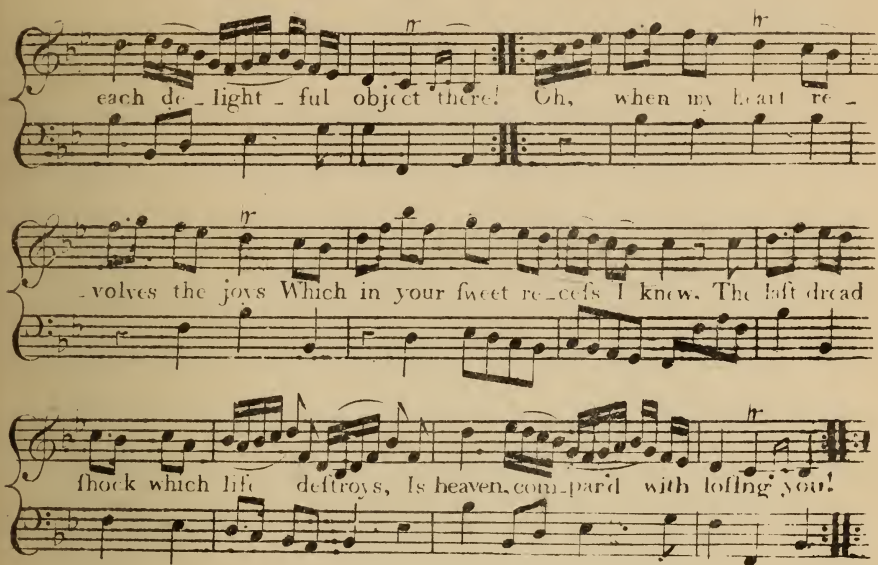
Tune, Miss Hamilton's delight

176





## Continued.



Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye,  
 Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of may;  
 Ye circling hills, whose summits high  
 Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray;  
 Where heedless oft, how far I stray'd,  
 And pleas'd my ruin to pursue,  
 I sung my dear, my cruel maid;  
 Adieu, for ever, ah adieu!

Ye dear associates of my breast, (swell;  
 Whose hearts with speechless sorrow  
 And thou, with hoary age oppress'd,  
 Dear author of my life, farewell.  
 For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,  
 Far, far remote from friends, and home,  
 Shall blast thy venerable years,  
 And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,  
 From dear relations torn away;  
 Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,  
 To hopeless love, a destin'd prey.  
 While she, as angry heav'n, and main,  
 Deaf to the helpless sailor's prayer,  
 Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,  
 And wantons with my deep despair.

From curst gold what ills arise,  
 What horrors life's fair prospect stain;  
 Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,  
 And brothers bleed by brothers slain.

From curst gold I trace my woe;  
 Could I this splendid mischief boast  
 Nor would my tears unpitied flow,  
 Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

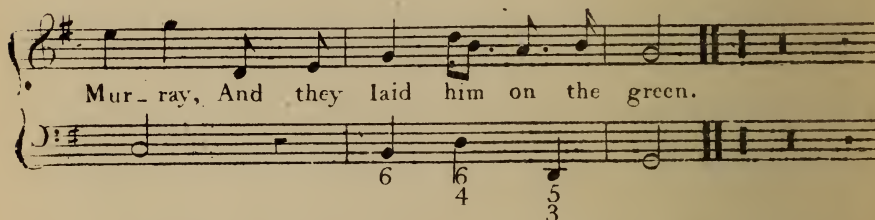
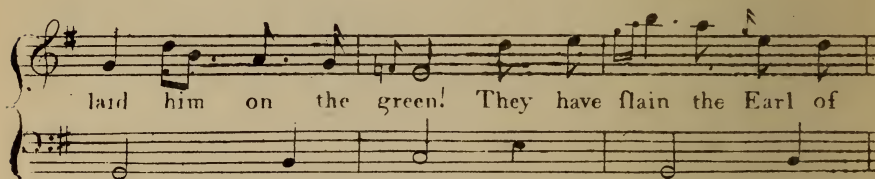
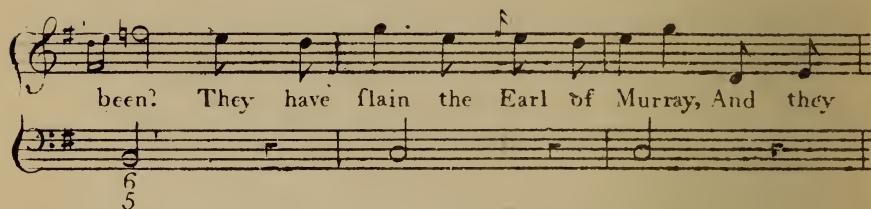
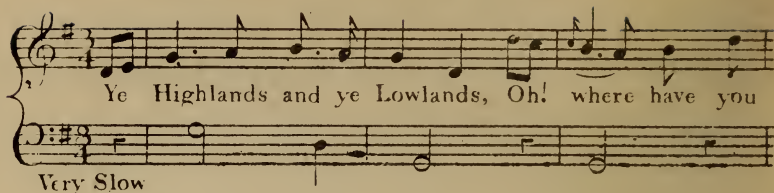
Ah! when a mother's cruel care  
 Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,  
 Had early fate surpris'd me there,  
 And wrapt me in eternal rest; (bead)  
 Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to  
 And tremble with unpiried pain,  
 Nor had a maid's relentless hate,  
 Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love,  
 With ev'ry winning art I try'd  
 To catch the coyly flut'ring dove,  
 With killing eyes & plummy pride.  
 But far on nimble pinnions borne  
 From love's warm gales & flow'ry plain  
 She sought the northern climes of frost  
 Where ever freezing winter reigns.

Ah me had heaven and she prov'd kind  
 Then full of age, & free from care,  
 How blest had I my life resign'd  
 Where first I breath'd this vital air;  
 But since no flatt'ring hope remains  
 Let me my wretched lot pursue;  
 Adieu, dear friends & native scenes,  
 To all but grief and love; adieu.

## The Bonny Earl of Murray.

177



Now wae be to thee, Huntley!  
 And wherefore did you fae?  
 I bade you bring him wi' you,  
 But forbade you him to slay.  
 I bade &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
 And he rid at the ring,  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 Oh! he might have been a king.  
 And the &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
 And he play'd at the ba,  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray  
 Was the flower among them a'.  
 And the &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
 And he play'd at the glove;  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 Oh! he was the Queen's love.  
 And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady  
 Look o'er the castle Down,  
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
 Come founding through the town.  
 Ere she, &c.

## Young Damon.

Tune, Highland Lamentation.

178

A-midst a ro-ly bank of flowers, Young Damon

Plaintive

6

6

6

b

5

mournd his for-lorn fate, In sighs he spent his lang-uid

6

6

6

6

hours, And breath'd his woes in lone-ly state. Gay

6

4

3

6

6

6

4

5

joy no more shall ease his mind, No wan-ton

sports can soothe his care, Since sweet A-man-da

provd unkind, And left him full of black des-pair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,  
 Can now no longer smiles impart;  
 His pensive frowl on sadness borne,  
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.  
 Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your swain,  
 Unshroud him from this veil of woe;  
 Range every charm to soothe the pain,  
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.



## Musing on the roaring Ocean,

Written for this Work by R. Burns

Tune, Drummie dubh.

179

Musing on the roaring ocean, Which di - vides my

love and me: Weary - ing Heav'n in warm de - vo - tion,

For his weal wher - e'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to Nature's law,  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;  
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw:  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa. R

## Blythe was the. Written by R. Burns.

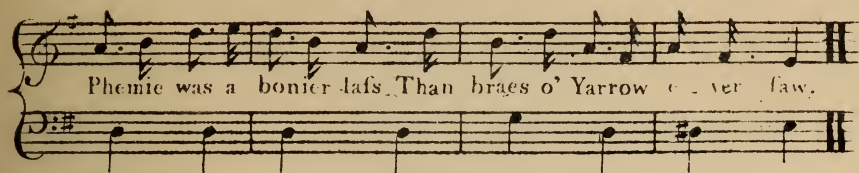
180

\* Blythe, Blythe and merry was the, Blythe was the but &amp; ben:

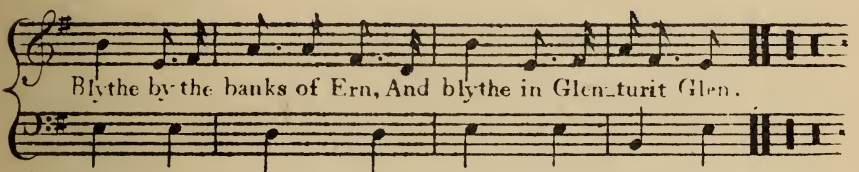
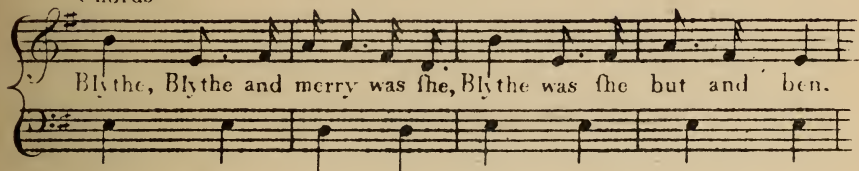
Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen-turit glen. By

Oughtertyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw; But

## Continued.



(Chorus)



Her looks were like a flow'r in may,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
She tripped by the banks of Ern,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, &c.

Her bony face it was as meek  
As any lamb upon a lee;  
The evening sun was ne'er fae sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide  
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trode the dewy green.

Blythe, &c.

B

\*\*\*\*\*  
To the Foregoing Tune.

**S**HE took me in, she set me down,  
She hecht to keep me lawin-free;  
But, wylie Carlin that she was!  
She gart me birl my bawbie.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,  
Blythe was she butt and ben;  
Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,  
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

I lo'ed the liquor weel enough,  
But, wae's my heart, my cash ran done,  
Lang or I had quench'd my drouth,  
And laith was I to pawn my shoon!  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

When we had three times toom'd the flowp,  
And the nieft chappin new begun,  
Wha started in to heeze our hope,  
But Andrew wi' his cutty gun.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
And girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;

Weel did the canny kimmer ken  
It gart the swats gae glibber down.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
Till davin we ne'er jeed our bum;  
And ay the cleancst drinker out  
Was Andrew an' his cutty gun.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

He did like ony Mavis sing,  
While she below his oxter fat;  
He ca'd her ay his bonie thing,  
And mony a fappy kiss she gat.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been far ayont the sun,  
But the clevereft lad that e'er I saw  
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

## Johny Faa, or the Gypfie laddie.

181

The gypfies came to our Lord's yett, And vow but they sang  
Slow 6 6 6

sweetly; They sang fae sweet, and fae compleat, That down came  
6 6

the fair lady. When she came tripping down the stair, And  
6 6 6 5 3

a' her maids be-fore her; As soon as they saw her  
6 6 6

weel fair'd face, They cooft the gla-mer o'er her.  
4 6

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie;  
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gypfie laddie.  
Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
And my good lord beside me;  
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.

Oh, come to your bed says Johny Faa,  
Oh, come to your bed, my deary;  
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.  
I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
And I'll go to bed to my deary;  
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
That my lord shall nae mair come near me

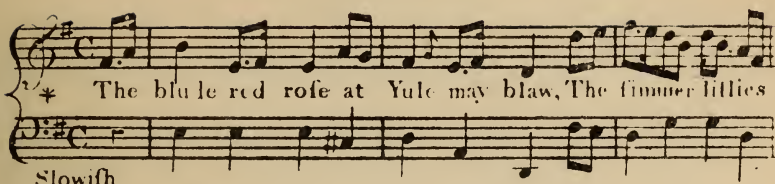
I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,  
And I'll make a hap to my deary;  
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near  
And when our lord came hame at e'en,  
And speir'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd  
She's awa wi' the gypfie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black, black free,  
Gae saddle and mak him ready;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae seek my fair lady.  
And we were fifteen well made men,  
Altho' we were nae bonny;  
And we are a' put down for ane,  
The earl of Cassilis' lady.

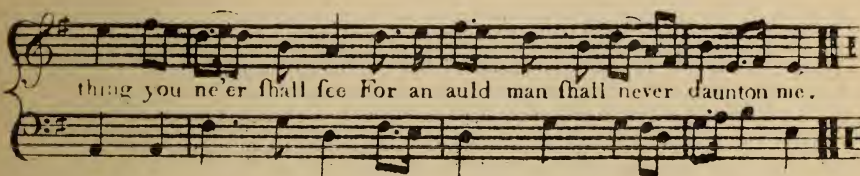
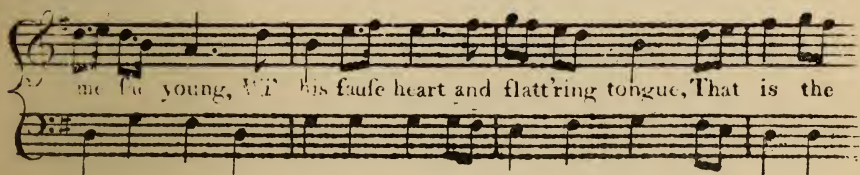
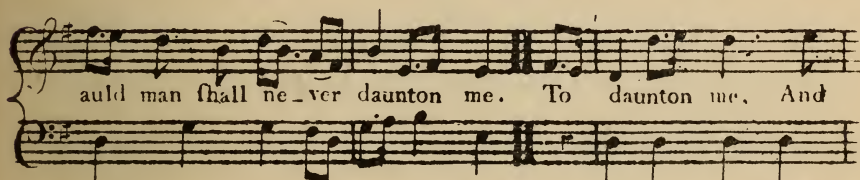
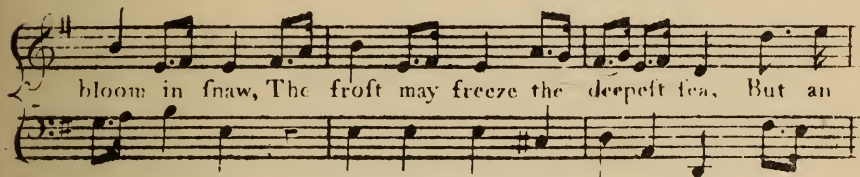


## To Daunton me.

182



Slowish



For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his faut,  
 For a' his gold and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,  
 His gear may buy him glees & knowes,  
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,  
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,  
 And the rain rains down frae his red bleard e'e,  
 That auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

## Polwart on the Green.

183

At Polwart on the green, If you'll meet me the  
 morn, Where lasses do con-veen, To dance about the thorn:  
 A kind-ly welcome you shall meet, Frae her wha likes to view.  
 A lover and a lad compleat, The lad and lover you.

slowish

6 4

6 6 6 6

6

6 6 6

Let dosty dames fay na,

As lang as e'er they please,  
 Seem cauldier than the snaw,

While inwardly they bleeze;  
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee;  
 Be ever to the captive kind,  
 That lings nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,

Among the new mawn hay,  
 With fangs and dancing keen  
 We'll pass the heartsome day.

At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,  
 And thou be twin'd of thine,  
 Thou shall be welcome, my dear lad,  
 To take a part of mine.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Absence.

A Song in the manner of Shenstone.

184

\* Ye Rivers so limpid and clear, Who reflect, as in

## Continued.

cadence you flow, all the beauties that va-ry the year, All the flowers  
on your margins that grow: How blest on your banks could I dwell,  
Were Me-lis-sa the pleasure to share, And teach your sweet  
e-choes to tell, With what fondness I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze  
As far as the view can extend,  
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees  
Whose tops so majestic ascend;  
Your landscape what joy to survey,  
Were Melissa with me to admire!  
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,  
How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove  
The fragrance of flowers to inhale,  
Or watch from the pasture and grove  
Each music that floats in the gale,  
Alas! the delusion how vain!  
No odours nor harmony please,  
A heart agonizing with pain,  
Which tries every posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes  
Or the languor of absence to cheer,  
Her breath I would catch in the rose  
Or her voice in the nightingale's ears;

To cheat my despair of its prey  
What object her charms can assume,  
How harsh is the nightingales lay,  
How insipid the roses perfume!

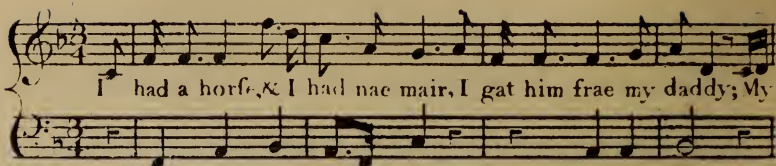
Ye Zephyrs that visit my fair,  
Ye Sun beams around her that play,  
Does her sympathy dwell on my care,  
Does she number the hours of my stay:  
First perish ambition and wealth,  
First perish all else that is dear, (Altho'  
E'er one sigh should escape her by sea  
E'er my absence should cost her one tear.

(more)  
When, when, shall her beauties once  
This desolate bosom surprize;  
Ye fates, the blest moment restore  
When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes:  
When with sweet emulation of heart  
Our kindness we struggled to show,  
But the more that we strove to impart  
We felt it more ardently glow.

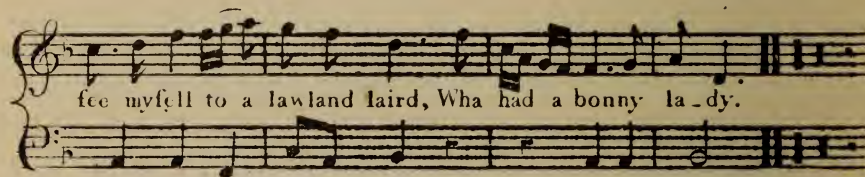
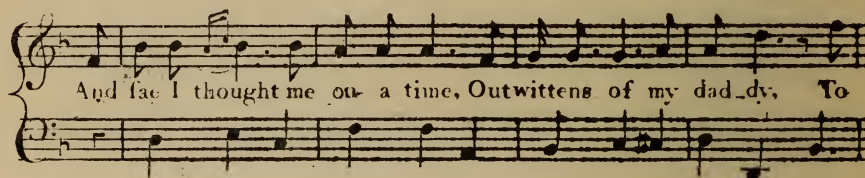
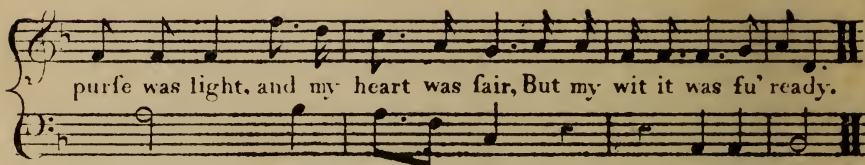


I had a horse, and I had nae mair.

135



Very Slow



I wrote a letter, and thus began,  
 Ma'am, be not offended,  
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,  
 And care not tho' ye kend it:  
 For I get little frae the laird,  
 And far less frae my daddy,  
 And I would blythly be the man  
 Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leugh,  
 Ye needna been fae blate, man,  
 You might hae come to me yoursell,  
 And tald me o' your state, man:  
 You might hae come to me yoursell,  
 Outwittens o' any body,  
 And made John Gouckston of the laird, I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back  
 And kiss'd his bonny lady.

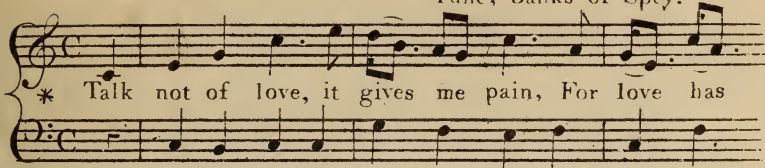
Then she pat filler in my purse,  
 We drank wine in a cogie;  
 She see'd a man to rub my horse,  
 And wow but I was vogie!  
 But I gat ne'er fae fair a fleg  
 Since I came frae my daddy,  
 The laird came rap rap to the yett,  
 Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,  
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;  
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.  
 The laird went out, he saw na me,  
 I went whan I was ready:  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back  
 To see his bonny lady.

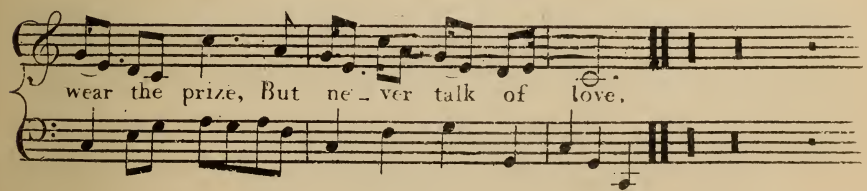
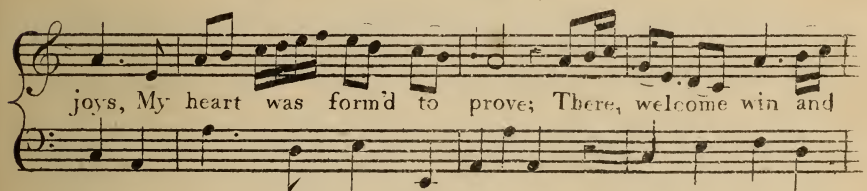
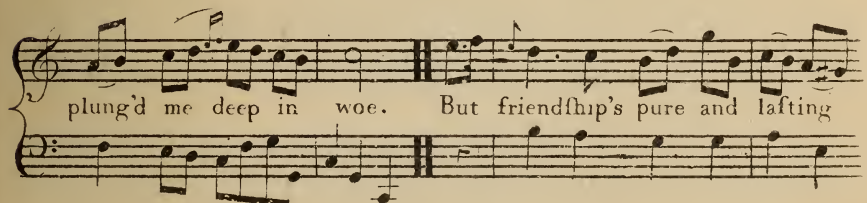
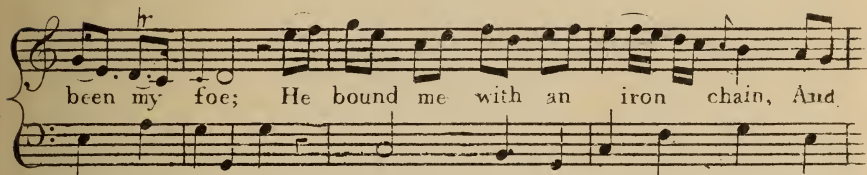
Talk not of love, it gives me pain. By a lady

Tune, Banks of Spey.

186



Very Slow



Your friendship much can make me blest,

Oh, why that blifs destroy!

Why urge the *only*, one request

You know I will deny!

Your thought, if love must harbour there,

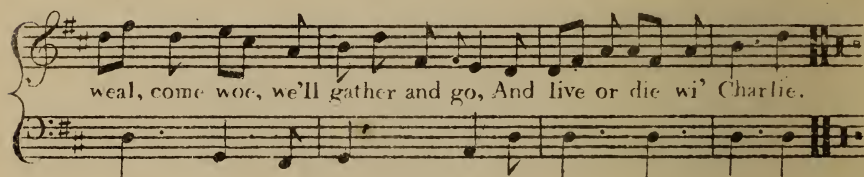
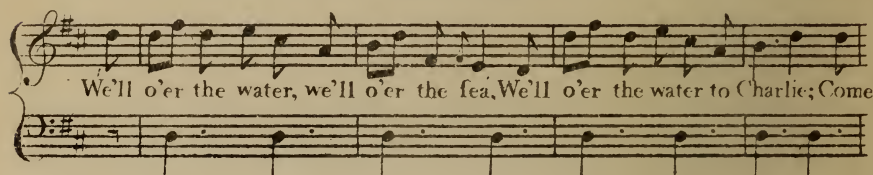
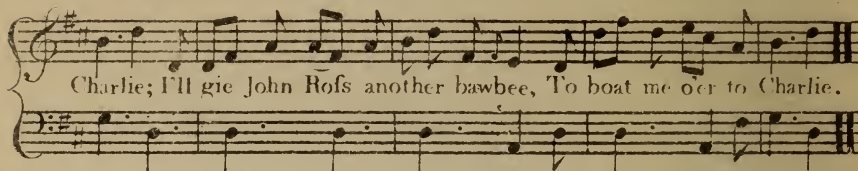
Conceal it in that thought;

Nor cause me from my bosom tear

The very friend I fought.

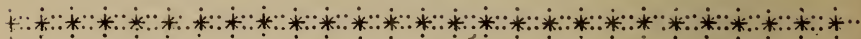
## O'er the water to Charlie.

187



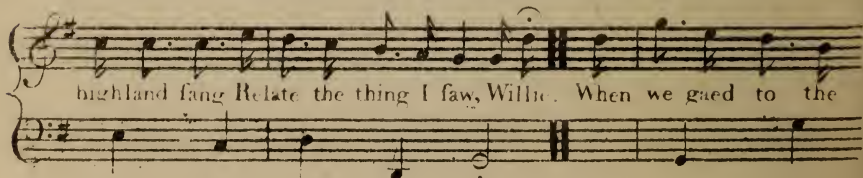
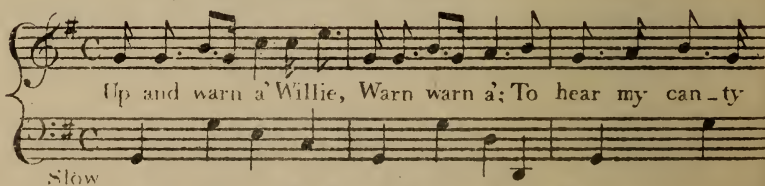
I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Tho' some there be abhor him;  
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's facts before him!  
 We'll o'er &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,  
 And fun that shines so early!  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.  
 We'll o'er &c.



## Up and warn a' Willie.

188





braes o' Mar, And to the wapon-shaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve y<sup>e</sup> king &  
banish whigs awa, Willie. Up and warn a' Willie, Warn warn a'; For  
Lords and lairds came there bedeen, And wow but they were braw Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;  
The royal nit upon the tap  
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Then second fight'd Sandy said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth  
The bravest e're ye saw, Willie,  
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
Restore our king and a', Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
The pipers play'd frae right to left  
O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir  
And there the rebels saw, Willie;  
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,  
Our flank and front and a', Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Traitor Huntly soon gave way  
Seaforth, St. Clair and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,  
The rebel's left did claw, Willie.  
He there the greatest slaughter made  
That ever Donald saw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
And Whittam fust his breeks for fear  
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

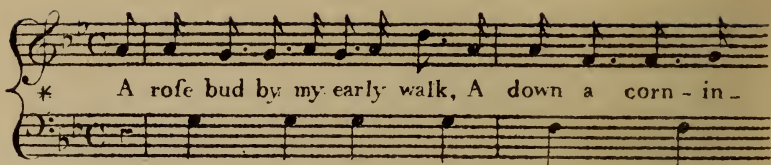
For he ca'd us a Highland mob  
And soon he'd flay us a', Willie,  
But we chas'd him back to Stirlingbrig  
Dragoons and foot and Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
At length we rallied on a hill  
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,  
And them in order saw, Willie,  
He streight gaed to Dumblane again  
And back his left did draw, Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn warn a';  
Then we to Auchterairder march'd  
To wait a better fa', Willie.

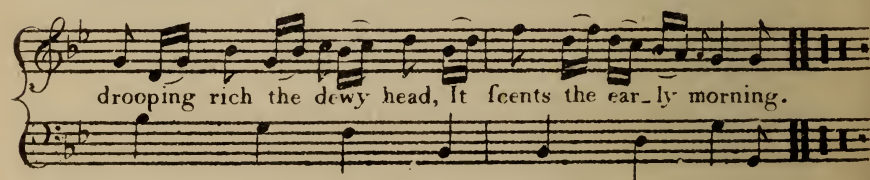
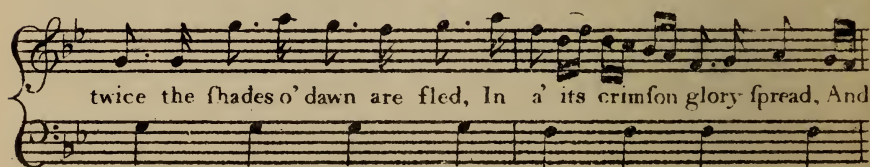
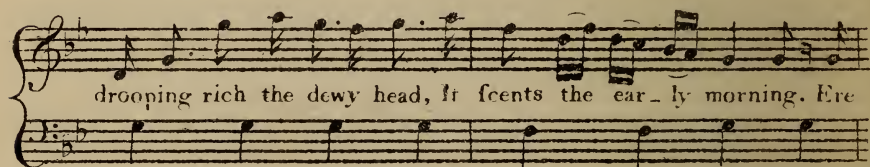
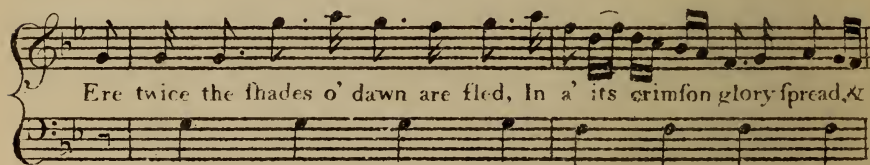
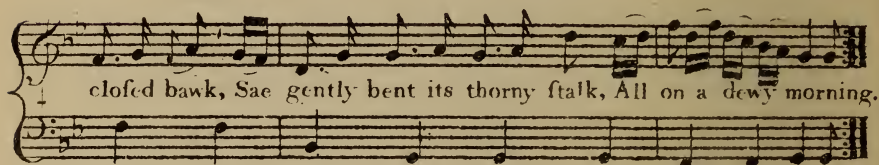
Now if ye spier wha wan the day  
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie.  
We baith did fight and baith did beat  
And baith did rin awa Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn warn a';  
For second fight'd Sandie said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

## A Rose bud by my early walk.

189



Slow



Within the bush her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly preft,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast

Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood.  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awauk the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
On trembling string or vocal air,  
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care

That tents thy early morning.  
So thou, sweet Rose bud - young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the Parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

## To a Blackbird.

By a Lady.

Time; Scots Queen.

190

Slow

\* Go on sweet bird, and soothe my care, Thy tune-ful

notes will hush despair; Thy plaintive warblings void of art, Thrill

sweet-ly thro' my ach-ing heart. Now chuse thy mate, and

fond-ly love, And all the charm-ing transport prove; While

I a lovelorn ex-ile live, Nor trans-port or re-ceive or

give, Nor trans-port or re-ceive or give.

For thee is laughing nature gay;  
 For thee she pours the vernal day;  
 For me in vain is nature drest,  
 While joy's a stranger to my breast!  
 These sweet emotions all enjoy;  
 Let love and song thy hours employ!  
 Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care;  
 Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.



## Hooly and Fairly.

191

Oh! what had I a do for to marry; My wife she drinks  
Lively  
naithing but sack and ca-na-ry, I to her friends complain'd right early:  
O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair-ly hooly and fair-ly,  
hooly and fairly O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair-ly.

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie;  
Now she has drucken my bonny grey mairie,  
That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie, O gin my wife, &c.  
She has drucken her stockings, sae has she her shoon,  
And she has drucken her bonny new gown:  
Her wee bit lud fark that co'erd her fu' rarely, O gin my wife, &c.  
If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,  
But she drinks my claiaths that I canna well spare;  
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely: O gin my wife, &c.  
The vera gray mittens that gaed on my han's  
To her neebour wife she has laid them in pawns;  
My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed sae dearly, O gin my wife, &c.  
If there's ony filler, she maun keep the purse;  
If I seek but a baubee she'll scauld and she'll curse,  
She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely: O gin my wife, &c.  
I never was given to wrangling nor strife,  
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;  
E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley: O gin my wife, &c.  
A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
But when she sits down she fills herself fow;  
And when she is fow she's unco camstairie, O gin my wife, &c.  
And when she comes hame she lays on the lads;  
She ca's the lassies baith limmers and jads;  
And I, my ain fell, an auld cuckold carlie; O gin my wife, &c.

## Auld Rob Morris.

192

There's Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, He's the

Slowly

king of good fallows, and wale of auld men; Has

four-score of black sheep, and four-score too; And

auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,  
 For his eild and my eild can never agree;  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;  
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

Mither. Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,  
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;  
 He shall ly by your fide, and kifs ye too;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,  
 His back sticks out like ony pœt-creele  
 He's out shind, in-kneed, and ringle-eye'd too;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

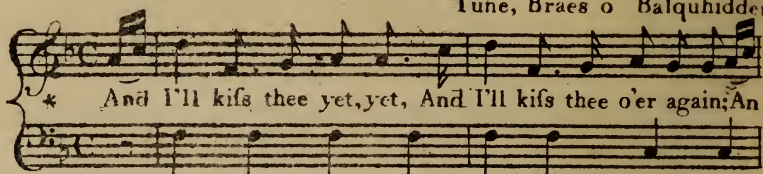
Mither. Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,  
 Yet his auld brafs it will buy a new pan;  
 Then, doughter, ye shoudna be fac ill to shoo,  
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. But auld Rob Morris I never will hear;  
 His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray,  
 I had rather die than live wi' him a year;  
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

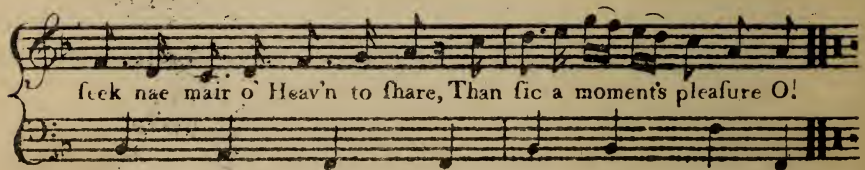
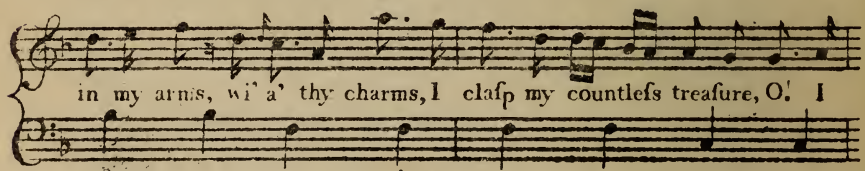
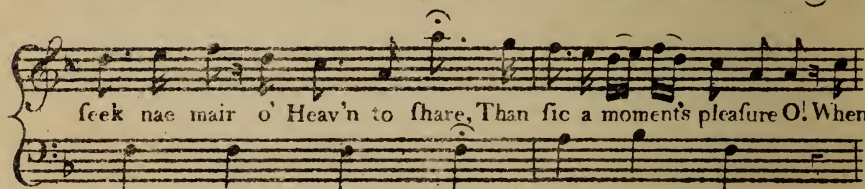
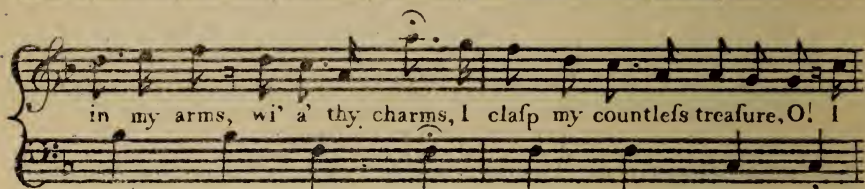
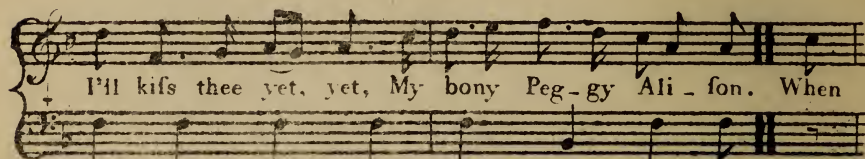
And I'll kifs thee yet, yet.

Tune, Braes o' Balquhiddier.

193



Slowish



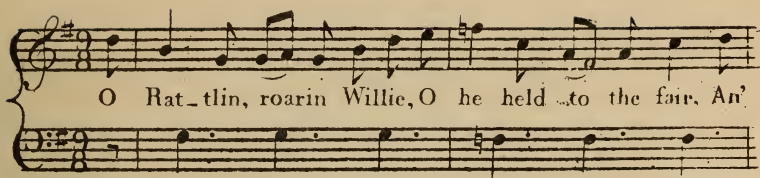
And I'll kifs thee yet, yet,  
 An' I'll kifs thee o'er again:  
 An' I'll kifs thee yet, yet,  
 My bony Peggy Alison.

And by thy een sae bony blue,  
 I swear I'm thine forever O!  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow.  
 And break it shall I never O.  
 And by thy een, &c.

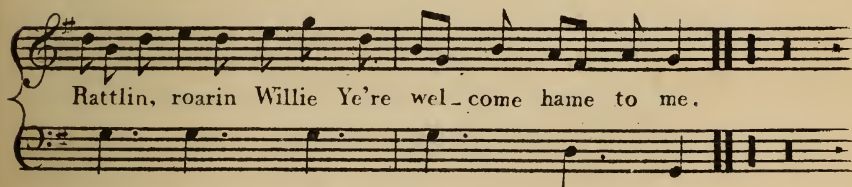
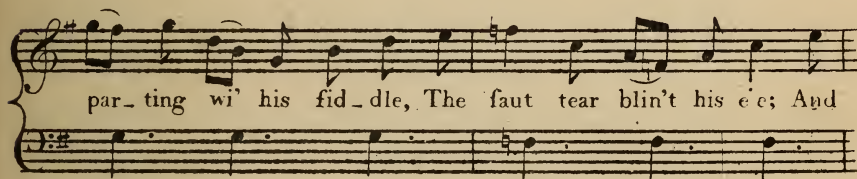
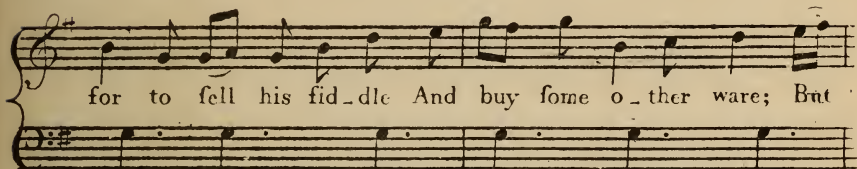


## Rattlin, roarin Willie.

194



Lively



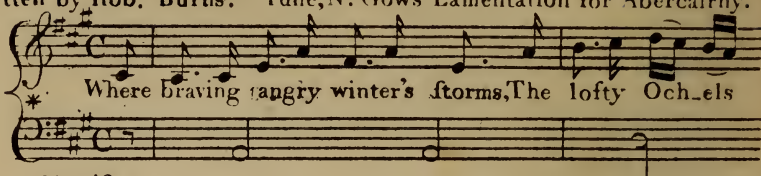
O Willie, come fell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle fae fine;  
 O Willie, come fell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine;  
 If I should fell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad,  
 For mony a rantin day  
 My fiddle and I hae had

As I cam by Crochallan  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was fitting at yon boord-en',  
 Sitting at yon boord-en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

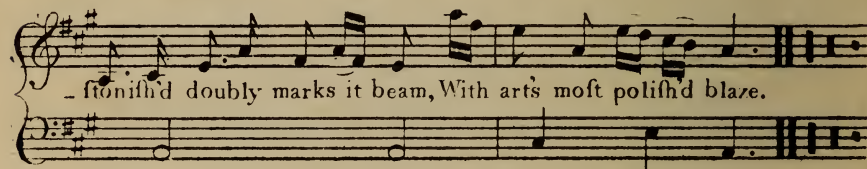
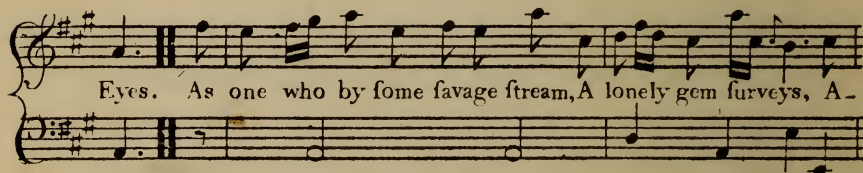
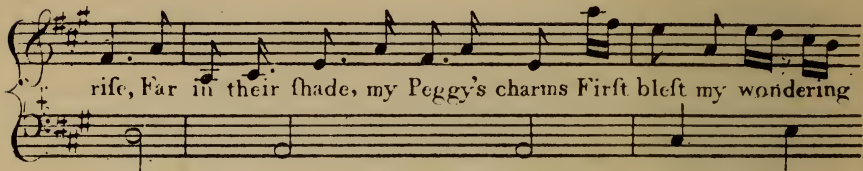
Where braving angry winter's storms.

Written by Robt Burns. Tune, N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.

195



Slowish



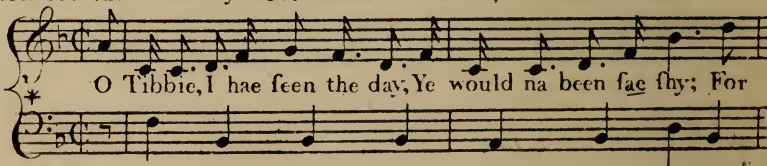
Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,      The tyrant death with grim controul  
And blest the day and hour,      May seize my fleeting breath,  
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,      But tearing Peggy from my soul  
When first I felt their pow'r!      Must be a stronger death.

R

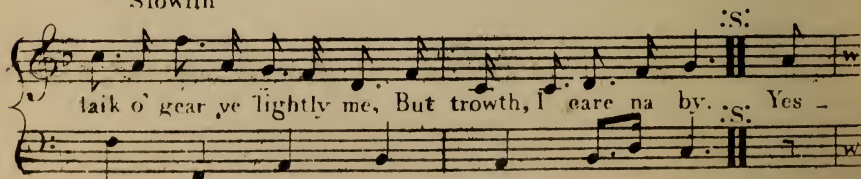
Tibbie, I hae seen the day.

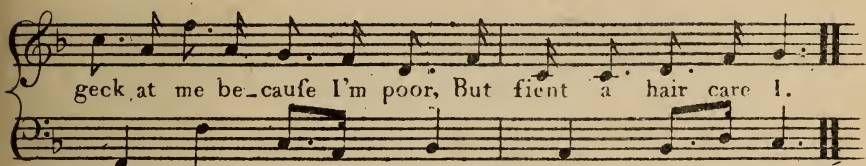
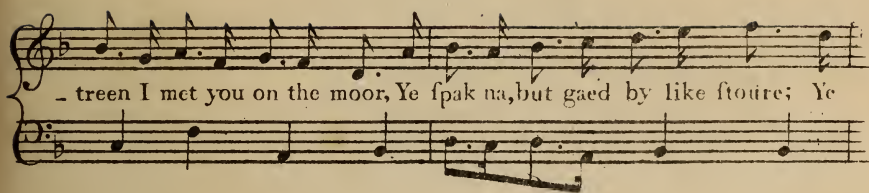
Written for this Work by Robt Burns. Tune, Invercauld's Reel.

196

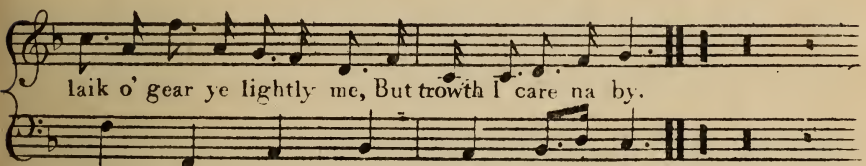
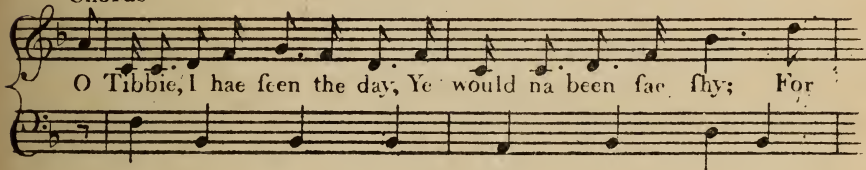


Slowish





## Chorus



I doubt na, lafs, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.

Tibbie, I hae &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er fae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

Tibbie, I hae &c.

But sorrow tak him that's fae mean,  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony faucy quean  
That looks fae proud and high.

Tibbie, I hae &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasteh to him like a brier,  
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear  
Be better than the kye.

Tibbie, I hae &c.

But, Tibbie, lafs, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks you fae nice;  
The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.  
Tibbie, I hae &c.



## Nancy's Ghost.

Tune, Bonnie Kate of Edinburgh.

197

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system starts with an asterisk (\*). The second system has a 'h' above the first note. The third system has a 'h' above the first note. The fourth system has a 'h' above the first note. The fifth system has a 'h' above the first note.

\* Where waving pines fa - lute the skies, And sil - ver  
Slow  
streams me - and - ring flow, Where verdant mountains gently rise, Thus  
Sandy sung his tale of woe. Ah Ket - ty, cruel per - jur'd  
maid, why hast thou stole my heart away; Why thus for - sa - ken  
am I laid, To spend in tears and sighs the day!

The cooing turtle hears my moan,  
My briny tears increase the stream,  
The mountains echo back my groan  
Whilst thou, fair tyrant, art my theme,  
O blooming maid, indulgent prove,  
And wipe the tears from Sandy's eyes,  
O grant him kind returns of love,  
Or Sandy bleeds and falls and dies.

Thus Sandy sung, but turning round,  
Beheld sweet Nancy's injur'd shade,  
He trembling saw he shook and groan'd,  
Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:

"Ah, hapless man, thy perjur'd vow  
"Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave!  
"The damps of death bedew'd my brow  
"While you the dying maid could save!"

Thus spake the vision, and withdrew,  
From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;  
Guilt and Despair their arrows threw,  
And now behold! the traitor dead.

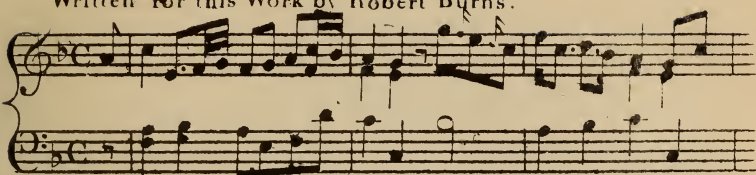
Remember swains my artless strain,  
To plighted faith be ever true,  
And let no injur'd maid complain,  
She finds false Sandy live in you.


## Clarinda.

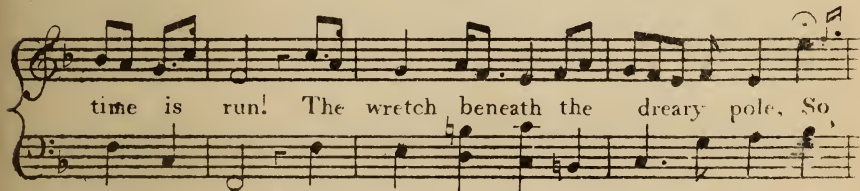
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

198

Slow and Expressive


 Clar - in - da, mistress of my soul, The measur'd


 time is run! The wretch beneath the dreary pole, So,


 marks his latest fun.

To what dark cave of frozen night  
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;  
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
 The Sun of all his joy.

We part — but by these precious drops,  
 That fill thy lovely eyes!  
 No other light shall guide my steps,  
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair Sun of all her sex,  
 Has blest my glorious day:  
 And shall a glimmering Planet fix  
 My worship to its ray.

## Cromlet's Lilt.

199

Since all thy vows, false maid, Are blown to  
 air, And my poor heart betray'd To sad de- pair,  
 In to some wil-der-ness, My grief I will ex-press,  
 And thy hard heart-ed-ness, O cru-el fair.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and lilt-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'de- pair' and 'ed-ness' hyphenated across lines.

Have I not graven our loves  
 On every tree,  
 In yonder spreading Groves,  
 Tho' false thou be:  
 Was not a solemn oath  
 Plighted betwixt us both,  
 'Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
 Some doleful shade,  
 Where neither sun nor wind  
 E'er entrance had:  
 Into that hollow cave,  
 There will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou dost behave  
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
 I'll drink the spring,  
 Cold earth shall be my seat:  
 For covering,

I'll have the starry sky  
 My head to canopy,  
 Until my soul on high  
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
 Nor tears for me;  
 No grave do I desire,  
 Nor obsequie.  
 The courteous red-breast he,  
 With leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my elegy,  
 With doleful voice.

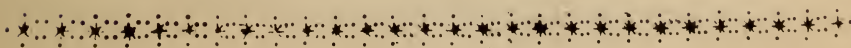
And when a ghost I am,  
 I'll visit thee;  
 O thou deceitful dame,  
 Whose cruelty  
 Has kill'd the kindest heart,  
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
 And never can desert  
 From loving thee.

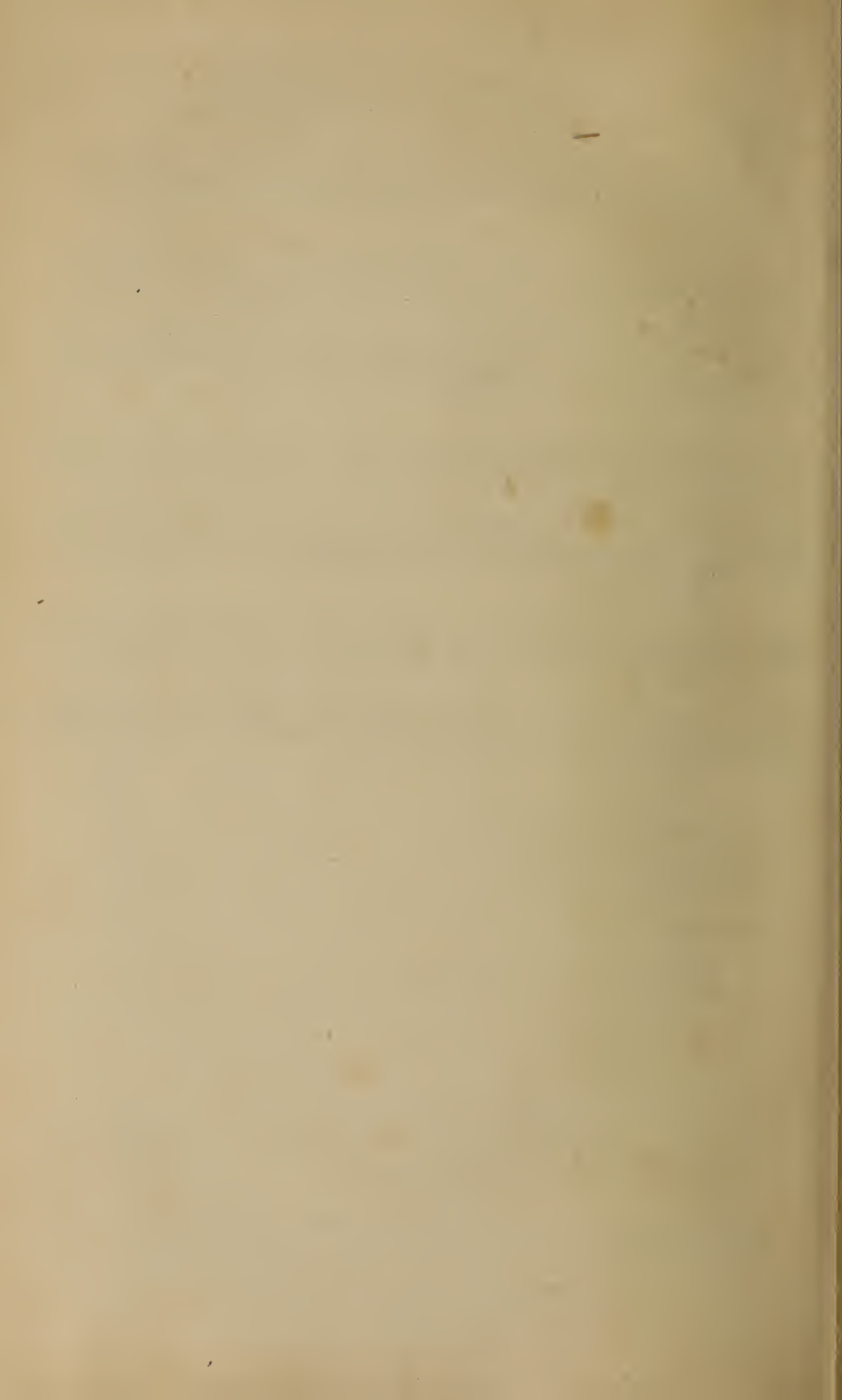


The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
May have charms, for the linnet or the bee;  
Their little loves are blest and their little hearts at rest,  
But my Lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,  
Forever is constant and true;  
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,  
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love and cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure:  
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,  
A woe that no mortal can cure.





ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF THE  
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC  
OF  
SCOTLAND.

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PART II.

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CI.

WHEN GUILFORD GOOD.

THE gaelic air, to which this song is set, was composed, it is said, by the pipe-major of the old highland regiment, about the period when it was first embodied under the appellation of “An freiceadan dubh,” or, *The Black Watch*. This gallant regiment, the history of whose martial achievements would exhaust volumes, is now better known to the world by the title of *The XLII. regiment of Royal Highlanders*, or, as Cook, the celebrated player, used to style it, *the brave forty-two*, a title which their undaunted valour, approved loyalty, and meritorious services, in various quarters of the globe, have so justly merited. The whimsical ballad, united to the air in the Museum, was written by Burns; but though it is far from being bad, it cannot be ranked amongst the happiest productions of our celebrated bard. The incidents of this humorous political squib are of recent occurrence, and so generally known, that explanation is unnecessary.

CII.

TRANENT MUIR.

THIS ballad, beginning “The Chevalier being void of fear,” is adapted to the old tune of “Gillicrankie.” It was written soon after the battle of Tranent, by Mr Skirven, an



opulent and respectable farmer in the county of Haddington, and father of the late eminent painter, Mr Skirven of Edinburgh. The battle of Tranent Muir, between Prince Charles Stewart, commonly styled the Young Chevalier, at the head of the Highland army, and Sir John Cope, commander of the king's forces, was fought near the ancient village of Preston, in the shire of Haddington, on the 22d of September 1745. The royal army was completely routed, and Sir John Cope fled from the field with the utmost trepidation. He was afterwards tried by a court-martial for his conduct in action, and acquitted.

The following notes may assist the reader to understand some of the allusions in the song:

*Stanza 2.*—"The brave LOCHIEL" was Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Esq. chief of the clan Cameron; a gentleman of distinguished talents and valour. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, but effected his escape to France in the same vessel with his young master. He was afterwards appointed to the command of a French regiment, in consideration of his great services and misfortunes, and died in 1748.

*Stanza 5.*—"MENTEITH the Great," was the reverend clergyman of Longformacus, and a volunteer in the royal army. Having accidentally surprised a Highlander, in the act of easing nature, the night previous to the battle, he pushed him over, seized his musket, and bore it off in triumph to Cope's camp.

*Stanza 5.*—"And SIMPSON keen." This was another reverend volunteer, who boasted, that he would soon bring the rebels to their senses by the dint of his pistols; having a brace of them in his pockets, another in his holsters, and one in his belt. On approaching the enemy, however, his courage failed him, and he fled in confusion and terror amongst with the rest.

*Stanza 7.*—"MYRIE staid, and sair he paid the kain, man." He was a student of physic from Jamaica, and en-

tered as a volunteer in the royal army, but was dreadfully mangled in the battle with the Highland claymores.

*Stanza 8.*—"But GARD'NER brave." This was the gallant Colonel James Gardiner, who commanded a regiment of the king's dragoons on that unfortunate day. Though deserted by his troops, he disdained to fly, and, after maintaining an unequal contest, single-handed, with the enemy for a considerable time, he was at length despatched with the stroke of a Lochaber axe, at a short distance from his own house.

*Stanza 9.*—"Lieutenant SMITH," who left Major Bowle when lying on the field of battle, and unable to move with his wound, was of Irish extraction. It is reported, that, after publication of the ballad, he sent Mr Skirven a challenge to meet him at Haddington, and answer for his conduct in treating him with such opprobrium. "*Gang awa back,*" said Mr Skirven to the messenger, "*and tell Mr Smith, I have nae leisure to gae to Haddington, but if he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I can fecht him I'll fecht him, and if no—I'll just do as he did at Preston—I'll rin awa.*"

The old, humorous, and dog-latin ballad, entitled, "*Prælium Gillicrankium,*" by Professor Herbert Kennedy, of Edinburgh University, is a literary curiosity, and may be sung to the same tune. Its author was descended of the ancient family of Kennedy of Haleaths, in Annandale. This macaronic ballad is printed in the second volume of the Scots Musical Museum.

## CIII.

## TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

BURNS informs us, that this comic song, beginning *My heart was ance as blythe and free, as simmer days were lang,* was written by himself, with the exception of the chorus, which is old. Alluding to this song, our poet modestly says, "Here let me once for all apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many of the 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 whose every performance is excellent.”—*Reliques*. The old song will not do in this work ; the tune is pretty enough. Aird published it in the second volume of his Collection, adapted for the violin, or german flute.

## CIV.

## STREPHON AND LYDIA.

THESE tender and pathetic verses, beginning “ *All lovely on the sultry beach, expiring Strephon lay,*” to the tune of *The Gordons had the guiding o’t*, were written by William Wallace of Cairnhill, Esq. in Ayrshire. The Strephon and Lydia, as Dr Blacklock informed Burns, 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 who is celebrated in Hamilton of Bangour’s Poems. Having frequently met at public places, they 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 connection, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon’s unfortunate expedition to Carthage, in the year 1740.

## CV.

## ON A ROCK, BY SEAS SURROUNDED.

THE words and music of this plaintive little lyric were communicated by the late Dr Beattie of Aberdeen. Both of them, I believe, are of his own composition. Johnson, the original proprietor of the Museum, calls the tune *Ianthe the lovely*; but he was mistaken; it is quite a different air. The tune of “ *Ianthe the lovely*” was composed by Mr John Barret of London, organist, about the year 1700, and was afterwards published in the third volume of the Pills, in 1703, to a song of three stanzas, beginning

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of her swain,  
By Iphis was lov’d, and lov’d Iphis again ;



She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,  
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their share;  
 No time nor enjoyment their dotage withdrew,  
 But the longer they liv'd still fonder they grew.

Barret's tune was selected by Mr Gay for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning *When he holds up his hand arraigned for life*. Oswald also published the same English tune in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book Fourth.

## CVI.

## O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

THIS air has generally been considered of Irish origin, because it was adapted to a song written by John O'Keefe, Esq. in his comic opera of the Poor Soldier, which was first acted at Covent Garden in 1783. The song begins *Since love is the plan, I'll love if I can*. But the tune was composed by the late John Bruce, an excellent fiddle-player in Dumfries, upwards of thirty years before that period. Burns, in corroboration of this fact, says, "this I know, Bruce, who was an honest man, though a *red-wud* Highlander, constantly claimed it; and by all the old musical people here, (viz. Dumfries) he is believed to be the author of it." *Reliques*. This air was a great favourite of Burns. In 1787, he wrote the two stanzas in the Museum, and in August 1793, he added two more. They are here annexed to complete the song.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,\*  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

---

\* In some MSS. the two first stanzas are varied, as under—

O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my jo,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my jo,  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should say no,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my jo.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,  
 And come na unless the back yett be a-jee;  
 Syne up the back style, and let naeboddy see,  
 And come as ye were na coming to me.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me,  
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me,  
 Come down the back stairs, and let naeboddy see,  
 And come as ye were na coming to me.  
 And come, &c.

*O whistle, &c.*

At kirk or at market, whene'er you meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flee;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,  
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,  
 Yet look, &c.

*O whistle, &c.*

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles you may lightlie my beauty a wee;  
 But court nae anither, tho' jockin ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
 For fear, &c.

*O whistle, &c.*

CVII.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

THE title and chorus of this song are old; the rest of it was composed by Burns. When the air is played quick, it answers very well as a dancing tune, and Bremner published it as a reel in his Collection about the year 1758. The following stanza may serve as a specimen of the old words,

My minnie coft me a new gown,  
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't,  
 Were I to lie with you, kind sir,  
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,  
 I'm our young, 'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammie yet.

This old sprightly tune is evidently the progenitor of that fine modern strathspey, called *Loch Eroch Side*. See Notes, Song 78.

CVIII.

HAMILLA.

THIS song, beginning *Look where my dear Hamilla smiles*, appears in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, with the following title, "To Miss A. H. (i. e. Miss Anne Hamilton, afterwards married to Professor M——, in the University of Edinburgh) on seeing her at a concert, to the tune of

*The bonniest lass in a' the world.*" It is subscribed, 2. C. being the second song which Mr Crawford furnished to Ramsay's work, having previously sent him the verses to the tune of "The bush aboon Traquair," which is the first song of Crawford in that Miscellany. "The bonniest lass in a' the world," was the title of a still older song, which Mr Crawford transferred to the above mentioned lady, who was a relation of his friend, Mr Hamilton of Bangour. Both the song and music are in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. The original song of "The bonniest lass in a' the world," as well as the name of so celebrated a beauty, I have not yet been able to discover.

## CIX.

## LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

THE music and words of this song, beginning "By a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess dwelt," appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany the verses are subscribed X. to denote that the author was unknown to him. I have heard this song attributed to Lord President Forbes, but have been unable to trace it to him authentically as the author. Mr Burns, however, says, that the verses were composed by a Mr R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

## CX.

## BONNIE MAY.

BOTH the air and words of this ballad are unquestionably ancient, but, having been taken down from oral recitation, it is impossible to ascertain the era of either. It was rescued from oblivion by old David Herd. The music, it will be observed, consists of one strain only, which is the *minor mode*, and the sixth of the key is altogether omitted. These are strong proofs of its antiquity. With regard to the ballad itself, I find the leading incidents to be similar to those in a ballad published by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Border," entitled, "The original Broom of Cowdenknows;" but, from attentive examination of both pieces, the



“Original Broom” appears to be nothing else than an amplification of the older and more rude ballad in the Museum. Both ballads, however, appear to refer to an amour of a gentleman in Stirlingshire with a “bonnie south country lass,” which ended happily for both parties. Auchentrone I suspect to be a corruption of *Auchentroich*, an estate in the county of Stirling; and Okland Hills, mentioned in Sir W. Scott’s ballad, seem to be the Ochil Hills in the same county.

## CXI.

## MY JO, JANET.

THE tune is very ancient; it is in Skene’s MSS. under the title of “The keiking Glass.” This very humorous ballad is also in the Orpheus Caledonius; but from the structure of the melody, it is clearly the composition of a very early period. Although the old verses were retouched by Allan Ramsay, Burns observes, that Mr Johnson, from a foolish notion of delicacy, has left out the last stanza of the original ballad, in which Janet exhibits a most comic picture of the frail and nearly unserviceable state of her old spinning wheel.

My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o’t winna stand, sir,  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
Employs right aft my hand, sir.

*Mak the best o’t that ye can,*  
Janet, Janet;  
*But like it never wail a man,*  
My Jo, Janet.

In December 1793, Burns wrote the following comic ballad to the same tune, in which he appears to have equalled, if not surpassed, the rich humour of the original

## MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

Written by Burns, to the tune of “My Jo, Janet.”

## I.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
Tho’ I am your wedded wife.  
Yet I am not your slave, sir,  
*One of two must still obey,*

Nancy, Nancy;  
*Is it man or woman? say,*  
My spouse, Nancy.

## II.

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
 Service and obedience ;  
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
 And so good-bye allegiance !  
*Sad will I be if so bereft,*  
                                 Nancy, Nancy ;  
*Yet I'll try to make a shift,*  
                                 My spouse, Nancy.

## III.

My poor heart then break it must,  
 My last hour I'm near it ;  
 When you lay me in the dust,  
 Think, think how ye will bear it !  
*I will hope and trust in Heaven,*  
                                 Nancy, Nancy :  
*Strength to bear it will be given,*  
                                 My spouse, Nancy.

## IV.

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,  
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;  
 Ever round your midnight bed,  
 Horrid sp'rites will haunt you.  
*I'll wed another like my dear*  
                                 Nancy, Nancy ;  
*Then all hell will fly for fear,*  
                                 My spouse, Nancy.

## CXII.

## HE WHO PRESUM'D TO GUIDE THE SUN.

THIS song was written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esq. The tune was composed by Mr James Oswald, who published it in his fourth book, under the title of "The Maid's Complaint." In Struan's Poems there is an additional stanza to this song ; but Johnson, very properly, rejected it on account of its inferiority to the rest.

## CXIII.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

THIS old sprightly air appears in Playford's "Dancing-master," first printed, in 1657, under the title of "A Scotch Ayre." In the Scots Musical Museum, two songs are adapted to this tune, the first of which was wholly written by Burns, with the exception of the chorus, which is very old. The second song consists of two stanzas of the ancient ballad, call-

ed “The Birks of Abergeldie.” Burns composed his song in September 1787, while standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire. He was, at this period, on a tour through the Highlands with his friend, Mr William Nicol, one of the masters of the high school in Edinburgh.

## CXIV.

## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

MACPHERSON, a daring robber, in the beginning of last century, was condemned and executed at Inverness. While under sentence of death, he is said to have composed this tune, which he called his own Lament or Farewell. It is also reported, that when he came to the fatal tree, he played this air upon a favourite violin, and, holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at the lykewake. As no one answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder.—*See Cromek's Introduction to Burns's Reliques, vol. i. p. 3. London, 1810.*

This story appears to me to be partly probable and partly false. That this depraved and incorrigible robber might compose the tune even while lying under the awful sentence of death may possibly be true; but, that he played it while standing on the ladder with the halter about his neck, I do not believe; because every criminal, before he is conducted to the place of execution, has his arms closely pinioned, in which situation it is physically impossible for him to play on a violin or any such instrument.

The ballad in the Museum, beginning “Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong,” is wholly the composition of Burns. The wild stanzas which he puts into the mouth of the desperado exhibit a striking proof of his astonishing powers of invention and poetic fancy. There was another ballad composed on the execution of this robber long before Burns was born. It is preserved in Herd's Collection, vol. i. p. 99, 100, and 101; but it is too long for insertion, as well as greatly inferior to the stanzas written by Burns.



## CXV.

## THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

THIS ballad, the editor is informed, was composed about the beginning of last century by a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned on a voyage to Holland. The third verse in the Museum is spurious nonsense, and Johnson has omitted the last stanza altogether. Herd published a fragment of this ballad in his Collection in 1769. In Oswald's second book, printed about the year 1740, there is a tune, apparently of English origin, to the same dirge, which Ritson adapted to that part of the ballad taken from Herd's copy; but the tune is very indifferent. The air in the Museum is the genuine one. The ballad is constantly sung to this Lowland melody, and it is inserted with the same title in an old MSS. Music-book which belonged to Mr Bremner, formerly music-seller in Edinburgh. It was from this air that the late Mr William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, formed the tune called "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," principally by adding a second part to the old air. Burns wrote a beautiful song to the tune thus altered, beginning "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," which is inserted in the third volume of the Museum. The editor of the late Collection of Gaelic Airs in 1816, puts in a claim for The Lowlands of Holland being a Highland air, and that it is called, "Thuile toabh a sheidas goagh." By writing a few Gaelic verses to each Lowland song, every Scottish melody might easily be transferred to the Highlands. This is rather claiming too much. The stanza omitted in the Museum is the following :

O HAUD your tongue, my daughter dear,  
 Be still, and be content,  
 There are mair lads in Galloway,  
 Ye need nae sair lament.  
 O! there is nane in Galloway,  
 There's nane at a' for me;  
 For I never loved a lad but ane,  
 And he's drowned in the sea.

## CXVI.

## THE MAID OF SELMA.

THIS prosaic song is a medley of various passages selected from the Poems of Ossian, as translated by Macpherson. *In the hall I lay by night. Mine eyes were half closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear. It was the maid of 'Selma ;' is taken from the poem of OINA MORUL. Behind it heaved the breast of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising on swift-rolling waves; from the poem of COLNA DONA. She raised the mighty song, for she knew that my soul was a stream that flowed at the pleasant sounds. OINA MORUL. She came on his troubled soul like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave. COLNA DONA. Caril accompanied his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past ; pleasant and mournful to the soul. DEATH OF CUCHULLIN.*

The compiler of this song appears to have founded his medley on the old air of " 'Todlin' Hame," which has assumed various shapes in common as well as treble time. In Oswald's Collection is a medley called " The Battle of Falkirk," in which " Lude's Lament" is evidently a slight alteration of " 'Todlin' Hame." In a more recent Collection, another medley appears, called " The Highland Battle," in which, " The Lament for the chief," is obviously taken from " Lude's Lament" in Oswald. The melody of " The Maid of Selma," however, is very pleasant, especially when sung to those beautiful lines selected from the works of the ancient Gaelic bard.

## CXVII.

## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning " Nae gentle dames, though ne'er sae fair," was written by Burns, and adapted to the old dancing tune, called " M'Lauchlin's Scots Measure."

Burns informs us, that this song was composed by him at a very early period of his life, and before he was at all known in the world, " My Highland lassie," says he, " 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." *Reliques*.

*Mr Cromek* further acquaints us with the following particulars respecting the parting of Burns with the object of his first love. "This adieu," says he, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.

"The anniversary of *Mary Campbell's* death, for that was her name, awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered solitary on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm-yard, in great agitation of mind nearly the whole of the night. His agitation at length became so great, that he threw himself down at the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy, his address *To Mary in Heaven*." See *Select Scottish Songs, with Remarks by Cromek*, vol. i. p. 115. London 1810.

## CXVIII.

## THE NORTHERN LASS.

THE air of "The Northern Lass" appears in Oswald's first book, page 5, which was published about the year 1740. The tune is pretty enough, but I rather think it is an imi-



tation of our style, and not a genuine Scottish air. The verses to which it was originally adapted seem to be of English origin. They are here subjoined.

## THE NORTHERN LASS.

## I.

COME take your glass, the northern lass  
So prettily advised,  
I drank her health, and really was  
Agreably surprised.  
Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,  
Her air and mien so free ;  
The Syren charm'd me from my meat,  
But take your drink, said she.

## II.

If from the north such beauty came,     1  
How is it that I feel  
Within my breast that glowing flame  
No tongue can ere reveal ;  
Though cold and raw the north winds blow,  
All summer's on her breast,  
Her skin is like the driven snow,  
But summer all the rest;

## III.

Her heart may southern climates melt,  
Though frozen now it seems,  
That joy with pain be equal felt,  
And balanced in extremes ;  
Then, like our genial wine, she'll charm  
With love my panting breast ;  
Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm,  
Be ice to all the rest.

Mr William Fisher of Hereford likewise composed a tune to the same verses, both of which were published in the first volume of Robertson's *Calliope*, in 1739, but it is quite different from that in Oswald's Collection, and in Johnson's Museum. The verses united to Oswald's air in the Museum, beginning "Tho' cruel fate should bid us part," were written by Burns a short time before his marriage with Miss Jean Armour, who is the heroine of this and several other of our bard's songs.

## CXIX.

## THE SONG OF SELMA.

THIS wild and characteristic melody is said to be the com

position of Oswald. It was published amongst with the words, which are selected from Ossian's "Songs of Selma," in 1762.

## CXX.

## FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

THIS tune appears in the old Virginal Book already mentioned, in the editor's possession, under the title of "Let Jamie's Lad allane," which was probably the original title. Mr Samuel Akeroyde put a bass to it, and published it in Henry Playford's "Banquet of Music," 1692, with two pseudo-Scottish stanzas, beginning "Fairest Jenny I mun love thee." The song to which the tune is adapted in the Museum, beginning "Allan by his griefs excited," was written, I am told, by Dr Blacklock.

## CXXI.

## WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

THIS humorous song, beginning "There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men," was written by Lady Grace Home, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, afterwards wife of George Baillie, Esq. of Jarviswood, near Lanark. It was printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius. The tune consists of a single strain, and is evidently very ancient.

## CXXII.

## THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

THIS beautiful air appears in Mrs Crockat's Music-Book, written in 1709; but the tune is undoubtedly far more ancient, for Ramsay has preserved the old words in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, under the title of "The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie." The old verses are also inserted in the Museum, together with two other songs to the same air, both of which were written by Ramsay. Thomson selected the first of Ramsay's songs, beginning "In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain," and published it with the music in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. Watts reprinted it in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany, in 1729.

Ramsay's second song to this air, beginning "When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill," was afterwards introduced as one of the songs in his *Gentle Shepherd*.

## CXXIII.

## THE MILLER.

THE humorous verses, beginning "O merry may the maid be that marries the miller," with the exception of the first stanza, which belongs to a much older song, were written by Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Bart. one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. The first four stanzas were published by Yair in his *Collection of Songs*, called "The Charmer," vol. ii. in 1751. Sir John afterwards added a fifth stanza, as the song ended too abruptly at the conclusion of the fourth, and in this amended form it was published by David Herd, in 1769 and 1776. The thought expressed in the two last lines, beginning "Who'd be a king," appears to be borrowed from a similar idea in the old ballad of "Tarry Woo."—*See notes on song No 45.*

## CXXIV.

## WAP AT THE WIDOW, MY LADDIE.

THIS is a very pretty and lively old air. "Wap at the Widow, my Laddie," was the title of an old but indelicate song, which Ramsay new-modelled, retaining the spirit, but not the licentiousness, of the original. Thomson very properly preferred Ramsay's verses, beginning "The widow can bake and the widow can brew," and united them to this old melody in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725.

## CXXV.

## BRAW, BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.

THIS charming pastoral air, which consists of one single strain, terminating on the fifth of the key in the *major mode*, is very ancient. A very indifferent set of the tune, under the title of "The brave Lads of Gala Water," with variations by Oswald, appears in his *Pocket Companion*, Book viii. That in the Museum is genuine. This tune was greatly ad-



mired by the celebrated Dr Haydn, who harmonized it for Mr William Whyte's Collection of Scottish Songs. On the MSS. of the music, which I have seen, the Doctor expressed his opinion of the melody, in the best English he was master of, in the following short but emphatic sentence : " This one Dr Haydn favorite song." In the Museum, two songs are adapted to the tune of " Braw, braw Lads of Gala Water." The first is a fragment of the ancient song, as preserved in Herd's Collection ; but Herd had mixed it with two verses belonging to a very different song, called " The lassie lost her silken snood." The only fragment of the old song is the following :

BRAW, braw lads of Gala Water ;  
 Braw, braw lads of Gala Water ;  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.  
 O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er yon moss amang the heather,  
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.

The other song in the Museum, to the same tune, beginning *No repose can I discover*, was written by Robert Ferguson the Scottish poet. In January 1793, Burns wrote the following song to this favourite air :

I.  
 THERE'S braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 That wander thro' the blooming heather ;  
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws  
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

II.  
 But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I loe him better,  
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

III.  
 Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 And tho' I hae nae mickle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest truest love  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

IV.  
 It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth  
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure,  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

The sentiments in the above song are natural and pleasing, yet the poet appears to have been regardless of his rhymes—heather and better, tocher and water—do not rhyme very well. But he likely did so in imitation of many of the older song composers, who were not over fastidious about this point.

This river Gala, of poetical celebrity, rises in the county of Mid Lothian, and after receiving a considerable augmentation of its stream from the water of Heriot, runs south, and passing the villages of Stow and Galashiels, falls into the Tweed about four miles above Melrose.

## CXXVI.

## THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

THIS ballad, beginning “One night I dreamed I lay most easy,” is another production of Mr James Tytler, of whom mention has been made in a former part of this work.

## CXXVII.

## O, MITHER DEAR, I 'GIN TO FEAR.

THIS humorous old song, to the tune of “Jenny dang the Weaver,” was altered and enlarged by Ramsay, who, for the benefit of his English readers, changed the name of the air into “Jenny beguil'd the Webster.” Thomson published the song, with Ramsay's additions, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The old song may be seen in Herd's Collection. It begins,

As I came in by Fisherrow,  
Musselburgh was near me,  
I threw off my mussel pock,  
And courted with my dearie.  
Up stairs, down stairs,  
Timber stairs fear me,  
I thought it lang to ly my lane,  
When I'm sae near my dearie.  
    &c. &c. &c.

## CXXVIII.

## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

THE first stanza of this song is old, the rest of it was written by Ramsay. Thomson adapted Ramsay's improved song

to the old air in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, from whence it was copied into the first volume of Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, printed at London in 1729. The tune also appears in Craig's Collection in 1730, and in many others subsequent to that period.

The heroines of the song, viz. Miss Elizabeth Bell, daughter of Mr Bell of Kinvaid, Perthshire, and Miss Mary Gray, daughter of Mr Gray of Lyndock, are reported to have been handsome young ladies, and very intimate friends. While Miss Bell was residing at Lyndock, on a visit to Miss Gray in the year 1666, the plague broke out. With a view to avoid the contagion, they built a bower, or small cottage, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, about three-quarters of a mile from Lyndock House. Here they resided a short time; but the plague raging with increased fury, they at length caught the infection, after receiving a visit from a gentleman, who was their mutual admirer, and here they both died. They were interred about half a mile from the mansion-house; and Major Berry, the late proprietor of that estate, carefully inclosed the spot, and consecrated it to the memory of these amiable and celebrated friends.

Lyndock is now the property of Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndock, the gallant hero of Barossa. Mr Gay selected the tune of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray for one of his songs in the *Beggar's Opera*, beginning "A curse attends that woman's love, who always would be pleasing," acted at London in 1728.

## CXXIX.

## STAY, MY CHARMER.

THIS song, beginning *Stay, my charmer, can you leave me*, was written by Burns, and adapted to an old Gaelic tune of one strain, entitled *An Gilleadh dubh*, or *The Black-hair'd Lad*. This simple and pathetic air was probably composed by one of those ancient minstrels who cheered the hardy and brave sons of Caledonia in former ages, but whose names are lost in obscurity and oblivion.

In Captain Fraser's *Gaelic Airs*, lately published, a set of



this tune appears in two strains, loaded with *trills*, *crescendos*, *diminuendos*, *cadences ad libitum*, and other modern *Italian* graces. This gentleman professes, however, to give the airs in their ancient and native purity, but *ex uno disce omnes* !

## CXXX.

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A FRAGMENT of this ancient and beautiful ballad, Bishop Percy informs us, is inserted in his Manuscript Poems, written at least as early, if not before the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1558. It consists of seven stanzas of eight lines each. A more perfect version of the ballad, but evidently modernised, appears in Watson's first Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1711. This ballad, with the music, was afterwards published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum.

The subject of the ballad, as the Bishop informs us, relates to a private story: "A lady of quality, of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself." See his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 194. The poetess must indeed have felt what she has so pathetically described. Who can peruse the following stanzas, without feeling emotions of tenderness and compassion for the lovely mourner contemplating her smiling and innocent babe, while lying in his cradle, and unconscious yet either of his own or his mother's forlorn and unhappy fate?

BALOW, my boy, lie still and sleep ;  
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep ;  
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad ;  
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.  
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, &c.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;  
But smile not, as thy father did,  
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !

For in thine eye his look I see—  
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

*Balow, &c.*

But curse not him—perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee,  
Perhaps at death; for who can tell  
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,  
By some proud foe, has struck the blow,  
And laid the dear deceiver low!

*Balow, &c.*

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;  
Too soon, alas! thou'lt weep for me;  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
God grant thee patience when they come!  
Born to sustain a mother's shame,  
A hapless fate—a bastard's name!

*Balow, &c.*

#### CXXXI.

##### WOES MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

THIS tune occurs in Skene's MSS. written prior to 1598, under the title "Alace this night yat we suld sinder," which was undoubtedly the first line of a very ancient song, now lost. Whether it was worthy of being preserved for its tender pathos, or comic humour, or deserving of being consigned to oblivion from its indelicacy, can only now be matter of conjecture. But it is clear that it was a well-known song in Scotland during the reign of James the Sixth.

Both the songs, which are adapted to this ancient tune in the Museum, were written by Ramsay. The first of these, beginning "With broken words and downcast eyes," was published with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, and the latter, beginning "Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief," was introduced as a song for "Peggie" in the *Gentle Shepherd*.

#### CXXXII.

##### STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THIS song was written by Burns, as descriptive of the feelings of James Drummond, Viscount of Strathallan, who, after his father's death at the battle of Culloden, escaped, with several of his countrymen, to France, where they died

in exile. The air was composed by the late Mr Allan Masterton, teacher of arithmetic and penmanship, Edinburgh, who was an intimate friend and acquaintance of the poet. Masterton possessed a good ear and a fine taste for music, and, as an amateur, played the violin remarkably well.

Burns gives us the following account of this song in his *Reliques*: "This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best 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. But, 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*."—*Reliques*.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

*Written by BURNS to a tune composed by ALLAN MASTERTON.*

THICKEST night surround my dwelling!  
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!  
 Turbid torrents wint'ry swelling,  
 Roaring by my lonely cave.  
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
 Busy haunts of base mankind;  
 Western breezes softly blowing,  
 Suit not my distracted mind.  
 In the cause of right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress;  
 Honour's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens denied success.  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us,  
 But a world without a friend.

CXXXIII.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE?

THIS song was composed by Burns, as appears from the MSS. in his own hand-writing now before me. With respect to the tune, we have the following account in his *Reliques*: "Dr Walker, who was minister at Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, told Mr Riddel the following anecdote concerning this air. He said, that some gentlemen, rid-



ing a few years ago through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Mossypaul, when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock (distaff) 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 Mossypaul, 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.” The gentleman who took down the tune was the late Mr Stephén Clarke, organist, Edinburgh. But he had no occasion for a flute to assist him, as stated by Dr Walker.

## CXXXIV.

## THE CARL HE CAME O’ER THE CRAFT.

THIS song is very ancient, and exceedingly humorous. Ramsay, however, polished it a little, to render it less objectionable on the score of delicacy; but Thomson published the old version, along with the original music, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. In Johnson’s *Museum*, Ramsay’s improved copy is adopted; the following stanzas will, however, afford a specimen of the older song.

He gae to me an ell of lace,  
And his beard new shaven;  
He bade me wear the Highland dress,  
The carle trows that I’ll hae him.  
*Hout awa, &c.*

He gae to me a harn sark,  
And his beard new shaven;  
He said he’d kiss me in the dark,  
For he trows that I’ll hae him.  
*Howt awa, I maun hae him;  
Aye, forsooth! I’ll c’en hae him;  
New hose and new shoon,  
And his beard new shaven.*

---

\* *Hoggie*, a young sheep after it is smeared, and before it is first shorn. The other song in the *Museum*, to the same tune, beginning “What words, dear Nancy, will prevail,” was written by Dr Blacklock.

## CXXXV.

## GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNIE.

A RESPECTABLE lady of my acquaintance, who was born in 1738, informs me, that this was reckoned a very old song even in her infancy. The verses in the Museum were slightly touched by Burns from the fragment of the ancient song, which is inserted in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. p. 203.

## CXXXVI.

## WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD.

THIS elegant song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. about the year 1720, adapted to the fine old air called "Hallow-e'en," and published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The tune is inserted in a very old music-book, in square-shaped notes, in the editor's possession, under the title of "Hallow Evine," but the original song is lost.

## CXXXVII.

## WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

THIS very humorous song was written about the beginning of last century by Mr Walkingshaw *of that ilk*, near Paisley. Thomson published it with the sprightly old air in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. It is probable, however, that a much older, though certainly not a more truly comic song, had previously been adapted to this lively tune. Ramsay, by a judicious alteration of one word in stanza first, another in stanza third, and one line in stanza sixth, improved this song very much.

## CXXXVIII.

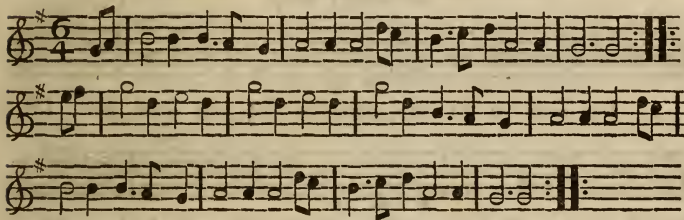
## JUMPIN' JOHN.

THIS old air appears in Oswald's Collection. It seems clearly to be the progenitor of the well-known tune called "Lillibulero," which is claimed as the composition of Henry Purcell, who died in 1695.—See J. Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, vol. ii. p. 185, and John Playford's *Musick's Handmaid*, published in 1678; in both of which it is called *A new Irish Tune*. Purcell, however, appears only to have made a very slight alteration on the second strain of the air. The tune

of Lilliburlero was common both in Scotland and England before Purcell was born; the title of the song was the *pass-word* used among the Papists in Ireland at the horrible massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The tune itself was printed in Playford's *Dancing-Master* in 1657, under the title of "Joan's Placket," and Purcell was only born in the year 1658. The notes of the air are subjoined.

## JUMPIN' JOHN; OR, JOAN'S PLACKET.

*From Playford's Dancing-Master, printed in 1657.*



To this air also an Anglo-Irish song, beginning "Ho! broder Teague, do'st hear the decree," was adapted in 1686, which made such an impression on the royal army, as to contribute greatly towards the Revolution in 1688.

The two humorous stanzas, beginning "Her daddie forbid," to which the tune of "Jumpin' John" are united in the *Museum*, were communicated by Burns. They are a fragment of the old humorous ballad, with some verbal corrections.

## CXXXIX

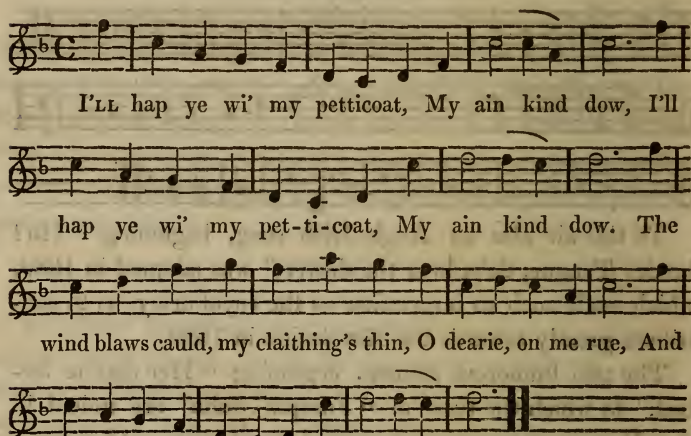
## HAP ME WITH THY PETTYCOAT.

MR TYTLER, in his very ingenious and masterly *Dissertation on Scottish Music*, observes, that "the distinguishing strain (character) of our old melodies is plaintive melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting to a great degree, is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them on the sixth of the scale. By this artless standard some of our Scottish melodies may be traced, such as, *Gill Morrice—There came a Ghost to Margaret's Door—O Laddie I maun loe thee—Hap me wi' thy Pettycoat*. I mean the old sets of these airs; as the last air, which



I take to be one of our oldest songs, is so modernized as scarce to have a trace of its ancient simplicity. The simple original air is still sung by nurses in the country, as a lullaby to still their babes to sleep." The reader is here presented with the original air in its ancient purity. The copy which is inserted in Ritson's Historical Essay, is erroneous in several particulars, as will appear obvious on comparing it with the following

## ANCIENT AIR.



I'LL hap ye wi' my petticoat, My ain kind dow, I'll  
hap ye wi' my pet-ti-coat, My ain kind dow. The  
wind blows could, my claithing's thin, O dearie, on me rue, And  
hap me wi' thy petticoat, My ain kind dow.

The reader will, from this example, be enabled to form a pretty accurate notion respecting the intrinsic value of those modern refinements which have been made on several of the old Scottish melodies, by comparing the above air with that which is inserted in the Museum and other recent publications.

The song, which is adapted to the tune beginning *O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart*, was written by Ramsay, and published in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725; but it is certainly the most stupid song Ramsay ever wrote. To work the silly burden of a nurse's lullaby to her infant, into a grave song for a full-grown lover, seems really too absurd, unless he held the same opinion, that

Old Dryden did, and he was wond'rous wise,  
*Men are but children of a larger size !*

## CXI.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

THIS air is also very ancient, and has even been a favourite in England for several generations, some of their old songs being adapted to it. The verses in the Museum, beginning "Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west," were written by Burns.

Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, vol iv. relates the following anecdote respecting this tune, which happened in 1691, during the reign of William and Mary. "The Queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent Mr Gostling to Henry Purcell and Mrs Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her ; they obeyed her commands. Mr Gostling and Mrs Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length, the Queen beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs Hunt if she could not sing the old Scots ballad of "Cold and Raw ?" Mrs Hunt answered, Yes ; and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music ; but, seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion ; and accordingly in the next birth-day song, viz. that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words *May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land* ; the bass whereof is the tune to *Cold and Raw* ; it is printed in the second part of the Orpheus Britannicus, and is note for note the same with the Scots tune."

As Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus is not a work to be met with in every family, and indeed is now becoming scarce, it is presumed, that the birth-day song, to which Sir John

Hawkins alludes, will not be unacceptable to the musical reader. It is here given exactly as it is printed in the 151st page of the second volume of the *Orpheus Britannicus*, published by Henry Playford in 1702.

A SONG ON THE LATE QUEEN.

MAY her blest ex - am - ple chase Vice in troops out

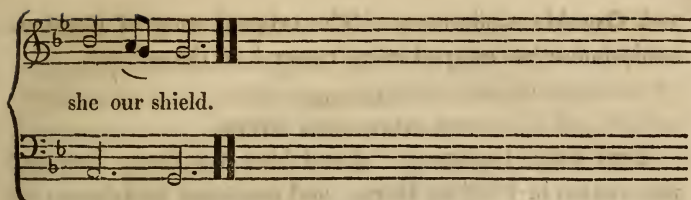
of the land, Fly - ing from her aw - ful face, Like

trembling ghosts, when day's at hand. May her he - ro

bring us peace, Won with ho - nour in the field,

And our homebred factions cease, He still our sword, and





she our shield.

Purcell, however, must have borrowed the idea of adapting the old air as a bass part for his song from John Hilton, who introduced the same tune into his “Northern Catch” for three voices, beginning “I’se gae with thee, my sweet Peggy,” printed in 1652. In this humorous catch, the tune of “Up in the Morning early” is adapted for the third voice. This tune was selected by Mr Gay for one of the songs in the Beggar’s Opera, beginning “If any wench Venus’ girdle wear,” acted in 1728.

## CXLI.

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

THIS elegant and affecting elegy, “Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn!” was written by Tobias Smollet, Esq. M.D. the celebrated historian, poet, and physician, about the year 1746. The tune to which it was originally adapted, is that in the Museum, which was composed by James Oswald, and published in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, No 4, p. 14, with an *asterism* prefixed, to point out its being a melody of his own composition.

“Dr Blacklock,” says Burns, “told me that Smollet, 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.” *Reliques*.

## CXLII.

## WHERE WINDING FORTH ADORNS THE VALE.

THIS song was written by Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, Burns’ *older brother in misfortune*, who died at Edinburgh on the 16th of October, 1774, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. In the Museum, it is adapted to the fine old air of Cumbernauld-house, which is inserted both in Macgibbon

and Oswald's Collections. The original song of Cumber-nauld-house has escaped every research of the editor.

## CXLIII.

## THE HIGHLAND ROVER.

THIS song, beginning "Loud blaw the frosty breezes," was written in 1787 by Burns, and presented to Johnson for insertion in his Museum. The Highland rover alluded to was the young chevalier, Prince Charles Edward Stuart. It is adapted to the Gaelic air, called "Morag," which is the Highland name for Marion. Burns also wrote the following verses to the same tune.

## SONG.

## TUNE, "Morag."

O WHA is she that loes me,  
And has my heart a keeping?  
O sweet is she that loes me,  
As dews o' simmer weeping,  
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

## CHORUS.

*O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie ever dearer;  
O that's the queen o' womankind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.*

If thou shalt meet a lassie,  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming,  
*O that's the lassie, &c.*

If thou had'st heard her talking,  
And thy attentions plighted,  
That ilka body talking  
But her by thee is slighted;  
And thou art all delighted.  
*O that's the lassie, &c.*

If thou hast met this fair one,  
When frae her thou hast parted,  
If every other fair one  
But her, thou hast deserted,  
And thou art broken-hearted.  
*O that's the lassie, &c.*

Dr Currie, in his life of Burns, says, that our poet also composed the following poem of Castle Gordon in September 1787, to be sung to Morag, a Highland air of which he was extremely fond, in testimony of his gratitude for the kind reception he had met with from the Duke and Duchess, at the hospitable mansion of this noble family.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,  
 Never bound by winter's chains ;  
 Glowing here on golden sands,  
 There commix'd with foulest stains  
 From tyranny's empurpled bands :  
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,  
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;  
 Give me the stream that sweetly leaves  
     The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,  
 Shading from the burning ray  
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,  
 Or the ruthless native's way,  
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :  
 Woods that ever verdant wave,  
 I leave the tyrant and the slave ;  
 Give me the groves that lofty brave  
     The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;  
 In that sober pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood ;  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
     By bonny Castle Gordon.

These verses are certainly very fine, but the reader will easily perceive that they do not correspond with the air of Morag. The measure and accentuation are totally different from the stanzas which our poet composed for the tune in Johnson's Museum, and these points he seldom, if ever, overlooked. We may therefore conclude, that Dr Currie has been led into a mistake with regard to the tune, though the verses undoubtedly are well deserving of being united to a very fine one.



In Fraser's Gaelic Airs, lately published, is another set of "Morag," in which the sharp seventh is twice introduced in place of the perfect fifth, alongst with a variety of notes, graces, and a *retardando*, not to be found in any of the older sets of this air, and which indeed are equally superfluous as well as foreign to the genuine spirit of ancient Gaelic melodies. Publishers of national tunes should be scrupulously careful in giving nothing but the original and unsophisticated melody, for every person who knows any thing of the science, can make whatever *extempore* variations he pleases on the simple intervals. The French have been justly censured for this absurd practice by Quantz, the celebrated music-master of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia. The Italians, on the other hand, are commended by that eminent musician, for leaving the embellishments and graces entirely to the judgment, taste, and feeling of the performers. In this way, the genuine text of the melody is preserved, and the performer is left at liberty to use what variations his taste and judgment may suggest, without rendering the subject dull and insipid, as if it was immutably fixed on the barrel of a street-organ.

## CXLIV.

## THE DUSTY MILLER.

THIS cheerful old air is inserted in Mrs Crockat's Collection in 1709, and was, in former times, frequently played as a single hornpipe in the dancing-schools of Scotland. The verses to which it is adapted in the Museum, beginning "Hey the dusty miller, and his dusty coat," are a fragment of the old ballad, with a few verbal alterations by Burns.

## CXLV.

## THE WEDDING-DAY.

RAMSAY adapted one of his songs in the Gentle Shepherd to this old Scotch melody, which was formerly called "How can I be sad on my wedding-day." The old song begins

How can I be sad, when a husband I hae?  
How can I be sad on my wedding-day?

The verses in the Museum, beginning “ One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,” were composed by Dr Thomas Blacklock.

## CXLVI.

## I DREAM'D I LAY, &amp;c.

THIS song was written by Burns when he was only seventeen years old, and it is among the earliest of his printed compositions. It is adapted to a beautiful and plaintive air, harmonized by Mr Stephen Clarke.

## CXLVII.

## I, WHO AM SORE OPPRESS'D WITH LOVE.

THIS is a fragment of an Ode, written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, addressed to a friend who was going to sea. It was published among his other poems at Edinburgh after the author's decease. In the Museum, the verses are adapted to the air of *The Lovely Lass of Monorgan*, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion.

## CXLVIII.

## A COCK LAIRD, FU' CADGIE.

THIS very humorous old song is generally, though erroneously, attributed to Ramsay by his biographers. Ramsay, indeed, did make some verbal alterations upon it; but William Thomson felt no scruple in presenting it, in its original rustic garb, to a queen of Great Britain, so late as the year 1725. As Ramsay has frequently been censured for suppressing the ancient songs, and substituting his own inferior productions in their stead, it seems but fair, in justice to his memory, to give the reader an opportunity, by inserting the old words here, of judging whether, or how far, such censure is really just.

## I.

A cock laird fu cadgie,  
Wi' Jenny did meet,  
He haws'd her, and kiss'd her,  
And ca'd her his sweet.

*Gin thou'lt gae along wi' me,*

*Jenny, quo' he,*

*Thou'se be my ain leman*

*Jo Jenny, Jenny.*

## II.

Gin I gae alang wi' you,  
Ye manna fail  
To feed me wi' crowdie,  
And good hackit kail.

*What needs a' this vanity,  
Jenny? quo' he;  
Are na bannocks and dribly beards  
Good meat for thee?*

## III.

Gin I gae alang wi' you,  
I maun hae a silk hood,  
A kirtle-sark, wylie-coat,  
And a silk snood,  
To tye up my hair in a  
Cockernonie.

*Hout awa! thou'st gane wud, I trow,  
Jenny, quo' he.*

## IV.

Gin you'd hae me look bonnie,  
And shine like the moon,  
I maun hae katlets, and patlets,  
And camrel-heel'd shoon,  
And craig-claiths, and lug-babs,  
And rings twa or three.

*Hout, the deil's in your vanity,  
Jenny, quo' he.*

## V.

Sometimes I am troubled  
Wi' gripes \* \* \*  
Gin I get nae stoories,  
I may mysel shame;  
I'll rift at the rumple, and  
Gar the wind flee.

*Deil stap a cork in your \* \* \* \*  
Jenny, quo' he.*

## VI.

Gin that be the care you tak,  
Ye may gae loup,  
For sican a hurcheon  
Shall ne'er skelp my —  
Howt awa, gae be hang'd,  
Lousie laddie, quo' she,  
Deil scoup o' your company,  
Jenny, quo' he.

Though such broad-humoured verses were formerly thought nothing of, they would not now be tolerated in a drawing-room; for times change, and we are changed with them.



## CXLIX.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

THIS very humorous song was composed by Burns, although he did not openly choose to avow it. I have recovered his original manuscript copy of the song, which is the same as that inserted in the Museum. It is adapted to the old tune of *You'll aye be welcome back again*, which was the title of an old but very inferior song, both in point of wit and delicacy, to that in the Museum. This lively tune was inserted, about a century ago, in John Welsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, book ii. p. 45. It is also to be found in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*, and several other old collections.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

*Written by BURNS.*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
And she held o'er the moor to spin;  
There was a lad that followed her,  
They ca'd him Duncan Davison:  
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,  
Her favour Duncan couldna win,  
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,  
A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,  
And ay she set the wheel between:  
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,  
That Meg should be a bride the morn;  
Then Meg took up her spinning-graith,  
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,  
And we will live like king and queen;  
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.  
A man may drink and no be drunk,  
A man may fight and no be slain,  
A man may kiss a bonny lass,  
And ay be welcome back again.

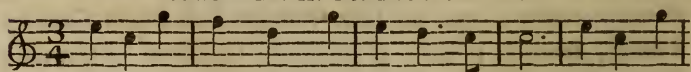
## CL.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

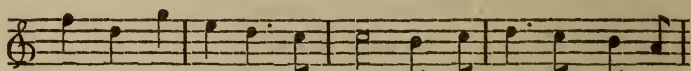
BOTH the words and music of this ancient song appear in Forbes' *Cantus*, printed at Aberdeen in 1662, again in 1666,

and lastly in 1682. We shall therefore present the reader with an exact copy of the melody, as it appears in these Collections, which will afford him another opportunity, by comparing it with the set in the Museum, and other modern collections, of observing what *improvements* have been made on this early melody. In the Aberdeen Cantus, the notes are lozenge-shaped semibreves, minims, and crotchets, without any bars. Here they are thrown into modern notation.

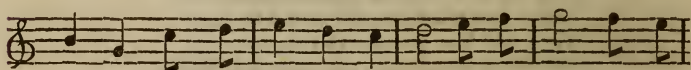
## SONG XLV. IN FORBES'S CANTUS.



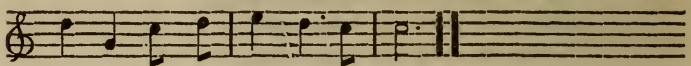
OVER the mountains, and un-der the caves, O-ver the



fountains, and un-der the waves, O-ver wa-ters that are



deepest, and which Neptune o-bey, O-ver rocks that are



steepest, love will point out the way.

The simple melody of this fine old song is scarce discernible amidst the superfluous extravagance of modern embellishments.

## CLI.

## AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

THE old title, says Burns, *Sour Plums of Galashiels*, was probably the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost. The tune of Galashiels was composed about the beginning of last century, 1700, by the Laird of Galashiels' piper; and Mr Cromek adds, that the piper of Galashiels was the subject of an unpublished mock heroic poem, by Hamilton of Bangour.—*Reliques*. Hamilton wrote the verses in the Museum, and gave them to Ramsay, who published them in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany in 1725. This old

tune also appears in Craig's Collection, printed in 1730, and in those of M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon and Oswald. Mr Watts published this song with the same tune in his Musical Miscellany, vol. iv. London, 1731.

CLII.

MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

THE words and music of this song were furnished by Dr Blacklock, for Johnson's Museum, about the close of 1787. Allan Masterton copied both for the Doctor. This song possesses merit, but some of the lines are a little deficient in measure, and the first part of the tune appears to have been incorrectly taken down.

CLIII.

MY LOV'D CELESTIA.

THIS song was written by Alexander Robertson of Struan, Esq. and published in an edition of his works at Edinburgh, *sine anno*. In the Museum, it is adapted to a very pretty air, called *Benny Side*, which is inserted in Oswald's Pocket Companion. The editor has not been able to procure a copy of the original song of *Benny Side*, which may have been in fashion in the days of Oswald.

CLIV.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

THIS fine old tune is inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, adapted to a long ballad written by Ramsay, beginning "As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May," which is likewise printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. In the Museum, the air is adapted to a song of two stanzas, also written by Ramsay, beginning "O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?"

Dr Blacklock communicated to Mr Johnson a copy of the original verses to the same air, which are printed in the Museum after those of Ramsay.

It ought to be observed here, that this old melody consisted only of *one strain*, and it is so printed in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*. The second strain, which is only a re-



petition of the first, an octave higher, was added by Adam Craig in 1730 ; but it could only be intended for instrumental music. Few voices have a natural compass of more than twelve notes. When a tune exceeds this compass, the singer has recourse to the *false* *setto*, which requires great skill and management to produce even a tolerable effect. It would be much better, therefore, to leave out the *second* strain altogether in singing this song, as the compass of the *first* is sufficiently extensive, and the tune quite long enough without any second part.

## CLV.

## WHERE HELEN LIES.

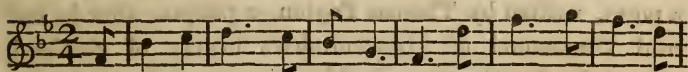
THIS old elegiac ballad, beginning “ I wish I were where Helen lies,” was retouched by Burns for the Museum. Burns confessed, however, that his alterations were far from improving this ballad.

Helen Irvine, a celebrated beauty of the sixteenth century, and daughter of the then Laird of Kirkconnel, in the county of Dumfries, was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time, who both resided in that neighbourhood. The name of the favourite suitor was Adam Fleming, that of the unsuccessful lover Bell of Blacket-house. The addresses of the latter, though seconded by the friends of the lady, being inflexibly rejected, he vowed to sacrifice Fleming to his resentment. Bent on this horrid design, he watched every opportunity of carrying it into execution, and one evening, while the happy pair were sitting on a romantic spot washed by the river Kirtle, the desperate lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank with a loaded musket, which he levelled at the breast of his rival. Helen, aware of his atrocious aim, instantly threw herself before the body of her lover, and, receiving the mortal wound which was intended for him, fell back and died in his arms. The murderer fled beyond seas, but was closely pursued from place to place by Fleming, who at length overtook him in the vicinity of Madrid. A furious combat ensued, which terminated in the death of the fugitive

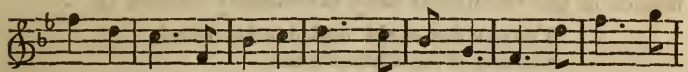
assassin. Fleming, on his return, went to visit the grave of his beloved Helen in the church-yard of Kirkconnel, and stretching himself upon it, he expired, breathing her name with his last sigh. His remains were interred by her side. The grave of the lovers is still pointed out, and on the tombstone the inscription *Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*, is yet legible. A sword and a cross are sculptured on the stone, which the peasantry tell you represents the gun that shot Helen, and the sword that killed her murderer. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, as a lasting monument of the abhorrence which fair Helen's contemporaries felt for the bloody deed.

There are various editions of this ballad in Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy, Ritson's Scottish Songs, and other collections, but they all differ more or less from one another, and the several airs to which the words have been adapted are also dissimilar. All of them are evidently modern, and totally different from the simple and plaintive little air to which the editor has always heard the ballad sung in the south of Scotland. He therefore inserts it without further apology.

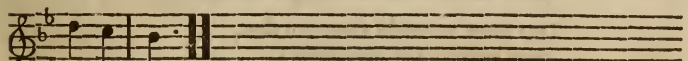
## FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.



I WISH I were where Helen lies, For night and day on



me she cries; O that I were where Helen lies, On fair Kirk-



connel lee!

O Helen! lovely, chaste and fair,  
A ringlet o' thy gowden hair  
In my fond bosom I will wear,  
Until the day I die.

I curst the heart that form'd the thought,  
 I curst the hand that fir'd the shot,  
 When in these arms my Helen dropt,  
 And died to shelter me.

Ye weel may think my heart was sair,  
 When down she sank and spak nae mair,  
 And I beheld my lovely fair  
 Stretch'd on Kirkconnel lee.

To foreign climes the traitor fled,  
 But quickly after him I sped ;  
 Ere lang beneath my glaive he bled,  
 For her that died for me.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
 When Kirtle rows sae smooth and sheen,  
 And close by Helen's might be seen  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
 Were I wi' thee I wad be blest,  
 For thou liest lowly and at rest  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

Where Helen lies ! Where Helen lies !  
 For night and day on me she cries !  
 I wish I were where Helen lies,  
 Who died for love of me.

Some of the peasantry allege, that Fleming was killed by an arrow in place of a bullet. In the following passage from a poem, written by Thomas Poyton, a pauper, after he had read Drummond of Hawthornden's history of Scotland, printed in the Gentlemen's Magazine for July 1783, this branch of the traditional story is evidently alluded to.

T'OTHER day as she work'd at her wheel,  
 She sang of fair Eleanor's fate,  
 Who fell by stern jealousy's steel,  
 As on Kirtle's smooth margin she sate.

Her lover to shield from the dart,  
 Most eagerly she interpos'd ;  
 The arrow transpierc'd her fond heart,  
 The fair in his arms her eyes clos'd.

O Fleming, how wretched thy doom,  
 Thy love to see wounded to death ;  
 No wonder that, stretch'd on her tomb,  
 In grief thou surrender'st thy breath.



Yet one consolation was thine,  
To soften fate's rigid decree,  
Thy mistress her life did resign,  
A martyr to love and to thee.

## CLVI.

## THENIEL MENZIES' BONNY MARY.

THIS humorous song, as well as that which follows it in the Museum, beginning "A' the lads of Thornie Bank," were composed by Burns towards the end of the year 1787. They are adapted to the old tune, called *The Ruffian's Rant*, which is likewise the melody of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

In November 1794, Burns also composed the following stanzas to the same tune, in the character of a forsaken lover's address to his mistress.

## CANST THOU LEAVE ME.

Chorus to be sung to the first strain of the tune.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
Well thou know'st my aching heart,  
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,  
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?  
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,  
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?  
*Canst thou leave me, &c.*

Farewell! may no such sorrows tear  
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!  
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,  
But not a love like mine, my Katy.  
*Canst thou leave me, &c.*

The following reply from the lady, evidently the handwriting of a female, was found among the manuscripts of our bard after his decease.

## CHORUS.

*Stay, my Willie, yet believe me;  
Stay, my Willie, yet believe me;  
For ah! thou know'st na every pang  
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.*

Tell me that thou yet art true,  
And a' my wrangs shall be forgiven,

And whan this heart proves fause to thee,  
Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.  
*Stay, my Willie, &c.*

But to think I was betray'd,  
That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!  
To take the flow'ret to my breast,  
And find the guilefu' serpent under.  
*Stay, my Willie, &c.*

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,  
Celestial pleasures might I choose 'em,  
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres  
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.  
*Stay, my Willie, &c.*

Dr Currie observes, "It may amuse the reader to be told, that on this occasion the gentleman and the lady have exchanged the dialects of their respective countries. The Scottish bard makes his address in pure English: the reply on the part of the lady, in the Scottish dialect, is, if we mistake not, by a young and beautiful Englishwoman," vol iv. letter lxiv.

## CLVII.

## THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

THIS song was written by Burns in August 1787, and adapted to a Gaelic melody, entitled "Banarach Donnach Ruidh," or "The Brown Dairy-maid." Burns himself gives us the following account of this song: "These verses were composed on a charming girl, 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 Harveyston 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 (the Museum)."

In a letter to Dr Currie, printed in the life of Burns, Dr Adam, now of Harrowgate, says, "Burns and I left Edinburgh together in August 1787. We rode by Linlithgow and Falkirk to Stirling. From Stirling we went next morning through the romantic and fertile vale of Devon to Har-

vieston in Clackmannanshire, then inhabited by Mrs Hamilton, with the younger part of whose family Burns had been previously acquainted. He introduced me to the family, and there was formed my first acquaintance with Mrs Hamilton's eldest daughter, to whom I have been married for nine years. Thus was I indebted to Burns for a connexion, from which I have derived, and expect further to derive, much happiness."

The author of *Albyn's Anthology*, printed in 1816, and the editor of the late *Collection of Highland Airs*, have each obliged us with a set of this tune, as if it had never been before published. These airs differ considerably from one another; but the set in *Johnson's Museum*, which Burns obtained from the lady in Inverness, is by far the best of the three.

## CLVIII.

## WALY! WALY! UP YON BANK.

BOTH the words and air of this song, beginning "O waly! waly! up yon bank," are very ancient. In Mr Blackwood's MSS. which were transcribed by Thomas Wode in 1566, from a still more ancient church-music book, compiled by Dean John Angus, Andrew Blackhall, minister of Musselburgh, and others, there is an humorous Yule or Christmas medley, in which the last four lines of the first stanza of this old song are evidently burlesqued.

In the first stanza we have the following lines :

O WALY! waly! love is bonnie,  
A little while, when it is new;  
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
And wears away like morning dew.

The lines in the old manuscript run thus,

Hey, trollie, lollie, love is jolly,  
A quhile, quhill it is new;  
Quhen it is old it grows full cold,  
Wae worth the love untrew.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that this song is at least coeval with the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, if not earlier.

Burns mentions, that he has 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 luve has me forsook,  
And says he'll never luve me mair.

Arthur's Seat and St Anton's, or rather, St Anthony's Well, alluded to in the song, are both in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, and so well known as to require no particular description.

## CLIX.

## THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

RAMSAY published this as an old song in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. I have heard it attributed to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. but have been unable to discover upon what authority. The verses are pretty, and characteristic of rural innocence and love,

## CLX.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

It is generally reported, that this lively air was composed by Duncan Gray, a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of last century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in that city. It is inserted both in Macgibbon and Oswald's *Collections*.

The comic verses to which it is united in the *Museum*, beginning “ Wearie fa you, Duncan Gray—Ha, ha, the gir-din o't,” are taken from the old song, with considerable alterations, by Burns. Our poet, however, wrote another exceedingly humorous song to the same tune in December 1792, which is here subjoined.

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blythe yule-night, when we were fou,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,

*Ha, ha, the wooing o't,*

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,\*

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer'd and blin',

Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn;

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Time and chance are but a tide,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Slighted love is sair to bide,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

She may gae to—France for me!

*Ha, ha, &c.*

How it comes let doctors tell,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Meg grew sick as he grew well,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And O, her een, they spak sic things!

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Maggie's was a piteous case,

*Ha, ha, &c.*

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and canty baith,

*Ha, ha, the wooing o't.*

Burns, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated 4th December 1792, says, "The foregoing I submit, my dear Sir, to your better judgment. Acquit them or condemn them, as seemeth good in your sight. Duncan Gray is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature."

#### CLXI.

#### DUMBARTON DRUMS.

THIS song is inserted in the second edition of Thomson's

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\* A well known rock in the Frith of Clyde, betwixt the shores of Ayrshire and Kintyre. It is about two miles in circumference, and rises to a great height. It is the property of the Earl of Cassillis.

Orpheus Caledonius, published in 1733. It also appeared in Daniel Wright's *Miscellany* for December 1733, under the title of "DUMBARTON DRUMS, never before printed to music." The words were inserted in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, but the author is unknown. Burns says, that "this is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, 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 Lasses*, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lyle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty. *Johnny Faa* is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the county of Ayr."—*Reliques*.

## CLXII.

## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THIS beautiful air does not appear in any of our old collections, by Thomson, Craig, M'Gibbon, or Oswald. It seems to have been modelled from the ancient tune, in triple time, called *The Sleepy Body*, like that of another from the same source, called *The Ploughman*. See No 165. For upwards of half a century, however, few, if any of our tunes, have been greater favourites with the poets than that of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." Although this air, particularly when played slow, is rather of a tender and plaintive cast, yet most of the songs that have been adapted to it are of a very opposite description. The oldest song to this tune that I have met with is the following. The author is anonymous, but the song was collected by Herd, and printed in his second volume in 1776; but he told me it was much older.

## I.

CAULD kale in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Strabogie,  
But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,  
And never warm the cogie.



The lasses about Bogie\* gicht  
 Their limbs, they are sae clean and tight,  
 That if they were but girded right,  
 They'll dance the reel of Bogie.

## II.

Wow, Aberdeen, what did you mean,  
 Sae young a maid to woo, sir?  
 I'm sure it was nae joke to her,  
 Whate'er it was to you, sir;  
 For lasses now are no sae blate  
 But they ken auld folk's out o' date,  
 And better playfare can they get  
 Than castocks in Strabogie.

The following song, to the same tune, is likewise by an anonymous author, but it is still more modern. It was printed in Dale's Scottish Songs, and is alluded to by Burns as being an old song.

## I.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Strabogie,  
 Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
 But I maun hae my cogie.  
 For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie,  
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog  
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

## II.

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

For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie;  
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog  
 For a' the queans in Bogie.

## III.

Twa-three todlin weans they hae,  
 The pride o' a' Strabogie;  
 Whene'er the totums cry for meat  
 She curses ay his cogie.  
 O wae betide the three-gir'd cog!  
 O wae betide the cogie,  
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 That happen in Strabogie.

---

\* The Bogie, celebrated by so many bards, is a river in Aberdeenshire. It rises in the parish of Auchindoir, and, after running through an extensive, rich, and beautiful strath or valley, called Strathbogie, formerly one of the great divisions of that county, falls into the river Deveron, a little below the town of Huntly.

## IV.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,  
 And what they maist did laugh at,  
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,  
 And tightly gowff'd his haffet.  
     O wae betide the three-gir'd cog,  
     O wae betide the cogie,  
     It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
     That happen in Strabogie.

## V.

Yet here's to ilka honest chiel  
 Wha drinks wi' me a cogie ;  
 As for ilk silly whingin fool,  
 We'll douk him in a bogie.  
     For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,  
     I canna want my cogie ;  
     I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog  
     For a' the queans in Bogie.

The authors of the two foregoing excellent and humorous ballads, though the editor has not been able to discover them, must certainly be well known among the circle of their own friends. The present Duke of Gordon likewise wrote a very fine song to the same air, and as Johnson preferred his Grace's song to both its predecessors, he placed it in his Musical Museum. Since that period Mr William Reid of Glasgow, bookseller, has favoured us with the following verses to the same tune, with which we shall conclude the present article.

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And bannocks in Strabogie,  
 But naething drives awa the spleen  
 Sae weel's a social cogie.  
 That mortal's life nae pleasure shares  
 Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie :  
 Whene'er I'm fasht wi' warldly cares  
 I drown them in a cogie.  
 Thus merrily my time I pass,  
 With spirits brisk and vogie,  
 Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,  
 My cronies and my cogie.  
 Then haste and gie's an old Scots sang,  
 Sic like as Kathrine Ogie ;  
 A gude auld sang comes never wrang,  
 When o'er a social cogie.

*I have often heard Mr Reid with great pleasure  
 sing the above verses. In the presence of his wife who  
 name is Miss Reid she still loved the excellent  
 song. Mr Reid was born in 1784 and died in 1842.*

## CLXIII.

## FOR THE LAKE O' GOLD.

THIS song was composed by Dr Austin, physician in Edinburgh, who had courted Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch, and to whom he was shortly to have been married. But James, Duke of Atholl, having seen her, became so much enamoured, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted; and, as Burns says, she jilted the Doctor. This lady having survived her first husband, married the late Lord Adam Gordon, uncle to Alexander, the present Duke of Gordon.

Dr Austin adapted his words to the tune of an old song, which has a similar beginning, called "For the Lak of Gold I lost her, O;" the melody of which is inserted in Oswald's Pocket Companion, No iii. p. 2. There are several passages in the tune, however, the very same as in that called, "I love my Love in Secret."

The Doctor, in his song says, "No cruel fair *shall ever move my injured heart again to love;*" but he afterwards married, and had a fine family of children.

## CLXIV.

## KATHRINE OGIE.

THIS fine old Scottish song, beginning "As I went furth to view the plain," was introduced, and sung by Mr John Abell, a gentleman of the Chapel-Royal, at his concert in Stationers'-hall, London, in the year 1680, with great applause. It was also printed with the music and words, by an engraver of the name of Cross, as a single sheet song, in the course of that year, a copy of which is now lying before me. About twenty years after this period two editions of the tune made their appearance in the "Pills," one of which was an inaccurate reprint to the song as sung by Abell, which was now called "A new Scotch Song." The other was called "Cathrin Loggie," where the tune is adapted to very indelicate verses. The English transcriber, from not understanding the Scottish idioms and orthography, had fallen into a



few verbal errors ; but Ramsay, in correcting these for his Tea-Table Miscellany, used some liberties with the text that were not altogether warranted. A correct copy of the old verses is therefore annexed.

## I.

As I went furth to view the plain  
Upon a morning early,  
With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain,  
When flow'rs grew fresh and fairly ;  
A very pretty maid I spy'd,  
She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;  
I ask'd her name ; sweet sir, she sigh'd,  
My name is Kathrine Ogie.

## II.

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

## III.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
Who sees and does not prize thee ;  
Tho' thou are drest in robes but mean,  
Yet they cannot disguise thee :  
Thy mind sure as thine eyes do look  
Above a clownish rogie ;  
Thou art a match for laird or duke,  
My bonnie Kathrine Ogie.

## IV.

O ! if I were some shepherd swain,  
To feed my flocks beside thee,  
And gang with thee along the plain,  
At boughing to abide thee :  
More rich and happy I could be  
With Kate, and crook, and dogie,  
Than he that does his thousands see—  
My winsome Kathrine Ogie.

## V.

Then I'd despise imperial crowns,  
And statesmen's dangerous stations ;  
Nor fear a Monarch's slights or frowns,  
And laugh at conqu'ring nations ;

Might I caress and still possess  
 The lass of whom I'm vogie,  
 These were but toys, I must confess,  
 Compar'd wi' Kathrine Ogie.

## VI.

The fates, I fear, have not ordain'd  
 For me so fair a creature,  
 Whose lovely face makes her esteem'd,  
 A miracle of nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and fogie ;  
 O pity me ye powers above,  
 I die for Kathrine Ogie !

Mr Abell, who used to sing this, and many other Scottish songs, to his royal master Charles II., was celebrated for a fine counter-tenor voice, and for his skill in playing the lute. "The king," says one of his biographers, "admiring his singing, had formed a resolution of sending him and another English musician to the carnival at Venice, in order to shew the Italians that there were good voices in England." But as the person intended to accompany him expressed an unwillingness to take the journey, the king desisted from his purpose. Abell continued in the chapel till the revolution in 1688, when he was discharged on account of his adherence to the Romish Communion. After this he went abroad, and greatly distinguished himself by singing in public in several of the towns of Germany. In some of these his receipts were enormously great ; but, having little foresight, he lived profusely, and entered into all the expences of a man of quality. At intervals he was often so much reduced, as to be under the necessity of travelling through whole provinces with his lute slung at his back, subject to all the hardships and miseries of a strolling musician. In his rambles, he got as far as Poland ; and, on his arrival at Warsaw, the king sent for him to the court. Abell made some excuse to avoid going ; but, on being told that he had every thing to fear from the king's resentment, he apologised for his behaviour, and received a command to attend the king the next day. On his arrival at the palace, he was seated in a chair in the

middle of a spacious hall, and immediately drawn up to a great height. Soon afterwards the king and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and at the same time a number of bears were let loose below. The king gave him the choice, whether he would sing or be lowered among the bears. Abell chose the former, and he declared afterwards, that he never sang so well in his life as he did in his cage.

Having rambled about for many years, he returned to England in 1701, and published, in London, a Collection of Songs in several languages, with a dedication to King William, in which he expressed a grateful sense of his Majesty's favours abroad, but in particular of his clemency in permitting him to return to his native country. Mr Abell died about the year 1702.

William Thomson published the song of Kathrine Ogie, with Ramsay's alterations, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, along with the music, in 1725. The tune appears in Adam Craig's Select Collection of Genuine Scottish Airs, in 1730. Both the words and music appeared in the second volume of Watts' Musical Miscellany, in 1729. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in *Polly*, beginning "We never blame the forward swain," printed, but not acted, in 1729. Burns had not a favourable opinion of the song. In a letter to Mr Thomson, dated 14th November, 1792, he says, "I agree with you, that the song *Kathrine Ogie* is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it, but the awkward sound *Ogie* recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece." The poet therefore wrote a new song for this tune, the theme of which was his favourite *Highland Mary*.—See remarks on the song, No 117. In the same letter to Mr Thomson, enclosing this new song, Burns says, "It pleases myself. I think it is in my happiest manner. You will see at first glance that it suits the air: The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own, that I should be much flattered to see the verses set

to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

## HIGHLAND MARY ;

*By* BURNS. To the tune of *Kathrine Ogie*.

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

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

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

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
And closed for ay the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

In the foregoing song, Burns has evidently imitated some of those poets of the "olden time," who were more solicitous about strength of sentiment than accuracy of rhyme.

## CLXV.

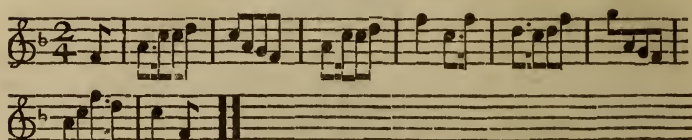
## THE PLOUGHMAN.

THIS pretty little tune, in common time, consists only of one strain, like that of the original melody, in triple time,



called "Sleepy Body," from which it was evidently taken. A very poor set of it is printed in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, where it is loaded with variations. The following set of the tune is taken from an old manuscript *penes* the editor.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S WHISTLE.



*The tune repeated for the chorus.*

The humorous song in the Museum, beginning "The Ploughman he's a bonny lad," is partly old and partly the composition of Burns; the three last verses, indeed, were wholly written by him. The last verse, however, should be deleted in future editions, as it conveys a double meaning, and destroys the effect of a song which in every other respect is very fine and unexceptionable. This was one of those *few things* which Burns hinted to Johnson might be amended if the work were to begin again. The melody, too, in the Museum, is not quite genuine. The leap from A to the ninth note below, viz. G in the third bar of the first and second strains, is intolerable in vocal music. The old song is here annexed. It is taken from the second volume of Herd's Collection.

THE PLOUGHMAN,

*Old verses.*

THE Ploughman he's a bonny lad,  
 And a' his wark's at leisure,  
 And when that he comes hame at e'en  
 He kisses me wi' pleasure.  
*Up wi't now, my Ploughman lad,  
 Up wi't now, my Ploughman;  
 Of a' the lads that I do see,  
 Commend me to the Ploughman.*

Now the blooming spring comes on,  
 He takes his yoking early,  
 And, whistling o'er the furrow'd land,  
 He goes to fallow clearly.  
*Up wi't now, &c.*

Whan my Ploughman comes hame at e'en  
 He's oft wet and wearie ;  
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed my deary.

*Up wi't now, &c.*

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,  
 And I will wash his o'erlay,  
 And I will make my Ploughman's bed,  
 And cheer him late and early.

*Merry but, and merry ben,*

*Merry is my Ploughman ;*

*Of a' the trades that I do ken*

*Commend me to the Ploughman.*

Plough yon hill and plough yon dale,  
 Plough yon faugh and fallow,  
 Who winna drink the Ploughman's health  
 Is but a dirty fellow.

*Merry but, &c.*

## CLXVI.

## TO ME WHAT ARE RICHES ?

THIS song was written by Dr Blacklock expressly for the Museum. The verses are adapted to an ancient air, called "Here's a Health to my true Love, wherever he be ;" which tradition reports to have been a composition of our gallant Scottish monarch, James IV., who fell with the "Flowers of the Forest," on Flodden Field, in 1513. Ritson says, "One would be glad, however, of some better, or at least some earlier authority, as Scottish traditions are to be received with great caution." Every traditional story, of whatever nation, ought to be received with caution, particularly when it is inconsistent with common probability. That man who could take upon him to assert, that the inhabitants of Scotland are more credulous than their southern neighbours, must have very little knowledge indeed of the national character. If the Scottish historians, in relating the martial achievements of a brave prince, have thought so trivial a matter as that of his having made an air to a song beneath their notice, does this circumstance invalidate the tradition, or prove either that James IV. did not, or was incapable of framing a pastoral little tune of sixteen bars? I have known more than one instance of a common blacksmith's composing far longer, and even better tunes than this, although he could neither

play nor read a single note. The royal family of Stuart, from first to last, were all lovers of music and poetry, and were munificent and liberal patrons of these arts.

## CLXVII.

HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

THIS sprightly tune is the original melody of the old and very humorous ballad inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, finished in the year 1568, entitled “Rob’s Jock.” The song beginning “Jocky he came here to woo,” is evidently more modern by at least half a century ; but most of the ideas, and many of the lines, are literally transcribed from the ancient ballad. One stanza of this rather broad-humoured ditty has been omitted, which was essential to render the ceremony of *the Bedding* either legal or proper in a moral point of view, namely, that which relates to the previous marriage of the parties. In the old ballad the poet informs us, that

Jock took Jenny by the hand,  
And cry’d ane feast, and slew ane cock,  
And made a bridal upaland ;  
Now haif I gotten your Jenny, quo’ Jock.

This was another of those songs which were travestied by our Grub-street friends about the year 1700. It is called “The Scotch Wedding between Jocky and Jenny.” It is printed in the “Pills,” and consists of eight verses, of which the first and the two concluding ones will be quite enough for the majority of our readers.

THEN Jockey wou’d a wooing away,  
On our feast day when he was foo ;  
Then Jenny put on her best array,  
When she thought Jockey would come to woo.

Then Jockey took Jenny by the nease,  
Saying, my dear lovey, can’st thou loof me ?  
My father is dead, and has left me land,  
Some fair auld houses twa or three.

Thou shalt be my lady o’er them aw ;  
I doot, quod Jenny, you do me mock,  
Ad ta my saw, quoth Jockey, then,  
I come to woo thec, Jenny, quoth Jock.

*This to be said after the SONG.*

SEA then they gang'd to the Kirk to be wad. Noow they den't use to wad in SCOTCHLAND as they wad in ENGLAND; for they gang to the Kirk, and they take the DONKIN by the Rocket, and say, "*Good morn, SIR DONKIN.*" Says SIR DONKIN, *Ah JOCKEY, sen ater me, wit ta ha JENNY to be thy wadded wife?* *Ah, by my lady,* (quoth JOCKEY) *and thanks twa we aw my heart.* Then says SIR DONKIN, *Ah JENNY, sen ater me, Wit ta ha JOCKEY to be thy wadded loon, to have and to hold for aver and aver, forsaking aw other loons, lubberloons, black-lips, blue naeses, and aw swigg-bell'd caaves?* *We aw my heart* (quoth Jenny). Then says SIR DONKIN, *Ah, an these twa ben't as weel wadded as eer I wadded any twa in aw SCOTCHLAND, the DEEL and ST ANDREW part ye.*

## CLXVIII.

## O'ER BOGIE.

THE uncommonly wild structure of this melody, a copy of which is inserted in Mrs Crookat's Music-book, written in 1709, evinces it to be of very high antiquity, and, like many others of the oldest Scottish airs, it produces effects diametrically opposite to each other, from the various styles in which it is either played or sung. When set and sung to serious words in a soft and slow manner, it produces a most pathetic effect. On the other hand, when adapted and sung to humorous verses in a quick style, it becomes one of the most cheerful songs imaginable. We may adduce the ancient air of "*Hey tuttie tattie,*" as another example in support of this fact. When this melody is adapted to such a song as "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,*" and the notes are sung full, well marked, and in moderate time, it blows the latent sparks of patriotism into a flame. But let the same melody be adapted to such a song as "*I'm wearing awa, Jean,*" (written, we shall suppose, by a parent who had lost an only daughter, and who felt, from the effects of a slow but consuming disease, the near approach of his own dissolution), and sung in a soft, slow, and pathetic style, and what person of sensibility can refrain from shedding tears?

Before the days of Ramsay, the tune of "*O'er Bogie*" was adapted to an old silly song, the first stanza of which ran thus:



I WILL awa wi' my luv,  
 I will awa wi' her ;  
 Tho' a my kin had sworn and said,  
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, o'er scrogie,  
 O'er Bogie wi' her ;  
 In spite o' a' my kin hae said,  
 I will awa wi' her.

Ramsay took four of these lines for his chorus ; but he composed the rest of the song himself, and Thomson published it with the music in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The other song in the Museum to the same tune, beginning " Well, I agree, you're sure of me," was likewise written by Ramsay, as a song for *Jenny* in his pastoral of " The Gentle Shepherd."

Watts reprinted the song of " O'er Bogie," words and music, in the fifth volume of his *Miscellany*, in 1731. And Gay selected this tune for one of the songs in his musical opera of *Achilles*, beginning " Observe the wanton kittens play," acted at London in 1733, after the author's decease.

## CLXIX.

## A LASS W' A LUMP O' LAND.

THIS comic song was written by Allan Ramsay, as a substitute for the older and more broad-humoured verses to the same tune. Thomson preferred Ramsay's version, and adapted it to the original melody in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. This song, words and music, was reprinted by Watts in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. vi. in 1731.

## CLXX.

## HEY TUTTIE TATTIE.

THE more ancient title of this tune was " Hey, now the Day daws," the first line of a song which had been a very great favourite in Scotland several centuries ago. It is quoted by Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to the thirteenth book of his admirable translation of Virgil into Scottish verse, which was finished in 1513. It is likewise mentioned by his contemporary, the poet Dunbar, and many

others. This song was long supposed to be lost; but it is preserved in an ancient manuscript collection of poems belonging to the library of the College of Edinburgh. The reader is here presented with a correct copy of this ancient Scottish poetical curiosity, extracted from the aforesaid manuscript, united to its original melody.

## HEY, NOW THE DAY DAUIS.

*A very ancient Scottish Song.*

HEY, now the day dauis, The jol - lie cok crauis,

Now shrouds the shauis Throw na - ture anone; The thissel-

cok cryis On lovers wha lyis, Now skaillis the skyis, The

night is near gone.

## II

The fields ourflouis,  
 With gouans that grouis,  
 Quhair lilies lyk lous  
 Als rid as the rone.

The turtill that treu is,  
 With nots that reneuis,  
 Hir hairtie perseuis,  
                   The night is neir gone.

## III.

Now hairtis and hynds,  
 Conforme to thair kynds,  
 They turssis thair tynds.  
                   On ground quhair they grone.  
 Now hurchonis with hairs,  
 Ay passis in pairs,  
 Quhilk deuly declairs,  
                   The night is neir gone.

## IV.

The seson excellis,  
 Thruh sweetness that smellis ;  
 Now Cupid compellis,  
                   Our hairtis echone.  
 On Venus wha vaiks,  
 To muse on our maiks ;  
 Syne sing for their saiks,  
                   The night is neir gone.

## V.

All curageous knichtis,  
 Agains the day dichtis  
 The breist-plate that bricht is,  
                   To fecht with their fone.  
 The stoned steed stampis,  
 Throw courage and crampis,  
 Syne on the land lampis,  
                   The night is neir gone.

## VI.

The frieks on fieldis,  
 That wight waponis wieldis,  
 With shyning bright shieldis,  
                   As Titan in Trone.  
 Stiff speirs in reists,  
 Over cursors creists,  
 Ar brok on thair breists,  
                   The night is neir gone.

## VII.

So hard ar thair hittis,  
 Some sueyis some sittis  
 And some perforce flittis,  
                   On grund quhill they grone.  
 Syne grooms that gay is,  
 On blonks that brayis,  
 With swords assayis :  
                   The night is neir gone.

Burns says, “ I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert the Bruce’s March at the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought in 1314. Ritson disputes the traditional account, and maintains that the Scots had no martial music among them at this time. He says, it was a custom among the Scots at this period, for every man in the host to wear a *little horn*, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a noise as if all the devils in hell had been amongst them. These horns, indeed, are the only music, (musical instruments he should have said) ever mentioned by Barbour.”—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 92.

From the numerous sculptures on the ancient abbeys and churches throughout the kingdom, there is reason to believe that the Scots, long before the battle of Bannockburn, had as great a variety of musical instruments as any nation whatever. It may, indeed, be said, that these buildings were erected by foreign artists, who adorned the architecture with the ornaments of other countries, and that the appearance of musical instruments on our abbeys and churches, is no better proof of their existence in Scotland, than those of griffins and dragons among the animal kingdom. But the evidence does not rest entirely upon the evidence of foreign stone masons ; for, if I remember rightly, the venerable Bede enumerates a variety of instruments in use amongst us, and Giraldus Sylvestres Cambrensis, Bishop of St Davids, who was preceptor to Prince John, son and successor to Henry the Second of England, who flourished in 1160, expressly informs us, that Scotland, in his time, not only rivalled, but even, in the opinion of many, far surpassed Ireland in the musical art. These facts prove, beyond dispute, that the musical art had attained to a very high state of perfection among the Scots at this remote period. That the air of “ Hey, now the Day dais,” is not only as old, but even older than the reign of Robert the Bruce, seems indeed to be matter of fact, as well as a traditional story.



Both Fabyan and Caxton inform us, that the Scots made various songs in derision of the English, on the marriage of Prince David, son of Robert the Bruce, in 1328, with Joan of Towers, sister to King Edward. Four lines of one of these songs are likewise preserved by both historians, and, from the peculiar structure of the verse, there can scarcely be a doubt that it was adapted to this very air, which must, of course, have been quite a common tune over all Scotland long before this period. Caxton says, "At that time the Englishmen were clothed all in cotes and hodes, peynted with lettres and with flours, full semely, with long berdes; and therefor the Scottes made a bile, that was fastened upon the chirch dores of Seinte Petre, toward Stangate (in the city of York,) and thus said the Scripture in despite of Englishmen."

LONG BERDES. *Written A. D. 1328.*

LONG berdes hertheles, Peynted hodes wytles, Gay cotes

graceles, Makes Englund thriftyles.

The musical notation consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the lyrics 'LONG berdes hertheles, Peynted hodes wytles, Gay cotes'. The second system contains the lyrics 'graceles, Makes Englund thriftyles.' The music is in 2/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The set of this tune in Johnson's Museum is reversed. The first strain of the air, as printed in that work, ought to be the last, or chorus of the song, and vice versa. The first song in the Museum, beginning "Landlady count the lawin," was composed by Burns, except the concluding stanza, which was taken from the *second song* in the same work. The latter song is apparently the production of an anonymous versifier about the beginning of last century, when Charles

XII. King of Sweden was secretly intriguing to restore the Stuart family to the British throne. It is here given entire.

WEEL may we a' be,  
 Ill may we never see;  
 God bless the King,  
 And this gude company.

CHORUS—*Fill, fill a bumper high,  
 Drain, drain your glasses dry;  
 Out upon him, fie! O fie!  
 That winna do't again.*

Here to the King, sirs,  
 Ye ken wha I mean, sirs,  
 And to every honest man  
 That will do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

Here's to the Chieftains,  
 Of the gallant Scottish clans;  
 They hae done it mair than ance,  
 And will do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

Here's to the King of Swede,  
 May fresh laurels crown his head;  
 Foul fa' every sneaking blade,  
 That winna do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

To mak a' things right now,  
 He that drinks maun fight too,  
 To shew his heart's upright too,  
 And that he'll do't again.—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

When you hear the pipe sounds  
 Tuttie, tattie, to the drums,  
 Up your swords and down your guns,  
 And at the loons again!—Chorus—*Fill, fill, &c.*

Burns also wrote an admirable patriotic song to the same air, beginning “Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;” which is inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, vide song 577. Mr William Clarke, organist in Edinburgh, who harmonized the melodies in that volume, adapted it to a very different air, which, although pretty enough, does not suit the verses so well as this old national tune.

The following beautiful and pathetic verses, to the air of “*Hey now the Day davis,*” made their appearance about the year 1800. The ingenious author still unknown to the Editor.

## I.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
Like snaw in a thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa

To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither could nor care, Jean,  
The day is ever fair  
In the land o' the leal.

## II.

You've been leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.  
Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal.

## III.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
And we grudg'd her sair,

To the land o' the leal.  
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
And joy's coming fast, Jean,  
The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

## IV.

A' our friends are gane, Jean,  
We've lang been left alane, Jean,  
We'll a' meet again

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

## CLXXI.

## THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

THIS song, beginning "Now wat ye wha I met yestreen," was written by Ramsay, prior to the year 1724, to the fine old Scottish air, called "Wat ye wha I met yestreen," the first line of a very old but rather licentious ditty. Ramsay has retained the first stanza of the older song, but it does not unite very happily with his own verses, which were published in the Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. The second stanza is

the commencement of that part of the song which was written by Ramsay.

O KATIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
And leave this dinsom town awhile?  
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile.  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark ;  
The bleating lambs, and whistling hynd ;  
In ilka dale, green-shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

## CLXXII.

## KATIE'S ANSWER.

THIS humorous little song, beginning " My mother's ay glowring o'er me," was also written by Allan Ramsay, as a sequel to his " Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy." It was first printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. The verses are adapted to an ancient tune, in triple time, called *A Health to Betty*, which originally consisted of one strain, and is printed in this simple style in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. This tune appears to have been one of those which were introduced into England about the union of the crowns; for it is one of those collected and published by old John Playford, in his " *Dancing Master*," printed in 1657. The second strain is a modern addition. The silly old verses begin,

O LET us swim in blood of grapes,  
The richest of the city,  
And solemneeze,  
Upon our knees,  
A health to noble Betty.  
The Muses with the milk of queens  
Did feed this comely creature,  
That she became  
A princely dame,  
A miracle of nature.  
The graces all, both great and small,  
Were not by half so pretty ;  
The queen of love,  
Tha' reigns above,  
Cou'd not compare with Betty.  
    &c. &c. &c.



## CLXXIII.

## RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

BURNS informs us, that he composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Rasay, 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. This event happened in 1786. This elegiac song is adapted to an old and very beautiful Gaelic melody, called *Macgrigair a Ruadh-ruidh*. The following elegant and spirited English version of the Gaelic song made its appearance upwards of thirty years ago.

## MACGREGOR A RUADHRI.

## I.

FROM the chace in the mountain  
As I was returning,  
By the side of a fountain  
MALVINA sat mourning.  
To the winds that loud whistl'd  
She told her sad story,  
And the vallies re-echoed,  
MACGREGOR a ruadhri.

## II.

Like a flash of red light'ning  
O'er the heath came MAC ARA,  
More fleet than the roe-buck  
On lofty BEINN LARA:  
O, where is MACGREGOR?  
Say, where does he hover?  
You son of bold CALMAR,  
Why tarries my lover?

## III.

Then the voice of soft sorrow  
From his bosom thus sounded,  
Low lies your MACGREGOR,  
Pale, mangled, and wounded!  
Overcome with deep slumber,  
To the rock I convey'd him,  
Where the sons of black malice  
To his foes have betray'd him.

## IV.

As the blast from the mountain  
Soon nips the fresh blossom,  
So died the fair bud  
Of fond hope in her bosom.

MACGREGOR ! MACGREGOR !  
 Loud echo resounded ;  
 And the hills rung in pity,  
 MACGREGOR is wounded.

## v.

Near the brook in the valley  
 The green turf did hide her,  
 And they laid down Macgregor  
 In death's sleep beside her.  
 Secure is their dwelling  
 From foes and fell slander,  
 Near the loud-roaring waters  
 Their spirits oft wander.

## CLXXIV.

YE GODS ! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

THIS song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, " Upon hearing his Picture was in CHLOE's Breast," to the old tune, called *The Fourteen of October*, or *St Crispin's Day*. Hamilton gave Ramsay a copy of the song, who published it in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, and Thomson published it with the music in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725.

## CLXXV.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1787, to a Gaelic melody, which he picked up in the north of Scotland, and sent to Johnson. In October 1794, he afterwards altered and enlarged the song, to suit the air of *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*. The Gaelic air, however, appears, after all, to agree much better with the plaintive subject of the song.

## CLXXVI.

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARMED MY VIEWS.

THIS song was written by Dr Blacklock, in 1787, to the tune of " Miss Hamilton's Delight," and presented to Johnson for the Museum. The melody appears to have been composed about the same period. The copy from which Johnson engraved the tune is in the hand-writing of Mr Allan Masterton, with some slight alterations by Mr Stephen Clarke.

## THE BONNIE ERLE OF MURRAY.

IN December 1591, Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize the person of his sovereign, James VI.; but his designs being frustrated, he retired towards the north of Scotland. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntly, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stuart, Earl of Murray, who was a relation of the Earl of Bothwell. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself, a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people.—See Robertson's History of Scotland.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, Knight, Lyon King of Arms, from his manuscript of "The Annals of Scotland," deposited in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh: "The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley, at his house in Dunibrisse, in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, Sheriffe of Murray. It was given out, and publickly talkt, that the Earl of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhome the Queene more rashely than wisely, some few days before, had commendit, in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the King, the 13 of Marche following, inhibiting the zounge Earle of Murray to persue the Earl of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit (imprisoned) in the Castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majestie's commissione, and was neither airt nor part in the murther."—*Balfour's Annals of Scotland, MSS.*

The present Earl of Murray has now in his possession a picture of his ancestor, naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture does not flatter, he well deserved the name of *THE BONNY EARL*, for he is there represented as a tall, graceful, and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave the Earl of Murray a wound in the face; Murray, half expiring, said, “You hae spoilt a better face than your awin.” Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntly’s breast, swore, “You shall be as deep as I;” and forced him to pierce the defenceless body of Murray.—*Percy*.

Burns observes, that “the last verse of this old fragment is beautiful and affecting.”—*Reliques*.

Oh! lang will his lady  
Look o’er the castle Downe,\*  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding through the town.

## CLXXVIII.

## YOUNG DAMON.

THIS song, beginning “Amidst a rosy bank of flowers,” was written by Robert Fergusson the Scottish poet. In the Museum it is adapted to the tune of “The Highland Lamentation,” which was composed by James Oswald, and published in the third volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, p. 24.

## CLXXIX.

## MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

THIS song was composed by Burns in 1787, in compliment to Mrs M’Lauchlan, whose husband was an officer, and at that time abroad with his regiment in India. In the Museum it is adapted to the Gaelic air of “Drumion dubh.” In Oswald’s *Pocket Companion* there is a slow air in triple time, called “Drimen Duff;” but it is quite a different tune from that in the Museum.

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\* A seat belonging to the family of Earl Moray.



THERE are two songs in the Museum adapted to this ancient and cheerful Scottish melody. The first of these, with the exception of two lines taken from the chorus of the old song, was composed by Burns in 1787, on Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, who, he says, was commonly, and deservedly, called "The Flower of Strathmore."

The second set of verses to the same tune in that work, is the fine old humorous song of "Andro and his cutty Gun," which Ramsay published in the fourth volume of his Tea-Table Miscellany, with some verbal alterations by himself. Burns observes, that "this blythsome song, so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favorite at *bridal-trystes* and *house-heatings*. It contains a spirited picture of a country ale-house, touched off with all the light-some gayety so peculiar to the rural muse of Caledonia.—*See Select Scottish Songs, with Observations by Burns, edited by Cromeek, vol. ii. London, 1810.*" In a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated 19th November, 1794, Burns says, "Andro and his Cutty Gun is the work of a master. By the way, are you not quite vexed to think, that those men of genius, for such they certainly were, who composed our fine Scottish lyrics, should be unknown? It has given me many a heart-ache."—*Burns' Works, edited by Currie, vol. iv.* In Cromeek's *Select Songs, with Observations by Burns*, he again alludes to this song, and says, "Instead of the line 'Girdle cakes weel toasted brown,' I have heard it sung, 'Knuckled cakes weel brandert brown.' These oatmeal cakes are kneaded out with the knuckles, and toasted over the red embers of wood on a gridiron. They are remarkably fine, and have a delicate relish when eaten warm with ale. On winter nights the landlady heats them, and drops them into the quagha to warm the ale;

" Weel does the cannie kimmer ken  
To gar the swats gae glibber down."

## CLXXXI.

## JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

POPULAR tradition attributes the origin of this ballad to the following circumstances: A certain Earl of Cassilis had married the daughter of a nobleman contrary to her own wishes, she having previously bestowed her affections on John Faw, or Faa, a young gentleman of a very respectable family in the neighbourhood of Dunbar. The disappointed lover, not long thereafter, learned that the Earl was on a visit to a relation in a distant county, and had left his lady at home. Considering this to be a favourable opportunity for obtaining the object of his affections, Faa departed for the residence of that nobleman, accompanied with eight of his retainers, all in the disguise of gypsies, and succeeded, with no great difficulty, in carrying the lady off. The Earl, on his return, immediately assembled some of his vassals, and pursued the fugitives to the borders of England, where, being overtaken, a battle ensued, in which Faa and seven of his accomplices were left dead on the spot, and the lady, with Faa's only surviving companion, the supposed author of the ballad, were taken prisoners. The Earl, having thus recovered his fair fugitive, built a tower in the village of Maybole, upon which are represented the heads of Faa, and the seven associates who fell with him, sculptured in stone beneath one of its turrets, and here he shut up his unfortunate Countess for the rest of her life. It is said, that the lady, during her confinement, wrought the history of the transaction in tapestry, which is still preserved in Culzean Castle; and that the ford, by which she crossed the river Doon with Faa and his party, near Cassilis House, is to this day called the Gypsy Steps. But none of the genealogical accounts of this noble family, that have yet appeared in print, affords the smallest clue with regard to the truth or falsehood of the traditional story. Burns says, that Johnnie Faa is the only old song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

## CLXXXII.

## TO DAUNTON ME.

THIS tune appears in the first volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, printed in 1740. The composer has stolen some bars of the second part of this tune from the old air of *Andro and his Cutty Gun*. The following Jacobite verses appear in a very rare and curious little book, entitled, "A Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c." printed in the year 1750, page 70 and 71.

## A SONG.

To daunton me, to daunton me,  
 Do you ken the things that would daunton me?  
 Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,  
 And a' the dreary years since syne,  
 With Cess, and Press, and Presbytry,  
 Good faith, these had liken till hae daunton'd me.  
 But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
 Do you ken the things that would wanton me?  
 To see good corn upon the rigs,  
 And banishment to a' the Whigs,  
 And right restor'd where right should be;  
 O! these are the things that wad wanton me!  
 But to wanton me, but to wanton me;  
 And ken ye what maist would wanton me?  
 To see King James at Edinbrough cross,  
 With fifty thousand foot and horse,  
 And the usurper forc'd to flee;  
 O this is what maist would wanton me.

THE humorous song, which is set to this air in Johnson's Museum, beginning "The blude red rose at yule may blaw," was, with the exception of some lines of the chorus of the old song, wholly composed by Burns, in 1787; the original copy of it in his own hand-writing, which he sent to Johnson, is now lying before me.

## CLXXXIII.

## POLWART ON THE GREEN.

MR CHALMERS claims this song, beginning at "Polwart on the green," as the production of Allan Ramsay.—Burns, on the other hand, asserts it to have been written by a Captain John Drummond M'Gregor, of the family of Bochaldie. I should rather think that Mr Burns had been



misinformed; for Mr Chalmers was at very great pains to procure authentic information relative to those songs in the Tea-Table Miscellany which were *de facto* written by Ramsay, and the Editor of the present work has a copy of the Orpheus Caledonius in 1733, where the letter R, in a pretty old hand, is prefixed to this song in the index, to denote that it was written by Ramsay. Ramsay published it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and the first four lines of the first verse, and the concluding four lines of the last, are printed in Italics, to show that they belonged to a much older song to the same air. Thomson adapted Ramsay's version of the song to the original air in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. Polwarth is the name of a small village in Berwickshire; in the middle of it are two ancient thorn-trees, a few yards distant from each other, around which, it was formerly the custom for every newly-married pair, and the company invited to the wedding, to dance in a ring. From this circumstance originated the old song of "Polwarth on the Green." The air, *under the title of Polwart on the Green*, is inserted in Mrs Crockat's book, written in 1709, and in Craig's Old Scottish Airs, in 1730. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the opera of "Polly," beginning "Love now is nought but art;" printed, but not acted in 1729.

## CLXXXIV.

## ABSENCE.

THIS song, in the manner of Shenstone, beginning "Ye rivers so limpid and clear," with the tune to which it is set in the Museum, was written and composed in 1787, by Dr Blacklock, and by him presented to Johnson for the second volume of that work. The Doctor's songs in the Museum are generally distinguished by the letter D. Burns also observes, that this song and air are both by Dr Blacklock.

## CLXXXV.

## I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THIS old comic song, with its original music, never appeared in a regular collection till Johnson gave it a niche in his Museum, although the verses were published by David Herd



in his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1776.

Burns says, that the story of the ballad was founded on fact: “A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family, who live in a place, in the parish of Galston, (in Ayrshire) 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.”—*Reliques*.

## CLXXXVI.

## TALK NOT OF LOVE, IT GIVES ME PAIN.

THIS beautiful song, the production of a lady whose name I have been unable to discover, is adapted to the old air of “The Banks of Spey,” which both M’Gibbon and Oswald have inserted in their respective Collections of Scottish Tunes. The lady’s signature in the Museum is the letter M. The original song of “The Banks of Spey” is supposed to be lost.

## CLXXXVII.

## O’ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

THIS Jacobite effusion, beginning “Come, boat me o’er, come, row me o’er, come, boat me o’er to Charlie,” made its first appearance about the year 1746. The tune is uncommonly sprightly, and Oswald gave it a place in the fourth volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, page 7. Mr Butler, the musician, made an excellent *rondo* of it for the piano-forte or harpsichord, which has long been a favourite. The verses in the Museum were revised and improved by Burns. The fourth number of Oswald’s work having been printed as early as 1741, four years before Prince Charles arrived in Scotland, it is probable that another and a much older song, which had no relation to the Jacobite verses whatever, was then in fashion, and that from the similarity of the name, the same title and chorus had afterwards been incorporated in the Jacobite stanzas. The

editor has also seen this tune called *Shambuy*, in some printed copies of it, but from what circumstance he has not yet been able to discover. A more complete version of this song may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*.

## CLXXXVIII.

## UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

THIS lively Scottish tune is of considerable antiquity. It is printed in the third volume of Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* in 1741, under the title of *Up and war them a', Willie*. It was originally adapted to a silly old song, beginning

UP and war them a', Willie,  
 Up and war them a';  
 Up and sell your sour milk,  
 And cock aboon them a', Willie.  
 Up and war them a', Willie,  
 Up and war them a';  
 Ye'se be King of Mussleborough  
 And Laird of Fisherraw, Willie.  
 &c. &c. &c.

The ballad, to which the air is now adapted in this Museum, was composed after the battle of Sherrifmuir or Dunblane, fought on the 13th of November 1715, between the Duke of Argyle for the Government, and the Earl of Mar for the Chevalier. Both parties claimed the victory.

The late Mr Thomas Neil, who was a carpenter, and one of the precentors in Edinburgh, gave Burns a copy of this song for Johnson's Museum. Neil, and his friend, the late Alexander Macdonald, likewise a precentor in the same city, used to sing these humorous old songs with great effect. The writer of this article has frequently heard them both with much pleasure. Cromek says, that the copy of the song in Johnson's Museum contains great variations from that inserted in the "Select Scottish Songs, with Critical Observations by Burns," edited by Cromek himself. This assertion is erroneous; for both copies are now lying before me, and I do not perceive the smallest variation in one verse, word, or letter.

Burns says, "The expression 'Up and warn a', Willie,' alludes to the crantara, or warning of a Highland clan to

arms. Notwithstanding of this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say, ‘Up and waur them a’.”—*Reliques*. But the Lowland expression has no connection with the *Cranntà-tàra*, or “Beam of Gathering” of the Highland chieftains; for the Scottish word *war*, or *waur*, signifies to surpass or excel another in any thing. The ballad in the Museum, in which part of the old chorus of “Up and war them a’, Willie,” is introduced, is far more modern than that old but silly song, of which one stanza has been quoted as a sufficient specimen.

## CLXXXIX.

## A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1787, in compliment to Miss Jenny Cruikshank, only child of the late Mr William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the high-school, Edinburgh. The air was composed by Mr David Sillar, formerly merchant, and afterwards schoolmaster, at Irvine. “He is the *Davie*, (says Burns) to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of the ‘Cherry and the Slae.’”—*Reliques*.

## CXC.

## TO A BLACKBIRD.

THIS charming song, beginning “Go on, sweet bird, and end my care,” is the production of the same lady who wrote “Talk not of Love, it gives me pain.”—Vide Song 186, in the Museum. The *Address to the Blackbird* is adapted to the air of “The Scots Queen,” in Oswald’s Pocket Companion. Mr Stephen Clarke, however, made an addition of four bars to the first strain, in order that the melody might suit the verses better.

## CXCI.

## HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

THE earliest edition of this very humorous song, which I have met with, is that in Yair’s *Charmer*, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1751. It is there called “The Druken Wife o’ Gallowa,” which induced Burns to consider it to be the production of some poet in that county. About twenty



years ago, the late Mrs Brown of Newbattle informed me, that she had frequently heard the author (whose name I have since forgotten,) sing this song, when residing with her friend Captain Mason, at Eaglesham, in the county of Renfrew. She likewise told me, that the gentleman composed it merely as a *jeu d'esprit*; for his wife was a lady of the most amiable manners and exemplary behaviour. The following lines, "But rants up some fool-sang, like *Up your heart Charlie*," seem to point out that the song was composed after the defeat of Prince Charles Edward at Culloden, on the 16th April 1746, and had found its way into Yair's Collection not long after the date of its composition.

The tune of "Hooly and Fairly, or The Druken Wife of Galloway," appears in Oswald's Pocket Companion, vol. 10th; but it is only a slight variation of the old melody of "Faith! I defy thee," which may be seen in the 5th volume of the same work, p. 32.

As the copy of the song inserted in the Museum was altered considerably, though I do not think improved, by Burns, some of the best stanzas being altogether omitted, it is here given entire from Yair's Collection in 1751.

#### THE DRUKEN WIFE OF GALLOWAY.

Dows in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,  
The wife she drank naething but sack and canary;  
The gudeman complain'd to her friends right early,  
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

#### CHORUS.

*Hooly and fairly, Hooly and fairly,*  
*O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*  
First she drank crommy, and syne she drank garie,  
And syne she drank my bonnie grey mairie,  
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie;  
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

#### *Hooly and fairly, &c.*

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
And syne she drank her bonny new gown;  
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely,  
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

#### *Hooly and fairly, &c.*

Wad she drink her ain things I wad na care,  
But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare;



When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad ;  
 The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head :  
 At kirk and market I'm cover'd but barely ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,  
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns ;  
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd sae dearly ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

I never was given to wrangling or strife,  
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,  
 For when there's a war—I'm ay for a parley ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse ;  
 If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scold and she'll curse :  
 She lives like a queen—I scrimped and sparely ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow ;  
 But when she sits down she fills hersel' fu',  
 And when she is fu', she is unco camstairie ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,  
 Has no fear o' her neighbours, nor minds the house wants,  
 But rants up some fool-sang, like *Up your heart, Charlie* ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, &c.*

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jades,  
 And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie ;  
 O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.  
*Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,*  
*O ! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

## CXCI.

## AULD ROB MORRIS.

THIS ancient comic dialogue, between a mother and her daughter on the subject of marriage, is marked in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany with the letter Q, to denote that it is

an old song with additions. But the old ballad contains many curious and *naïve* remarks of the daughter, on the person and manners of Auld Rob, which Ramsay has evidently omitted on account of their coarseness. The ballad therefore is much curtailed, in place of being enlarged. Thomson published it in the same way in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, and it was reprinted by Watts, in the third volume of his *Musical Miscellany*, London, 1730. Auld Rob Morris is one of Craig's select Scottish tunes, printed in his *Collection* the same year.

In November 1792, Burns composed the following excellent verses to the old air; in which the two first lines only are borrowed from the old ballad:

There's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,  
He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale of auld men;  
He has gow'd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,  
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;  
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to the e'e.

But O! she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
A wooer like me manna hope to come speed;  
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:  
I wander my lane like a night-troubl'd ghaist,  
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;  
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
As now my distraction no words can express.

CXCIII.

AND I'LL KISS THEE YET, YET.

THIS pretty little song was written by Burns, though he did not choose to acknowledge it. I have the original, in his own hand-writing, now lying before me. The verses are adapted to the fine old tune, called "The Braes of Balquhidder," from a parish of that name, through which passes

the military road from Stirling to Fort William. It appears that this song was a great favourite of Mr Stephen Clarke; for at the bottom of the MS. music-sheet, where this tune is inserted with its bass, there is a note in his hand-writing, in which he says, "I am charmed with this song *almost* as much as the lover is with *Bonny Peggy Alison*.—S. C."

## CXCIV.

## O, RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

THE two first verses are a fragment of the old song, which does not appear to have been received into any regular collection before Johnson's Museum, although the tune appears in Oswald's Pocket Companion, vol vii. p. 9. The last stanza of the song was added by Burns, in compliment, as he says, "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."—*Reliques*.

## CXCV.

## WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

BURNS says, that he composed this song "on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs Lewis Hay of Forbes and Co's bank, Edinburgh."—*Reliques*. It is set to the tune of Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairney.

The air which old Neil Gow composed on the death of Mr Moray of Abercairney, is an excellent slow strathspey, and is well adapted to the violin, piano forte, and other musical instruments; but the melody is not at all suitable for the voice, the leaps of eleven notes from E to A, *in alt*, are entirely forbidden in vocal composition; such sudden skips from the *natural* to the *false* *setto*, being utterly destructive of every good effect.

## CXCVI.

## TIBBIE I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

THIS excellent comic song beginning, "O 'Tibbie I hae seen the day," was composed by Burns in 1776, when he

was only about seventeen years old. It is set to the charming old tune of *Invercauld's Reel*.

## CXCVII.

## NANCY'S GHOST.

THIS song, beginning *Where waving pines salute the skies*, was composed by Dr Blacklock in 1787, expressly for the Museum. It is adapted to the old air of "Bonnie Kate of Edinburgh," from Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, vol. v. p. 5.

## CXCVIII.

## CLARINDA.

THIS song, beginning *Clarinda, mistress of my soul*, was written by Burns in 1787, in compliment to the lady, who obtained such celebrity after the decease of our bard, in consequence of the publication of "Burns' Letters to *Clarinda*," now Mrs Meiklejohn of Edinburgh. The tune was harmonized by Mr Stephen Clarke, organist, Edinburgh; but his son thinks, it was composed by Mr Schetky.

## CXCIX.

## CROMLET'S LILT.

THE proper name of this ancient Scottish Song is "Cromleck's Lilt." Towards the close of the sixteenth century, young Chisholm of Cromleck became much attached to Miss Helen Murray, commonly called, "Fair Helen of Ardoch." Helen's maternal grandfather, Murray of Strewan, was one of the seventeen sons of Tullibardine. Her own father, Stirling of Ardoch, had, by his wife, Margaret Murray, one of Strewan's daughters, a family of no less than thirty-one children, of whom fair Helen was one; and the late Mr Stirling, her youngest brother, commonly styled the Tutor of Ardoch, who died in 1715, at the extraordinary age of 111 years, was another. From these circumstances, it is obvious, that Helen could have but small pecuniary expectations from her family, and that her lover's affection was pure and disinterested. Being under the necessity of going to France, young Cromleck intrusted the management of his correspon-



dence with his mistress, during his absence abroad, to a friend in the neighbourhood of Dunblane. This man, however, became deeply enamoured with Helen, and, in order to secure her to himself, he not only secreted every letter intrusted to his care, but likewise artfully prepossessed the young lady with stories unfavourable to Cromleck; and, by similar misrepresentations to him respecting the virtue and affections of the lady, all connection between the lovers was broken off. Helen remained inconsolable, and Cromleck, while abroad, and his mind influenced by her supposed infidelity, composed that affecting ballad called Cromleck's Lilt, which, considering the period of its production, affords at once a proof of the strength and elegance of his poetical genius, and the ardency and steadiness of his love.

The perfidious confidant, after thinking that time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow for the loss of her former lover, paid his addresses to the young lady himself. Helen obstinately refused to listen to them, but being overcome by the incessant importunities of her relatives, she at last yielded a slow and reluctant assent. The marriage ceremony was performed, but here her compliance ended. On attempting to place her on the nuptial couch, she sprang from it with horror, exclaiming, that she heard the voice of young Cromleck, crying, "O! Helen, Helen, mind me!" Cromleck arriving soon after, discovered the deep treachery and villany of his pretended friend; the marriage was annulled, and fair Helen became the happy wife of her beloved Cromleck. Such is the traditional story.

It is said, that James the 6th, when passing from Perth to Stirling in 1617, paid a visit to Helen's mother, the Lady Ardoch, who was then a widow. Her children were all dressed and drawn up on the lawn to receive his Majesty. On the King's seeing this uncommon spectacle, he said, "Madam, how many are there of them?" "Sire," she jocosely answered, "I only want your help to make out the *two* chalders!" A chalder contains sixteen bolls. The king

laughed heartily at the joke, and afterwards ate a collop sitting on a stone in the close.

As the *Tutor* of Ardoch, who was the youngest son of this extraordinary family, died in 1715, at the advanced age of 111, he would be about thirteen years old when his Majesty visited his mother. The *Tutor*, when more than a hundred, could drink a bottle of ale at a draught. His conversation was extremely amusing, from his great knowledge of the history of private life.

The ballad of Cromleck's Lilt, beginning "Since all thy vows, fair maid," is inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the music, in 1725. The tune was selected by the Reverend William Geddes, in 1673, for one of the hymns in his *Saints' Recreation*, which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh in 1683. This hymn is entitled, "The Pathway to Paradise, or the Pourtraiture of Piety." The words and tune of Cromleck's Lilt, in the *Museum*, were copied from the *Orpheus Caledonius*. In the last stanza but one are the following lines:

THE courteous Red-breast, he  
With leaves will cover me,  
And sing my elegy  
With doleful voice.

Those lines evidently refer to the fine old ballad, called the "Babes in the Wood," which must have been written as early as the time of James VI. The corresponding lines in the old ballad run:

No burial those pretty babes  
Of any man receives,  
But Robin-red-breast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves.

CC.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

THE Editor has not yet been so fortunate as to discover who was the author of this plaintive pastoral song; but there are several variations between the copy inserted in the *Museum*, and the following stall edition of the ballad.

THE winter it is past,  
And the simmer's come at last,  
The little birds now sing on ev'ry tree ;  
The hearts of these are glad,  
But mine is very sad,  
For my lover is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,  
By the waters running clear,  
May have charms for the linnet and the bee ;  
Their little loves are blest,  
And their little hearts at rest,  
But my lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun,  
That unwearied doth run,  
Through the firmament, ay constant and true ;  
But his is like the moon,  
That wanders up and down,  
And is ev'ry month changing anew.

All you that are in love,  
And cannot it remove,  
How I pity the pains that you endure ;  
For experience makes me know,  
That your hearts are full of woe,  
A woe that no mortal can cure.

The plaintive little air to which this song is adapted, is inserted under the same title in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 7th.

END OF PART SECOND.

## ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### PART II.

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#### CII.

#### TRANENT MUIR.

THIS song must have been very popular. I have it in its original form, as a broadside, printed at the time, with this title, "The Battle of Preston, to the Tune of *Killiecranky*." It next appeared in "The Charmer," vol. ii. p. 349, Edinb. 1751. Neither of these contains the verse, beginning "And Caddell drest;" but in the latter copy there are some explanatory foot-notes, in which Menteath is described as Minister of Longformacus, Simpson, as Minister of Falla, George Campbell, as a wright in Edinburgh, and Mr Myrie, as a student of physic from Jamaica.

The author of this remarkably clever satirical song is called "Mr *Skirvin*" by Ritson, "Mr *Skirven*" by Stenhouse, and "*Alexander Skirving*" by Allan Cunningham, who says, that "besides his gift at song-making, which was considerable, he was one of the wittiest and most whimsical of mankind." His name was ADAM SKIRVING, and I am happy in being able to give some particulars of his history from the best authority. The farm of Garleton, where he resided for the greater part of his life, is about two miles from Haddington, on the road to Gosford. He was a remarkably handsome man, free and outspoken in his manners, and being very saving in money-matters, he left a considerable fortune to his surviving children. He was twice married. His eldest son by his first marriage, Archibald Skirving, the portrait painter, who resembled him in person and



disposition, was well known in Edinburgh. The second son, Captain Robert Skirving, also inherits his father's poetical genius. After many years' service in the East Indies, he returned home in the year 1806, and still survives, at Croys, near Castle Douglas.

The following is the copy of a letter from Captain Skirving, addressed to George Cleghorn of Weens, Esq., in reply to a request for some information respecting his father, Adam Skirving:—

“CROYS, BY CASTLE-DOUGLAS, 29th Oct. 1838.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have been favoured with the memorandum which you left with Major Yule on the 24th inst., and am quite willing to aid your views, but much fear it will be far short of what you have been led to expect.

“My Father was born in 1719, and died in 1803; was educated at Preston-kirk in East Lothian, where his grandfather, after leaving Stenton, farmed Preston-mains. The printed epitaph is as characteristic as I could make it, and was transferred to a marble slab in the churchyard of Athelstaneford, where his remains are deposited. The one in manuscript is by my Brother, and was found amongst his papers after his death, and is perhaps the more appropriate of the two.

“Our Father was, by his own account, a bad scholar, but became an indefatigable reader, and knew more of history, geography, and astronomy, than was usual with those of his line. His first farm was Prora, whence he moved to Garleton, where he spent the rest of his days. He for many years attended Leith races on horseback, during the whole week, yet always slept at home; was frequently out with the Amisfield hounds; very fond of curling; and so much addicted to golfing, that he generally carried a club in his hand; always attended the Goolan club on Saturdays, and often the Boglehill club on the Wednesdays. I am not aware that he left any metrical manuscripts. In-

deed, I have heard him say, he would rather ride twenty miles than put pen to paper. When he did write he was extremely laconic, as witness his settlement with a person with whom he had long trafficked, and who insisted upon a systematic acquittance—"This day Andrew Hunter and I counted and clear'd; deil haed he owes me, and I owe him as little." The elegy on the last Congalton of Congalton, who was a great favourite in that part of the country, was much admired. 'The battle of Preston,' which has, I presume, given rise to this investigation, contains a line running thus, 'The Teague was naught,' which may be construed into a national reflection, and I could wish that the word *The* were exchanged for *This*. By the bye, when the rifling took place on Seton sands, your grandfather was of the party; and when hiring shearers a year or two after in Linton market, he recognised the fellow who took his watch, and demanded restitution. "Oh! she dee'd that same night, and I gied her till a neighbour, and he's gane far o'er the hills, an', be Got, ye'll ne'er see her again." I might give instances of his sprightly repartees, &c. but am fearful of becoming tedious. My partial friend, Major Yule, on the presumption that all Adam's sons are addicted to rhyming, advises that I should send some specimens, and I have actually collected a good many—not *many good*—scraps, but only one in the Scottish dialect, and that you shall have; and were I not so lame a scribe, I might perhaps copy out a few more. To be sure I have, from folly, or from vanity, or in self-defence, been at the expense of having some copies printed, and to these also, as they need not be transcribed, you are heartily welcome. In the first place, one of my brother's tunes, which I call the Lament, and to which I contributed the words; secondly, two songs set by Mrs Skirving to a tune, which, upwards of threescore years ago, I learnt from a ploughman, who said he had picked it up from a travelling piper; thirdly, a new version of Auld Langsyne; fourthly, a little song in manuscript to

the tune of, 'I'll never gae doun to the broom ony mair;' fifthly, a ditto to a tune which runs to some plaintive words, of which I do not remember a syllable; and, lastly, a *jeu d'esprit* by my Brother. Though they should all be excluded from the projected publication, I should like to know the sentence pronounced by the Committee of criticism. Perhaps some of your daughters will so far honour me as to try them upon the piano—the Lament goes best upon the organ.

"I have a picture of my Father in miniature by my Brother, and which, were I in town, I might probably put into the hands of some engraver or lithographer. My brother, David, has, or had another, a very good likeness, set in a ring. As I have time and space I shall mention a peculiar faculty possessed by my Father, viz. that of making severe retorts without giving offence. A person boasting of the wonderful qualifications of his horse, said, "It has as good a memory as Adam Skirving."—"If, with my memory, it has your judgment, it must be a complete beast."

"Yours, my dear sir, most respectfully,

"R. SKIRVING."

P. S.—"Lord Elcho, at the time of his marriage, resided at Beanston. My father went to make his bow—was introduced by his Lordship—deliberately took up the skirt of his coat—looked her Ladyship in the face, and, affecting to wipe his *moo*, fairly saluted her. None but himself could have done this without giving offence."

As there is no "Committee of Criticism" to sit in judgment upon Captain Skirving's communications, I shall here add such pieces as seem to me most suitable for this work.

#### I.—ELEGY ON THE LAST CONGALTON OF CONGALTON.

BY THE LATE MR ADAM SKIRVING, GARLETON.

YE Lothian lairds, in sable weeds,  
With pomp the funeral grace;  
Ye poor and bare, who nought can spare,  
Put on a mournful face.

For Congalton lies cold in clay,  
 So much admired by all ;  
 Whose pliant parts so cheered all hearts,  
 He pleased both great and small.

A neighbour and companion dear,  
 Could both be fou and wise ;  
 And who, woes me, from fault is free ?—  
 It was his only vice.

Of real humour, unconfined,  
 And wit, that flowed with ease,  
 Of modest mind, and temper kind,  
 Yet smart at repartees.

Though keen his satire, sharp his wit,  
 His words gave no offence ;  
 What's well designed, well ta'en we find  
 By every man of sense.

A husband fond, a father kind,  
 A friend quite free from gall ;  
 A friend in need's a friend indeed,  
 And he was so to all.

A father to the fatherless,  
 A master mild and just ;  
 From what he said he never strayed,  
 His promise all might trust.

Such was his character in life ;  
 When fate decreed his end  
 He died in peace, and ne'er to cease,  
 May bliss his shade attend.

## II.—A MUSICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.

BY ARCHIBALD SKIRVING.

KING, Lords and Commons, and we Rabble,  
 Are just the four strings of a fiddle,  
 On which the Premier of the day  
 Is, *nolens volens*, forc'd to play.  
 But as soon may he scale the moon,  
 As keep the said four strings in tune.



Like Walpole, Ministers have chosen  
To use sweet oil in place of rosin ;  
Which no doubt sav'd a world of toil,  
But soon exhausted all the oil.

And now, the once sweet silver sound  
Is totally in discord drown'd.

How rash a youth was Pitt, to meddle  
With such a craz'd half-rotten fiddle !  
Not Gow himself, with nicest twitch,  
Could screw the pins to concert pitch.

The tones, harsh, grating, shrill and loud,  
Are all drawn from a tuneless *Crowd*.\*

Archibald Skirving the painter, the writer of the above lines, was a man of undoubted, but somewhat eccentric, genius; of whom, were this a suitable place, many characteristic anecdotes might be recorded. The following air, composed by him (and here accompanied with the first two stanzas of a song by Captain Skirving) will evince that he possessed no inconsiderable musical skill.

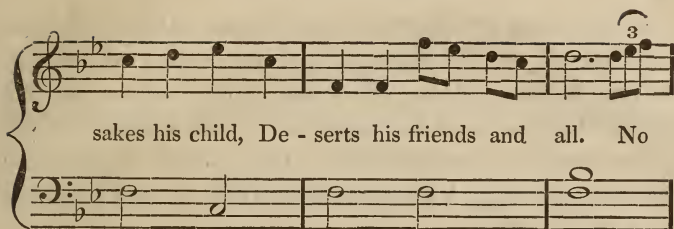
## SKIRVING'S LAMENT.

The Tune by Archibald, and the words by Robert Skirving.

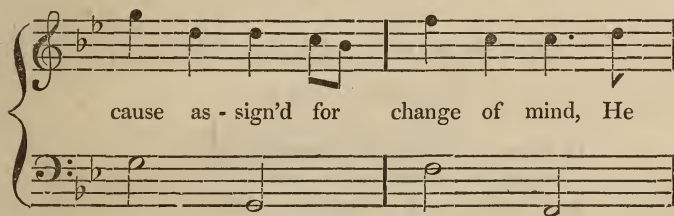
Thy rest-less Fa-ther ° roams once more, A

Sol - dier to Ben - gal; From me he flies, for-

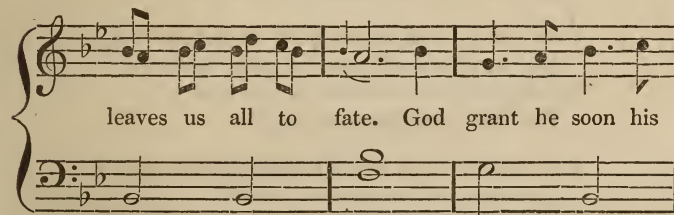
\* '*Crowd*,' signifies a fiddle, as well as a promiscuous multitude.



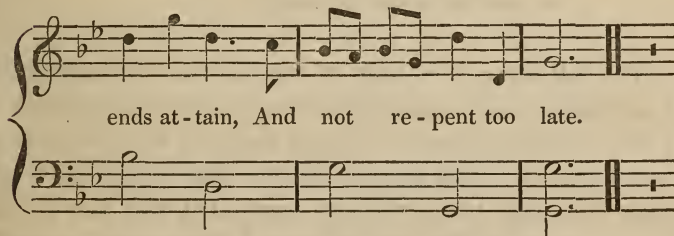
sakes his child, De - serts his friends and all. No



cause as - sign'd for change of mind, He



leaves us all to fate. God grant he soon his



ends at - tain, And not re - pent too late.

Some froward fancy drives him hence,  
 The cause he'll not disclose ;  
 He sees my tears, he hears my sighs,  
 He laughs at all my woes :  
 What can't be cured must be endured,  
 As time and chance befall ;  
 I'll leave my child, I'll risk my life,  
 To join him in Bengal.

In the Farmer's Magazine, for August 1810, the following Epitaph on Mr Skirving was communicated by "A visiting Member of the old Gulan Club," who says, "I lately observed a stone stuck up to his memory in the Churchyard of Athelstaneford. The epitaph appeared to me characteristic; I therefore transcribed it, and herewith send you a copy."

ADAM SKIRVING, FARMER, GARLETON,

DIED 19TH APRIL, 1803.

IN figure, in feature, and powers of mind,  
As perfect as most of his peers;  
As gratefully held, as serenely resigned,  
Life's lease, which was eighty-four years.

With low and with lofty—frank, candid, and fair;  
Soon bargain'd, and counted, and clear'd;—  
On folly, and vice, and imposture, severe—  
Yet neither was hated nor fear'd.

With health, happy wit and good-humour endow'd,  
Content in his countenance glow'd;  
Not wishing to sow where another had plough'd,  
But trusting to reap as he sow'd.

The following is a copy of the not less characteristic Inscriptions which Captain Skirving placed in the Churchyard of Athelstaneford, at the time probably when the above was removed. That upon his Brother may seem obscure to those who were not personally acquainted with him in his later years, when his peculiarities and his aversion to court favour, by any attempt to humour the prejudices and conceits of individuals, very materially affected his interests in regard to professional employment. He died at Inveresk on the 19th of May, 1819.

ARCHIBALD SKIRVING,  
FARMER, MUIRTON,  
ONE OF THE MOST ATHLETIC AND BEST TEMPERED  
OF MEN,  
LIVED ONLY 56 YEARS.

---

His Oldest Son, ADAM, Farmer, Garleton,  
BORN, 1719.—DIED, 1803.

In feature, in figure, agility, mind,  
And happy wit rarely surpass'd,  
With lofty or low could be plain or refined,  
Content beaming bright to the last.

---

His first Son, and finest Semblance,  
ARCHIBALD,  
BORN, OCTOBER, 1749,  
BY PECULIAR EXCELLENCE ATTAINED EMINENCE  
AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER;  
AND MIGHT HAVE LIVED IN AFFLUENCE,  
HAD HE NOT AIMED AT PRIVATE INDEPENDENCE  
BY SIMPLIFYING THE COMFORTS OF COMMON LIFE.

To beauty, virtue, talent, he would bow,  
But claims from birth or rank would not allow;  
Kept friends and foes at nearly equal distance;  
Knew how to give, but not to take assistance.  
At threescore-ten, when scarce begun to fail,  
He dropt at once, without apparent ail.

The following is the character of old Mr Skirving, by his son Archibald, to which Captain Skirving alludes in the foregoing letter :—

“ He possessed a most comprehensive mind, retentive



memory, ready wit, and cheerful heart. Was alive to praise; of middle stature, and unmatched agility, with a countenance of still superior character; and for the simplicity of his dealings, made frugality a compensation."

In a subsequent communication with which I have been favoured, Captain Skirving says, "Yes, the Epitaph, in the Farmer's Magazine, was removed when the other was erected. Don't think I ever gave an opinion as to the author of 'Hey, Johnnie Cope.'"

## CII. (2.)

### PROELIUM GILLICRANKIUM.

THE original ballad on the Battle of Killiecrankie, fought on the 17th of July, 1689, beginning '*Clavers and his Highlandmen*,' was printed near the time as a broadside, or single leaf; but the writer of it is unknown. The Latin version, inserted in the Musical Museum, is attributed to HERBERT KENNEDY, of Halleatts, Dumfriesshire, who was appointed one of the Regents, or Professors, in the University of Edinburgh, in the year 1684.

## CIV.

### STREPHON AND LYDIA.

THE author of this song, WILLIAM WALLACE, was the eldest son of Thomas Wallace of Cairnhill, Esq., and was born probably about the year 1712. He was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates 16th of February, 1734. His father died in April, 1748. In August, 1750, William Wallace of Cairnhill, advocate, married Jean, daughter of Archibald Campbell of Succoth, writer to the Signet, (*Scots Magazine*, 1750, p. 398.) He died at Glasgow, 16th of November, 1763. He is to be distinguished from William Wallace jun., who was admitted advocate 15th of February, 1752, and is described in the minutes of the Faculty of Advocates as the son of Robert Wallace, writer to the Signet,—no doubt the same as Robert Wallace

of Holmston, Ayrshire, W. S., who died 24th of March 1752, aged 82. In December 1752, this William Wallace was appointed Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh; and, at the time of his death, which took place at Edinburgh, 28th of November, 1786, he was Professor of Scots Law, one of the Assessors of the City, and Sheriff-depute of Ayrshire. George Wallace, advocate, about the same time, is known as the author of "Principles of the Law of Scotland," "Thoughts on Feudal Tenures," and "Prospects from Hills in Fife."

## CXII.

HE WHO PRESUMED TO GUIDE THE SUN.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON of Struan, Esq., the Chief of his Clan, died at his house of Carey, in Rannoch, Perthshire, 18th of April, 1749, in the 81st year of his age. A posthumous collection of his poems was surreptitiously printed at "Edinburgh for Charles Alexander," 8vo, without date, but published in October, 1751, when it was announced in the Scots Magazine as being ready for subscribers, price 5s. Another edition, omitting several objectionable pieces attributed to him, was reprinted at Edinburgh (in 1785,) 12mo. This edition contains the "History and Martial Achievements of the Robertsons of Strowan."

## CXX.

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

BURNS, like what he has remarked of himself (see No. CIII. p. 107), after stating that this song was Dr Blacklock's, adds, "He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough perhaps, but they served as a vehicle for the music."

## CXXI.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

THIS song appears to have been first published by Thomson, in his folio *Orpheus Caledonius*, about 1725. It is

included in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, which was printed several years later. LADY GRISSELL HOME, by whom it was written, was the daughter of Sir Patrick Home, created Earl of Marchmont. She was born at Redbraes Castle, 25th of December, 1665; was married to George Baillie of Jarviswood, Esq., 17th of September, 1692; and died at London, 6th of December, 1746, in the 81st year of her age. Their eldest daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, wrote Memoirs of the lives and characters of her parents—a piece of biography of the most affectionate and interesting kind, which cannot be too much praised. It was first made known by extracts, in the Appendix to Rose's Observations on Fox's Historical Work, in 1809, and has since been printed entire by Thomas Thomson, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh, 1822, 8vo.

Mr Pringle, editor of Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, discovered a fragment of a song, supposed to be the composition of Lady Grisell Baillie, which he thus mentions in that Magazine for May, 1818:—"An interesting notice in her daughter's Narrative, along with other circumstances, induces us to entertain a hope, that further specimens of her poetical talents may yet be recovered. Lady Murray says, 'I have now a book of songs of her writing when there (in Holland), many of them interrupted; half writ; some broken off in the middle of a sentence,' &c. Such a collection, whether altogether of her own composition or not, would probably afford some valuable additions to the lyric treasures by which Scotland has long been so peculiarly distinguished.—We are enabled to subjoin one unpublished fragment of this description, supposed to be Lady Grisell's composition from circumstantial evidence. It was lately discovered, in her handwriting, among a parcel of old letters, and enclosed in one of them, written about the time of her father's forfeiture, to her brother Patrick, then serving with Mr Baillie in the Prince of Orange's guards."—(P. 436.)

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,  
When our blythe shepherds play on their bog-reed and horn;  
While we're milking they're liltin' baith pleasant and clear—  
But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear!

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn;  
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn;  
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free—  
But, alas! my Dear Heart! all my sighing's for thee!

These words have lately been adapted to an air composed by the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., when he was a youth of seven years old; and a few copies have been recently engraved at his son's expense, for private distribution among his friends.

“It appears from the scandalous ballad concerning Lady Murray, attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that Lady Grisell Baillie used the broad dialect of her country in speech as well as in song-writing.” (C. K. S.)

## CXXIII.

## THE MILLER.

SIR JOHN CLERK of Pennycuik, Baronet, was one of the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland for nearly half a century. He was appointed at the constitution of that Court, 13th of May, 1708. Along with Baron Scrope, in 1726 he drew up an “Historical View of the Forms and Powers of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland,” which was printed at the expense of the Barons of Exchequer for private circulation, Edinburgh, 1820, large 4to. The song in the Museum appeared in “The Charmer,” 1751, vol. ii. p. 291.

The only other verses attributed to Sir John Clerk are the following lines sent to a lady of great personal beauty, whom he courted unsuccessfully, as she became the third wife of Alexander, ninth earl of Eglintoune.

“Verses sent anonymously, with a flute, to Miss Susanna Kennedy, afterwards Countess of Eglintoune, by Sir John



Clerk of Pennycook, Baronet. On attempting to blow the flute, it would not sound ; and, on unscrewing it, she found these lines :—

“ Harmonious pipe, how I envye thy bless,  
 When press'd to Sylphia's lips with gentle kiss !  
 And when her tender fingers round thee move  
 In soft embrace, I listen, and approve  
 Those melting notes, which soothe my soul to love.  
 Embalm'd with odours from her breath that flow,  
 You yield your music when she's pleased to blow ;  
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair  
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.  
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be  
 To court the charming Sylphia for me ;  
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—  
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch ;  
 Since I to her my liberty resign,  
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.”

The lady to whom these verses were sent was Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean, Bart., to whom Allan Ramsay, in 1726, dedicated his “Gentle Shepherd.” The original manuscript was sent to her ladyship a few years later by the author, with an inscription at the end, stating, with some degree of vanity, that it would in after-times be considered no ordinary curiosity. It is preserved in the library of Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck. Lady Eglintone, says Mr Sharpe, “was much celebrated, not only for her extraordinary beauty, but for a manner quite peculiar to herself in Scotland, and which was remembered as the ‘Eglintoune manner’ long after her death.” Mr John Drummond of Blair-Drummond, writes thus from London to his brother, William Drummond of Grange, in the year 1730,—“Lady Eglintoune has set out for Scotland, much satisfied with the honour and civilities shown her ladyship by the Queen and all the Royal Family ; she has done her country more honour than any lady I have seen here, both by a genteel and a prudent behaviour.” —(C. K. S.)

Sir John Clerk was a man of great learning and accomplishments. Besides two papers in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," he was the author of a tract entitled "*Dis-sertatio de quibusdam Monumentis Romanis*," &c., written in 1730 and printed in 1750, 4to. For upwards of twenty years he also carried on a learned correspondence with Roger Gale, the English antiquary, which forms a portion of the "*Reliquiæ Galeanæ*;" in Nichols' "*Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*," 1782. Sir John Clerk died at his seat of Pennycuik, 4th of October, 1755. One of his younger sons was John Clerk of Eldin, Esq., distinguished for his work on "*Naval Tactics*," and the father of the late Lord Eldin, an eminent Scottish lawyer.

## CXXVIII.

## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

"BESSY BELL and Mary Gray died of the plague, communicated by their lover, in the year 1645;—see Pennant and the Statistical Account of Scotland. Besides the chorus, 'Oh, Bessy Bell,' &c., there is another stanza of the old song remembered in Perthshire—

"They thought to lie in Meffen kirkyard  
Among their royal kin;  
But they maun lie on Stronach-haugh,  
To biek fornent the sin."

(C. K. S.)

## CXXX.

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

"FAMILY traditions assert, that an amour between Anne Bothwell, sister of Lord Holyroodhouse, and a son of the Earl of Mar, Colonel Alexander Erskine, blown up in Dunglass Castle, 30th August, 1640, was the occasion of this ballad. The lady's "*Lament*" has exercised the subtle wits of antiquaries in the ascertainment of her pedigree. She has been made out to be the divorced Countess of

Bothwell, and also, I believe, a Miss Boswell of Auchinleck: but a passage in Father Hay's MS. History of the Holyroodhouse Family seems to confirm the tradition beyond a possibility of doubt. Recording the children of Bishop Bothwell, who died 1593, he tells us, 'He had also a daughter, named Anna, who fell with child to a sone of the Earle of Marre.' Colonel Alexander's portrait, which belonged to his mother (now in the possession of James Erskine, Esq. of Cambo, Lady Mar's descendant), is extremely handsome, with much vivacity of countenance, dark blue eyes, a peaked beard, and moustaches.

Ah me! I fell,—and yet do question make,  
What I should do again for such a sake.

SHAKSPEARE.

“(From Notes to the Household Book of the Countess of Mar.)

“The lovers were cousins; seeing that the Bishop of Orkney, Anna Bothwell's father, married a daughter of John Murray of Touchadam, by Janet, a daughter of the Lord Erskine.”

“IN Broom's comedy of the Northern Lass, printed 1632, Constance sings a fragment of this song, which I have not found verbatim in any of the entire copies:—

Peace, wayward barne!—Oh, cease thy moan!  
Thy farre more wayward daddy's gone;  
And never will recalled be  
By cries of either thee or me:  
For should wee cry  
Until we dye,  
Wee could not scant his cruelty.  
Ballow, ballow, &c.

He needs might in himselfe foresee,  
What thou successively might'st be;  
And could hee then (though me foregoe)  
His infant leave, ere hee did know

How like the dad  
 Would be the lad,  
 In time, to make fond maydens glad.  
 Ballow, ballow," &c.

"In the same play the songs—'A bonny bonny bird I had,' and 'I wo' not goe to't, nor I mun not goe to't,' are evidently Scottish." (C. K. S.)

## CXXXVII.

## WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

THIS very original humorous Song appears to have been first printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, Vol. II., about the year 1725, and reprinted in Thomson's Orpheus, Vol. II., in 1733. What Mr S., therefore, means by Ramsay's judicious alterations, I do not know, as both copies are literally the same. In Ramsay's, it is signed W. W.; and it has been attributed, I should think upon no good authority, to a William Walkinshaw of that Ilk. Except a younger son, of whom nothing is known, no person of that name occurs in the genealogical accounts of the family. Mr George Thomson, in printing this Song in his collection, says, "It is mentioned in the memoranda of Burns, that this Song was written upon Walkinshaw of Walkinshaw, near Paisley. 'Tis said, however, by others, that the hero was Hamilton of Gilbertfield." This last is certainly the most probable conjecture; if William Hamilton of Gilbertfield himself was not actually the writer of the Song.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Gilbertfield, Lanarkshire, was the second son of Captain William Hamilton of Ladyland, and was born probably before the year 1680. Having early embraced a military life, he was "distinguished during his latter days by the title of *The Lieutenant*." His chief distinction, however, was his genius for humorous Scottish verse, as exemplified in his contributions to the first poetical collection published in this country, entitled, "A



Choice Collection of Scots Poems," by James Watson, Edinb. 1706, 8vo, and of which two additional parts appeared in 1709 and 1711. In 1719, when residing at Gilbertfield on half-pay, Hamilton addressed a complimentary poetical epistle to Allan Ramsay, in the vernacular dialect, in which he designates himself "Wanton Willie." This opened a rhyming correspondence; and, when Ramsay included their mutual epistles in his poetical works, he tells us, that Hamilton "held his commission honourably in my Lord Hyndford's regiment;" and adds,

And may the stars, wha shine aboon,  
Wi' honour notice real merit;  
Be to my friend auspicious soon,  
And cherish aye sae fine a spirit.

Three years later, Hamilton of Gilbertfield published at Glasgow, by subscription, "The Life of Sir William Wallace;" an injudicious attempt, by adopting the vulgar dialect, to add to the popularity of the fine national poem of the Blind Minstrel. That Allan Ramsay, in publishing his Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, would apply to Hamilton for assistance we may safely conclude; but none of his contributions have been identified. Still I am inclined to believe, that the initials W. W. attached to this most original Song, "*Willie was a wanton wag*," indicate no other person than "The Lieutenant," under his other designation "Wanton Willie." Some verses, in which he is so styled, on the death of Lord William Hamilton (11th of July, 1734), will be found at page \*110 of these Illustrations. Hamilton afterwards removed to Letterick, in Lankshire, where he died at an advanced age, 24th of May, 1751.

CXXXVIII.

JUMPIN' JOHN.

"THIS fragment of the old song is Burns's groundwork:—

Her daddy forbad, her minnie forbad,  
 Forbidden she wadna be—  
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John  
 Beguil'd our bonnie Bessie."—(C. K. S.)

The Rev. George R. Gleig, in his "Family History of England," vol. ii. p. 110, has introduced an air, respecting which he says, "This piece of music is the air which was played by the band at Fotheringay Castle while Mary was proceeding to her execution. The air itself is a very touching one; and appears, from its extreme simplicity, well-fitted for the rude instruments which were then in use. A fortunate accident threw a copy of it in my way, and I have inserted it, because I see no reason to doubt the tradition which connects it with this period in English history."—Had the reverend gentleman observed, that the occasion on which the air is said to have been performed was "a very touching one," he would have been so far correct; but the air itself is nothing more than the tune of "Joan's Placket" arranged as a march. See p. 50. of Mr Chappell's "National English Airs," published at London, 1838. In addition to this circumstance, as to the identity of the air, it may be added, that none of the contemporary accounts of our unfortunate Queen's execution say one word as to any funeral procession or any piece of music having been performed on the occasion.

## CXLIV.

## THE DUSTY MILLER.

"THE old words of this song are—

Dusty was his coat,  
 Dusty was his colour,  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 That I gat frae the miller.

## CHORUS.

Hey the dusty, &c."—(C. K. S.)

## CXLVI.

## I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS, &amp;c.

THE English lady was Mrs Walter Riddell; born at Woodley. She was sister of Mrs Banks, wife of the M.P. of that name; and left England in April, 1788, to visit her father who was Governor of the Caribbee Islands. On her return, which was soon after her marriage with Captain Riddell, she published a volume, "Voyages to the Madeira and Leeward Caribbean Isles: with Sketches of the Natural History of these Islands. By Maria R\*\*\*\*\*." Edinb. 1792, 12mo, dedicated to Mr William Smellie. She died at London, in 1812.

## CLIV.

## THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

"RAMSAY's verses were said to have been composed on an amour of the Honourable Alexander Murray, son of Alexander, fourth Lord Elibank. His political conduct displayed a firmness which was much extolled by the members of his own party."—(C. K. S.)

## CLV.

## WHERE HELEN LIES.

"THE period when this tragedy took place is quite uncertain, though Stewart Lewis, in the preface to his poem of Fair Helen, attempts to settle it. As he resided long in the vicinity of Kirkconnel, and consequently was well versed in the details illustrative of the ballad, his preface, which was printed at Aberdeen, 1796, is here given verbatim.

" 'Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and uncommon qualifications, was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, at present in the possession of Sir William Maxwell of Springhall, Baronet.

“ ‘She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood-house, “properly Blacket-house;” and Fleeming of Fleeming-hall, situate near Mossknow, at present in the possession of Captain Graham.

“ ‘Bell one day told the young lady, that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming’s company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a greater regard for Fleeming; and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river amongst the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who, immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming’s arms, whom she endeavoured to screen from the attempts of his antagonist. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces. A cairn or heap of stones was raised on the place where she fell, as a common memorial in similar incidents from the earliest times among Celtic colonies, and continues over Scotland to this day. She was buried in the adjacent churchyard of Kirkconnel; and the poor, forlorn, disconsolate Fleeming, overwhelmed with love, and oppressed with grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time;—returned, visited her grave, upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place. On the tomb-stone that lies over the grave, are engraven a cross with a sword, and “*Hic jacet Adam Fleeming,*” cut on the stone amongst the north side of the cross. Although at present there is not a person to be found in that part of the country of the surname of Fleeming, yet the parish annexed to Kirkconnel still retains the name of Kirkpatrick Fleeming. At what time the proprietors of this name failed in the parish of Kirkpatrick Fleeming, is not known; and as there is no date upon the stone above mentioned, the precise time of this event cannot be determined. It only seems highly probable either to have terminated in the reign of King James V., or to have ushered



in that of the unfortunate Queen Mary ; for it is commonly said that fair Helen was aunt to Margaret of Hoddam, who was married to Carruthers of Holmains, to whom she had a daughter, also named Helen, who was married to Ronald Bell of Gosebridge (now Scotsbridge) ; and by the tombstone of Helen Carruthers, in Middlebie churchyard, it appears that she died in 1626 ; so that she, who died in 1626, may, without any stretch of chronology, be granted (grand) niece to her who lived in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign.'

" This statement is not confirmed by the pedigree of the Holmains family, very fully made out by Dr Clapperton of Lochmaben ; but such traditions are generally found to contain a considerable degree of truth.

" As the original ballad has been interpolated, and often murdered more barbarously than its theme, I subjoin the genuine words, which I have heard sung hundreds of times in Annandale, but never with any additional verses. I have endeavoured to spell the words as the singers pronounced them.

## 1.

I WISH I war where Eelin lies,  
For nicht and day on me she cries :  
I wish I war where Eelin lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

## 2.

Curse on the hand that shot the shot,  
Likewise the gun that gae the crack ;  
Fair Eelin in my arms scho lap,  
And diet for love of me.

## 3.

O think na ye my heart was sair  
To see her lie, and speak na mair !  
There did scho swoon, wi' mickle care,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

## 4.

I loutit down, my sword did draw ;  
I cuttit him in pieces sma' ;  
I cuttit him in pieces sma'  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

## 5.

O Eelin fair, without compare,  
 I'll mack a garland of thy hair,  
 And wear the same for evermair,  
 Untill the day I dee.

## 6.

I wish my grave war growin' green,  
 A winding-sheet put o'er my een,  
 And I in Eelin's arms lyin'  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

## 7.

O Eelin chast, thou wast modest;  
 War I with thee, I wad be blest;  
 Where thou lies low, and tacks thy rest  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

## 8.

I wish I war where Eelin lies,  
 For nicht and day on me scho cries;  
 I wish I war where Eelin lies,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

“The air to which these verses were sung, was totally different from that usually printed, as well as the newer edition by Mr Stenhouse.”—(C. K. S.)

## CLVIII.

## WALY! WALY! UP YON BANK.

THE description of Wood's MS. given by Mr S. is not correct; and the lines quoted occur in a portion evidently written at a much later date than 1566. See afterwards the additional note to Song CCCCLXVI.

## CLIX.

## THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

THIS Song appeared in the second volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. When Mr S. therefore says, “I have heard it attributed to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart., but have not been able to discover upon what authority,” we may safely conclude it was no sufficient authority,

inasmuch as Sir Gilbert was not three years of age when it was published by Allan Ramsay, in 1724 or 1725.

## CLXI.

## DUMBARTON DRUMS.

BURNS was mistaken in supposing the town or castle of Dumbarton was here meant. See Chambers's Songs, vol. i. p. 59.

## CLXII.

## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

ALEXANDER, FOURTH DUKE OF GORDON, to whom Mr S. refers as the writer of this popular and humorous Song, was born in the year 1743, and died 17th of January, 1827, in the 84th year of his age.

In the note to this Song, Mr Stenhouse has inserted some verses to this favourite tune, which were composed by the late WILLIAM REID, bookseller, Glasgow. Having been favoured by Mr James Brash of Glasgow (through the kind application of Mr P. A. Ramsay) with some particulars of Mr Reid's history, I take this opportunity of inserting them, as a tribute of respect to his memory. He was remarkable for a fund of social humour, and was possessed of no inconsiderable poetical powers, with some of the eccentricities occasionally allied to genius.

Mr Reid was born at Glasgow on the 10th of April, 1764. His parents were Robert Reid, baker in Glasgow, and Christian Wood, daughter of a farmer, at Gartmore, in Perthshire. Having received a good education in his native city, he was originally employed in the type-foundry of Mr Andrew Wilson, and afterwards served an apprenticeship with Messrs Dunlop and Wilson, booksellers in Glasgow. He remained in their employment till the year 1790, when he commenced business as a bookseller, in partnership with the late Mr James Brash; and, for a period of twenty-seven years, they carried on a most

respectable business, under the well-known firm of “Brash and Reid.” In a small publication, which they issued in numbers, at one penny each, under the title of “Poetry, Original and Selected,” between the years 1795 and 1798, and which forms four volumes, there are several contributions of Mr Reid. Most of his compositions were of an ephemeral kind, and it is to be regretted that no selection of them has ever appeared. He died at Glasgow, 29th of November, 1831, leaving a widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr James Henderson, linen printer, Newhall, and two sons and five daughters. A notice of Mr Reid, by some friendly hand, appeared in the Scots Times, soon after his death, from which the following is an extract:—

“In early and mature life, Mr William Reid was also remarkable both for vivacity, and no mean share of that peculiar talent which, in Scotland, the genius of Burns and its splendid and dazzling course seemed to call forth in the minds of many of his admiring countrymen. He not only shared in the general enthusiasm the appearance of that day-star of national poetry elicited—but participated in his friendship, and received excitement from his converse. In Scottish song, and in pieces of characteristic humour, Mr Reid, in several instances, approved himself not unworthy of either such intimacy or inspiration. These are chiefly preserved in a collection, entitled ‘Poetry, Original and Selected,’ which appeared under the tasteful auspices of his still surviving and venerable friend, and then partner, as well as his own. It is now scarce, but highly valued, independently of that circumstance. Even, however, when it shall have altogether ceased to be known but to collectors, many of the simple and beautiful lines of Mr Reid’s earlier compositions, and racy, quaint, and original thoughts and expressions of his riper years will cling to the general memory. Perhaps, of these, the humorous will be the longest lived.”

Mr Motherwell, in his edition of Burns, inserts a Mo-



nody on the Death of the Ayrshire Bard, by Mr Reid, who, he says, “ was a most enthusiastic admirer of Burns, possessed a rich fund of native humour, and was the author of several poems in our vernacular dialect that merit preservation.” (vol. v. p. 282.)

I may also take this opportunity of adding a few words respecting his partner, Mr James Brash. He was born at Glasgow, 1st of January, 1758, and was successively an apprentice or in the employment of the celebrated Foulises, printers, of Robert Macnair, bookbinder, and James Duncan, bookseller, until he entered into partnership with Mr Reid, as already stated, in 1790. He contributed several pieces to the Glasgow periodicals, between 1782 and 1787, but being of a retired disposition, he never affixed his name to any of them. It is believed that the collection of “ Poetry, Original and Selected,” above alluded to, also contained two or three pieces of his composition. As a man of business, he was highly esteemed for personal respectability, strict integrity, and attention. He died at Glasgow on the 9th of October, 1835.

## CLXIII.

## FOR THE LACK OF GOLD.

THE lady, Miss Jean Drummond, to whom this song relates, was married, as second wife, to James Duke of Atholl, 7th of June, 1749. She survived the Duke, and also her second husband, Lord Adam Gordon, and died 22d February, 1795. Mr Sharpe says, “ There is a portrait of this fickle Duchess at Abercairney ; any thing but beautiful.” The author of the song, was ADAM AUSTIN, M.D., Physician in Edinburgh, who, as stated in Mr Stenhouse’s note, survived his disappointment. His marriage is thus noticed in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, 17th September, 1754,—“ Last night was married Miss Anne Sempill, sister of the Right Hon. John Lord Sempill, to Dr Adam Austin.” This lady survived her husband nearly twenty years. Dr Austin

died 28th November, 1774, and his wife 27th November, 1793. The song is printed in "The Charmer," Vol. II. p. 7. Edinburgh: 1751. Burns says, "The country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line,

She me forsook for a great Duke,  
say,  
For Atholl's duke she me forsook ;

which I take to be the original reading."

The title of the old tune, as it occurs in a MS. dated 1692, in the possession of Mr Blaikie, Paisley, is, "For lake of gold she *left* me." Oswald altered it to, "she *lost* me, O."

## CLXX.

## HEY, TUTTIE, TATTIE.

MR STENHOUSE, as well as others, has fallen into error in supposing that because the names of particular tunes occur in some of the older MSS., this indicates that the airs are similar with those now commonly known under the same titles. The air "Hey now the Day daws," has been usually considered as the original of "Hey, Tuttie, Tattie;" and it has been assigned upon no better grounds than mere conjecture, or idle tradition, to the age of Robert the Bruce. The old air, "The Day daws," is fortunately preserved in Gordon of Straloch's Lute Book, 1627, but it is quite different from the air in question, so well known from its being allied to Burns's noble words, "*Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.*" See the additional note to song DLXXXVII. in vol. vi. of this Work.

The kind of hunting song, which Mr Stenhouse has printed at p. 103, cannot be regarded as the original words of the song or air to which Dunbar and Douglas allude, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been preserved in a MS. collection of the miscellaneous Poems of Alexander Montgomery, the author of "The Cherrie and

the Slae," and was undoubtedly written by him, perhaps not earlier than 1580. He was a younger son of Montgomery of Haslehead in Ayrshire, and was born probably about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was distinguished at least as early as 1584 for his poetical genius. See the collected edition of his Poems, Edinburgh, 1821, post 8vo.

"In former times another hunting song to this air, enumerating several of the smaller lairds of the district, was common in Annandale—from the name of the dog last mentioned, it must be pretty ancient:—

#### BRIDEKIRK'S HUNTING.

THE cock's at the crawling,  
The day's at the dawning,  
The cock's at the crawling,  
We're o'er lang here.  
Bridekirk's hunting,  
Bridekirk's hunting,  
Bridekirk's hunting,  
The morn, an' it be fair.

There's Bridekirk and Brackenwhat,  
Limekilns and Thorniewhat,  
Dormont and Murraywhat,  
An' a' will be there.

Bridekirk's, &c.

There's Gingler and Jowler,  
Tingler and Towler,  
Thy dog and my dog,  
And a' will be there.

Bridekirk's, &c.

Fie, rin Nipsy,  
Fie, rin Nipsy,  
Fie, rin Nipsy,  
Thou gangs near the hare.

Bridekirk's, &c.

But bonny Nipatie,  
 But bonny Nipatie,  
 But bonny Nipatie,  
 Thou grips the wylie hare.  
 Bridekirk's, &c.

“ In Beaumont and Fletcher's ‘ Knight of the Burning Pestle,’ the lady says to Ralph—

Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen  
 And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food ;  
 My father oft will tell me of a drink  
 In England found, and Nipitao call'd,  
 Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.”

(C. K. S.)

CLXXIV.

YE GODS ! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

*Tune—Fourteenth of October.*

BURNS, in his note to this song, says, “ The title of this air shows 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 says—

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

The stately procession of King Crispian, was formerly wont every third year to interest and amuse the inhabitants of Edinburgh.

CLXXXI.

JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THIS well-known ballad was printed, probably for the first time, in the Tea-Table Miscellany, Vol. IV., about the year 1733.

“ There is, or was, much of this song remembered in Ayrshire, which never has been printed. Some stanzas go to prove that the lady was restored to her husband, unsul-



lied by a gipsy embrace ; which seems to have been the case, if she really was the person to whom tradition hath ascribed this false step. It has been always asserted that her maiden name was Hamilton ; now, there were only two ladies of that name married into the Cassillis family. Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and Lady Susan, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. That the latter countess could not be the fugitive, is certain from dates ; though the picture pointed out at Culzean as that of the fair delinquent, and engraved in Constable's Magazine, is certainly a portrait of her ; and for the other, I have been assured that, in the Haddington family, no such anecdote respecting John Faa was ever known. Moreover, there is an original letter written by her husband, shortly after her death, to the Rev. Mr Douglas, preserved in the Wodrow Collection of MSS., which expresses a tenderness very improbable in such a case. It is subjoined for the reader's consideration :—

“ ‘ For the Right Reverend Mr Robert Douglas,  
Minister at Edinburgh.

“ ‘ Right Reverend,

“ ‘ I finde it so hard to digest the want of a deare friend, suche as my beloved yoke-fellow was, that I thinke it will mucche affect the heart of her sister, my Ladie Carneghie, q<sup>o</sup> had beene bothe a sister and a mother to her, after there mother's removall. I thocht your hand, as having relation to bothe, fit for presenting suche a potion, seing you can prepare her before hand, if as yet it have not come to her eares ; and howsoever it bee, your help in comforting may be very usefull to her. My losse is great, bot to the judgement of us q<sup>a</sup> beheld the comfortable close of her dayes, shee hes made a glorious and happie change, manifesting in her speeches bothe a full submission to the onelie absolute Sovereaine, and a sweet sense of his presence

in mercie, applying to her selfe manie comfortable passages of God's worde, and closing with those last words, when I asked q<sup>t</sup> she was doing ; her answer was, shee was longing to goe home. It seemes the Lorde hes beene preparing her these manie weiks past, for shee had bene sicklie four or fyve weekes, and the meanes which had helped others in her estate, and were thoght in likelihoode infallible, could not bee used ; I meane, drawing of blood : for tho' the surgeon trayed it, he could never hit on the veine. I am, your most affectionat friend,

‘ CASSILLIS.’

‘ Cassillis, 14th Dec. 1642.’

“ Mr Douglas, to whom this letter was addressed, was said to be a descendant of Mary, Queen of Scots, from an amour she had with the youth who contrived her escape from Lochleven. Bishop Burnet alludes to this silly piece of scandal. Where the unlucky Queen, in all her hurries and imprisonments, could contrive to drop such a proof of her incontinence, must now be a prodigious puzzle to her greatest enemies. During the Covenanting times, however, this fable was pretended to be believed.

“ It is said that Lady Cassillis, in her confinement, wrought with her needle, by way of penance one may presume, a representation of her elopement with the gipsies. This piece is still preserved at Culzean ; but I suspect, from what I have heard, that it is only a frágment of old tapestry, representing a man and woman riding on a white horse, amid a group of attendants, and re-baptized by house-keepers, who have heard the old tradition. I remember well that, many years ago, a portrait of Lady Sunderland, Waller's Saccharissa, used to be pointed out in the Duke of Hamilton's apartment in the Abbey, as the Lady Cassillis who eloped with Faa. There can be no doubt about that picture ; while the legend once attached to it supports the tradition, that the frail Countess of Cassillis was in some shape or other a Hamilton.”—(C. K. S.)

## CLXXXIII.

## ABSENCE.

IN the note to this song, p. 177, Mr S. says, that the song, "with the tune to which it is set in the Museum, was written and composed, in 1787, by Dr Blacklock, and by him presented to Johnson, for the second volume of that work." It was written and composed many years previously, as both the song and air, under Blacklock's name, appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, for February, 1774, (vol. i. p. 254.)

## CLXXXVI.

## TALK NOT OF LOVE.

THIS song, as well as the "Address to a Blackbird," No. CXC. was written by AGNES CRAIG, MRS M'LEHOSE, the lady with whom Burns, in the year 1789, corresponded under the assumed names of Sylvander and Clarinda; and who still survives, in the 79th year of her age. She was cousin-german to Lord Craig, one of the Senators of the College of Justice; and was born in the same year with the poet, whose admiration has conferred on her so much celebrity. From No. 8 of Burns's letters to Clarinda, it appears that the concluding lines to this song were supplied by himself to suit the music. He remarks that "The latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho. I am in raptures with it."

## CLXXXVIII.

## UP AND WAR 'EM A' WILLIE.

A SONG in seven stanzas of six lines, besides the burden, beginning—

"When we went to the field of war,  
And to the weaponshaw, Willie."

appeared in "The Charmer," 2d edition, 1752, vol. i. p. 61. It has the initials B. G. as the author.

In Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, vol. i. p. 230 of the new edition, there is a likeness of Thomas Neill, the precentor in the Old Church of Edinburgh, who is mentione' by Mr S. in his note, at p. 179. It was done about the year 1786, and represents Neill singing, in character, one of his favourite songs,—“The Old Wife.” In the above work there is a detailed account of Neill, who died at Edinburgh, 7th of December, 1800, aged about seventy years.

## CLXXXIX.

## A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

“THIS song (says Mr George Thomson), was written by Burns on Miss Jeany Cruickshank, now Mrs Henderson, Jedburgh, daughter of one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, a friend of the bard.”

The composer of the air, and himself a writer of verses, as noticed by Mr S. at p. 180, was DAVID SILLAR, a native of Ayrshire. He was born in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton, in the year 1760, and died at Irvine, 2d of May, 1830. He published a volume of Poems at Kilmarnock in 1789, 8vo., pp. 247. For an account of Sillar's life and writings, see the “*Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns*,” Edinburgh, 1839. 8vo.

## CXC.

## ADDRESS TO A BLACKBIRD.

SEE the preceding note, CLXXXVI.—In addition to that note, it may be mentioned that Burns' “*Letters to Clarinda*” were first surreptitiously printed at Glasgow in 1802, 12mo; while the following extract from a recent edition of Burns' Works, by Mr R. Chambers, explains the origin of the correspondence. “In December 1787, the Poet became acquainted with Mrs M'Lehose, a young, beautiful, and talented woman, residing with an infant family in Edinburgh, while her husband was pushing his fortune in the West Indies. She first met the Poet in the house of a common friend in Alison's Square, Potterrow, at tea. The sprightly and intelligent character of the lady made a



powerful impression on the Poet, and she was, in turn, pleased to meet a man of such extraordinary genius. A friendship of the intellect and the more refined sentiments took place between them, and gave rise to a series of letters from Burns, of a peculiarly ardent and eloquent character, which afterwards found their way unauthorized into print, through the imprudence of a friend of the lady."

## CXCII.

## AULD ROB MORRIS.

THIS air occurs in a MS. collection, dated 1692, belonging to Mr Blaikie, Paisley, and is called "Jock the Laird's Brother."

## CXCVIII.

## CLARINDA.

FOR Mrs Meiklejohn, in Mr S.'s note, read Mrs M'Lehose. See above.

## CXCIX.

## CROMLET'S LILT.

"MR S. gives the history of this song from Mr Tytler's communication to Mr Riddell, preserved by Burns, and printed by Cromek; but he omits the concluding notice—'N.B. Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray, 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.'

"The following curious document concerning the seventeen brothers, has never been printed: it is indorsed, 'The Declaration of George Halley, concerning the Laird of Tullybardine's seventeen sons—1710.'

"At Tullibardine, the twenty-fifth day of April, one thousand, seven hundred and ten years; the declaration of George Halley, in Ochterarder, what he can say of the family of Tullibardine.

“ That the mother of the seventeen brethren was a daughter of Colquhoun of Luss, and that her arms are with the arms of Tullibardine, on the end of the chapple, being a ragged cross which fills the shield.

“ He says, that one of the Lairds of Tullibardine had seventeen sons with the said daughter of Colquhoun of Luss, who lived all to be men; and that they waited all one day upon their father at Stirling, to attend the King, with each of them one servant, and their father two. This happening shortly after an act was made by King James the Fifth, discharging any persons to travel with great numbers of attendants beside their own family, and having challenged the laird of Tullibardine for breaking the said act, he answered, he brought only his own sons, with their necessary attendants; with which the King was so well pleased, that he gave them small lands in heritage.

“ The said George Halley also declares, that the said Laird of Tullibardine gave to each of his seventeen sons some little lands in heritage, and that

“ 1. The eldest son succeeded his father.

“ 2. The second son was killed entering in at Ochtertyre's house, as he was making his escape from the Drummonds, with whom they were at feud, he being single, and severals of them pursuing him.

“ 3. The third son got the lands of Strowan, of whom the family of Strowan is come.

“ 4. The fourth son, as he thinks, got the lands of Tibbermore and Kildennie, which lies under Endermay.

“ 5. A son of this family was knighted, and made one of the Lords of the Council and Session.

“ 6. Another son married a daughter of the Earl of Gowrie's, who leaped the maiden leap at Hunting Tower,\*

\* “ The anecdote alluded to is thus told by Pennant:—‘ A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, much her inferior in rank and fortune; her family, though they gave no countenance to the match, permitted him to visit

and is buried in the church of Tibbermore, over against the pulpit, on the inside of the wall of the kirk, where her name and her husband's name are.

“ 7. Another got the lands of North Kinkell.

“ 8. Another got the lands of Ardbenie, of whom David Murray of Ardbenie is come.

“ 9. Another of the seventeen brothers got the lands of Ochtertyre.

“ 10. Another got the lands of Coug.

“ 11. Another got Craigten, which belong now to Ochtertyre.

“ 12. Another got the lands of Catteranoch, now called

them, and lodged him in a tower near another, in which was the young lady's chamber, but up a different staircase, and communicating with another part of the house. The lady, before the communicating doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment: but some one of the family having discovered it, told it to her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them: but the young lady hearing the well-known footsteps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the top of the leads, and taking a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet from the ground, lighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence, descending into her own chamber, she crept into her bed. Her mother having in vain sought for her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where finding her seemingly asleep, she apologised for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the next night, and was married. The top of the towers from and to which the lady leaped, are still shown under the appellation of the Maiden's Leap.”

“ This story was sometimes differently told: fear of an enraged father, with a drawn sword in his hand, being assigned as the reason of the lady's leap. An anecdote of the same kind, but still more wonderful, was formerly current in Annandale, respecting the old Tower of Comlongan. There, it was said, a rash young gentlewoman being surprised in similar circumstances, her father, as the old people expressed it, coming ‘ rampagin up the turnpike like onie wud bear, wi' a nakit swurd in his nieve,’ she ran to the top of the castle, and leaping down to the ground, got entrance at the front door, and was in her bed before her sire could descend from the battlements. The feline Venus of the Egyptians certainly proved propitious to those vaulting damsels. Alas, that she was so cruel to the chaster maid of Orleans, whose true leap from the battlements of Beaurevoir was unbroken by the pinions of Cupid, and almost cost her her life !”

(C. K. S.)

Ferntown. The heirs sold it to Humphrey Murray, brother to Humphrey Murray of Buchandy, who sold it again to Mr James Murray, minister at Logierait.

“ 13. Another got the lands of Carshead; who were such fighting men, they were obliged to sell their estates and go to Ireland.

“ 14. Another got the lands of Drimmie, in the parish of Foules.

“ 15. Another got the lands of Kintochoer, in the parish of Foules, being four chalder of victual.

“ 16. Another got the lands of Pitmanie.

“ 17. Another of the seventeen brethren being the Duke of Lennox's Chamberlain at Methven; his successor married the heirs of Buchandy, of whom the family of Buchandy is come.

“ George Halley says, that Sir William Murray of Tul-libardine, having broke Argyle's face with the hilt of his sword, in King James the Sixth's presence, was obliged to leave the kingdom. After, the King's mails and slaughter cows was not paid, neither could any subject in the realm be able to compel those who were bound to pay them; upon which the King cried out—‘ O, if I had Will Murray again, he would soon get my maills and slaughter cows;’ to which one standing by replied—‘ That if his Majesty would not take Sir William Murray's life, he might return shortly.’ To which the King answered—‘ He would be loath to take his life, for he had not another subject like him.’ Upon which promise Sir William Murray returned, and got a commission from the King to go to the North, and lift up the maills and the cows; which he speedily did, to the great satisfaction of the King, so that immediately after he was made Lord Comptroller. Sir William Murray, my Lord Comptroller's father, being in the wars.”

“ This account does not tally with the common Scottish Peerages, nor with Nisbet's account of the Athol family;



in which, however, he mentions the tradition of the seventeen sons.—(*Syst. of Heraldry*, vol. ii. p. 197.)—(C.K.S.)

CC.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

CROMEK found the first eight lines of this song among Burns's MSS. ; and he published it as a "Fragment" by the Ayrshire bard, obviously unaware that the entire song had been previously included in the present work.









