

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 IV.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1892-1893

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THE SCOTS
Singing Bales
Musical Museum
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Bales for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Specially Dedicated
To the Society

— O F —
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

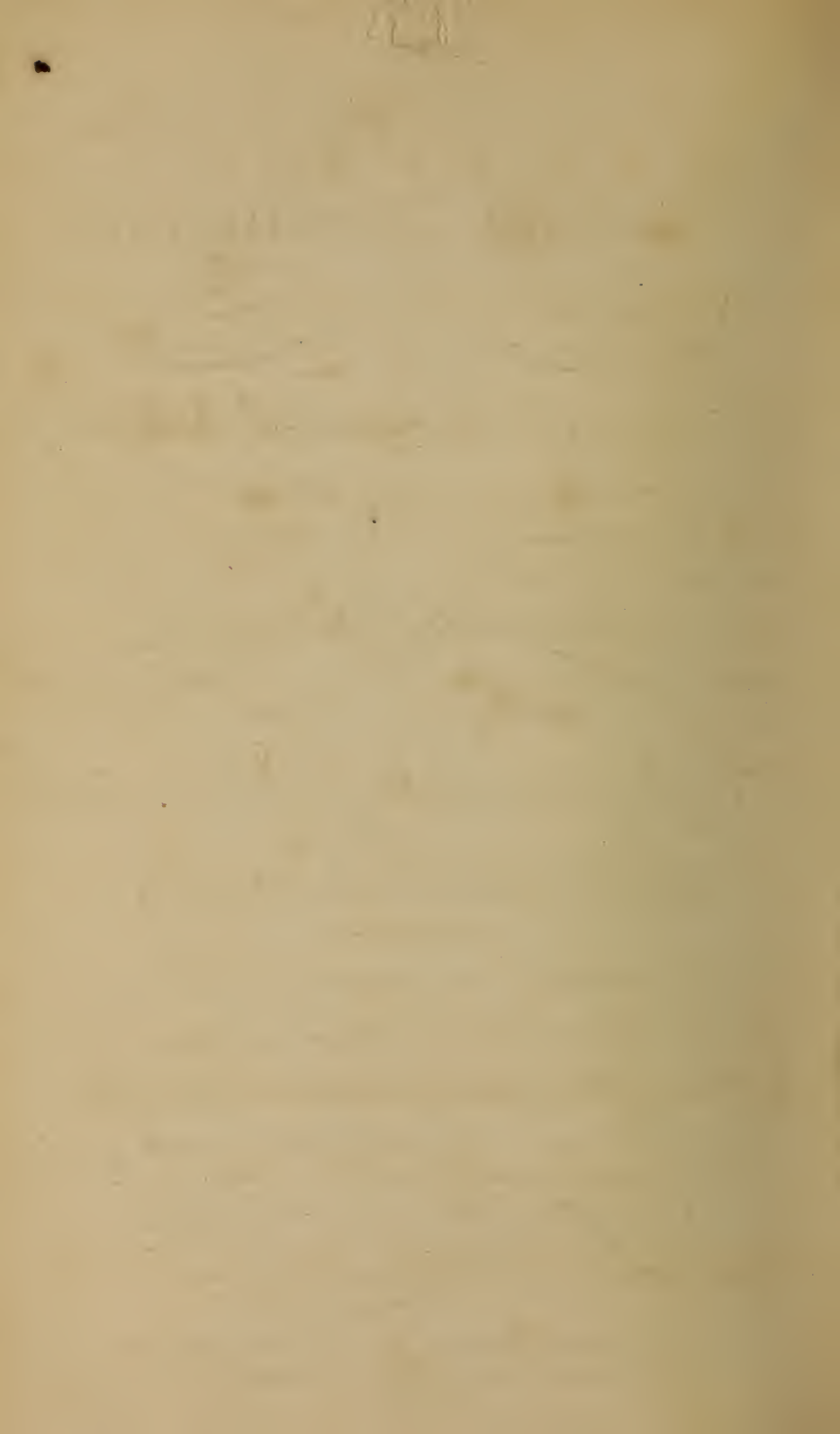
In this Publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume IV. Pr. 7

Butterworth,

Script.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at
T. PRESTON N^o 97 Strand LONDON, M^{rs} FADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal
Music Sellers.



P R E F A C E.

WHEN the Editor Published the third Volume of this work, he had reason to conclude that one volume more would finish the Publication. — Still however, he has a considerable number of Scots Airs and Songs more than his plan allowed him to include in this fourth volume. — These, though in all probability they will not amount to what he has hitherto published as one volume, he shall yet give to the world; that the Scots Musical Museum may be a Collection of every Scots Song extant. — To those who object that his Publication contains pieces of inferior, or little value, the Editor answers, by referring to his plan — All our Songs cannot have equal merit. Besides, as the world have not yet agreed on any unerring balance, any undisputed standard, in matters of Taste, what to one person yields no manner of pleasure, may to another be a high enjoyment.

Edin^r August 13. 1792.

Entered in Stationer's Hall.

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As the authentic Prose history of the Whistle is curious, we shall here subjoin it. - In the train of Anne, Princess of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with her husband, James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic Stature and great prowess, and a matchless devotee of Bacchus:

He had a curious ebony Ca^s, or Whistle, which, at the beginning of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow the Whistle, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. - The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts of Germany; and challenged the Scottish Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. - After many overthrows on the part of the Scots the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present Sir Robert, who after three days & nights Claret-shed, left the scandinavian dead-drunk, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem thrill." - Sir Walter Lowrie, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married the sister of Sir Walter. - On Friday, the Sixteenth of October 1790, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton; Rob^t Riddel Esq^t of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose Family it had continued; and Alex^r Ferguson, Esq^t of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the Field.

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Craigie-burn Wood.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N^o 301

* Sweet closes the evening on' Craigie-burn wood, And blythely

Slow with much expression.

awaukens the morrow; But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-

- wood, Can yield me nothing but sorrow. Beyond thee dear- ie be-

- yond thee, dearie, And O! to be lying beyond thee, O sweetly, soundly

weel may he sleep, That's laid in the bed be- yond thee.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
I dare na for your anger:
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie,
But Oh, what will my torments be,

If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou loes nane before me:
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

Frac the friends and Land I love.

302

Tune, Carron Side

Frac the friends and Land I love, Driv'n by Fortunes

Very Slow & Plaintive.

fel-ly spite, Frae my best Belov'd I rove never mair to taste delight

Never mair maun hope to find Ease frae toil, re- lief frae care

When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but un- vail Despair

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Defart ilka blooming shore;
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, Love and Peace restore.
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
 Bring our Banished hame again;
 And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

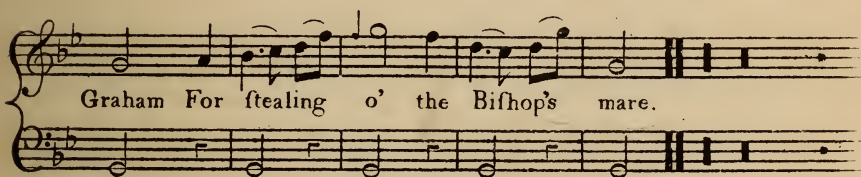
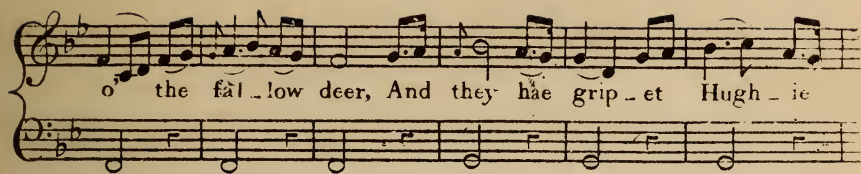
Hughie Graham.

303

* Our lords are to the mountains gane, A hunt-ing

Slow

Continued.



And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

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

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

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

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

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

They've taen him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,

Yet never colourleft his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Goddeſs Woman.

Tune, The Butcher boy.

304

* O' mighty Nature's handy-warks, The common, or un-

Slowly

- com - mon, There's nocht thro' a her lim - its wide Can

be com - pard' to: Woman.. The Farmer toils the Merchant

trokes, Frae daw - in to the gloamin; The Farmer's pains, the

Merchant's cares, Are baith to pleaſe a Woman.

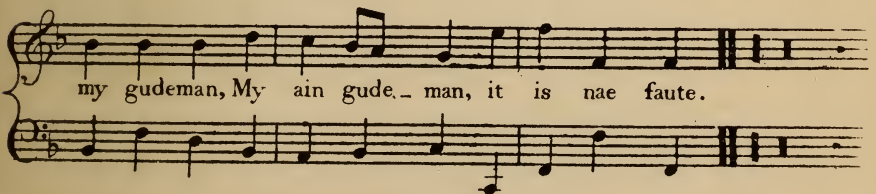
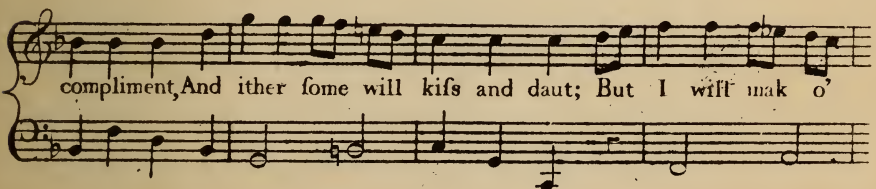
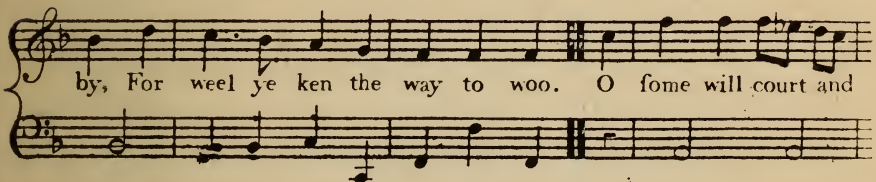
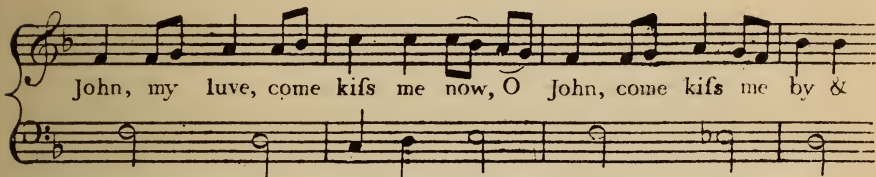
The Sailor ſpreads the daring ſail,
Thro' angry ſeas a foaming,
The jewels, gems o' foreign ſhores,
He gieſ to pleaſe a Woman.

The Sodge fights o'er crimſon fields, Tho' I had a' e'er man poſſeſs'd,
In diſtant climates roaming; Barbarian, Greek, or Roman;
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down, It wad nae a' be worth a ſtrae,
Before all-conquering Woman. Without my goddeſs, Woman;

A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,
Wi' other men in common,
He flings aſide his crown, and kneels
A Subject to a Woman.

John come Kifs me now.

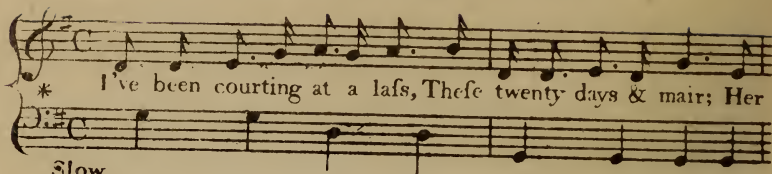
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O some will court and compliment,
 And ither some will prie their mou,
 And some will haufe in ither's arms,
 And that's the way I like to do.
 O John &c.

Coming through the Rye
 I've been Courting at a lafs.

306



Slow

* I've been courting at a lafs, These twenty days & mair; Her
 father winna gie me her, She's sick a gleib o' gear. But

gin I had her where I wou'd Amang, the he_ther here, I'd

strive to win her kind_nefs, For a' her father's care.

For the's a bonny sonfy lafs.

An armfu' I swear;

I wou'd marry her without a coat,

Or e'er a plack o' gear.

For wadst me, when I saw her first,

She gae me sick a wound,

That a' the doctors i' the earth

Can never mak me sound.

For when she's absent frae my sight,

I think upon her still;

And when I sleep, or when I wake,

She does my senses fill.

May Heavens guard the bonny lafs

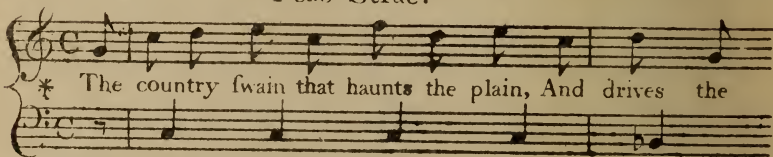
That sweetens a' my life;

And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek

Anither for my wife.

Peas Strae.

307



Lively

* The country swain that haunts the plain, And drives the
 light_some plow; At night though tir'd, with love all fir'd, He

Continued.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system begins with a double bar line and a key signature change. The second system continues the melody. The third system also continues the melody. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final double bar line.

views the lassie's brow. When morning comes, instead of drums, The
 flails flap merrilie; To raise the maids out o' their beds, To shake the pease-
 -strae. When morning comes, instead of drums, The flails flap merrilie; To
 raise the maids out o' their beds To shake the pease-strae.

Fair Jenny raise, pat on her claise,
 Syne tuned her voice to sing;
 She sang sae sweet, wi' notes compleat,
 Gard a' the echoes ring;
 And a' the males lay by their flails,
 And dance most merrily;
 And bless the hour that she had power
 To shake the pease-strae.

The musing swain disturb'd in brain,
 Fast to her arms he flew,
 And strave a while, then wi' a smile,
 Sweet Jenny red in hue,
 She said right aft, I think ye're daft,
 That tempts a lassie sae;
 Ye'll do me wrang, pray let me gang,
 And shake the pease-strae.

My heart, said he, fair wounded be,
 For thee, my Jenny fair;
 Without a jest, I get nae rest,
 My bed it proves a snare.

Thy image fine, presents me syne,
 And takes a' rest me frae;
 And while I dream, in your esteem
 You reckon me your sae.

Which is a sign ye will be mine,
 Dear Jenny say nae na;
 But soon comply, or else I die,
 Sae tell me but a flaw,
 If you can love, for none above
 Thee I can fancy sae,
 I would be blest if I but wist
 That you would shake my strae

Then Jenny smil'd, said, you're beguild
 I canna fancy thee;
 My minny, bauld, she would me scould
 Sae dinna die for me.
 But yet I own I am near grown,
 A woman; since its fae,
 I'll marry thee, syne you'll get me
 To shake your pease strae

A Southland Jenny.

308

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are: 'A South-land Jenny that was right bo-nie, She'. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics: 'had for a fuit-or a Nor-land John-ie, But'. The third system has the lyrics: 'he was fick-en a bafh-full woo-er That'. The fourth system concludes the phrase with the lyrics: 'he could scarce-ly speak un-to her.' The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

Slow

A South-land Jenny that was right bo-nie, She
 had for a fuit-or a Nor-land John-ie, But
 he was fick-en a bafh-full woo-er That
 he could scarce-ly speak un-to her.

But blinks o' her beauty and hopes o' her filler,
 Forced him at last to tell his mind till her:
 My Dear, quo he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can lo'e me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

Come awa then, my Norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neat, some are mair gaudy;
 Altho' I hae neither land nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

Ye lasses o' the South, ye're a' for dresin;
 Lasses o' the North mind milkin and tareshin:
 My minnie wad be angry, and fae wad my daddie,
 Should I marry ane as dink as a lady.

I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the mornin,
 Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a scauldin,
 Tulzie wi' her neebors, and learn at my minnie,
 A Norland Jockie maun hae a Norland Jenny.

My father's only dochter, wi' farms and filler ready,
 Wad be ill bestowed upon sic a clownish body;
 A' that I said was to try what was in thee,
 Gae hame, ye Norland Jockie, and court your Norland Jenny!

Cock up your Beaver.

309

When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, He

Slowish

had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown, But now he has gotten a

hat and a feather, Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush; We'll

o - ver the bor - der and gie them a brush; There's

some - bo - dy there we'll teach better be - haviour,

Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver.

O laddie I maun lo'e thee.

310

* O laddie I maun lo'e thee, O lalsie lo'e na me;

O laddie I maun lo'e thee, O lalsie lo'e na me, fôr the

lalsie wi' the yellow cottie has ta'en away my heart frae me.



Let me in this ae night.

311

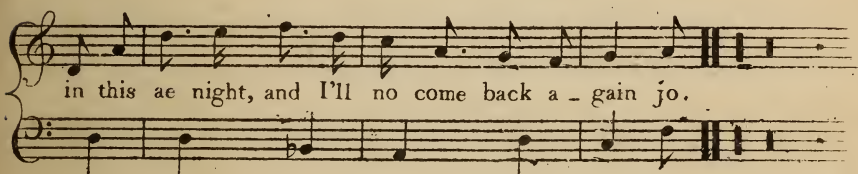
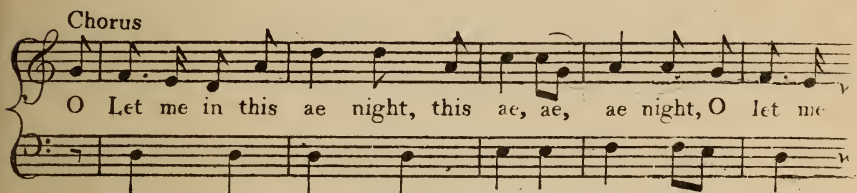
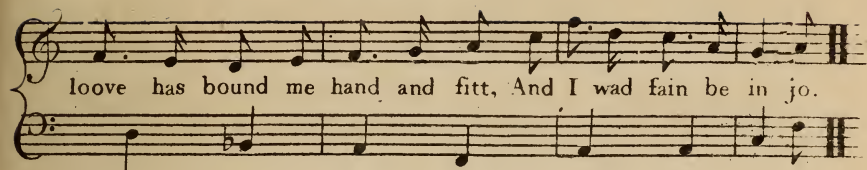
Chorus
* O let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night; O

Slowish

let me in this ae night, and I'll no come back a-gain, jo. O

lalsie are ye fleepin yet, Or are ye waukin, I wad wit, For

Continued.



The morn it is the term-day,
I maun awa, I canna stay,
O pity me before I gae,
And rife and let me in, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

The night it is baith cauld and weet,
The morn it will be snaw and fleet,
My shoon are frozen to my feet
In standing here my lane, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

I am the laird o' Windy-wa's,
I cam na here without a cause,
And I hae gotten mony fa's
In comin thro' the plain, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

"My father's walking in the street,
"My mither the chamber keys does keep,
"My chamber-door does chirp and cheep,

"I daur na let you in, jo.
Cho.^s "O gae your ways this ae night,
"This ae, ae, ae night;
"O gae your ways this ae night,
"For I daur na let you in, jo"

But I'll come stealing fastly in,
And cannily mak little din;
My fittstep-tread there's nane can ken
For the fughin wind and rain, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

"Caft up the door unto the weet,
"Caft aff your shoon frae aff your feet
"Syne to my chamber ye may creep.
"But ye maunna do't again, jo.
Cho.^s O Leeze me on this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night!
The joys we've had this ae night,
Your chamber was within, jo.

My Tochers the Jewel.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

312

O meikle thinks my Luvè o' my beauty, And
meikle thinks my Luvè o' my kin; But little thinks my Luvè,
I ken brawlie, My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; It's a' for the hiney he'll
cherish the bee, My laddie's fae meikle in love wi' the filler, He
can-na hae luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me;

Then Guidwife count the lawin.
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

313

* Gane is the day and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er

Lively

stray for faute o' light, For ale and bran-dy's stars and moon, And

Chorus

blude red wine's the ryfin Sun. Then guid-wife count the

law-in, the law-in, the law-in, Then guidwife count the

law-in, and bring a cog-gie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And femples-folk maun fecht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Cho.^s Then goodwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

Cho.^s Then goodwife count, &c.

The Whistle.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

314

* I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I

Slowish

sing of a Whistle the pride of the North, Was brought to the court

of our good Scottish king & long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring

Fal de dal lal lal lay & long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

* Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall -
 "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
 "And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more, Fal de dal &c.

Old Poets have sung, and old Chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell:
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill, Fal de dal &c.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he, Fal de dal &c.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
 Which now in his house has for ages remain'd,
 Till three noble Chieftans, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew'd, Fal de dal &c.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw,
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth and law;
 And trusty Glenriddel, so vers'd in old coins;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines. Fal de dal &c.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil,

* See, Ossian's Caruc thura

Continued.

Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more in claret try which was the man. Fal de dal &c.

By the gods of the Ancients! Glenriddel replies,
Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, ✱
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er! Fal de dal &c.

Sir Robert, a Soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe — or his friend,
Said, tofs down the Whistle prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. Fal de dal &c.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit and taste of a sweet lovely Dame, Fal de dal &c.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day:
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been. Fal de dal &c.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy,
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet. Fal de dal &c.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,
Bright Phebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn. Fal de dal &c.

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their Ancestor did. Fal de dal &c.

Then worthy Glenriddel so cautious and sage
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine. Fal de dal &c.

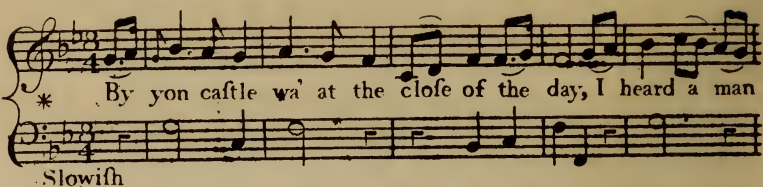
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,
But who can with Fate and quart-bumpers contend;
Tho' Fate said, a hero should perish in light,
So uprose bright Phebus — and down fell the Knight. Fal de dal &c.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink,
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when Creation shall sink!
"But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime." Fal de dal &c.

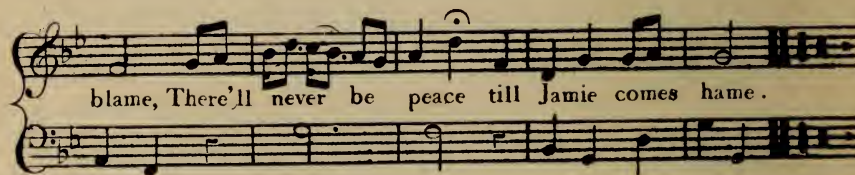
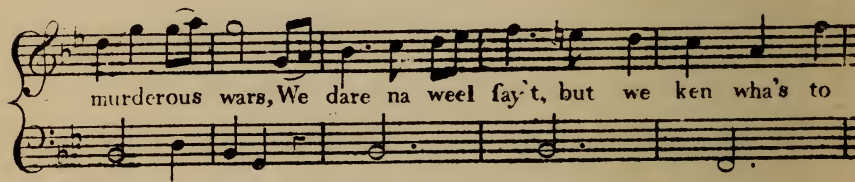
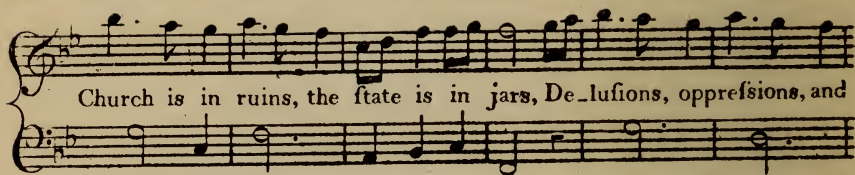
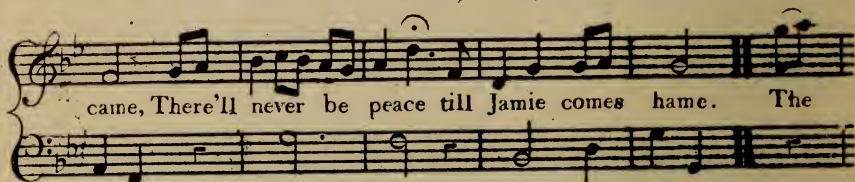
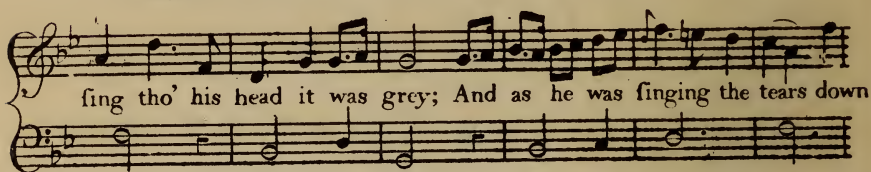
"Thy Line that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
"Shall Heroes and Patriots ever produce:
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay,
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day! Fal de dal &c.
✱ See Johnson's tour through Scotland.

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

315



Slowly

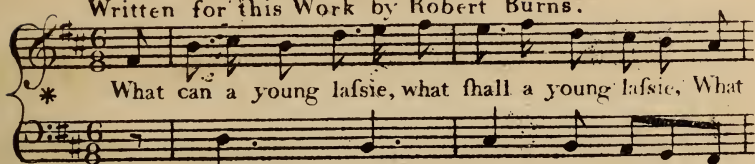


My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld Dame,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the same,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

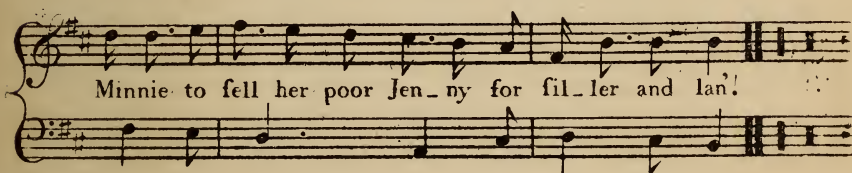
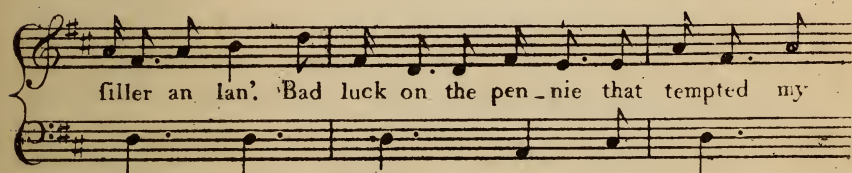
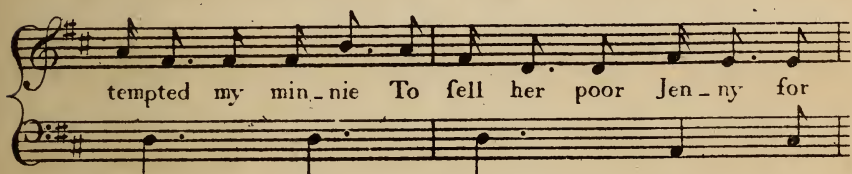
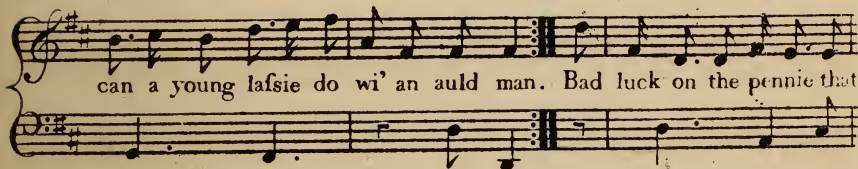
What can a young lalsie do wi' an auld man.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

316



Lively but not too fast



He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,

He hofsts and he hirpls the weary day lang;

He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,

O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I can;

He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,

O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,

I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;

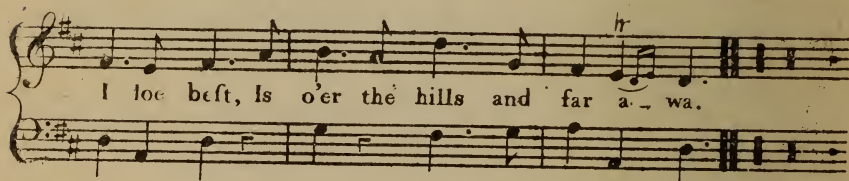
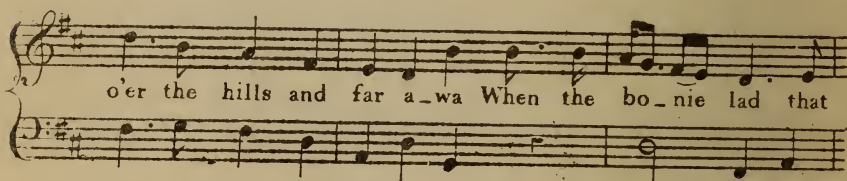
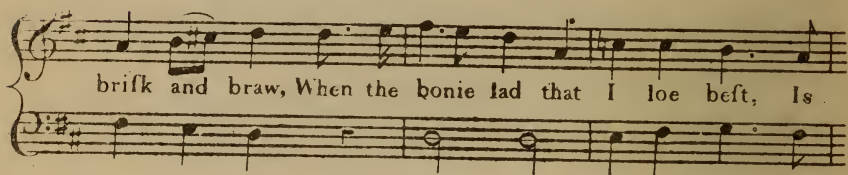
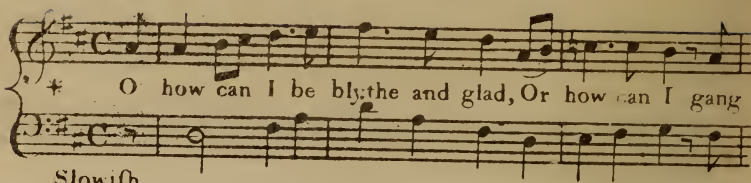
I'll cros him, and wrack him untill I heart break him,

And then his auld brafs will buy me a new pan,

R

The bonie lad that's far awa.

317



My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a;
 But there is ane will tak my part,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.
 But there &c.

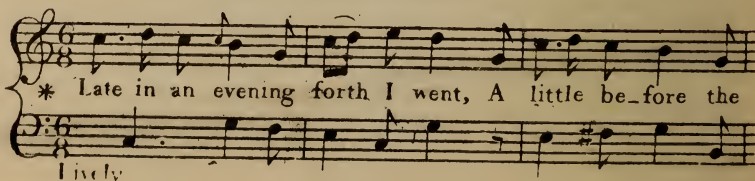
A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
 And fitken snoods he gae me twa,
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.
 And I will &c.

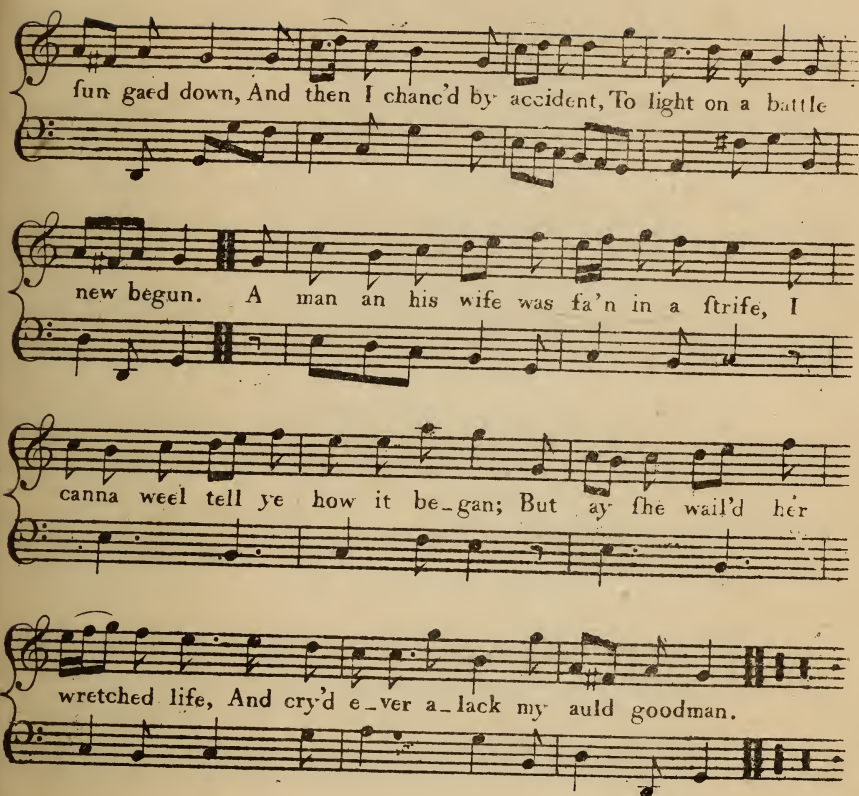
O weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken shaw;
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.
 And my &c.

X

The Auld Goodman.

318.





fun gaed down, And then I chanc'd by accident, To light on a battle
new begun. A man an his wife was fa'n in a strife, I
canna weel tell ye how it be-gan; But ay she wail'd her
wretched life, And cry'd e-ver a-lack my auld goodman.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
For he did spend and mak an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winsome John,
His blinken ee, and gait sae free, (drone.
Was naething like thee, thou dozend-
His rosy face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thoult never be like my auld goodman.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear'gins to grow scant,

Of household stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pat nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair o' thy auld goodman.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,
To think on these blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay,
In arms into a weel made bed:
But now I figh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
And thoult ne'er be like my auld good-
(man.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his way.
I trow the wife the day she wan.
And ay the o'erword o' the fray
Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

O as I was kilt yestreen.

319

O, as I was kilt ye-fstreen, O, as I was

Lively

kilt yestreen! I'll never forget till the day that I die, Sae

-mony braw kiffes his Grace gae me, My Father was sleeping, my

mither was out, And I was my-lane, and in came the Duke; I'll

never forget till the day that I die, Sae mony braw kiffes his Grace gae me.

Kilt the fstreen, kilt the fstreen,

Up' the Gallowgate, down the Green:

I'll never forget till the day that I die,

Sae mony braw kiffes his Grace gae me.

Fine flowers in the Valley.

320 * She sat down be_low a thorn, Fine flowers in the

Very Slow

val-ley And there she has her sweet babe born And the

green leaves they grow rare - ly.

Smile na fae sweet, my bonie babe

Fine flowers in the valley,

And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,

And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's taen out her little penknife

Fine flowers, &c.

And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life.

And the green, &c.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,

Fine flowers, &c.

And there she's buried her sweet babe in,

And the green, &c.

As she was going to the church,

Fine flowers, &c.

She saw a sweet babe in the porch.

And the green, &c.

O sweet babe and thou were mine,

Fine flowers, &c.

I wad cleed thee in the filk so fine.

And the green, &c.

O mother dear, when I was thine,

Fine flowers, &c.

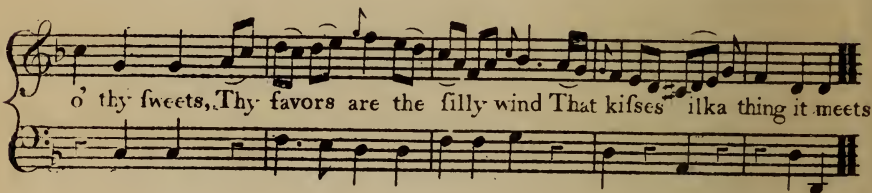
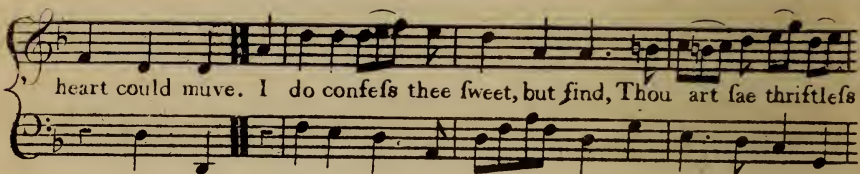
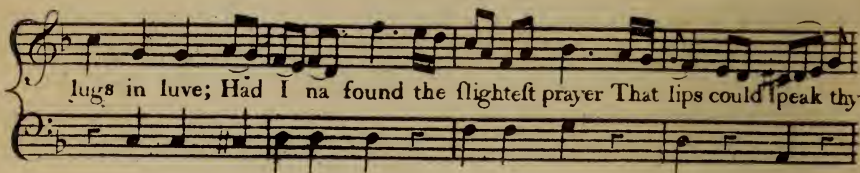
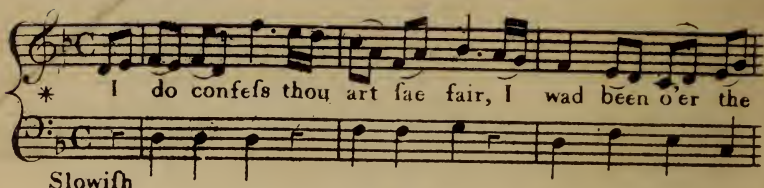
You did na prove to me fae kind.

And the green, &c.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

I do confefs thou art fae fair.

321

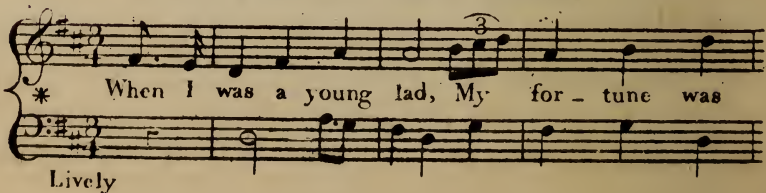


See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Among its native briers fae coy,
 How fune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate e'er lang shall thee betide;
 Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while,
 Yet fune thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like any common weed and vile.

Z

If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.

322



Continued.

bad if e'er I do well 'tis a won - - der I

spent all my means On whores, bawds, and queans; Then I got a com -

- mission to plun - - der I spent all my means on whores, bawds, &

queans; Then I got a commissi - on to plun - - der.

The hat I have on,
 So greasy is grown,
 Remarkable 'tis for its shining;
 'Tis stitch'd all about,
 Without button or lopp,
 And never a bit of a lining.

The coat I have on,
 So thread-bare is grown,
 So out at the armpits and elbows,
 That I look as absurd
 As a sailor on board,
 That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilboes. Confounded be the upper-leather.

My shirt it is tore
 Both behind and before,
 The colour is much like a cinder;
 'Tis so thin and so fine,
 That it is my design
 To present it to the muses for tinder.

My blue fustian breeches
 Is wore to the stitches,
 My legs you may see what's between them;
 My pockets all four,
 I'm the son of a whore,
 If there's ever one farthing within them.

I have stockings, 'tis true,
 But the devil a shoe,
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather,
 Be damn'd the boot soal,
 Curse on the spur-roll,
 Confounded be the upper-leather.

Had ye then but seen
 The sad plight I was in,
 Yed not seen such a poet amongst twenty;
 I have nothing that's full,
 But my shirt and my skull,
 For my pockets and belly are empty.

The Soger Laddie.

323 * My soger laddie is over the sea, And he'll bring gold &
Lively

money to me; And when he comes hame, he'll make me a Lady, My

blefsings gang wi' my soger laddie. My dough'ty laddie is

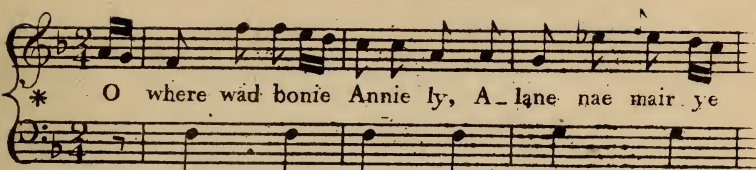
handsome and brave, & can as a soger & lover behave; He's true to his

country, to love he is steddly, There's few to compare wi' my soger laddie.

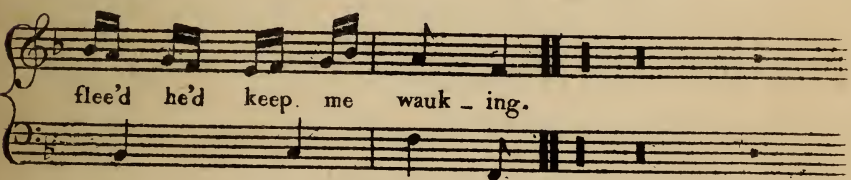
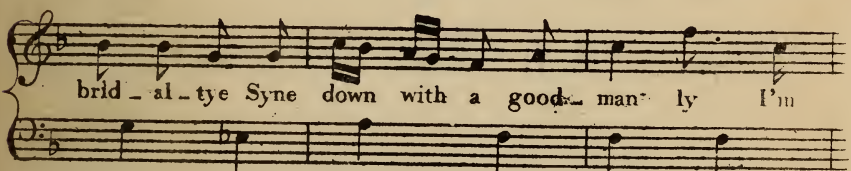
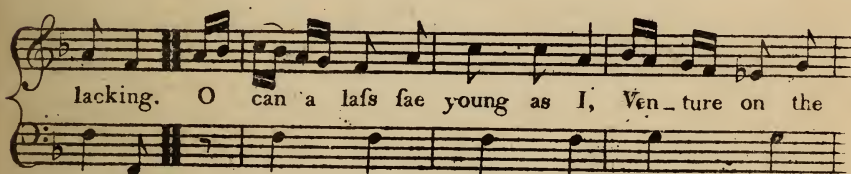
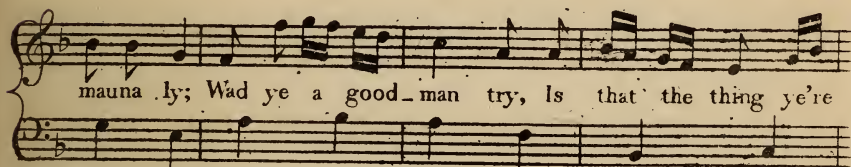
O Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.
O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

Where wad bonie Annie ly.

324



Lively



Never judge until ye try,
 Mak me your good-man, I
 Shanna hinder you to ly,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
 When the 'hoboy's are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I'm faint and iry.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
 When thou wakrife art, or dry,
 Healthy cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

To your will I then comply,
 Join us, priest, and let me try,
 How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
 Wha can a cordial gi'e me.

Galloway Tam

325

* O Galloway Tam came here to woo, I'd rather wed gin him the
Lively

brawnit cow; For our lafs Befs may curfe & ban, The wanton wit o'

Galloway Tam. O Gal-loway Tam came here to shear, I'd

rather wed gin him the gude gray mare, He kist the gudewife and

strack the gudeman, And thats the tricks o' Galloway Tam.



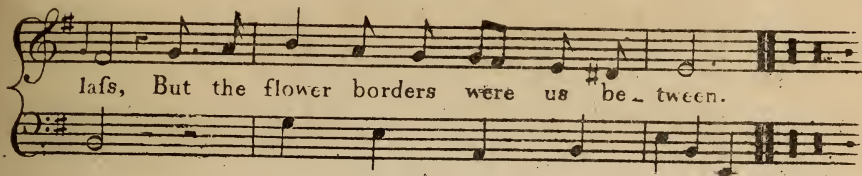
As I cam down by yon cafile wa',

326

* As I cam down by yon castle wa', And
Very Slow

in by yon gar-den green, O there I spied a bony bony

Continued.

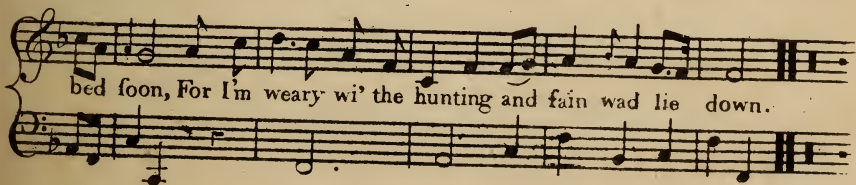
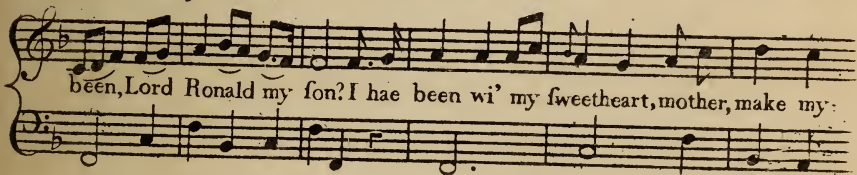
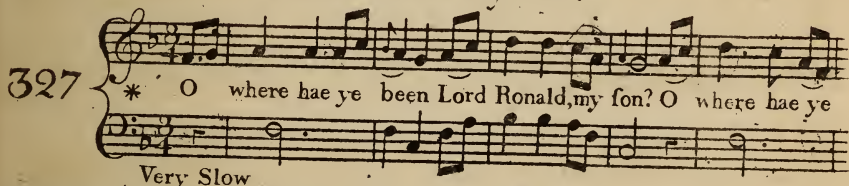


A bony bony lafsie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see:
 O five hundred pounds would I give,
 For to have fuch a pretty bride as thee. He maun learn at the man that wad
 (- buy.

To have fuch a pretty bride as me,
 Young man ye are fairly mifta'en;
 Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I wad difdain to be your queen

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And herry a far richer neft:
 Tak this advice, o' me bony lafs,
 Humility wad fet thee beft.

Lord Ronald my fon.



What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my fon.
 What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my fon.
 I hae got deadly poifon, mother, make my bed foen;
 For life is a burden that foen I'll lay down.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

O'er the moor among the heather.

328 * Comin' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bo-ny

Lively, but Slow.

blooming heather, There I met a bonie lassie Keeping a' her

Chorus.
yowes the gether O'er the moor a-mang the heather,

O'er the moor a-mang the heather, There I met a

bo-nie lassie keeping a' her yowes the-gither.

Says I my dear whare is thy hame,
In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether,
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.

Cho^s O'er the moor, &c.

O'er the moor, &c.

She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Among the bonie blooming heather.

Cho^s O'er the moor, &c.

O'er the moor, &c.

She left her flocks at large to rove,
Among the bonie blooming heather.

While thus we lay the sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, o'er the moor among the heather

Cho^s O'er the moor, &c.

O'er the moor, &c.

And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, o'er the moor among the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay finfyne
I could na think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonie lass among the heather.

Cho^s O'er the moor, &c.

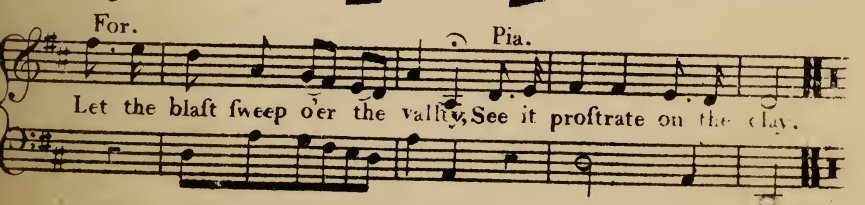
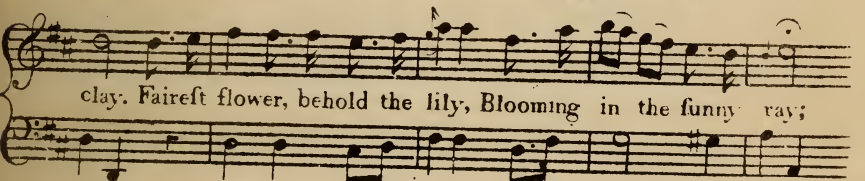
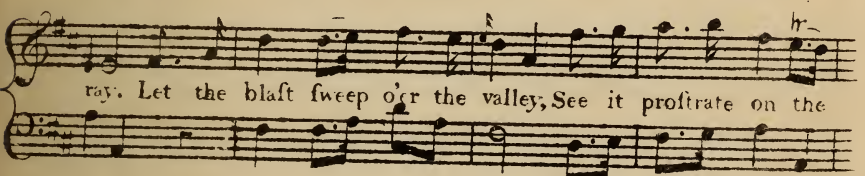
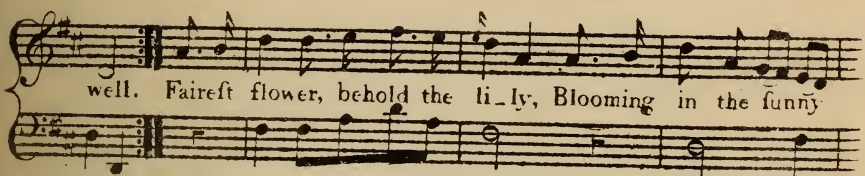
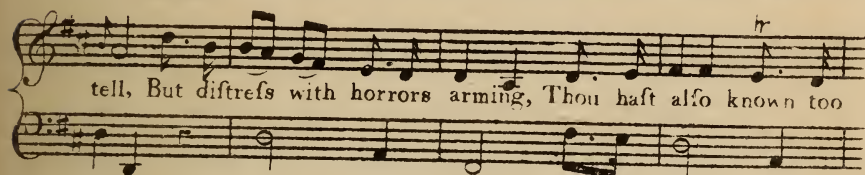
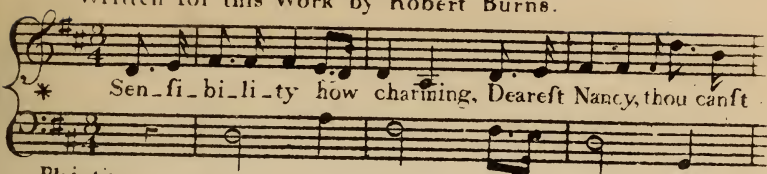
O'er the moor, &c.

By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonie lass among the heather.

Sensibility how charming.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

329



Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
:S. Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer Feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe. :S:

To the Rose bud

330 * All Hail to thee thou baw-my bud, Thou charming

Slow

child O simmer Hail; Ilk fra-grant Thorn and iof-ty

wood Does nod thy wel-come to the Vale.

See on thy lovely faulted form
Glad Phæbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll pou thee frae thy thorny stem;
A while thou'lt grace her Virgin breast
But soon thou'lt fade my bonny gem.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower
Wi' fangs of joy thy presence hail,
Then haste thou bawmy fragrant flower
And gie thy bosom to the gale.

Ah short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate alas thou must.
Bright emblem of the Virgin train,
Thou blooms alas, to mix wi' dust.

And see the fair industrious Bee,
With airy wheel and soothing hum,
Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree.
While gentle breezes trembling come.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That Beauty like the simmer's rose
In time shall wither and decay.

You wild mossy mountains.

331 * You wild, mos-sy mountains sae lof-ty and wide, That

Slow

nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, Where the

grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather, to feed, And the

shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed: Where the

grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed, And the

shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely, sequestred stream,
 Resides a sweet Lalsie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath,
 For there, wi' my Lalsie, the day-lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sina' is her share;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I loe the dear Lalsie because she loes me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
 And when Wit and Refinement has polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
 And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my Lalsie's all-conquering charms.

Bonie laddie Highland laddie.

332 * I hae been at Croo_kie_den, My bon_ie lad_die

Lively

Highland laddie, Viewing Willie and his men my bonie laddie

High_land lad_die. There our faes that burnt and flew, My

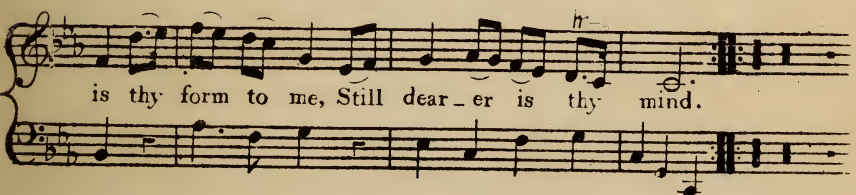
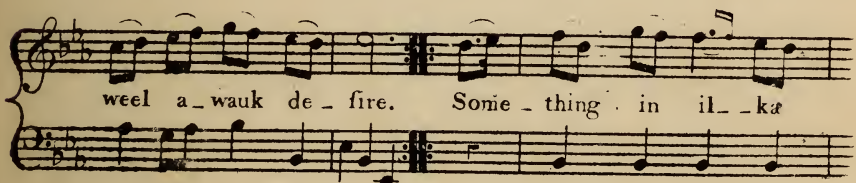
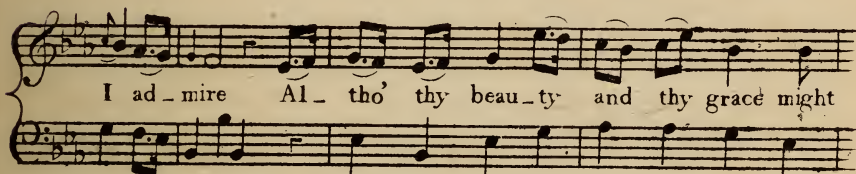
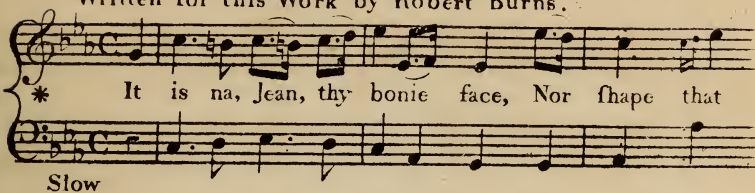
bo_nie lad_die High_land lad_die There, at last, they

gat there due, My bonie lad_die Highland laddie.

Satan fits in his black neuk,
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Tho' bloody monster gae a yell,
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell!
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

333



Nae mair ungen'rous with I hae,

Nor stronger in my breast,

Than, if I canna mak thee fae,

At least to see thee blest.

Content am I, if Heaven shall give

But happiness to thee:

And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,

For thee I'd bear to die.

Donald Couper.

334

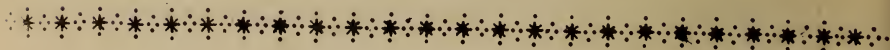
* Hey Donald how Donald, Hey Donald Couper; He's
Canty

gane a_wa to seek a wife and he's come hame with_out her.

O Donald Couper and his man, Held to a Highland fair, man, And

a to seek a bo_nie lass, But fient a' ane was there, man.,

At length he got a Carlin gray,
And she's come hirplin hame, man;
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet stool,
And brak her rumple-bane, man.
Hey Donald &c.



The Vain Pursuit.

335

For_bear gentle youth to pursue me in vain Thy anguish I
Very Plaintive.

pity but cannot re_move, the ills I in_flict I am doom'd to suf_

-tain Nor shalt thou a_lone be the victim of love My Sandy was
 beau_tiful happy and wife in ev_ry accomplishment destined to
 shine He had wit for all tastes he had charms for all eyes a_
 -las the dear youth was too charming for mine.

He saw me he lov'd me, his passion confess'd,
 The soft declaration still sounds in my ear;
 My image, he said, on his soul was impress'd,
 And faithful his flame, as his heart was sincere.
 His wishes tho' fond, I as fondly repaid,
 For oh! a warm heart it is easy to gain,
 Which kind professions already persuade,
 Our pleasure was mutual and mutual our pain.

Still fortune relentless our union denied,
 In quest of more treasure to India he went,
 But there, hapless youth, to my sorrow he died,
 And left me for ever his fate to lament.
 Gay hopes, and delightful presages adieu,
 Adieu ye soft whispers of tender desire;
 From thee my dear swain these emotions first grew,
 In deep disappointment with thee they expire.

Eppie M^c Nab.

336

* O faw ye my dearie my Eppie M^c Nab. O faw ye my

Slow

dearie my Eppie M^c Nab. She's down in the yard, she's

kissin the Laird, She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me my Eppie M^c Nab; O come thy ways

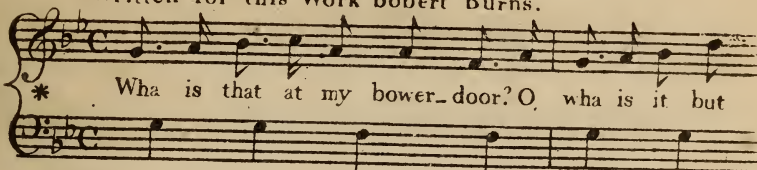
to me my Eppie M^c Nab; What_e'er thou has done, be it

late be it soon, Thou's welcome a_gain to thy ain Jock Rab.

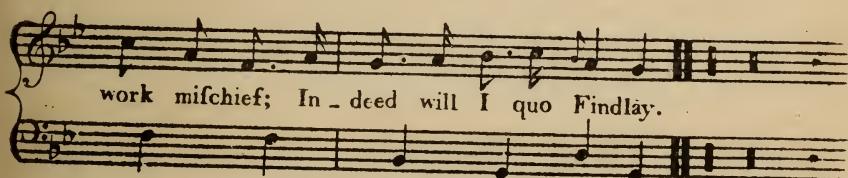
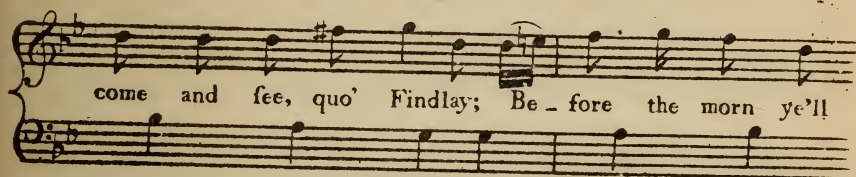
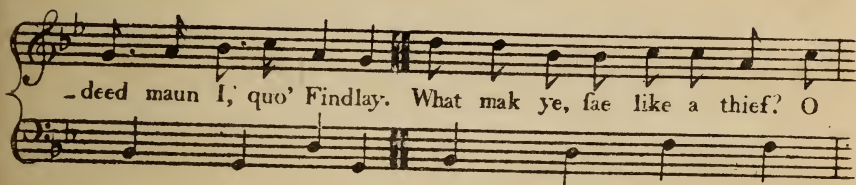
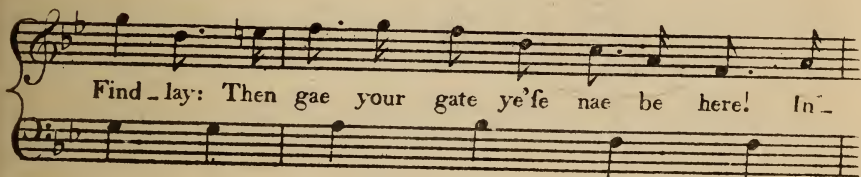
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M^c Nab.
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M^c Nab.
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M^c Nab!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M^c Nab!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

Wha is, that at my bower door
Written for this Work b Robert Burns.

337



Lively



Gif I rise and let you in,
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay,
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dreä ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour!
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Thou art gane awa.

338

Thou art gane a_wa thou art gane a_wa, Thou art

gane a_wa frae me Ma_ry, nor friends nor I could

make thee stay, Thou hast chea_ted them and me Ma_ry.

Un_til this hour I ne_ver thought That ought could

al_ter thee, Ma_ry, Thou'rt still the Miftrefs of my

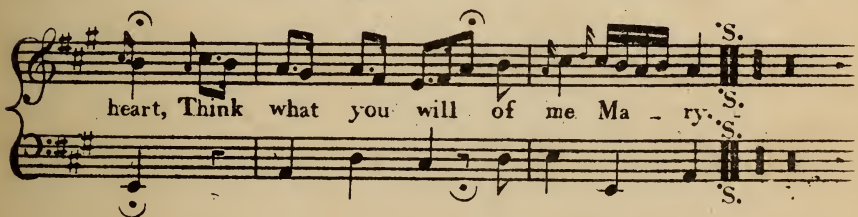
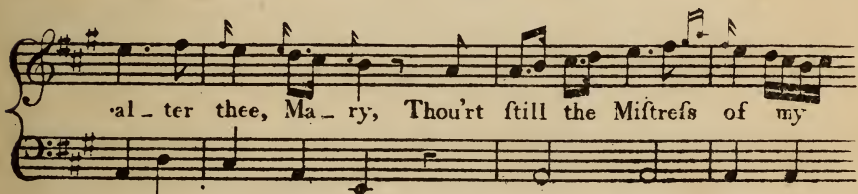
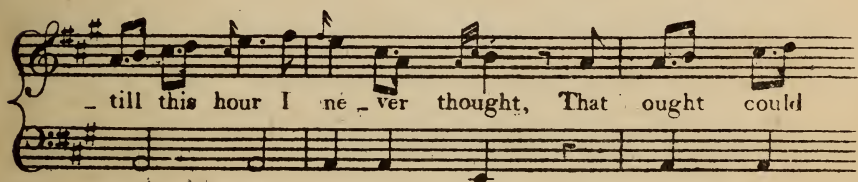
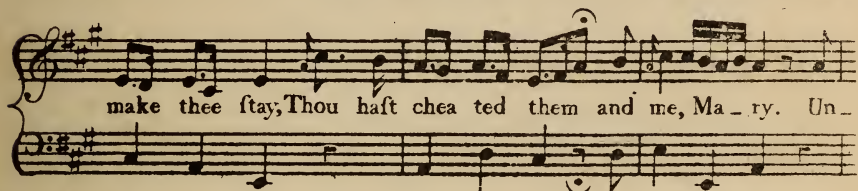
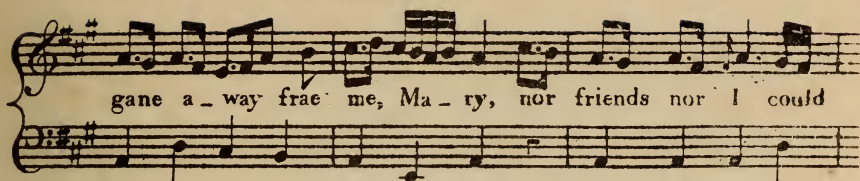
heart, Think what you will of me, Ma_ry.

Thou art gane awa, New Sett.

339

Thou art gane a_wa thou art gane a_wa, Thou art

Continued.



What e'er he said or might pretend,	Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
That staw that heart o' thine, Mary;	I'll lo'e nae maïd but thee, Mary;
True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,	Let friends forget, as I forgive
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.	Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
I spake sincere nor flatter'd much,	So then fareweel! of this be sure,
Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary,	Since you've been false to me, Mary:
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;	For a' the world I'd not endure,
No I lov'd only thee, Mary.	Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

The tears I shed &c.

340

* The tears I shed must ev-er fall, I mourn not for an

Slow with expression

ab-sent swain, For thought may past delights recall, And par-ted

lovers meet a-gain I weep not for the fi-lent dead, their

toils are past, their sorrows o'er, And those they lov'd their steps shall

tread, And death shall join-and death shall join to part no more.

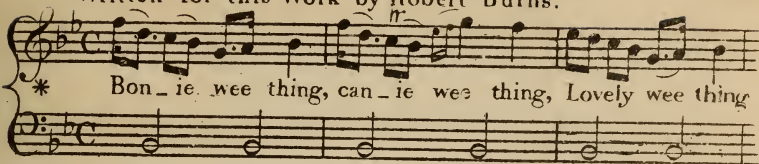
Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,	Even conscious virtue cannot cure
If certain that his heart is near,	The pangs to every feeling due:
A conscious transport glads each scene,	Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.	To steal a heart, and break it too.
Even when by Death's cold hand remov'd,	In vain does memory renew,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb;	The hours once ting'd in transports dye;
To think that even in death he lov'd,	The sad reverse soon starts to view,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.	And turns the thought to agony.

But bitter, bitter are the tears,
 Of her who slighted love bewails;
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy:
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

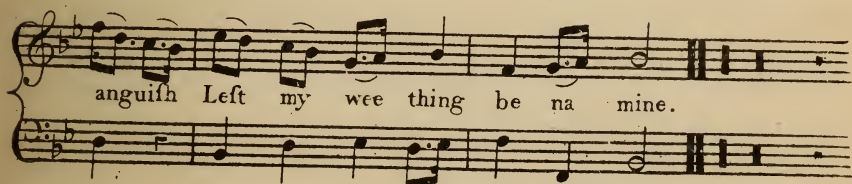
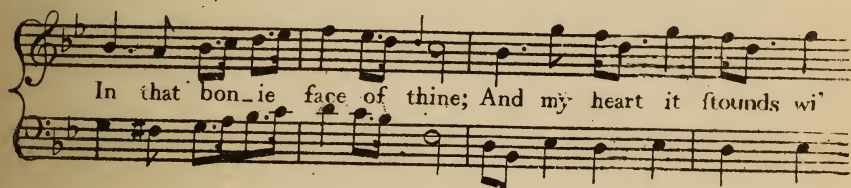
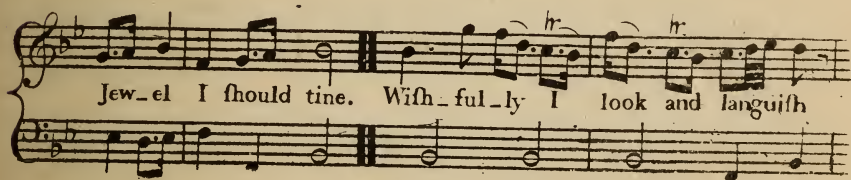
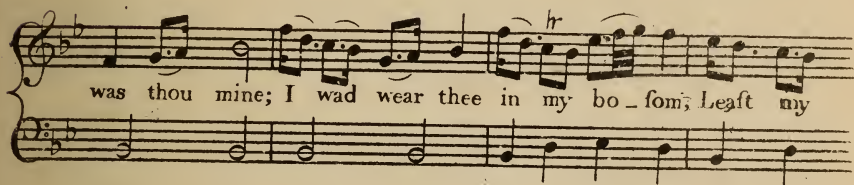
No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest - and broke my heart!
 From hope, the wretched's anchor torn,
 Neglected, and neglecting all,
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

The bonny wee thing.
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

341



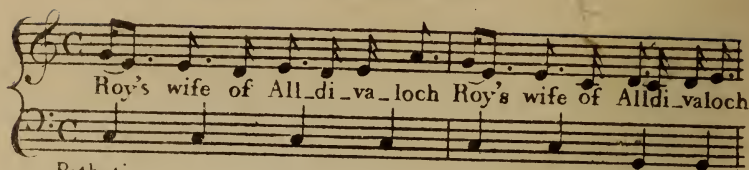
Slowish



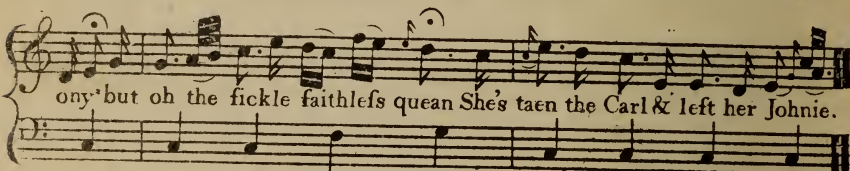
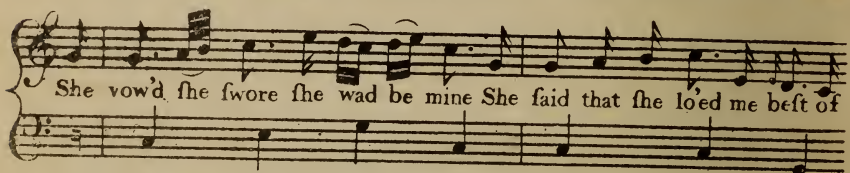
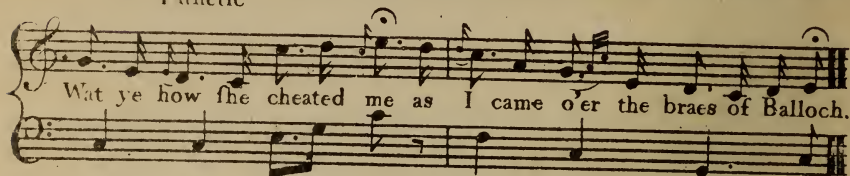
Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddeffs o' this foul o' mine!
Bonie wee &c

Roy's Wife of Alldivaloch.

342



Pathetic



Da Capo



O She was a can ty quean,

And we'll could she dance the highland walloch,

How happy I, had she been mine

Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch

Roy's wife &c.

Her hair fae fair, her e'en fae clear

Her wee bit mou', so sweet and bonny

To me she ever will be dear

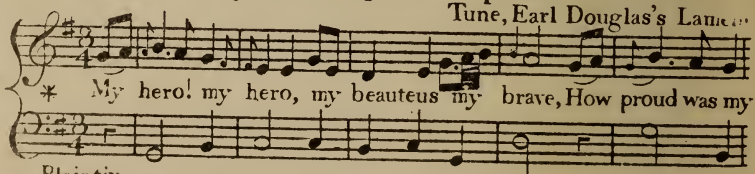
Tho' she's forever left her Johnie

Roy's wife &c.

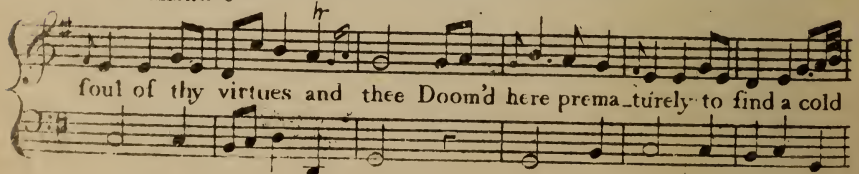
Lady Randolph's Complaint.

Tune, Earl Douglas's Lament

343



Plaintive



Continued.

grave, Nor couldst thou e - lude what thou couldst not fore see Of

gen - erous endeavours, was this thy re - ward. The Lord of this mansion

from foes to de - fend; Henceforth hos - pi - ta - li - ty who shall re -

- gard; What man on the friendship of man shall de - pend.

With transport this day, my fond heart overflow'd,
 When keenly indulging the pleasing presage,
 How warm with maternal affection, it glow'd,
 Midst an offspring of thine whilst I hop'd for old age!
 Whose prattle endearing, and innocent play
 To me might the loss of thy childhood atone;
 Those actions, the fame of your house might display,
 Adorn'd with a husband's dear name, and thy own.

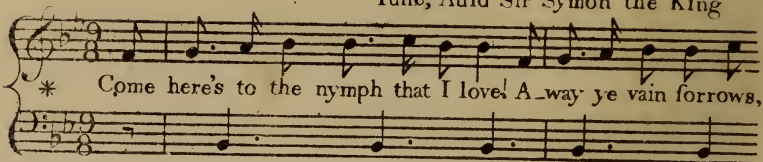
Thy gallant deportment, thy exquisite bloom,
 Which merciless foes might, with rapture, admire,
 With them my dear hopes are all quench'd in the tomb,
 With thee they were born, and with thee they expire.
 In conjugal union how short my delight!
 In a mother's high rank how much shorter my boast!
 With planets malignant, no more let me fight,
 No longer in life's cruel tempest be tost!

Forgive, gracious powers, in compassion my state,
 Whilst by sorrow compell'd, with reluctance I seize
 The only sweet moment reserved me by fate,
 The moment which renders me just what I please.
 My Douglas, my darling, my glory, my pride!
 How happy was I but to name thee, my son!
 For thee would to heaven a fond mother had died,
 Since living without thee, is living undone.

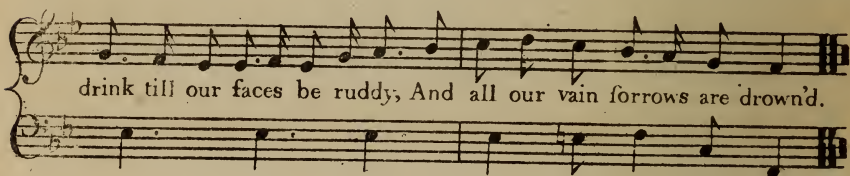
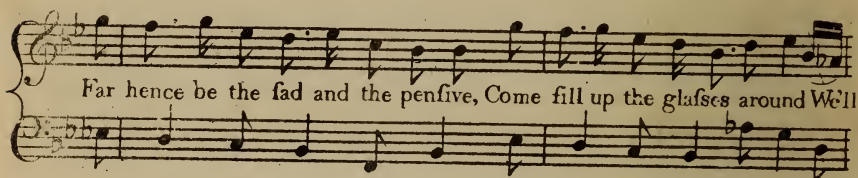
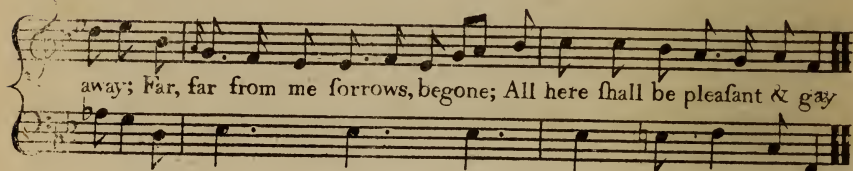
Come here's to the nymph that I love.

Tune, Auld Sir Symon the King

314



Lively



'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming desire,
My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array.

A vaunt, idle pensive intruder,—

He triumphs, he will not away,
I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;

Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion—

Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,

Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;

Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza;

Sing I o, sing I o to Bacchus —

Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial.

Come tune up our voices and sing;

What soul is so dull to be heavy,

When wine sets our fancies on wing.

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,

He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,

Each of us a gallant young Perseus,

Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount or adieu I arise,

In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd;

The clouds far beneath me are sailing,

I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this.

Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,

And now,—O my head it is knock'd

Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,

See yonder bright blazes a star;

Where am I! behold the Empyreum,

With flaming light streaming from far.

The tither morn.

345 * The tither morn, When I forlorn Aneath an aik fat

Lively with exprefion

moaning, I did na trow, I'd fee my jo Be-fide me gain the

glowming. But he fae trig lap o'er the rig And

daw-ting-ly did chear me When I, what reck, did

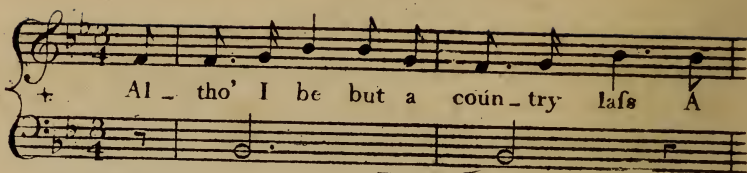
least expect, To fee my lad fae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainnefsgrat,
While in his grips he prefs'd me
De'il tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wish'd fince Jock departed
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As shortfyne broken hearted.

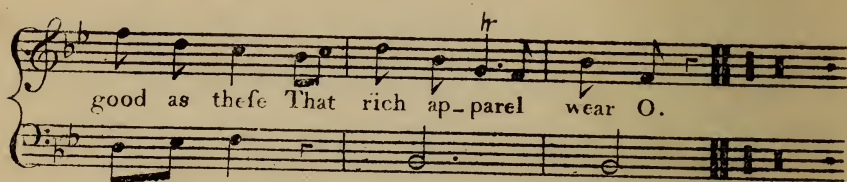
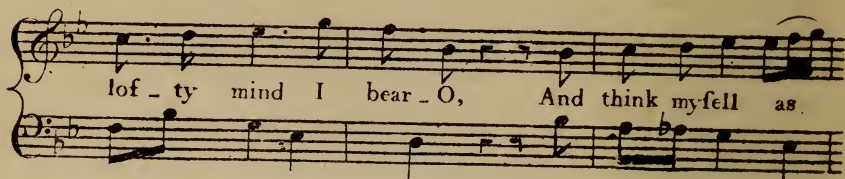
Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'dna by,
Sae fad was I
In abfence o' my deary
But praise be blest,
My mind's at reft,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,
At kirk and fair,
I'll ay be there;
And be as canty's ony.

A Country Lafs.

346



Very Slow



Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
My fkin it is as foft - O,
As them that fatten weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft - O.

Altho' my parents cannot raife
Great bags of fhining gold - O,
Like them whose daughters now a days
Like fwine are bought and fold - O;

What tho' I keep my father's fheep.
The thing that muft be done - O,
With garlands of the fineft flow'rs
To fhade me frae the fun - O.

Yet my fair body it fhall keep
An honeft heart within - O,
And for twice fifty thoufand crowns
I value not a pin - O:

When they are feeding pleafantly,
Where grafs and flowers do fpring - O,
Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I fet me down and fing - O

I ufe nae guins upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck - O,
Nor fhining rings upon my hands,
My fingers ftraight to deck - O

My Paisley piggy cork'd with fage,
Contains my drink but thin - O.
No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt my mind to fin - O.

But for that lad to me fhall fa',
And I have grace to wed - O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead - O.

My country curds and wooden fpoon
I think them unco fine - O,
And on a flowery bank at noon
I fet me down and dine - O.

If canny Fortune give to me
The man I dearly love - O,
Tho' we want gear I dinna care,
My hands I can improve - O.

Expecting for a bleffing ftill
Defcending from above - O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kifs,
Repeating tales of love - O.

There was a battle in the north,
 And nobles there was many,
 And they hae kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,
 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee,
 I wat she's pale and weary,
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,
 And gie me back my Dearie!

O he has written a lang letter,
 He sent it to his lady;
 Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town
 To see what words o' Geordie.

(dear,
 I hae born seven sons to my Geordie
 The seventh ne'er saw his daddie:
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,
 Pity a wae fu' lady.

When first she look'd the letter on,
 She was baith red and rosy;
 But she had na read a word but twa,
 Till she wallow't like a lily.

Gar bid the headin-man mak haste!
 Our king reply'd fu' lordly:
 O noble king, tak a' that's mine,
 But gie me back my Geordie.

Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
 My menzie a' gae wi' me;
 For I shall neither eat nor drink,
 Till Enbrugh town shall see me.

(ran,
 The Gordons cam and the Gordons -
 And they were stark and steady;
 And ay the word among them a'
 Was, Gordons keep you ready.

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
 Her menzie a' gaed wi' her;
 And she did neither eat nor drink
 Till Enbrugh town did see her.

An aged lord at the king's right hand
 Says noble king, but hear me;
 Gar her tell down five thousand pound
 And gie her back her Dearie.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
 And syne the aix to head him;
 And Geordie cumin down the stair,
 And bands o' airn upon him.

(wns,
 Some gae her marks some gae her cro -
 Some gae her dollars many; (und,
 And she's tell'd down five thousand po -
 And she's gotten again her Dearie.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,
 O' airn and steel sae heavy,
 There was na ane in a' the court,
 Sae bra' a man as Geordie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
 Says, dear I've bought thee, Geordie.
 But there sud been bluidy bouks on the
 Or I had tint my laddie. (green,

He claspit her by the middle sma',
 And he kist her lips sae rosy:
 The fairest flower o' woman-kind
 Is my sweet, bonie Lady!

Ae fond kifs, &c.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns. Tune, Rory Dall's Port.

347

Ae fond kifs, and then we sever; Ae farewell and

Slow & tender

then for ev_er! Deep in heart-wrung tears, I'll pledge thee, Warring

sighs and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that fortune grieves him

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer_fu'

twinkle lights me; Dark despair a_ round benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy:
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met _ or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
 Ae fond kifs, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, Alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

As I was a wand'ring.

359

Tune, Rinn m' eudial mo mhealladh. A Gaelic Air.

348

* As I was a wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin The pipers &

Plaintive

youngsters were makin their game, A - mang them I spyed my

faithless fause lover, Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour a -

- gain. Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him; I

may be distress'd but I winna complain: I'll flatter my fan - cy I

may get anither my heart it shall ne - ver be broken for a ne.

I could na get sleepin till dawin, for greetin;
The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin, my heart wad a broken,
For oh, luv'e forsaken's a tormenting pain!
Weel since he has, &c.

Although he has left me for greed o' the filler,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win:
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him,
Weel since he has, &c.

Lovely Davies.

Tune, Miss Muir.

349

* O how shall I, un-skilfu', try The Poets oc-cu-

Slow

- pa-tion, The tunefu' powers, in happy hours, That whif-pers

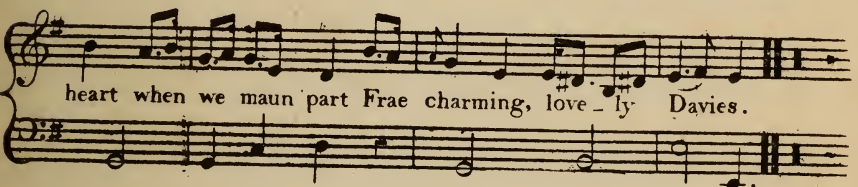
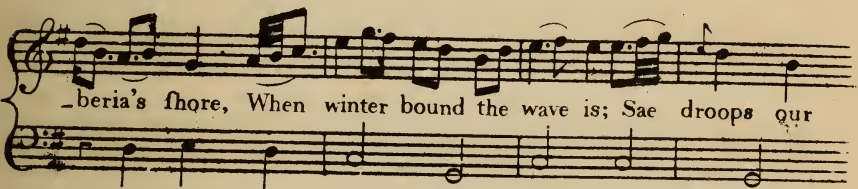
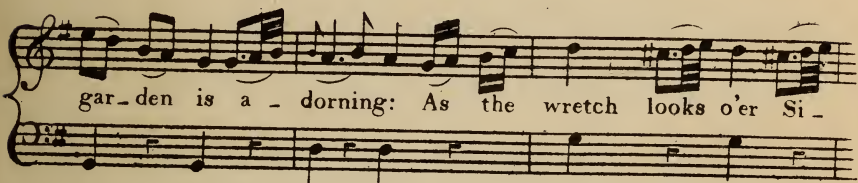
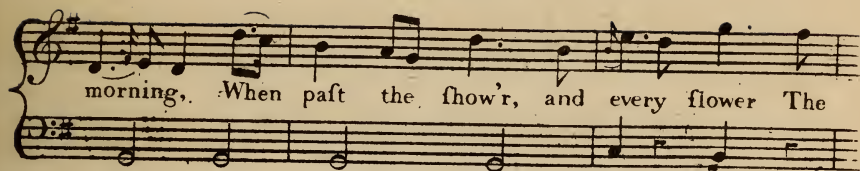
in-spi-ration, Even they maun dare an effort mair Than

ought they e-ver gave us, Or they re-hearse in

e-qual verse, The charms o' love-ly Davies. Each

eye it cheers when she appears, Like Phebus in the

Continued.



Her smile's a gift frae boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances:
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering lovely Davies.
 My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendor:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire.
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

The weary Pund O' Tow.

350 * The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o'

•Very Slow

tow; I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow

I bought my wife a stane o' lint as gude as eer did grow; And

a' that she has made o' that Is ae poor pund o' tow.

Chorus

The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow; I

think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle low;
 And ay she took the tither fouk,
 To dronk the stourie tow.
 The weary, &c.

She brak it o'er my pow.
 The weary, &c.

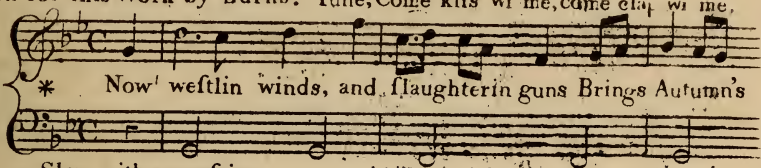
At last her feet, I sang to see't
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,

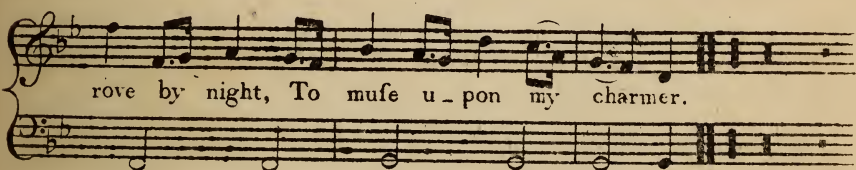
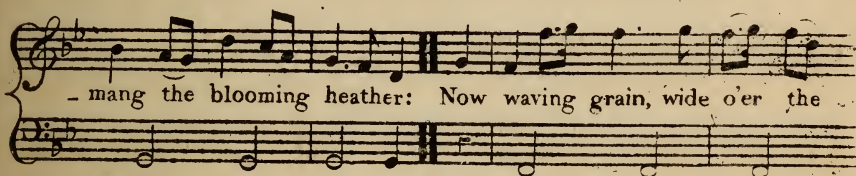
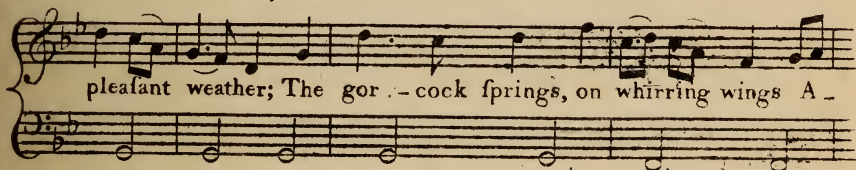
Now westlin winds.

Written for this Work by Burns. Tune, Come kifs wi' me, come clap wi' me,

351



Slow with expression



The Pairrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells;
 The Plover lo'es the mountains;
 The Woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
 The soaring Hern the fountains:
 Thro' lofty groves the Cushtat roves,
 The path o' Man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some, social join, and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander:
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic Man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

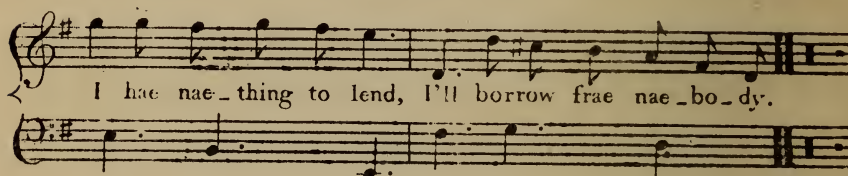
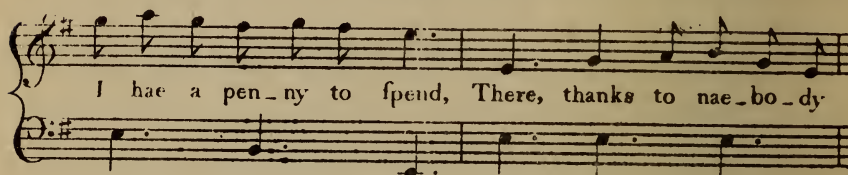
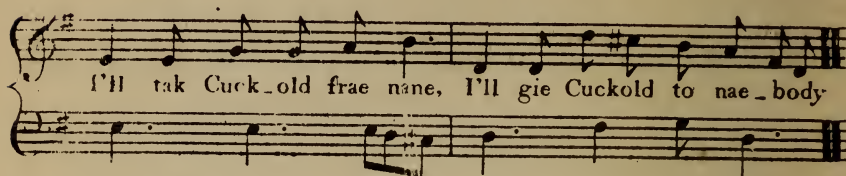
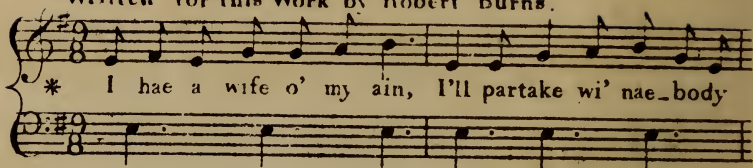
But Peggy dear, the evenings' clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view
 All fading-green and yellow:
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms o' Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly:
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly!
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely Charmer

I hae a wife o' my ain.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

352



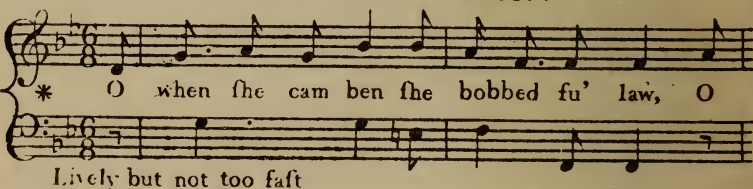
I am naeboddy's lord,
 I'll be slave to naeboddy;
 I hae a gude braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naeboddy.

I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naeboddy;
 Naeboddy cares for me,
 I care for naeboddy.

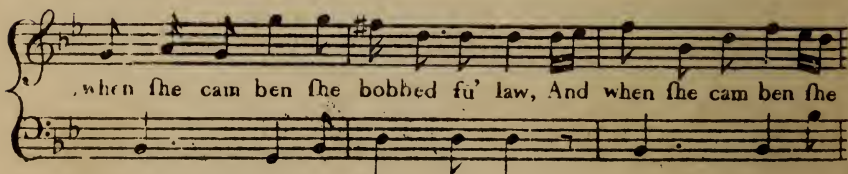
B

When she cam ben she bobbed.

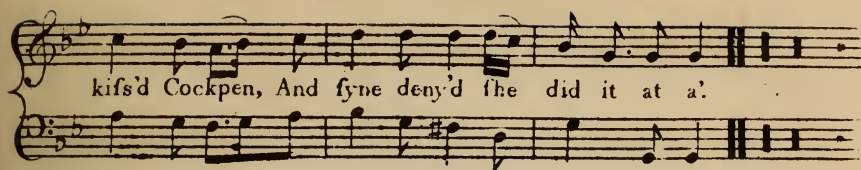
353



Lively but not too fast



Continued.

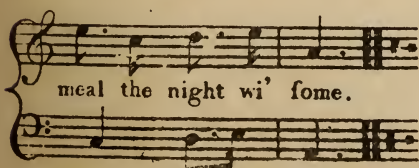
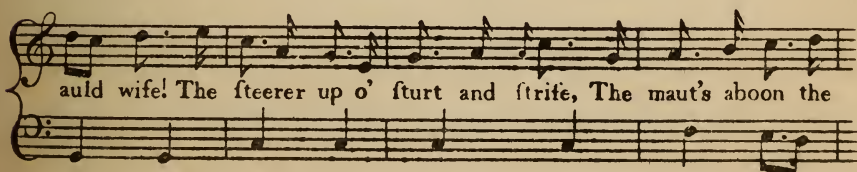
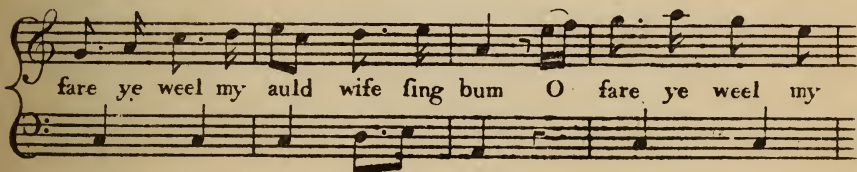
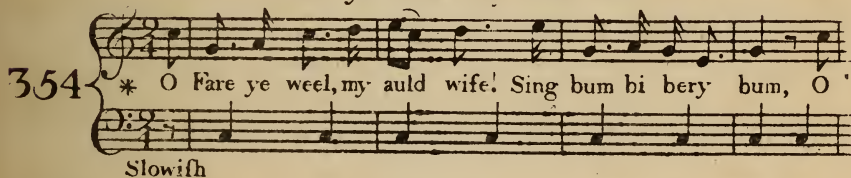


And was na Cockpen right faucy witha,
 And was na Cockpen right faucy witha,
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,
 And kifsin a Collier lafsie an a'.

O never look down, my lalsie at a',
 O never look down, my lalsie at a',
 Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae filk and holland fae fina,
 Tho' thou has nae filk and holland fae fina,
 Thy coat and thy fark are thy ain handywark
 And Lady Jean was never fae braw.

 O Fare ye weel my auld wife.



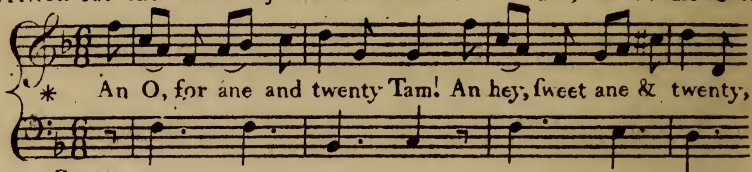
An fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Sing bum bibery bum,
 An fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Sing bum.
 An fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Nae mair wi' you my wife I'll baff,
 The maut's aboon the meal the night.
 Wi' some

O, for ane and twenty Tam!

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Tune, The Moudiewort.

355



Canty

Tam! I'll learn my kin a rattlin fang, An I saw ane and twenty Tam.

They snool me fair, & haud me down, And gar me look like bluntie, Tam; But

three short years will soon wheel roun', And then comes ane & twenty Tam

Chorus

An O, for ane and twenty Tam! And hey, sweet ane & twenty, Tam! I'll

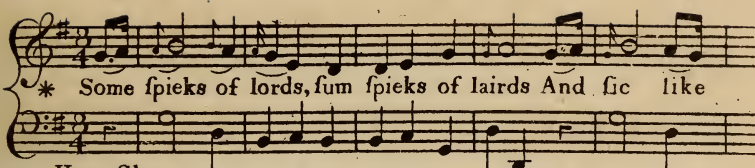
learn my kin a rattlin fang, An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear.
Was left me by my Auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for &c.

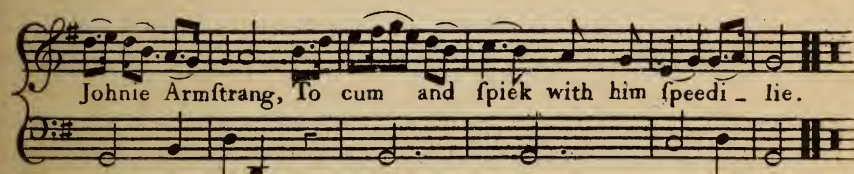
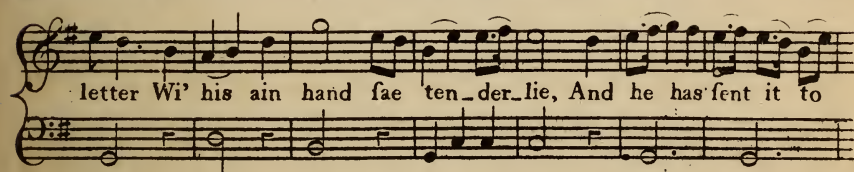
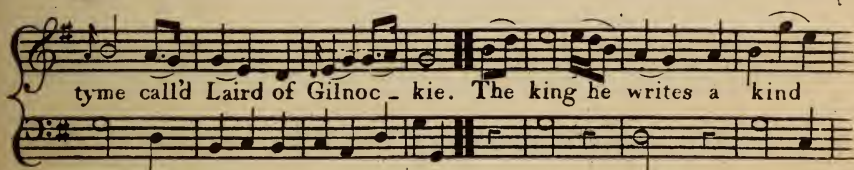
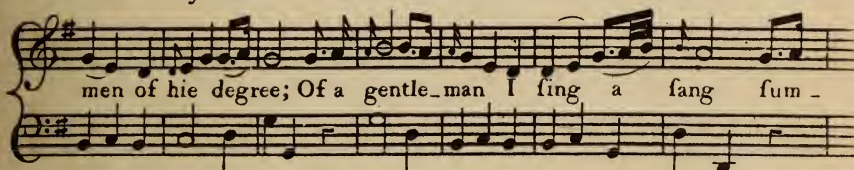
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hearst thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
An O, for &c.

Johnie Armstrang.

356



Very Slow



The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene; May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
 They were a gallant companie: Grace for my loyal men and me,
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful king, For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie. And subject, of yours, my Liege, said he.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then, Away, away, thou traytor strang,
 And venison in great plentie; Out of my sight thou mayst fane be,
 We'll welcum hame our royal king, I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie. And now I'll not begin with thee.

They ran their horse on the Langmuirholn Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And brake their speirs with meikle main; And a bonny gift I will gi' to thee,
 The Ladies lukit frae their lofty windows Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt fields,
 God bring our men weil back again. Were a foaidan a zeir to me.
 Quhen Johnie came before the King, I'll gie thee all these milk whyt fields.
 With all his men fae brave to see, That pranc and niecher at a speir,
 The King he movit his bonnet to him, With as meikle gude Inglis gift,
 He weind he was king as well as he. As four of their braid backs dow heir.
 Away, away, thou traytor, &c &c &c.

Hey how Johnie Lad.

357

Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been

Lively

Gin your voice I had na kent, I cou'd na eithly trow my een. Sae

weel's ye might hae touzled me, and sweetly pried my mou bedden;

Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

My Father he was at the pleugh, my Mither she was at the mill,
 My Billie he was at the mofs, and no ane near our sport to spill,
 The feint a Body was therein there was nae fear of being seen,
 Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

Wad ony lad wha lo'd her weel, hae left his bonny lafs her lane,
 To figh and greet ilk langsome hour, and think her sweetest minutes gane,
 O, had ye been a wooer leal, we shu'd hae met wi' hearts mair keen,
 Hey how my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

But I maun hae anither joe, whase love gangs never out o' mind,
 And winna let the moment pass, when to a lafs he can be kind,
 Then gang your wa's to blinken Befs, nae mair for Johnie shall she green,
 Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

Logie o' Buchan.

358

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, They've

Slowly & tender

taen a_wa Jamie that wrought in the yard, Wha

play'd on the pipe an the Vi_ol fae sma' They've

taen a_wa Jamie the flower o' them a'.

O think na lang, lalsie, tho' I be awa,
 An' think na lang, lalsie, tho' I be awa;
 The simmer is come and the winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O Sandy has owfen, and filler, and kye,
 A house and a haddin, and a' things forbye,
 But I wad hae Jamie wi's bonnet in's hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houfes and land.
 (The 2^d verse sung here,) O think na lang, &c.

My daddie was fultie, my minnie was four,
 They gloom'd on my Jamie becaufe he was poor;
 But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.
 (The 2^d verse sung here,) O think na lang, &c.

I'll sit on my fultie and spin at my wheel,
 And sing o' my Jamie wha loes me fae weel;
 He took a white saxpence and brak it in twa,
 And gae me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.

Sayin, think upon't lalsie when I am awa,
 An' think upon't, lalsie when I am awa:
 The simmer is come, and the winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,

359 * O Kenmure's on and a_wa, Willie, O Kenmure's on and a_

Slowish but with spirit

_ wa; An Ken_mure's Lord's the bravest Lord That

e_ever Galloway faw, _ . Succes to Kenmure's band, Willie! Suc_

_ cefs to Ken_mure's band, _ There's no a heart that

fears a Whig That rides by Ken_mure's hand.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 6/8 time. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's Line

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men,
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken

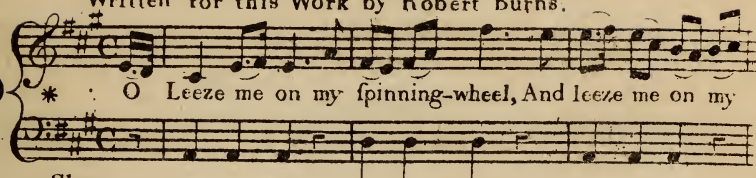
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live, or die wi' fame,
 But soon wi' sounding victorie
 May Kenmure's Lord come hame

Here's Him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's Him that's far awa,
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw

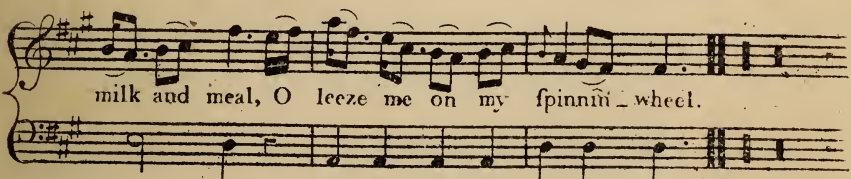
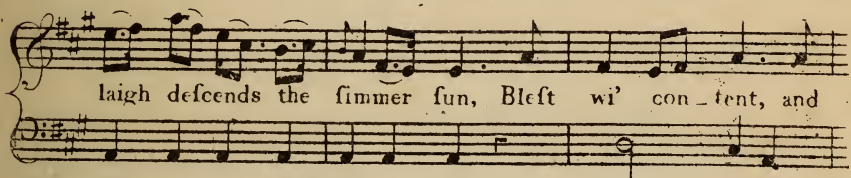
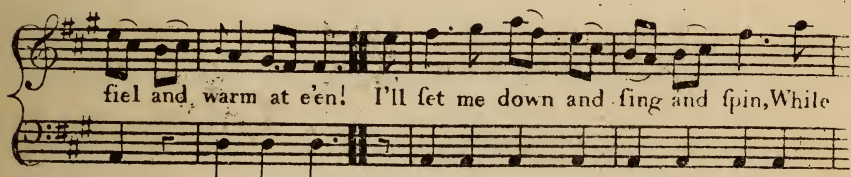
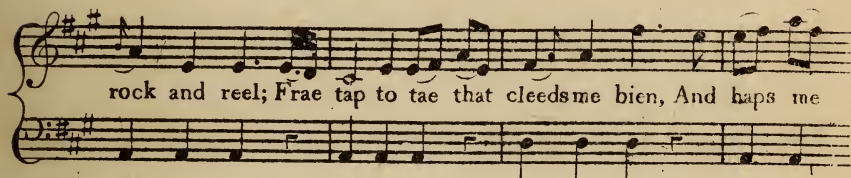
Bess and her Spinning Wheel.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

360



Slow



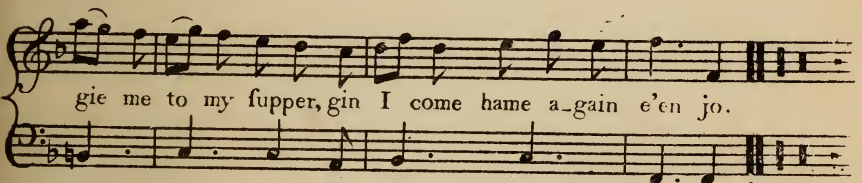
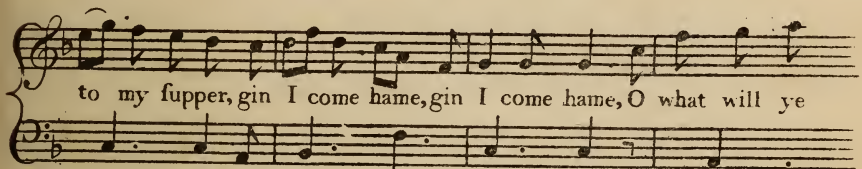
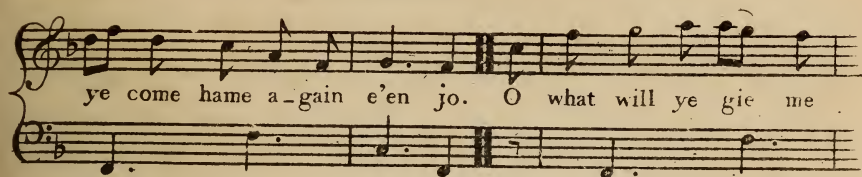
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Acrofs the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel;
Where, blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ithers lays:

The craik among the claver hay,
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distrefs, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great!
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinfome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel!

Continued.



Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin parridge, A weel made bed, and a pair o' clean sheets
 And butter in them, and butter in them, Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame
 Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin parridge, A weel made bed & a pair o' clean sheets.
 Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo! Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo.
 Ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,
 I winna come hame, I canna come hame; Ha, ha, how! &c.
 Ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow, (the 4th verse here)
 I winna come hame gin een, jo.

The Shepherd's wife &c.
 (the 1st & 2^d verses sung here)

A reekin fat hen, weel fryth'd i' the pan, A loving wife in lily white linens.
 Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame, Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame
 A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd i' the pan, A loving wife in lily white linens,
 Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo! Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo!

Ha, ha, how! &c.
 (the 4th verse here)
 I will come hame, I will come hame;
 Ha ha how! that's something that dow
 I will come hame again een, jo

The Shepherd's wife, &c.
 (the first & 2^d verses here)

*Another version of the
 song wife from bairns
 Gin ye'll come hame*

William's Ghost.

363

* There came a ghost to Marg'et's door with many a grievous
groan And ay he tirl'd at the pin, But answer made she none.

Is that my father Philip.
Or is't my brother John.
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'et! O dear Marg'et!
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'et!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kifs my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kifs thy rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet Marg'et! O dear Marg'et!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'et!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;

And it *is* but my sp'rit, Marg'et,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretch'd out her lily-white hand
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie;
God send your faul good rest!

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep.

There's no room at my head, Marg'et,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Marg'et,
My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'et,
That you were going away.

No more the ghost to Marg'et said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true-love, stay,
The constant Marg'et cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her ee,
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Nithsdall's welcome hame.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

364

* The noble Maxwels & their powers, Are coming o'er the

Slowly.

border, And they'll gae big Terreagles towers & set them a' in order.

And they declare, Terreagles fair, For their abode they chuse it, There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't. And

they declare, Terreagles fair, For their abode they chuse it, There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow,
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

Johnie Blunt.

365

There liv'd a man in yonder Glen, And John Blunt

was his name O; He maks gude maut, and he brews gude

ale, And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

The wind blew in the hallan ae right, Three travellers that had tint their gate,
 Fu' snell out o'er the moor, O; As thro' the hills they foor, O,
 "Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie," he says, They airted by the line o' light
 "Rise up and bar the door, O;" Fu' straught to Johnie Blunt's door, O.

They made a paction 'tween them twa, They haur'd auld Luckie out o' her bed,
 They made it firm and sure, O, And laid her on the floor, O;
 Whae'er sud speak the foremost word, But never a word auld Luckie wad say,
 Should rise and bar the door, O. For barrin o' the door, O.

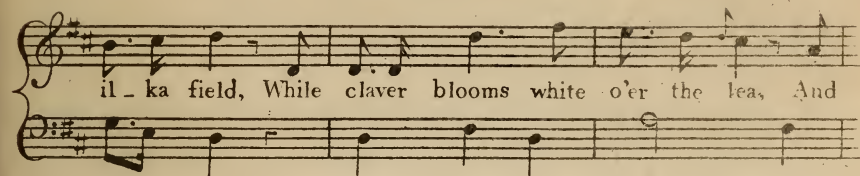
"Ye've eaten my bread, ye' hae druken my ale,
 "And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore, O,
 A ha; Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first word,
 Get up and bar the door, O

Country Lassie.
 Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

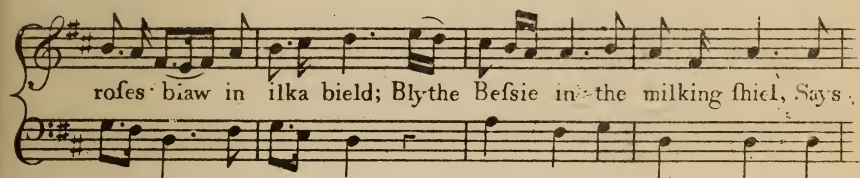
366

In simmer when the hay was mairn, And corn wad green in

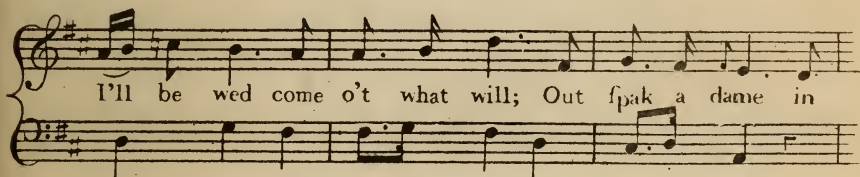
Slowly



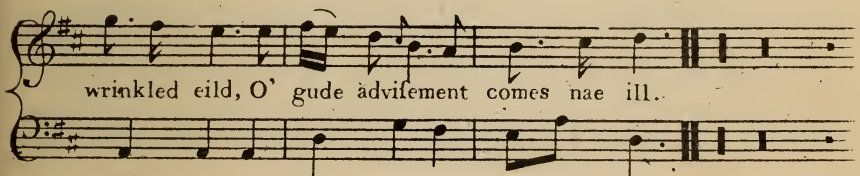
il - ka field, While claver blooms white o'er the lea, And



roses' braw in ilka bield; Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, Says,



I'll be wed come o't what will; Out spak a dame in



wrinkled eild, O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae woovers mony ane,
 And lalsie ye're but young ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and canie wale,
 A routhie butt; a routhie ben:
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
 It's plenty beëts the luvèr's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie glen,
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He loes fae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae loove to spare for me:
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he loes me dear;
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
 For Buskie glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lalsie, life's a faught,
 The canniest gate, the strife is fair;
 But ay fu' hant is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care:
 But some will spend, and some will spair
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the
 (Cyll:

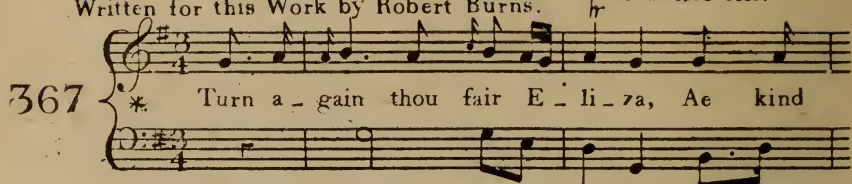
O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome loove,
 The gowd and filler canna buy:
 We may be poor, Robie and I,
 Light is the burden loove lays on;
 Content and loove brings peace & joy,
 What mair hae Queens upon a throne.

Fair Eliza.

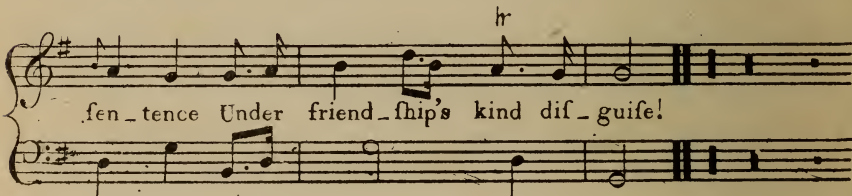
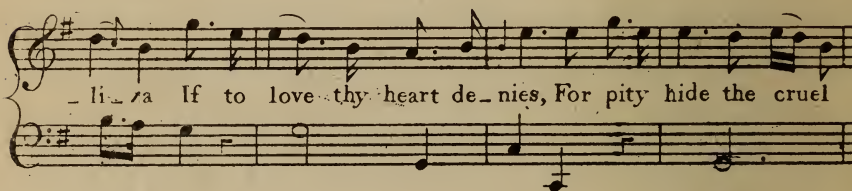
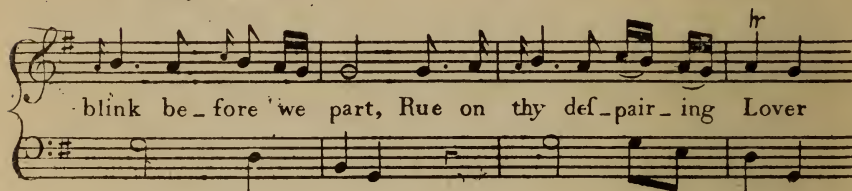
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

A Gaelic Air.

367



Very Slow



Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended.

The offence is loving thee:

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die!

While the life beats in my bosom,

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:

Turn again, thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blofsom,

In the pride o' finny noon;

Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the simmer moon;

Not the Poet in the moment

Fancy lightens in his e'e,

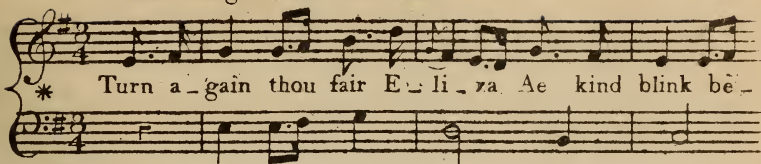
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,

That thy presence gies to me.

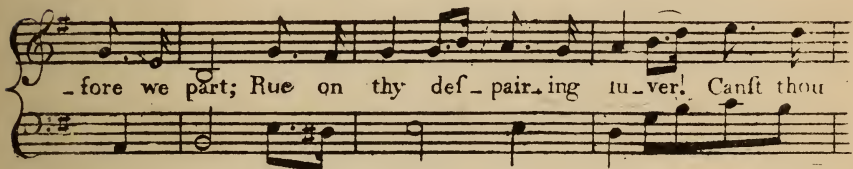
Fair Eliza.

Same Song to another Gaelic Air.

368



Slow



Thee, dear Maid, have I offended.

The offence is loving thee:

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die!

O, while the life beats in my bosom.

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe!

Turn again, thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,

In the pride o' finny noon:

Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the summer moon:

Not the Poet, in the moment

Fancy lightens, in his e'e;

Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,

That thy presence gies to me.

Muirland Willie.

369

Har-ken and I will tell you how, Yöung Muir-land Wil-lie

Slow.

came to woo, Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do, The truth I

tell to you ---- But ay he cries what-_-er be-_-tide,

Maggy I'se hae to be my bride, With a fall da dall la lall -

la la lall la lall la ra lall la ra lall lall ---- 's.

2

On his gray yad as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He'prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 Out o'er you moss, out o'er you muir,
 Till he came to her Dady's door.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

3

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your daughter's love to win,
 I carena for making meikle din,
 What answer gi' ye me.
 Now, wooer, quoth he, will ye come in,
 I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town,
I think my daughter winna gloom;

On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the house,
And vow but he was wondrous crouse.

With a fal, dal, &c.

I hae three owsen in a pleugh,
Twa gude gaun yades, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;

I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard.

With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town,
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste.

With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,
And for mysell you need na fear,

Troth try me whan you like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou.

With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and hing'd fu' law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a;

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Syn'e ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Your daughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she's left it a',
As we cou'd agree between us twa;

Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her.

Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,

But sick's I hae, ye's get a pickle.

With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilufu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free,

Troth I dow do nae mair.

Content, quo' he, a hargain he't,

I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's gree.

With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass,
But sicken a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the matriage hands.

With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, log-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,

And blinket bonnie.

Their toys and mitches were sae clean,
They glanced in our ladses' een.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and sick din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
The minstrels they did never blin,

Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they hobit, and ay they heck't,
And ay their wames together met.

With a fal, dal, &c.

The wee wee Man.

370 * As I was a walking all alone, Be- tween a water

Slowish.

and a wa', And there I spy'd a wee wee man, And

he was the least that e'er I saw. His legs were scarce a

† Shathmont's length, And thick and thimber was his thighs. Between his

brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,

And he flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna listen't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be.
My dwellings down at yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see.

On we lap and awa we rade;

Till we came to yon bonny green;

We 'lighted down for to bait our horse,

And out there came a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back.

And theywere a' clad out in green,
Though the King of Scotland had been there
The warst o' them might ha' been his quee

On we lap and awa we rade,

Till we came to yon bonny ha,

Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,

And the floor was o' the crystal a

When we came to the stair foot,

Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',

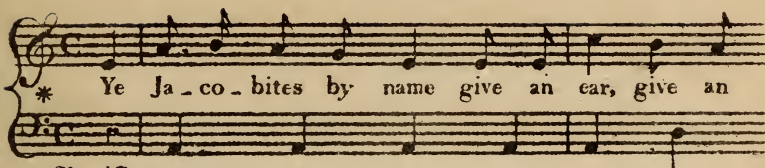
But in the twinkling of an eye,

My wee wee man was clean awa.

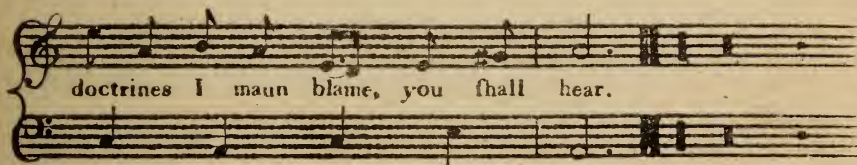
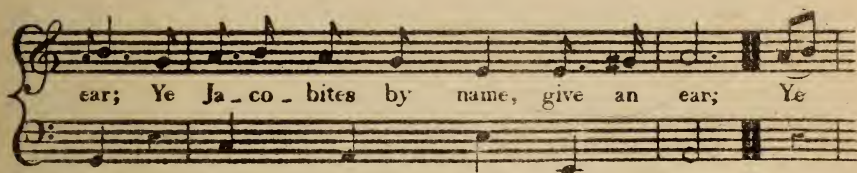
† Shathmont, in old Scottish, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

Ye Jacobites by Name.

371



Slowly



What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, by the law?

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?

What is Right, and what is Wrang?

A short sword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd a far, fam'd a far?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd a far?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assasin's knife,

Or hunt a Parent's life

Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,

Then let your schemes alone, in the state,

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

The poor Thresher.

372

A musical score for a song. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system starts with a large brace on the left and a small asterisk in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'A nobleman liv'd in a vil_lage of late, Hard by a poor Thresh_er whose toil it was great, Who had ma - ny children and most of them small, And nought but his labour to keep them up all.'

* A nobleman liv'd in a vil_lage of late, Hard
Slow
by a poor Thresh_er whose toil it was great, Who
had ma - ny children and most of them small, And
nought but his labour to keep them up all.

This poor man was seen to go early to work,
He never was known for to idle or lurk;
With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,
As happy as those that have thousands a year.

In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;
Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weet:
So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing
As canty as ever a bird in the Spring

One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk.
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
And many a question he ask'd him at large,
And still his discourse was concerning his charge.

You have many children I very well know,
Your labor is hard and your wages are low,
And yet you are cheerful, I pray tell me how
That you do maintain them so well as you do.

I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow,
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

Continued.

My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
 We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
 Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,
 And do our endeavour to keep us from want.

I moil and I toil and I labour all day,
 At night I do bring my full wages away:
 What tho' it be possible we do live poor,
 We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.

And when I come home from my labour at night
 To my wife and children in whom I delight,
 To see them come round me with prattling noise,
 O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys!

Tho' I am as weary as weary can be,
 The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee;
 I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
 And I never repine at my lot in the least.

The Nobleman hearing him what he did say,
 Invited him home to dine with him next day;
 His wife and his children he charg'd him to bring,
 And in token of favour he gave him a ring.

He thanked his Lordship and taking his leave
 Went home to his wife who scarce could believe,
 Thinking the story himself he did raise,
 But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.

Early next morning the goodwife arose,
 And dressed them all in the best of their clothes
 There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small,
 They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall.

The dinner being ended, he then let them know,
 What he intended on them to bestow;
 A farm of full forty good acres of land
 He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.

Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife,
 I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;
 I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs,
 So hold thy industry with diligent cares.

No tongue then was able their joy to express,
 Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
 And many a low humble-bow to the ground:
 But such Noblemen there's but few to be found.

The Polie.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

373

* O luvè will venture in where it daur na weel be
 Slow
 seen, O luvè will venture in where wisdom ance has been but
 I will down yon ri-ver rove, among the wood fae green, And
 a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year;
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my Dear,
 For she is the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phebus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kifs o' her sweet, bonie mou;
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' it's locks o' silken grey,
 Where like an aged man it stands at break o' day,
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een fae clear;
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

The Banks o' Doon.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

374

* Ye Banks and braes o' bo-nie Doon, How

Slow & tender

can ye bloom fae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye little

birds, And I fae weary fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart thou

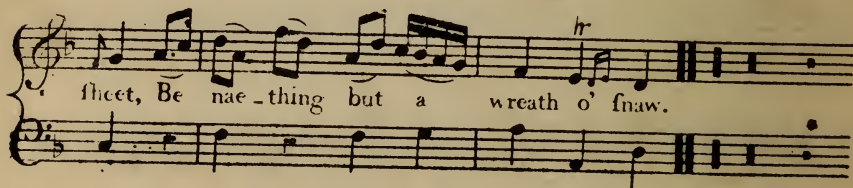
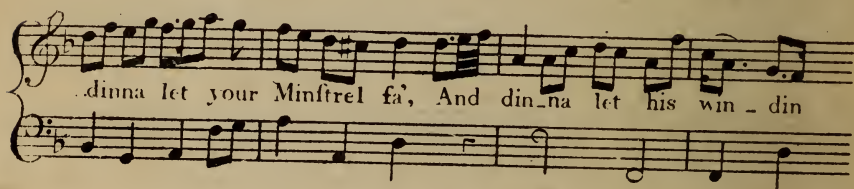
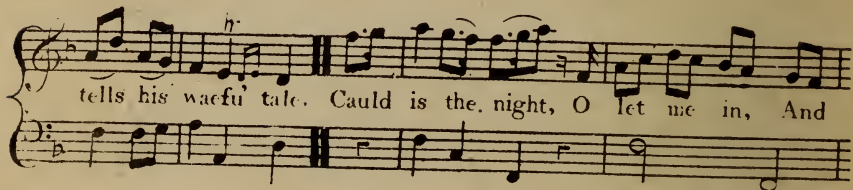
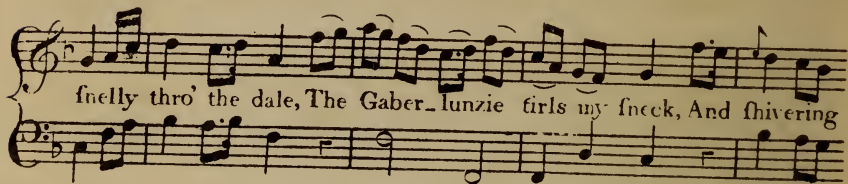
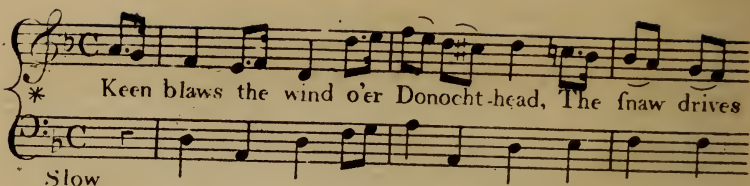
warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flowering thorn: Thou minds me

o'-de-par-ted joys, De-parted ne-ver to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly fae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvier staw my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Donocht-Head.

375



Full ninety winters hae I seen,

And pip'd where gor-cocks whirring flew,

And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,

To lills which frae my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,

Get up, Gude-man, and let him in;

For weel ye ken the winter night

Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!

E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a wee;

But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,

O haith, it's doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld Carl! I'll steer my fire,

I'll mak it bleeze a bonie flame;

Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,

Ye should na stray fae far frae hame.

Nae hame have I, the Minstrel said,

Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha'

And, weeping at the eve o' life,

I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.

+++++

Sic a wife as Willie had.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

376

* Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it

Slowish

Linkumoddie; Willie was a wabster gude, Could floun a clue wi'

o-ny bodie; He had a wife was dour and din, O

Tink-ler Maid-gie was her mith-er, Sic a wife as

Willie had I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,

The cat has twa the very colour;

Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,

A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;

A whiskin beard about her mou,

Her nose and chin they threaten ither;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem shin'd,

Ae limpin leg a hand breed shorter;

She's twist'd right she's twist'd left,

To balance fair in ilka quarter:

She has a hump upon her breast,

The twin o' that upon her shoulter;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,

An' wi' her loof her face a washin;

But Willie's wife is nae fae trig,

She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion

Her walie nieves like midden-creeks,

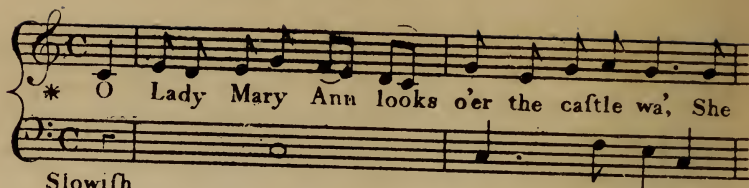
Her face wad fyle the Logan water;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

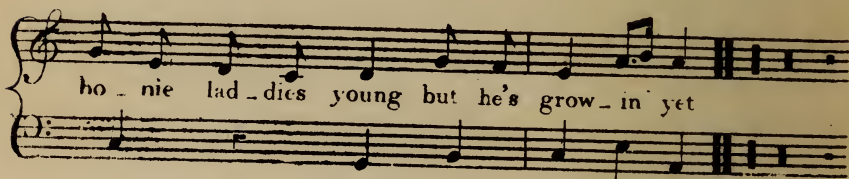
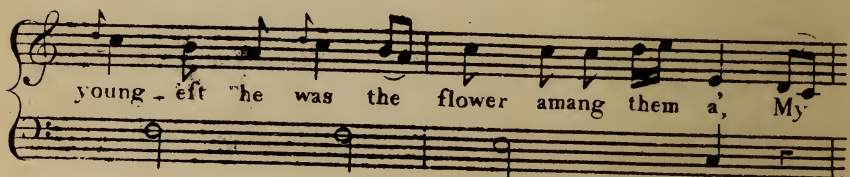
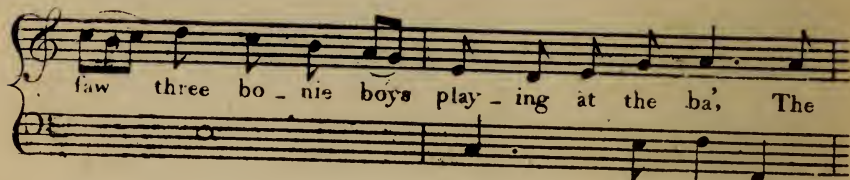
I wad na gie a button for her.

Lady Mary Ann.

377



Slowish



O Father, O Father, an ye think it fit,
We'll fend him a year to the College yet,
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

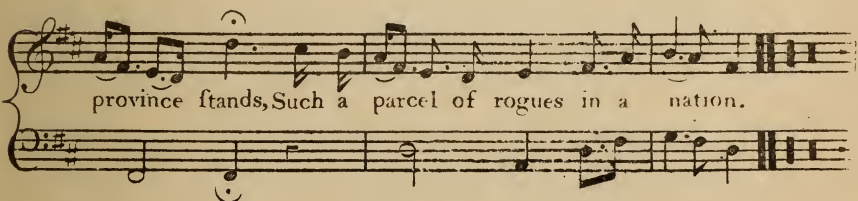
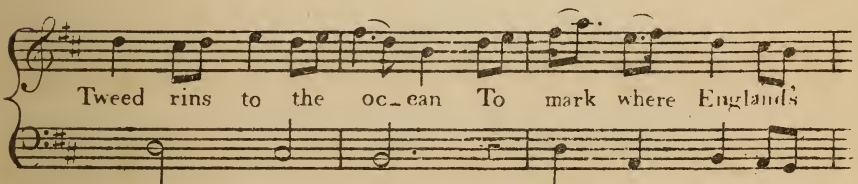
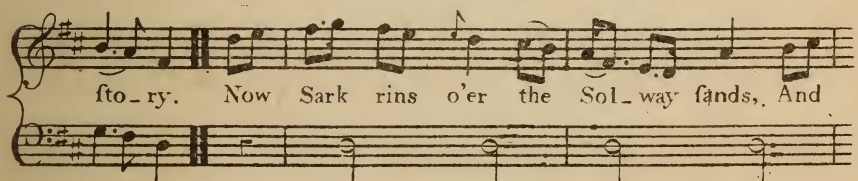
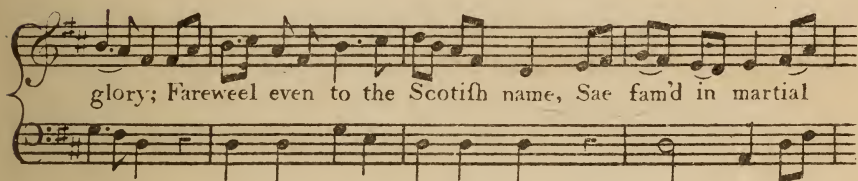
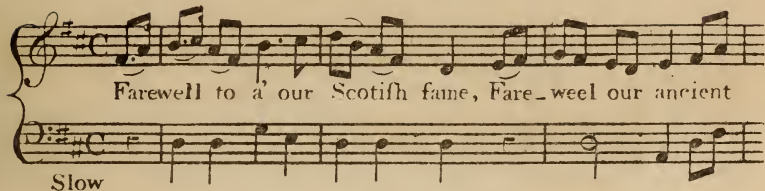
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue,
And the langer it blosom'd, the sweeter it grew,
For the fily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie, and bloomin and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The summer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa that wo hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again.
For my bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

378



What force or guile could not subdue, O would, or I had seen the day	That treason thus could sell us,
Thro' many warlike ages,	My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Is wrought now by a coward few,	Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace.
For hireling traitors wages,	But pith & power, till my last hour,
The English steel we could disdain,	I'll mak this declaration;
Secure in valour's station;	We're bought & sold for English gold
But English gold has been our bane,	Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!	

Kellyburnbraes.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

379

* There lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes, Hey, & the rue grows

Lively

bonie wi' thyme, And he had a wife was the plague of his

days And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

As day as the carl gaed up the lang-glen,
 Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
 He met wi' the d-v-l, fays, how do ye fen?
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
 Hey, &c.
 For, saving your prefence, to her ye're a faint,
 And, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
 Hey, &c.
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
 And, &c.

O, welcomemost kindly! the blythe carl said,
 Hey, &c.
 But if ye can match her - ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
 And, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
 Hey, &c.
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
 And, &c.

Continued.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,

Hey, &c.

Syne bade her gae in for a b_ _ and a w_ _

And, &c.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,

Hey, &c.

Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,

And, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,

Hey, &c.

Whae'er she gat hands on, cam near her nae mair,

And, &c.

A reekit, wee deevil looks over the wa',

Hey, &c.

O help, Master, help! or she'll ruin us a'!

And, &c.

The d_v_l he swore by the edge o' his knife,

Hey, &c.

He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,

And, &c.

The d_v_l he swore by the kirk and the bell,

Hey, &c.

He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in h_ _ ,

And, &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,

Hey, &c.

And to her auld husband he's carried her back,

And, &c.

I hae been a d_v_l the feck o' my life,

Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;

But ne'er was in h_ll till I met wi' a wife,

An' the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Evanthe.

380

When dear E_vanthe we were young, As genial nature
 fresh and gay, To me these melting notes you sung, More
 sweet than Phi-lo-mela's lay. But cruel time with en_vious
 wing, Blasts every charm that decks our year, With pleasure you no
 longer sing, No longer I with transport hear.

Tho' unexpress'd by human hands

For art essays the task in vain,

Deep on my soul inscribed it stands,

And still I feel the potent strain

Should fancy lose the enchanting sound, But tho' life's winter now severe,

Your heavenly voice so sweet & clear,

Alone could chain the echoes round,

And give it to my list'ning ear

From nerve to nerve thro' all my frame,

With more than magic force, it darts,

And all the power of youthful flame,

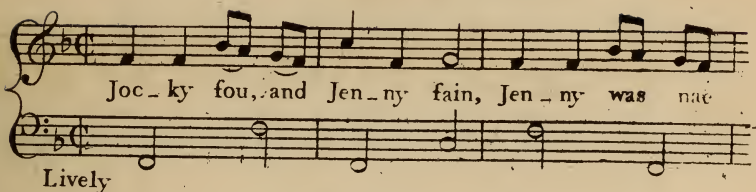
To frozen age at once imparts

To hurt us all it's plagues may bring

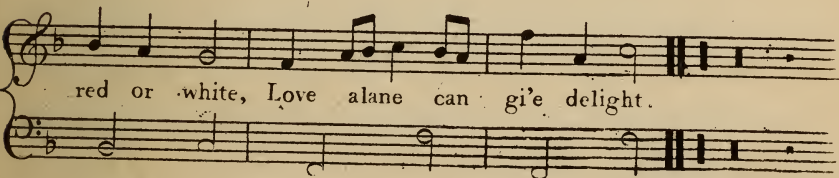
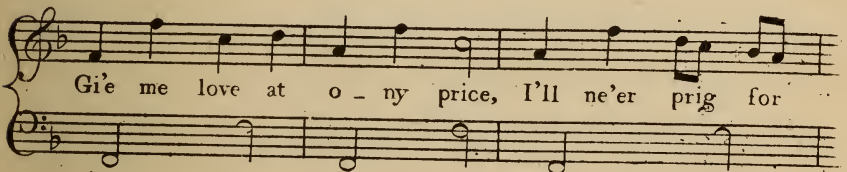
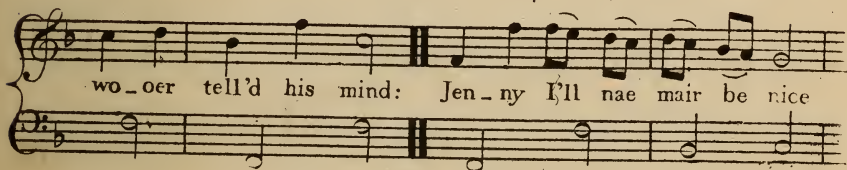
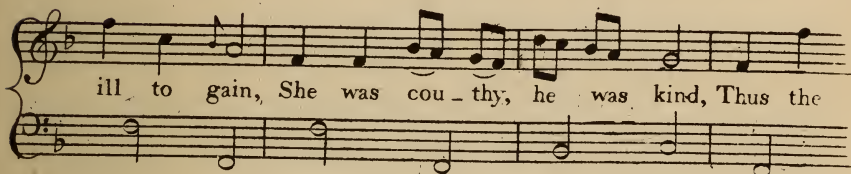
Once more with transport I shall hear

Whilst you once more with pleasure sing

381



Lively



Ithers seek they kenna what,
Features, carriage, and a' that;
Gie me loove in her I court;
Loove to loove maks a' the sport.

Let loove sparkle in her e'e;
Let her loe nae man but me;
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the Luvèr's treasure lies.

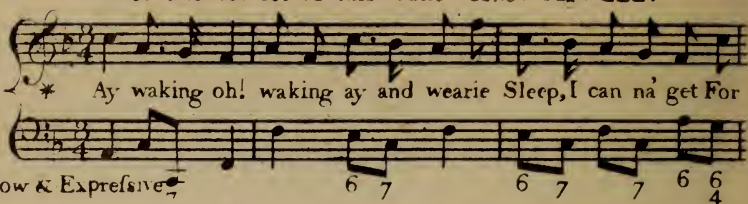
Colours mingl'd unco. fine,
Common motives lang finfyne,
Never can engage my loove;
Let my fancy first approve.

Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delyt:
Beauty is at best deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Ay Waking oh!

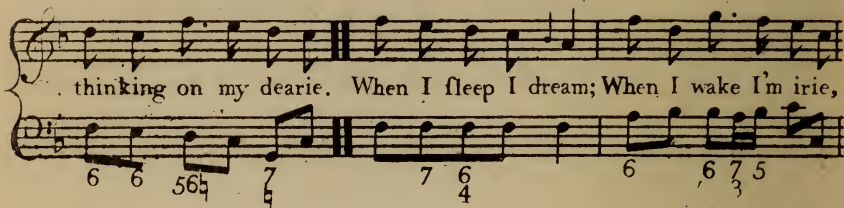
See another set of this Tune Vol: 3^d Page 222.

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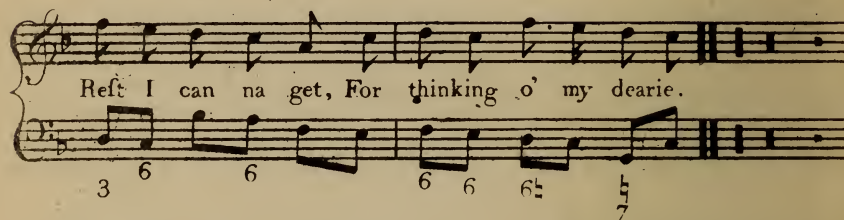


Slow & Expressive

thinking on my dearie. When I sleep I dream; When I wake I'm irie,

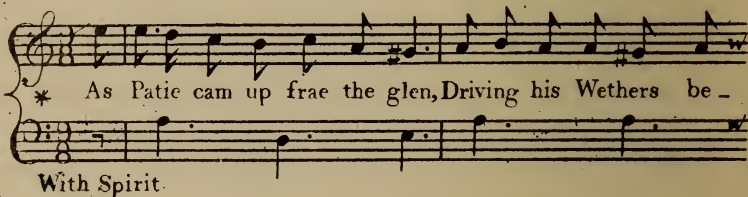


Reft I can na get, For thinking o' my dearie.



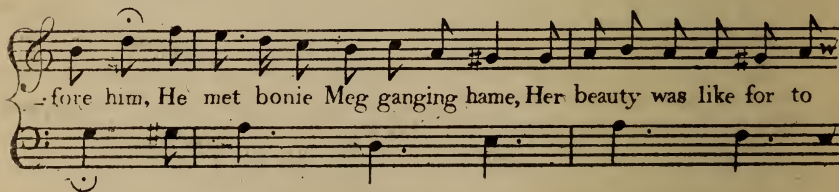
Patie's Wedding:

383

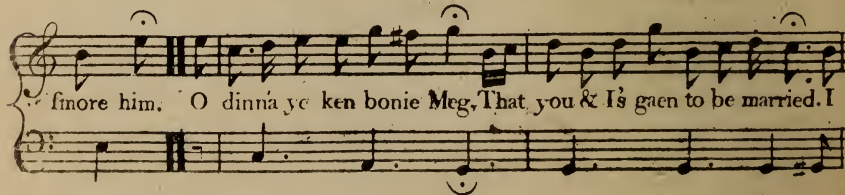


With Spirit

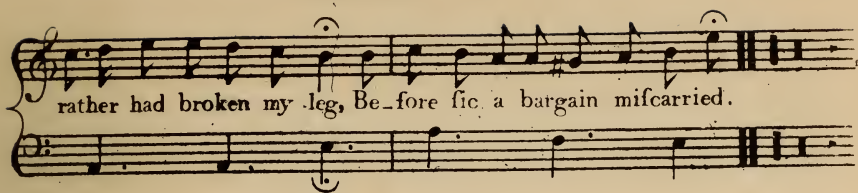
-fore him, He met bonie Meg ganging hame, Her beauty was like for to



-finore him. O dinna ye ken bonie Meg, That you & I's gaen to be married. I



Continued.



Na Patie _O wha's tell'd you that

I think that of news they've been scanty,
That I should be married so soon,

Or yet should hae been sae flantly:-
I winna be married the year,

Suppose I were courted by twenty;
Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair spear,

For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Meggie, what maks ye sae sweer,

Is't cause that I henna a maillin,

The lad that has plenty o' gear

Need ne'er want a half or a hail ane.

My dad has a good gray mare,

And yours has twa cows and a filly;

And that will be plenty o' gear,

Sae Maggie, be no sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,

But first ye maun speir at my daddy

You're as well born as Ben,

And I canna say but I'm ready.

There's plenty o' yarn in clues,

To make me a coat and a jimpy,

And plaiden enough to be trews,

Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,

It's let a wee smacky fa' on you;

May my neck be as lang as my leg,

If I be an ill husband unto you.

Sae gang your way hame e'now,

Make ready gin this day fifteen days,

And tell your father the news,

That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,

Wha came to our bigging but Patie,

Weel drest in a brow new coat,

And wow but he thought himself pretty.

His bannet was little frae new,

In it was a loop and a flitty,

To tie in a ribbon sae blue,

To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,

Said, peace be here to the bigging,

You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,

Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging.

Now draw in your seat and sit down,

And tell's a' your news in a hurry;

And haste ye, Meg, and be done,

And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is nae thrang;

Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;

I've taen three riggs of bra' land,

And hae bound mysel under a bonour

And now my errant to you

Is for Meggy to help me to labour;

I think you maun gie's the best cow,

Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,

I'll be at the cost of the bridal;

I fe cut the craig of the ewe

That had amaist deid of the fide ill;

And that'll be plenty of bree,

Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,

To all the good neighbours and we.

And I think we'll no be that ill feasted

Quoth Patie, O that'il do well,

And I'll gie you your brose in the _

O'kail that was made yestreen (morn'ing,

For I like them best in the forenoon,

Sae Tam the piper did play,

And ilka ane danc'd that was willing.

And a' the lave they rank'd through,

And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives fat and they chew'd,

And when that the carles grew nappy.

They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,

Wi' a crack o' their thumbs & a kappie.

The lad that wore the white band,

I think they caud him Jamie Mather,

And he took the bride by the hand,

And cry'd to play up Maggie Laidler.

The Slaves Lament.

384 It was in sweet Se-ne-gal that my foes did me en-

Slow

-thral, For the lands of Vir-ginia ginia O: Torn from that lovely

fhore and must never see it more; And a-las I am weary weary

O! Torn from that lovely fhore, and must never see it

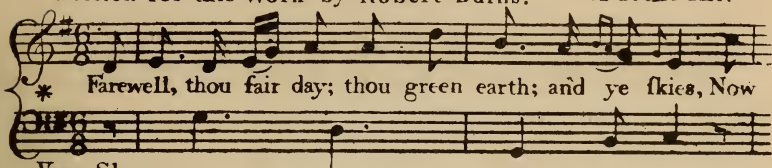
more, And a-las I am weary weary O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 There streams forever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
 There streams &c.

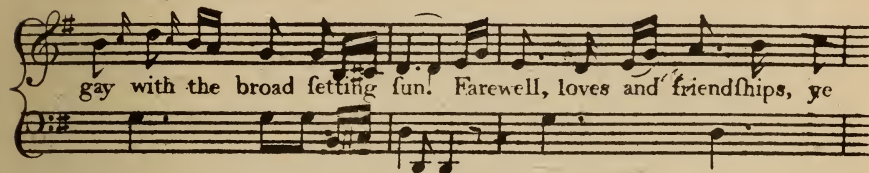
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 And I think on friends most dear with the bitter, bitter tear,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
 And I think &c.

Oranauaig or, The Song of death.
Written for this Work by Robert Burns. A Gaelic Air.

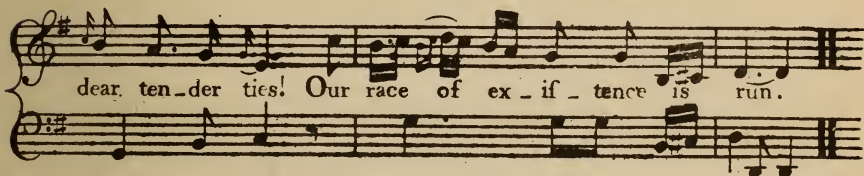
385



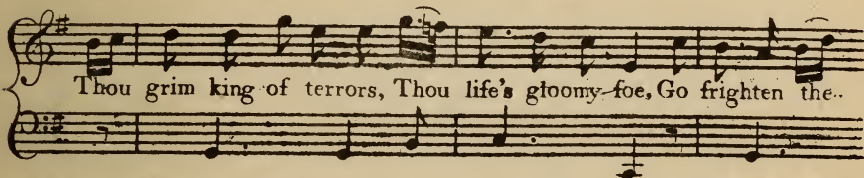
Very Slow



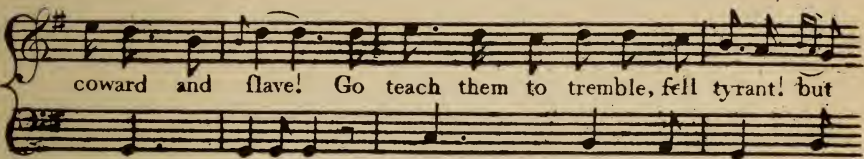
gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell, loves and friendships, ye



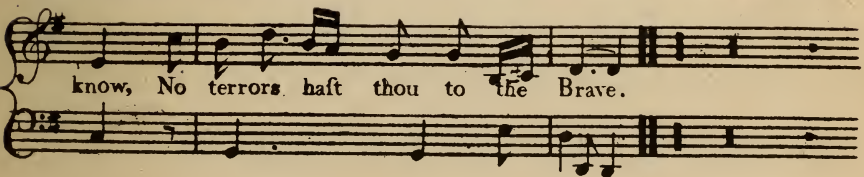
dear ten-der ties! Our race of ex-istence is run.



Thou grim king of terrors, Thou life's gloomy-foe, Go frighten the..



coward and slave! Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but



know, No terrors hast thou to the Brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honor, our swords in our hands

Our King and our Country to save,

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,

O, who would not die with the Brave,

Afton Water.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

386

* Flow gently sweet Afton a-mong thy green braes,

Slow & tender

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My

Mary's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow

gently, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet scented birch shades my Mary and me.

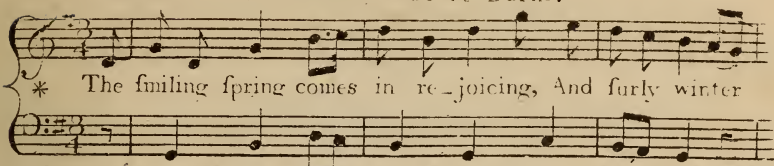
Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Bonie Bell.

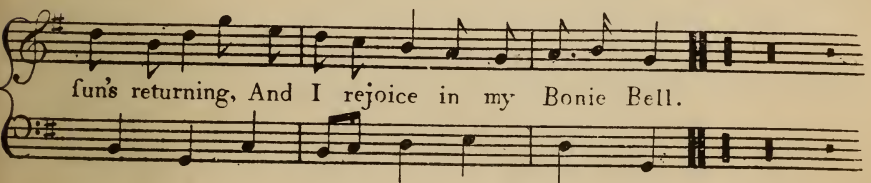
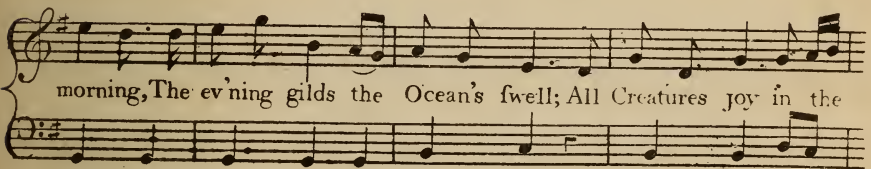
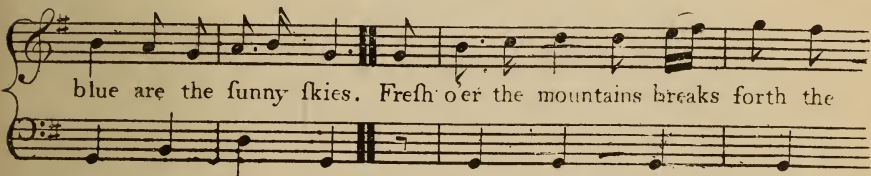
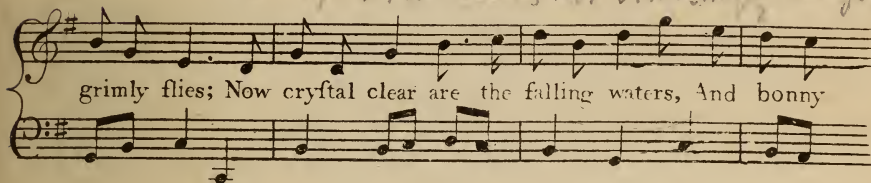
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

387



Slow.

Scarcely - at all events, not drawn in by joy



The flowery Spring leads, funny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my Bonie Bell.

Green Sleeves.

388 * Ye watchful guardians of the fair, Who skiff on wings of

Lively

ambient air, of my dear Delia take a care, And represent her

lover. With all the gai-e-ty of youth. With

hon-our just-ice, love and truth; Till I return, her

paffions soothe, For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition;

Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure when come nigh
 Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.

Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tund reeds to please her.

The Gallant Weaver.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

389

* Where Cart rins rowin to the sea, By mony a flow'r and

Slowish.

spreading tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a

gallant Weaver. Oh I had woo-ers aught or nine, They

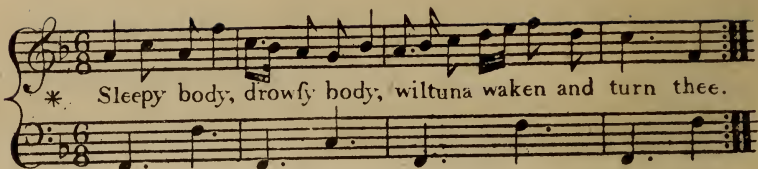
gied me rings and ribbons fine; And I was fear'd my

heart would tine, And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And give it to the Weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in summer showers,
 I love my gallant Weaver.

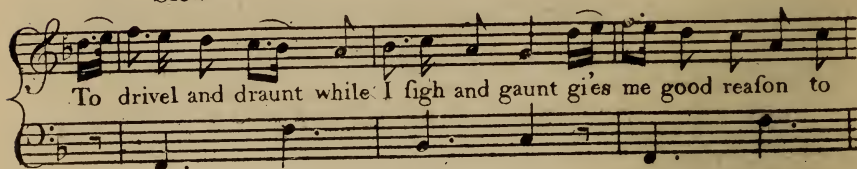
Sleepy Body.

390

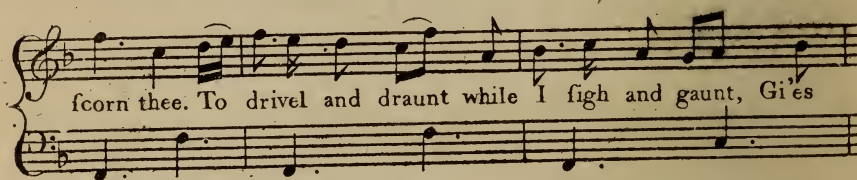


* Sleepy body, drowfy body, wiltuna waken and turn thee.

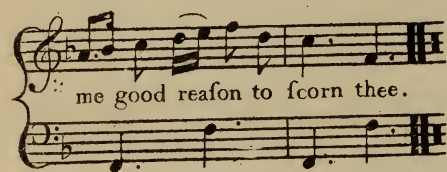
Slow



To drivel and draunt while I figh and gaunt gies me good reason to



fcorn thee. To drivel and draunt while I figh and gaunt, Gies



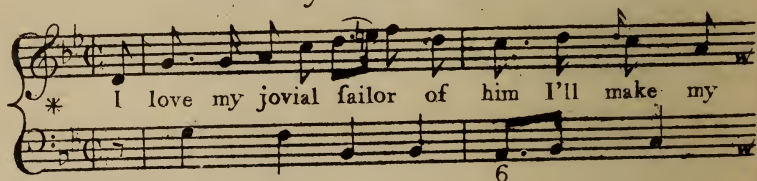
me good reason to fcorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snoters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy face,
 Thy drowfy embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.



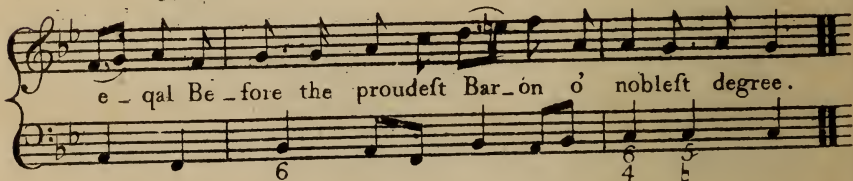
I love my Jovial Sailor.

391

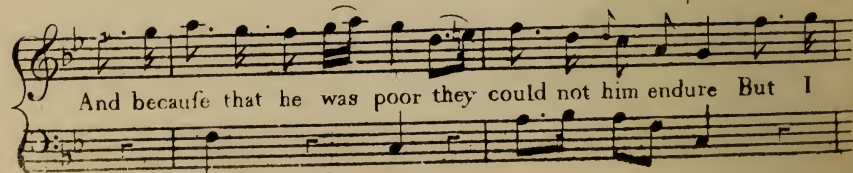


* I love my jovial sailer of him I'll make my

Slowish

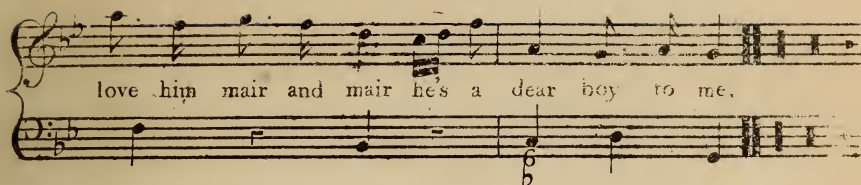


e - gal Be - fore the proudest Bar - on o' noblest degree.



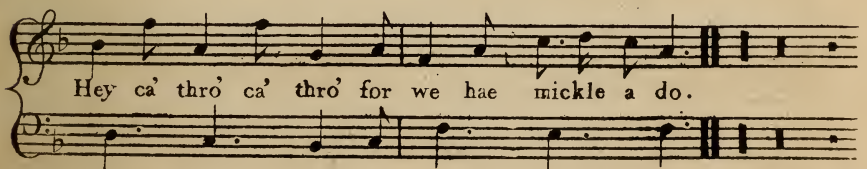
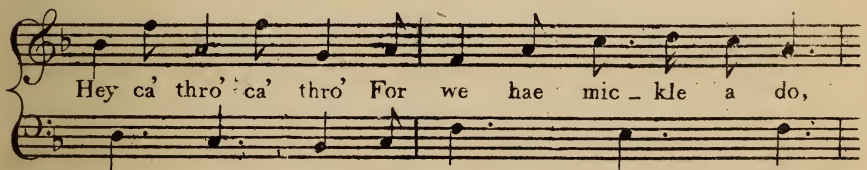
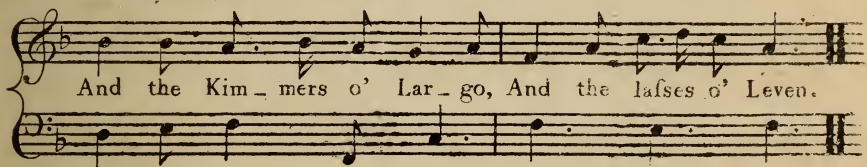
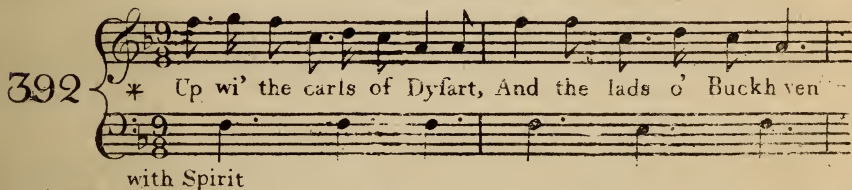
And because that he was poor they could not him endure But I

Continued.



Tho' he maun face the cannon amid the line o' battle,
 Forby the mony dangers upon the roaring sea
 Yet I trust the Heavenly Power will shield him in that hour,
 And safe and found return him, my dear boy, to me.

Hey Ca' thro'.



We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.
 Hey ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that comes behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.
 Hey ca' thro', &c.

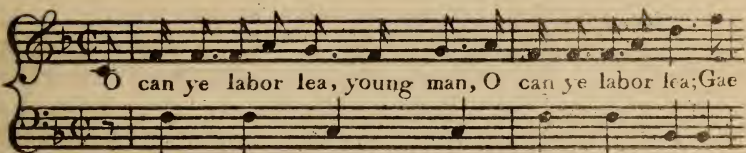
While hopeless, &c.

393

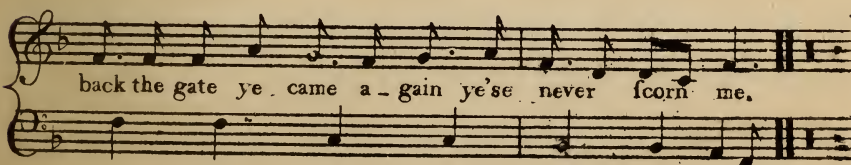
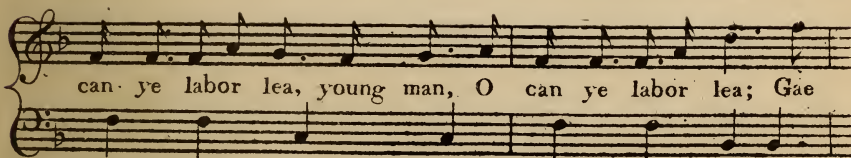
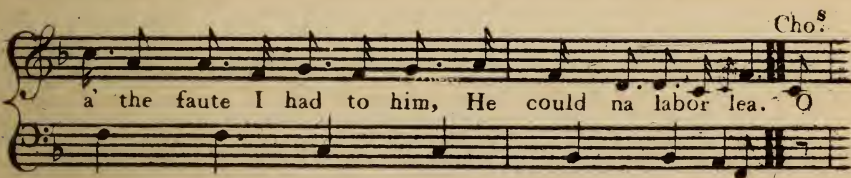
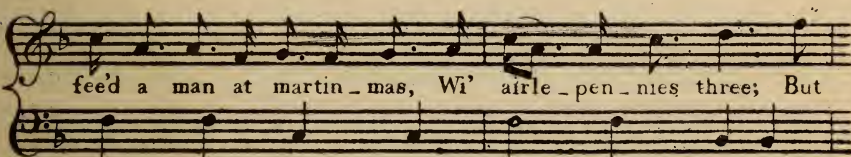
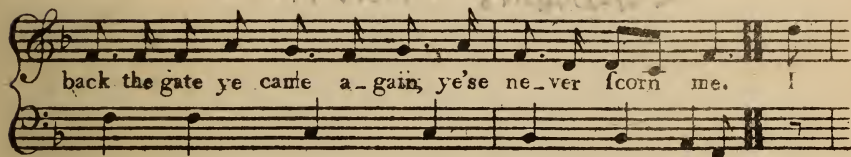
* While hopeless and al-most re-duc'd to despair, Yet
 even in my anguish some comfort I find; Tho' remov'd from the
 smiles of the maid I ad-mire, Her i-de-a alone can give
 ease to my mind. Why then should I pine, and in-dulge thus
 my grief, Tho' Fortune at present seems rather to frown, with
 calm re-sig-nation I'll wait for re-lief, 'She
 yet with success all my wishes may crown.

O can ye labor lea, young man.

394



Slow



O clappin's gude in Febarwar,
 An kifsin's sweet in May;
 But what signifies a young man's love,
 An't dinna last for ay.
 O can ye, &c.

O kifsin is the key o' love,
 An clappin is the lock,
 An makin' of's the best thing,
 That e'er a young Thing got.
 O can ye, &c.

On the Death of Delia's Linnet.

395

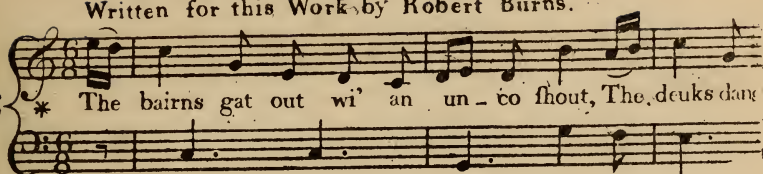
Slow

O, all ye loves and groves lament, And you of hearts hu-
 mane, Our dar-ling lin-nets breath is spent, And all our
 tears are vain. Its' sweet-ly var-ied voice no
 more, Shall strike my Del-ia's ear, It visits now the
 Stygian shore, Whence no re- turns are here.

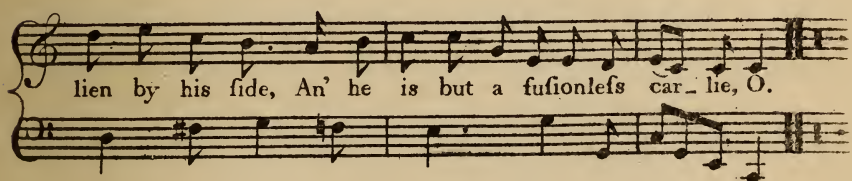
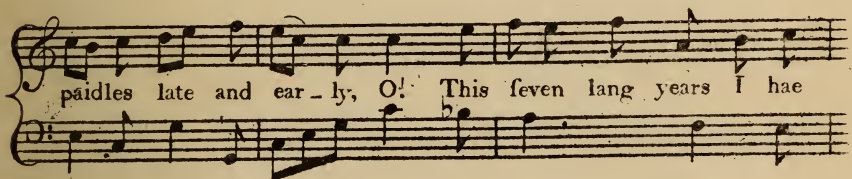
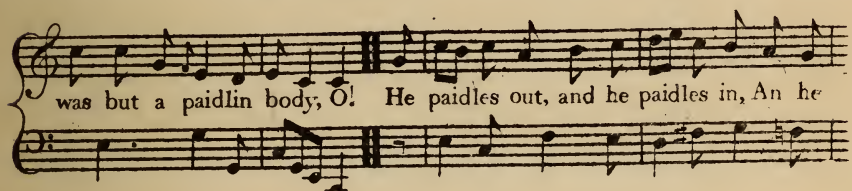
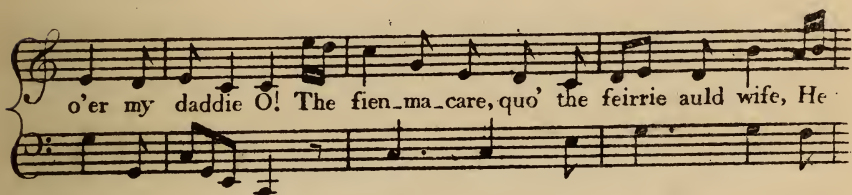
Sweet bird! whose quick instinctive sense, For ever stopt thy busy-wing
 As well my Delia knew, Thy tongue in silences,
 As she her mother, far from hence No kind return of grateful spring
 You prematurely flew Again shall bid thee rise.
 No more shalt thou expecting stand,
 From her a boon to wait;
 No more pick sugar from her hand,
 Detain'd by cruel fate.
 No more when danger threatens nigh,
 Shall thou ascend the wind,
 To Delia's gentle bosom fly,
 There sweet thy sum find. —
 Torpid and cold, thy beauteous frame,
 Our sight no more shall charm;
 Thy loss the deepest woe shall claim,
 The brightest eyes disarm.
 Long shall my Delia mourn thy doom
 With undissembl'd woe,
 Before her clouded charms resume
 Their animating glow.

The Deuks dang o'er my daddie.
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

396



Lively



O had your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O had your tongue, now Nanfie, O:
I've seen the day, and fae hae ye,
Ye wad na been fae donsie, O.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, Oh, I find it fairly, O!

As I went out ae May morning.

397

* As I went out, ae May morn - ing, A

Lively

May morning it chanc'd to be; There I was aware of a

weelfard maid Cam lin - kin o'er the lea to me.

O but she was a weelfard maid,
The boniest lads that's under the sun;
I spier'd gin she could fancy me,
But her answer was, I am too young.

To be your bride I am too young,
To be your loun wad shame my kin,
So therefore pray young man begone,
For you never, never shall my favour win.

Büt amang yon birks and hawthorns green,
Where roses blaw and woodbines hing,
O there I learn'd my bonie lads,
That she was not a single hour too young.

The lassie blush'd, the lassie figh'd,
And the tear stood twinklin in her e'e;
O kind Sir, since ye hae done me this wrang,
It's pray when will ye marry me.

It's of that day tak ye nae heed,
For that's a day ye ne'er shall see;
For bught that pafs'd between us twa,
Ye had your share as weel as me.

She wrang her hands, she tore her hair,
She cried out most bitterlie,
O what will I say to my mammie
When I gae hame wi' my big bellie!

O as ye maut, so maun ye brew,
And as ye brew, so maun ye tun;
But come to my arms, my ae bonie lads,
For ye never shall rue what ye now hae done!

She's fair and fause, &c.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

398

*
Slowish

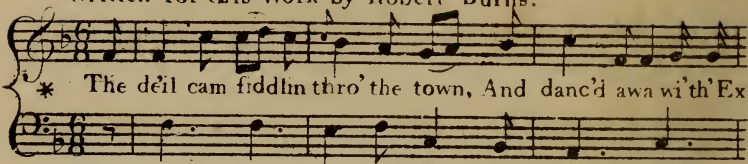
She's fair and fause that causes my finart, I loed her
meikle and lang; She's broken her vow, She's broken my heart, And
I may e'en gae hang. A coof cam in wi' routh o'
gear, And I hae tint my dearest dear, But women is but
warld's gear, Sae let the bo-nie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

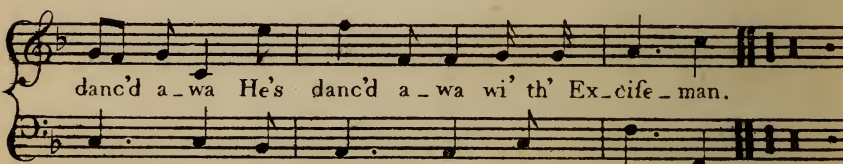
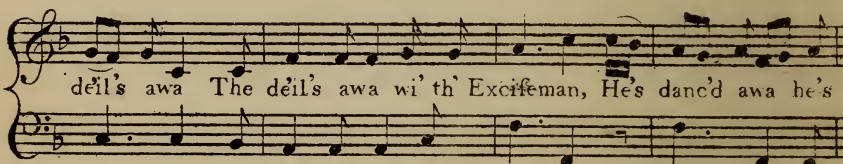
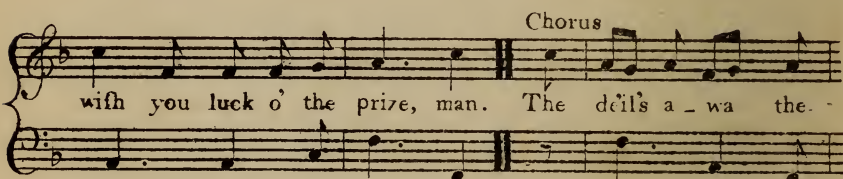
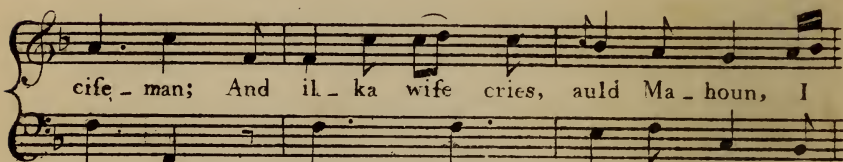
The Deil's awa wi' th' Excifeman.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

399



With Spirit



We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' th' Excifeman.
 The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land
 Was, the deil's awa wi' th' Excifeman.
 The deil's awa, &c.

400 * O love, thou delights in man's ruin, Thy conquests they

Slow

cost us full dear! Maun I forfeit my life for the viewing The

charms o' that lovely Mifs Weir. Tho' fometimes thou bid me af-

-pire; A-gain thou dis-tracts me wi' fear, And En_vy o'

ane that is higher, Wha's even'd to the charming Mifs Weir.

As down in yon valley a walking, O, Cupid, my head it is muddy,
 Whare nae christend creature was near, I wish it may ever be clear!
 The birds all around me were talking For ay when I sit down to study,
 O' naething but charming Mifs Weir. My mind rins on charming Mifs Weir.
 That sweet, little bird ca'd the linnet, Im toft like a fhip on the ocean,
 In accents delightfully dear, That kens na what courfe for to fteer,
 Declar'd to the world, that in it Yet at times I'm as vain in my notion
 Was nought like the lovely Mifs Weir. As hope, for the lovely Mifs Weir.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART IV.

CCCI.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

THIS song, beginning "Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood," was written by Burns in 1790, on purpose for the Museum. About five years thereafter, he curtailed two verses of the original copy, and altered some of the lines. His last edition of the song is here annexed.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
When care his breast is wringing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me ;
If thou shalt love another ;
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

The reader, by comparing the above verses with the original in the Museum, will be enabled to form his opinion, how far our bard has improved the song by his latter alterations.

Burns composed this song on a passion which a particular friend of his, Mr Gillespie, had for Miss Jane Lorimer of Kingshall, in Kirkmahoe, Dumfriesshire, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn Wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.—

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie ;
And O to be lying beyond thee !
O sweetly, soundly, may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !*

The air, called “ Craigie-burn Wood,” taken down from a country girl’s singing, was considered by the late Mr Stephen Clarke as one of our finest Scottish tunes. At the foot of the manuscript of the music of this song is the following note, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke, *There is no need to mention the chorus. The man that would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air, should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again !!* “ It is remarkable of this air (says Burns), that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.”—*Reliques*.

Dr Currie informs us, that “ Craigie-burn Wood is situated on the banks of the River Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigieburn and of Dumcrieff, were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the ‘ Lassie wi’ the lint-white locks,’ and that he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics.”

CCCH.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

BURNS says, “ I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.”—*Reliques*. The whole song, however, is in his own hand-writing, and I have reason to believe it is all his own. The verses

are adapted to the tune of "Carron Side," taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. viii. It is very pretty; but the composer of it has borrowed some passages from the old air, called "Todlen Hame."

CCCIII.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

ACCORDING to tradition, Robert Aldridge, bishop of Carlisle, about the year 1560, seduced the wife of Hugh Graham, one of those bold and predatory chiefs who so long inhabited what was called the debateable land on the English and Scottish border. Graham being unable to bring so powerful a prelate to justice, in revenge made an excursion into Cumberland, and carried off, *inter alia*, a fine mare belonging to the bishop; but being closely pursued by Sir John Scroope, warder of Carlisle, with a party on horseback, was apprehended near Solway Moss, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and convicted of felony. Great intercessions were made to save his life; but the bishop, it is said, being determined to remove the chief obstacle to his guilty passions, remained inexorable, and poor Graham fell a victim to his own indiscretion and his wife's infidelity. Anthony Wood observes, that there were many changes in this prelate's time, both in church and state, but that he retained his offices and preferments during them all.

Burns acquaints us, that there are several editions of this ballad, and that the one which is inserted in the Museum is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when he was a boy, it was a popular song, and that it originally had a simple old tune, which he had forgotten.—*Vide Reliques*. The copy transmitted to Johnson is entirely in Burns's own handwriting.

The reader will find an edition of this ballad in the sixth volume of Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, printed at London in 1714. It is called "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime. To the tune of Chevy-Chace." Many corruptions have crept into this copy, such

as *Grime* for Graham or Graeme; *Garland town* for Carlisle town, &c. Sir Walter Scott has given us another edition in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, which he obtained from his friend, Mr W. Laidlaw in Blackhouse, that had long been current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, has likewise published this border ditty, from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq. These different versions of the ballad nearly coincide with respect to the main incidents of the story. The tune to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, may be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of "Drimen Duff." Some of the stanzas in the Museum have no doubt been corrected by Burns; and the localizing the song to Stirling in place of Carlisle, is evidently erroneous. In other respects, however, it appears to be the best edition of the ballad.

CCCIV.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

THE words of this song were written by Mr John Learmont, gardener at Dalkeith. It was sent to Burns, who returned it to the publisher with some verbal amendments.—Mr Learmont, in 1791, published a volume of POEMS, pastoral, satirical, tragic, and comic; carefully corrected by the author. Some of his pieces possess considerable poetic merit. Mr Learmont's verses, beginning *O' mighty Nature's handywarls*, are adapted to the tune called "The Butcher Boy."

CCCV.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

THE only remains of this curious old ballad are the tune, and the following fragment of the words, preserved by Herd.

*John, come kiss me now, now, now,
Oh! John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And make nae mair ado.*

Some will court and compliment,
 And make a great ado;
 Some will make of their gudeman,
 And sae will I of you.

John, come kiss me, &c.

In a former part of this work, see notes on song, No. 260, entitled "John Anderson," it has been shewn that the tradition, of the *Reformers* having borrowed several of the most favourite hymn tunes used in the Catholic cathedrals, and adapted them to burlesque verses, in derision of old mother church, is equally absurd, as it is contrary to the direct evidence of the service-books themselves, which were used in these churches. On the contrary, the Reformers not only called into their aid some of the finest airs among the laity, but likewise spiritualized, or rather parodied, many of their *common songs*, in order to forward their views. Of this number was the song of *John, come kiss me now*.

In a manuscript, "Historie of the Estate of the Kirke of Scotland, written by an old Minister of the Kirke of Scotland, at the desire of some of his young brethren for their informatione," A. D. 1560, which was formerly in the possession of Mr George Paton of the Custom-house, it is said, that "for the more particular meanes wherby came the knowledge of God's truth in the time of great darkness, was such as Sir David Lindseyes poesie, *Wedderburne's Psalmes and Godlie Ballands* of godlie purposes, &c." This Wedderburne, who was likewise author of "The Complaint of Scotland," printed in 1549, quotes several of the songs in that work, which we afterwards parodied in a considerable volume, published for the *second time* by Andro Hart, in 1621, under the title of *Ane compendius Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates*; CHANGED out of PROPHAINE SANGES, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godlie ballates, not contained in the first edition. Newlie correctict and amended by the first originall copie.

Among these ballads, *John, come kiss me now*, makes his

appearance in his penitential habit, which, it must be admitted, is not a little grotesque, although he has been stripped of the profane dress which had promoted *sinne* and *harlotrie*. We annex, as a specimen, two stanzas of this newly-converted godly ballad.

*John, come kiss me now,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair ado.
My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair ado. &c. &c.*

The stanzas in the Museum were altered by Burns; of the merit of these alterations the reader will be enabled to judge, on comparing the old fragment, quoted above, with the copy of the song inserted in that work.

In Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. page 8th, there is a tune called the "New-rigg'd Ship, or Miss Findlay's Delight;" the second strain of which is a mere copy of the second part of the air of "John, come kiss me now," thrown into triple time.

The celebrated Wm Byrd, organist of the Chapel Royal in 1575, well known as the author of the musical canon of "Non nobis Domine," made fifteen learned and difficult variations upon the air of "John, come kiss me now," which are inserted in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, MSS. 1576.

CCC.VI.

I'VE BEEN COURTING AT A LASS.

THE words of this song were copied into the Museum from Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 135. The author is anonymous. The verses are adapted to the old air of "Ah ha! Johnie, lad, ye're nae sac kind's you sud hae been."

CCC.VII.

PEASE STRAE.

THE words of this old rural ditty, beginning "The country swain that haunts the plain," were recovered by Herd,

and inserted in his valuable Collection, in 1776. The author has not yet been discovered ; but the tune has long been a favourite reel in the Lowlands of Scotland, and is printed in many collections.

CCCVIII.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

BURNS, in his Reliques, observes, that “ this is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this Collection, (viz. the Museum,) was written from Mrs Burns’s voice.”

It was an old song, however, in the days of Ramsay ; for we find the very words of it, beginning “ A southland Jenny that was right bonnie,” in his Tea-Table Miscellany, with the letter Z annexed, to point out that even in his time it was known to be old.

CCCIX.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

THIS lively old Scottish tune, under the title of “ Joh my, cock up thy Beaver,” is to be found in “ The Dancing-Master,” a very curious collection of Scots, English, and Irish Tunes, published by old John Playford of London in 1657. It is likewise preserved in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. 7th, and in many other Collections.

The fragment of the ancient song, beginning “ When first my dear Johnny,” as preserved in Herd’s Collection, is annexed, to shew the improvements it received from Burns before it was inserted in Johnson’s Museum.

*When first my dear Johnny came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, my Johnny, lad, cock up your beaver :
Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
Hey, my Johnny lad, cock up your beaver ;
Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
We’ll a’ to England ere it be lang.*

The improved copy, all in the hand-writing of Burns, is now before me.

CCCX.

O LADDIE, I MAUN LOE THEE.

THIS is another edition of the old Scottish song, entitled "Come hap me with thy Petticoat." See the remarks on song No 139, beginning *O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart.*

CCCXI.

O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

THIS tune is very old. There is a copy of it in square-shaped notes in a manuscript book for the Virginals, in the Editor's possession, under the title of "The newe Gowne made." The ballad, beginning "O let me in this ae night," was printed in Herd's Collection in 1776; but it was retouched by Burns, to render it less objectionable, before Johnson would give it a place in the Museum.

In 1795, Burns altered the old verses a second time. His last improvements are now subjoined.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waking I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I wou'd fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night:
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night ;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
Let witless, trusting woman, say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

If the song, as it stands in Herd's Collection, has lost any thing in point of wit and humour, it has at any rate gained much in respect of elegance and modesty, by the judicious alterations of our bard. We agree with Mr Thomson, that Burns has displayed great address in the above song, and that the young woman's answer is excellent, and, at the same time, takes away the indelicacy that otherwise would have attached to her lover's entreaties.

Burns, in the course of the same year, produced the following English verses to the same air.

TUNE, "Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou love but near me ;
But near, near, near me ;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;

And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moment's fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

CCCXII.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THE words of this song, "O meikle thinks my Luvie o' my Beauty," were written by Burns in 1790, for the Museum. They are adapted to a Jig in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 3d, p. 28, composed by him from the subject of an old air, in slow common time, called "The Highway to Edinburgh." Aird of Glasgow afterwards published the Jig in his Collection of Tunes, under the title of its parent melody, and it was again published by Neil Gow & Son, in their Second Collection, as "Lord Elcho's Favourite." Burns was mistaken in asserting, in the Reliques, that Gow, or any of his family, claimed this melody as their own composition; or even that it had been notoriously taken from "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," for it is nothing more than the subject of the old air of "The Highway to Edinburgh," thrown into treble time.

In the original manuscript of the song now lying before me, Burns, in a note, says, "This song is to be sung to the air, called Lord Elcho's Favourite; but do not put the name *Lord Elcho's Favourite* above it; let it just pass for the tune of the song, and a beautiful tune it is."

CCCXIII.

THEN GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

THIS song, beginning "Gane is the day, and mirk's the night," was written by Burns, with the exception of the chorus,

which is old. In the Reliques, he says “ The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect.”

EVERY day my wife tells me,
That ale and brandy will ruin me ;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—

*O gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
O gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.*

The tune to which the verses are adapted was furnished by Burns. It seems to have been partly borrowed from the air, called “ The auld Man’s Mare’s dead.”

CCCXIV.

THE WHISTLE.

THE words of this ballad, beginning “ I’ll sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,” were written by Burns in the year 1790, and transmitted, with the music, to Johnson for insertion in the Museum, amongst with the following particulars :

“ As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our King James the VI. (1st May, 1590) there came over also a Danish gentleman, of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy

baronet of that name ; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton ; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued ; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert ; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

The editor has been told, that Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. one of this jovial party, composed the tune to the ballad.

CCCXV.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

THIS excellent song, beginning "By yon castle wa' at the close of the day," was written by Burns, and set to the old tune of "There are few good Fellows when Jamie's awa," inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 20.

In the Reliques, Burns says, that this tune is sometimes called "There's few gude fellows when Willie's awa ;" but he had never been able to meet with any thing else of the song than the title.

The Editor of this work has compared the original manuscript of the song, in Burns' own hand-writing, with the copy in the Museum, and finds it to be very correctly printed.

CCCXVI.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

THIS humorous song was written by Burns, in 1790, expressly for the Museum. Dr Blacklock had likewise written

a long ballad to the same tune. At the foot of Burns' manuscript is the following note: "Set the tune to these words. Dr B's set of the tune is bad; I here enclose a better. You may put Dr B's song after these verses, or you may leave it out, as you please. It has some merit, but it is miserably long." Johnson thought the Doctor's song too tedious for insertion, and therefore left it out.

The tune is very old. There is a set of it in the sixth book of Oswald's Collection. In the third volume of the "Pills" the title of the song is quoted, "What shall a young Woman do with an old Man," printed in 1703.

CCCXVII.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

THIS song, beginning "O, how can I be blythe and glad," is another unclaimed production of Burns. The bard's MSS. is now before me. He took the first line, however, and even some hints of his verses, from an old song in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 1, which begins "How can I be blythe or glad, or in my mind contented be." I have not been able to discover the tune to which the verses are adapted in any other collection prior to the Museum. Burns, however, never composed any words for a song unless the tune was quite familiar to him.

CCCXVIII.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

THE words of this old song, beginning "Late in an evening forth I went," appear in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany 1724, and both the words and music in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, from whence they were copied into the Museum. Bishop Percy has likewise introduced this song into his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. iii. page 116, with the following note:—"The Auld Goodman, a Scottish Song. We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song than that printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions." The worthy prelate, how-

ever, has omitted to point out the passages which he conceived to have been vitiated.

CCCXIX.

O, AS I WAS KIST YESTREEN.

THE fragment of this comical ditty was copied into the Museum from Herd's Collection, 1776, vol. ii. page 226, in which it is said to have been composed "on the late Duke of Argyle." The song, however, is of considerable antiquity, for the tune appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v. under the title of "O, as I was kiss'd the streen." The old title of the air was "Lumps o' Pudding." It appears in the *Dancing-Master*, printed in 1657. Gay selected this air for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning "Thus I stand like the Turk," acted at London in 1728.

CCCXX.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

THIS ancient and beautiful air, with the fragment of the old ballad, beginning "She sat down below a thorn," were both transmitted by Burns to Johnson, for the Museum. The reader will find a very different ballad, under the same title, in Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, beginning "There were three ladies in a ha'." Both ballads, however, appear to have been sung to the same plaintive simple melody. Herd has another fragment of a ballad, beginning "And there she lean'd her back to a thorn," in his second volume; but the verses are very imperfect.

CCCXXI.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

BURNS says, "this song is altered from a Poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems. I do think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."—*Reliques*.

Sir Robert Ayton's verses appear in John Playford's

Select Ayres, London, 1659, folio, under the title of a "Song to his forsaken Mistresse ; set to music by Mr Henry Lawes." They are also printed in Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, vol. iii. page 325 ; and we shall now annex them, that the reader may be enabled to judge of Burns' improvements.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

The fine old tune, to which the Scottish version of the song by Burns is adapted, is called "The Cuckoo." There was a Jacobite song to the same air, a fragment of which is inserted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i.

CCCXXII.

IF E'ER I DO WELL 'TIS A WONDER.

THIS old comic song, beginning "When I was a young lad," appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and the music is preserved in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Compa-*

nion, book i. and several other old collections. From these sources it was copied into the Museum.

CCCXXIII.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

BURNS says, that the first verse of this song, beginning "My soger laddie is over the sea," is old, and that the rest is by Ramsay. He also adds, "the tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called 'Jacky Hume's Lament;' or 'The Hollin Buss;' or, 'Ken you what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?'"—*Reliques*.

Both the words and music of this song appear in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, from whence they were copied into the Museum. The tune must therefore have been known long before that period by the name of "My Soldier Laddie," which is the title prefixed to it in Thomson's work.

This song was reprinted in the sixth volume of Watt's *Musical Miscellany* in 1731.

CCCXXIV.

WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and printed in the first volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, under the title of "THE CORDIAL, to the tune of *Where shall our Goodman ly.*" One stanza of the foolish old song runs thus :

WHERE shall our goodman lie,
O, where shall our goodman lie;
Where shall our goodman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Amang the rotten timmer.

This tune appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1657, under the title of "The Red House;" and Gay selected it for one of his songs in "Polly," beginning "I will have my humours," printed in 1729.

CCCXXV.

O, GALLOWAY TAM.

BURNS says, "I have seen an interlude acted at a wedding to this tune, called 'The Wooing of the Maiden.' These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. 'Silly puir auld Glenlae,' and this one, *The Wooing of the Maiden*.—*Reliques*.

Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," printed at London in 1810, accuses Johnson, the original proprietor and publisher of the Museum, of *ignorance*, in rejecting two additional verses, which he, Cromek, has recovered and united to their fellows. These verses, however, are palpable forgeries, and are, besides, both shockingly indelicate and profane.

With regard to this tune, although it appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 6th, printed in 1742, our musical readers will easily perceive, that it is the old air of "O'er the Hills and far away," changed from *common* into *treble* time. The antiquity of it is very questionable.*

CCCXXVI.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

BOTH the words and music of this song were transmitted by Burns to Johnson, for the Museum. Burns, in his *Reliques*, mentions, that it is a very popular song in Ayrshire. It does not appear in any Collection prior to the Museum.

CCCXXVII.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THE fragment of this ancient ballad, beginning "O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son," with the beautiful air to which it is sung, were both recovered by Burns, and placed in the Museum. In the second volume of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," edited by Sir Walter Scott, we have

* Galloway Tam, the hero of this song, was Thomas Marshall, a stout and athletic Galwegian gypsy, equally celebrated for making songs, snuff-mills, and horn spoons. Some of his descendants, it is said, still inhabit Nithsdale and Galloway.

a more full, though evidently a more modern, version of the ballad, under the title of “Lord Randal,” which that ingenious and justly celebrated author introduces to his readers with the following prefatory remarks.

“There is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy, for calling him *Randal*, because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332 at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison.—See *The Bruce*, book 20th. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story; both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes, in his “Remarks on the History of Scotland.” There is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by his false step-mother.

LORD RANDAL.

O, WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
 O, where hae ye been, my handsome young man?
 I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?
 I din'd wi' my true-love, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

What gat ye to dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
 What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man?
 I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
 What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?
 O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

O, I fear you are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son !
 O, I fear you are poison'd, my handsome young man !
 O, yes ! I'm poison'd ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.

Burns observes, that “ this air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the *original of Lochaber*. In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple original air ; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.”—*Reliques*. His remarks are certainly just.

CCCCXVIII.

O’ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

BURNS says, that this song, beginning “ Comin thro’ the Craigs of Kyle,” is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore but also a thief ; and in one or other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard.”—*Reliques*. There are much older verses to this air than those in the Museum, but they are rather too loose for insertion. Stewart Lewis, a minor Scots poet, likewise wrote some verses to the same air, which were published, along with his poems, about twenty years ago. The tune was published as a reel in Bremner’s Collection, about the year 1764.

CCCCXIX.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING !

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1790, for the Museum. In his manuscript, he directs Mr Clarke to set the words to the tune of “ Cornwallis’s Lament for Colonel Muirhead.” This is a modern air, by Mr M. S.

CCCCXX.

TO THE ROSEBUD.

THIS song, beginning “ All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,” was written by one Johnson, a joiner, in the neighbourhood

of Belfast. The tune is evidently the progenitor of the air called "Jocky's Gray Breeks." It indeed appears, under the title of "Jocky's Gray Breeches," in Oswald's second volume, published in 1742. I observe that Burns has altered the spelling of a few words in the author's manuscript, to give this song a little more sprinkling of the Scottish language.

CCCCXXI.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. In his *Reliques*, he says, "This tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know."—*Reliques*. The reader, on turning to the notes on Song No 117, entitled "The Highland Lassie," will have no difficulty in understanding that part of the bard's private history to which he alludes. The tune, under the title of "Phebe," by Mr Oswald, was published in his fourth volume, in 1742.

CCCCXXII.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS song, beginning "I hae been at Crookieden," was patched up by Burns from the fragments of an old Jacobite effusion. In the copy transmitted to Johnson, the third line originally stood, "There I saw some folk I ken." Burns, I observe, has drawn his pen through this line, and written above it, "Viewing Willie and his men."

In the *Reliques*, our bard, alluding to the tune of the Highland laddie, says "As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the Musical Museum, beginning 'I hae been at Crookieden' (a vulgar cant name for hell.) One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald has it in his Collection by the name of 'The Auld Highland Laddie.' It is also known by the name of *Jinglan Johnie*, which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is

little known to the peasantry by the name of ‘ Highland Laddie,’ while every body knows ‘ Jinglan Johnie.’ The song begins,

“ *Jinglan John, the meikle man,
He met wi’ a lass was blythe and bonnie.*”—RELIQUES.

It is now, perhaps, impossible to determine whether Burns may, or may not, be right respecting the seniority of this tune to its other namesakes. But in Gow’s Repository, part second, there is an air called “ The Original Highland Laddie, or the Quickstep of the gallant 42d Regiment, as performed when that regiment was reviewed by his Majesty at Ashford, 7th May, 1802;” and this very tune appears in Playford’s *Dancing Master*, published at London in 1657, under the title of “ Cockle-Shells.” From this circumstance it would appear, that our poetical politicians, in after times, generally adapted their Jacobite verses to such airs as were well known and much esteemed at the time, without taking the trouble of composing *new* tunes to the words. It is curious to remark, that the same air which was played before his Majesty in 1802, must have been well known about two hundred years before that period, when the Stewart family succeeded to the imperial throne of Britain.

Signor Pasquali composed a new tune to the song, beginning “ The Lowland lads think they are fine,” written by Ramsay. This tune appears in Oswald’s first book, under the title of “ The Highland Lassie.” The words and air were afterwards reprinted in “ The Muses Delight,” at Liverpool, in 1754.

CCXXXIII.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

IN the Reliques, Burns says, these verses were originally English, and that he gave them their Scotch dress. The tune was composed by Oswald, and inserted in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book iv. p. 30, published in 1742 under the title of “ The Maid’s Complaint ” It is certain y one of the finest Scottish airs that Oswald ever composed.

CCCCXXIV.

DONALD COUPER.

THIS old tune is mentioned by Colonel Cleland in his mock poem on the "Highland Host," written in 1697.

*Trumpets sounded, speens were glancing,
Some were Donald Couper dancing.*

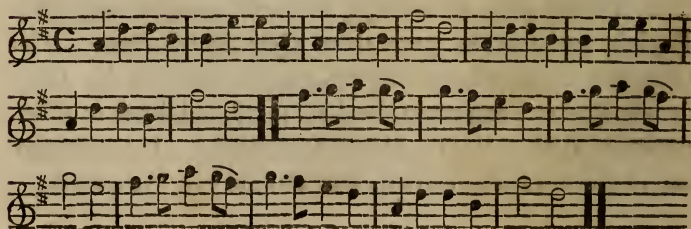
But it was current in England long before this period, as it appears in Playford's *Dancing Master* in 1657, under the title of *Daniel Cooper*. Tom Durfey, or some of his Grubstreet brethren, wrote an execrable and indecent ballad to this tune, which is inserted in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy, vol. v. anno. 1719," entitled "Good honest Trooper take warning by Donald Cooper. To the tune of Daniel Cooper."

David Herd has preserved the following fragment of the old song; upon comparing which with the copy inserted in the Museum, the reader will be enabled to discover the humorous touches it has received from the pen of Burns.

Donald Couper and his man,
They've gane to the fair;
They've gain to court a bonny lass,
But fint a ane was there:
But he has gotten an auld wife,
And she's come hirpling hame;
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet-stool,
And brake her rumple-bane.
*Sing, hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper;
He's gane awa to court a wife,
And he's come hame without her.*

The tune in the Museum has been considerably altered and modernized. The following is a genuine copy:

DONALD COUPER. A. D. 1657.



CCCXXXV.

THE VAIN PURSUIT.

THIS song, beginning "Forbear, gentle youth, to pursue me in vain," is another production of the venerable Dr Blacklock. I believe the tune is his likewise. His amanuensis brought both the words and music to Johnson.

CCCXXXVI.

EPPIE M'NAB.

THE verses in the Museum, beginning "O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie MacNab," were written by Burns as a substitute for the old song, which, he justly observes, had more wit than decency. The modern verses, in the poet's own hand-writing, are now lying before me. The tune is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vi. under the title of "Appie M'Nabb."

CCCXXXVII.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

THIS tune, in old times, was known by the name of "Lass, an I come near thee," which was the first line of the chorus of a foolish old song.

*Lass, an I come near thee,
Lass, an I come near thee,
I'll gar a' your ribbans reel,
Lass, an I come near thee.*

The verses adapted to this tune in the Museum were written by Burns on purpose for that work. Mr Cromek says, that Mr Gilbert Burns told him, "this song was suggested to his brother by the 'Auld Man's Address to the Widow,' printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, which the poet first heard sung, before he had seen that Collection, by *Jean Wilson*, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Tarbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naivette* of her character and for singing old Scots songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family-worship; and before she sung a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse, as if she had a numerous audience!"—*Reliques*.

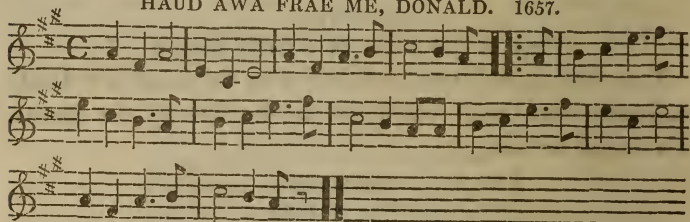
The Auld Man's Address, above alluded to in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, is called "The Auld Man's Best Argument," to the tune of "Widow, are ye wakin?" The words and music are inserted in the fifth volume of the Museum, p. 444. The song begins, "Wha is that at my chamber door?"

CCCXXXVIII.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

THE fine old Scottish tune of "Had awa frae me, Donald," appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, which was published, 1657, under the title of "Welcome home, Old Rowley." The tune in the Museum, No 338, as well as the words, are modernized from the old song. To enable the reader to compare the ancient air with its modern representatives, it is here annexed:—

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD. 1657.



This tune, with considerable embellishments, was printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725.

CCCXXXIX.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

New Set.

THIS is the same air, with the embellishments introduced by the late Mr P. Urbani in singing the song at the concerts in Edinburgh. This gentleman published at Edinburgh, in two folio volumes, "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice, with introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello," a work of great merit. In the preface he informs us, that having been struck with the elegant simplicity of the original Scots Melodies, he applied himself for

several years, in attending to the manner of the best Scottish singers; and having attached himself to that which was generally allowed to be the best, he flattered himself that he had acquired the true national taste. He sung, during a period of four years, the Scots airs in the concerts of the *Harmonical Society* of Edinburgh, and for three years in the concerts in Glasgow. In both places he received such marks of universal applause, as convinced him that his method of singing was approved by the best judges.—*See his advertisement prefixed to the work.*

The writer of this article knew Urbani intimately. He was an excellent singer, and his knowledge of Counterpoint was very masterly and profound. In 1802, he and the late Mr Sybold, the composer and harp-player, engaged a numerous and respectable band of vocal and instrumental performers from various parts of the kingdom, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Glasgow might be gratified with hearing some of the best Oratorios of Händel, &c. This concern, although deserving of encouragement, did not succeed, and the affairs of both contractors were ruined. Sybold died that spring of a broken heart, and poor Urbani, after struggling with his misfortunes for some time in Edinburgh, was at length induced to settle in Ireland, where he continued to the period of his death, in 1816.

CCCXL.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS elegant song is the composition of Miss Cranston, now married to Dugald Stewart, Esq. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Burns acquaints us, that the song wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, and that he added the first four lines of the last stanza.—*Reliques*. The words are adapted to an air taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iv. page 8, entitled "Anthy, the lovely;" but it is not a Scottish melody. It is the composition of Mr John Barret of London, organist, a pupil of Dr Blow, who set

this air to the English song of “Ianthé, the lovely,” printed in the fourth volume of the “Pills,” in 1707. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Beggar’s Opera, beginning “When he holds up his hands arraigned for life,” acted at London in 1728.

CCCXLI.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

THESE verses, beginning “Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,” were composed by Burns, as he informs us, *on his little idol, the charming lovely Davies.—Reliques.* The words are adapted to the tune of “The bonie wee Thing,” in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii.—*See notes on Song No 349, entitled “Lovely Davies.”*

CCCXLII.

ROY’S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Mr CROMEK says that the words of this song were written by Mrs Murray, spouse of Dr Murray, Bath. In the collections of Thomson, Urbani, &c. they are attributed to the pen of Mrs Grant of Carron. There may be two different editions of this song, which is adapted to the old tune, called “The Ruffian’s Rant.” “Roy’s Wife” is the modern name of the air.

Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated Sept. 1793, and printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie’s edition of his works, says, “I have the original words of a song for the last air, (Roy’s Wife) in the hand-writing of the lady who composed it; and they are superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen.” In another letter from the bard to the same gentleman, dated 19th November, 1794, and published in the same work, he says “Since yesterday’s penmanship, I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song, to Roy’s Wife. You will allow me, that, in this instance, my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish.” The reader will find the verses inserted in the notes on Song No 156, beginning “Can’st thou leave me thus, my Katy?”

Burns continues, "Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not so far amiss. You see I am determined to have my quantum of applause from some body."—*See his Works, vol. iv.*

Dr Currie, in a note to the above song, says, "To this address, in the character of a forsaken lover, a reply was found on the part of the lady among the MSS. of our bard, evidently in a female hand-writing, (which is doubtless that referred to in Burns's letter of September, 1793.) The temptation to give it to the public is irresistible; and if, in so doing, offence should be given to the fair authoress, the beauty of her verses must plead our excuse." The reader will likewise find the reply by the lady, in the notes to the same song, No 156. It begins, "Stay, my Willie, yet believe me."

There appears to be some obscurity in Dr Currie's account. The reader will observe, that Burns, in his letter, dated September 1793, says, he had the lady's verses of the song *at that time* in his possession. But Burns's English address was not composed till 19th November 1794, upwards of a year thereafter. Unless, therefore, we suppose that his verses were originally written in the Scottish dialect, and that he subsequently gave them an English dress, it appears impossible that the lady's verses can be considered as a reply to a song which was not then in existence.

CCCXLIII.

LADY RANDOLPH'S COMPLAINT.

THE words of this song, as the editor has been informed, were written for the Museum by Dr Blacklock. The manuscript, however, must have been either abstracted or lost, as it is not now among the original materials furnished to Johnson for his fourth volume. The verses, beginning "My hero, my hero, my beauteous and brave," are adapted to the tune of "Earl Douglas's Lament," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 7th, page 30. This beautiful tune, however, if it be not the progenitor of the melodies of

“ When I hae a sixpence under my thumb—*Robidh donna Gorrach*,” &c. &c. is evidently nearly connected with them. The song appears to have been written subsequent to the appearance of Home's celebrated tragedy of Douglas, in which Lady Randolph is one of the principal characters.

CCCXLIV.

COME, HERE'S TO THE NYMPH THAT I LOVE!

THE words of this song are taken from *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the letters J. W. Q. subjoined to it. The editor has not yet learned who is the author. The verses are adapted to the air of “ Auld Sir Simon the King,” according to the direction of their author. This tune is very old. It appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, in 1657; in *The Pills to Purge Melancholy*, it frequently occurs with *one strain* only, which undoubtedly was the original simple melody. In Playford's second part of “ Musick's Handmaid,” published in 1689, the melody is published with variations for the Virginals, under the title of “ Old Simon.” It is, perhaps, impossible to decide whether the tune is originally Scottish or English, for it has been a favourite in both countries past the memory of man.

CCCXLV.

THE TITHER MORN.

BURNS says, “ This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.”—*Reliques*. The musical reader will easily observe, that the second strain of this *Highland* tune is almost note for note the same with the second part of the air of “ Saw ye Johnie comin', quo' she.” It is, however, a fine tune for all that, and was sent by Burns to Mr Johnson, alongst with the pretty verses adapted to it; which, it is believed, are the composition of our bard.

CCCXLVI.

A COUNTRY LASS.

THIS old Scots Song had found its way into England about the year 1700; for it appears in the second volume of

The Pills to Purge Melancholy, printed that year. Henry Playford, the editor and publisher of the three first volumes of that work, had not however known the original tune, as he directs it to be sung to the air called "Cold and Raw;" and to make the verses suit this tune, he has altered some of the words, as well as the terminating letter *O* into *A*, at the end of every alternate line, thus :

What tho' I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear *a* ;
I think myself as good as those
That gay apparel wear *a*.

This alteration renders the song perfectly ludicrous, and opposite to the intention of the old homely minstrel who composed it. The song, however, is fortunately preserved in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and directed to be sung "*to its ain tune.*" Thomson, in his Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, has adapted the verses to a tune not unlike, and probably the original melody, which Carey afterwards altered a little to suit his song of *Sally in our Alley*. The fine original air, of one simple strain, however, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson ; and the verses were at last adapted to *their ain tune* in the Museum.

Burns likewise sent the rude fragment of the old ballad, called "Geordie," beginning "There was a battle in the north," which he had heard sung to the same tune. This ballad seems to relate to George Earl of Huntly, who was sent on an expedition to Shetland, in 1554, by the Queen Regent of Scotland to seize a certain person who had proved offensive to her. He, however, returned without being successful. Upon this he was incarcerated, and his titles and estates were forfeited. He was afterwards liberated and restored to his dignities, and chosen to be one of the privy counsel to Queen Mary.—*See Holinshead's Scottish Chronicle.*

CCCXLVII.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE SEVER.

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1790, on purpose for

the Museum. In his original manuscript, now before me, he directs it to be set to the tune of "Rory Dall's Port," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. This has accordingly been done by the editor, and his friend, Mr Clarke.

The first couplet of this song had probably been suggested to our bard, on hearing the introductory stanza of the English song, which begins—

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

CCCXLVIII.

AS I WAS A WAND'RING.

THIS beautiful Gaelic melody was obtained by Burns during his excursion in the north of Scotland, in the year 1787. It is entitled *Rinn m' eudail mo mhealladh*, i. e. "My dear did deceive me." The verses in the Museum were likewise transmitted by Burns. They are said to be a correct Scottish metrical version of the Gaelic song, from an English translation communicated to Burns with the original air.

A modern and a much inferior set of this tune has lately (1816) appeared in Fraser's Collection of Original Highland Airs, which, he says, but for him, *would in all probability have perished with his life.*

CCCXLIX.

LOVELY DAVIES.

THIS is another production of Burns, in compliment to the young lady (Miss Davies) formerly noticed, whose personal and mental accomplishments have more than once been the theme of our bard's poetical encomiums.—*See notes on Song 341, entitled "The bonnie wee Thing."* In his original manuscript, I observe that the 9th line began "Ilk eye she cheers," which he afterwards altered to "Each eye it cheers;" and in the twenty-second line, the word *humble* is struck out, and *willing* is substituted. The verses, beginning "O how shall I unskilfu' try," were adapted to the tune called "*Miss Muir*," at his own request.

CCCL.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE tune and title of this song were taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. The humorous verses were supplied by Burns, on purpose for the Museum. The bard has only altered one word in his original manuscript, viz. *suck*, at the end of the third line of the second stanza, is scored through with his pen, and *souk* substituted as being more euphonical.

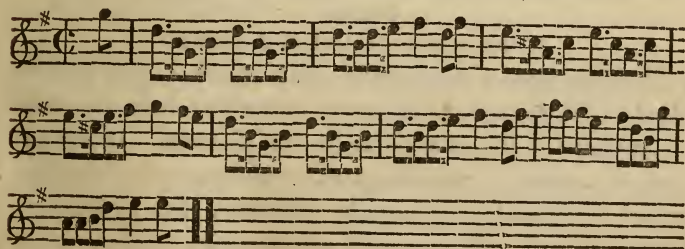
CCCLI.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

THIS song was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The words are adapted to the old air, called "When the King came o'er the Water," which was the title of a song composed on the battle, fought on the banks of the River Boyne in Ireland, between William III. and his father-in-law, James II. in 1690. King James was totally defeated, and afterwards retired to France, where he died in 1710.

Johnson has erroneously given the above air the name of "Come kiss with me, come clap with me," which is quite a different and a much older tune. It originally consisted of one strain, and was printed in this simple manner even so late as 1733, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, edition second.

AIR, "COME KISS WITH ME, COME CLAP WITH ME."



In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, one of the songs, beginning "My Jocky blyth for what thou'st done," is directed to be sung to this lively old air. Oswald added the second strain to it.—See notes on Song No 415.

A second strain being afterwards added to it, and adapted to some licentious verses, it became known by the name of “Had I the wyte, she bade me.”—*See Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vii. page 20.* It is now known by the name of “The Bob of Fettercairn.”—*See Gow's Third Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, &c.*

CCCLII.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

THIS old tune is taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. It was formerly adapted to some trifling verses, beginning

I HAE a wife o' my awn,
I'll be haddin' to naebody;
I hae a pat and a pan,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

The verses in the Museum were written for that work by Burns, a few days after his marriage. “At this period (says Dr Currie) sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination, and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, he had ever experienced.” In this situation he expressed his feelings in the vigorous and energetic lines inserted in the Museum, formed on the model of the old ballad.

CCCLIII.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED.

THE fragment of this ancient ditty, which is preserved in Herd's Collection, required some burnishing before it could be presented to the subscribers for the Museum. Burns undertook to make it passable, and, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, it must be admitted, that he has performed the task with great skill and dexterity. The musical reader will scarcely require to be informed, that this spirited air, of one simple strain, is among the oldest of our Scottish melodies. It is preserved in the first book of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, with some of his own variations

upon the air. It also appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Book of Tunes, dated 1709.

CCCLIV.

O, FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

THIS fragment of a humorous old Scottish ballad, with its original melody, was communicated by Herd. The words were previously printed in the second volume of his Collection in 1776. They were slightly retouched by Burns for the Museum.

CCCLV.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

THIS comic song, the manuscript of which is before me, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The subject of the song had a real origin: A young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection.

The verses are adapted to an old tune, called *The Mouldiewart*. In the Reliques, Burns says, "this song is mine."

CCCLVI.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

THE frequent wars between England and Scotland, for a series of ages, were extremely injurious to both kingdoms, but more especially to their frontiers, which, being continually liable to be ravaged and laid waste, afforded few or no inducements for cultivating the soil. Driven from the quiet pursuits of a pastoral life, the manners and character of the inhabitants became totally changed: those hands that once held the plough, or guided the scythe and the sickle, now brandished the sword, the spear, and the battle-axe. The peasantry, associating under the banners of their respective

chieftains, formed themselves into various hostile clans, whose interests were perpetually clashing, their principal means of support being derived from rapine and pillage. The conflicts between these border septs, however, were not viewed by their relative sovereigns in the light of national quarrels. Much of the country they possessed was claimed by both kingdoms, and the mutual jealousies of the two courts enabled these marauders to plunder one another, as well as their more peaceable neighbours, without challenge or control.

Accustomed to depend upon the sword for their livelihood, and inured to every species of danger and fatigue, they paid no respect to private property. Their ideas of justice were suited to their mode of living. Every thing they could seize was considered to be fair booty, and as such they protected it at all hazards. Notwithstanding their roving and predatory life, they, nevertheless, were ardent and faithful in their attachments, and always ready to devote themselves in revenging injuries done to their relations and friends. When called upon to espouse the national cause, they flocked with cheerfulness to the standard of their sovereign, and their services in the field proved their vast superiority over those raw troops that were raised in the interior of the kingdom. But as the military services of these chieftains were generally rewarded by large grants of territories, as well as titles of honour, some of them, by degrees, became so powerful and arrogant as even to disregard the royal authority.

Amongst the clans on the Scottish side, the Armstrongs were formerly one of the most numerous and potent. They possessed the greater part of Liddesdale and of the debateable land. All along the banks of the Liddel, the ruins of their ancient fortresses may still be traced. The habitual depredations of this border race had rendered them so active and daring, and at the same time so cautious and circumspect, that they seldom failed either in their attacks or in securing their prey. Even when assailed by superior num-

bers, they baffled every assault, by abandoning their dwellings, and retiring with their families into thick woods and deep morasses, accessible by paths only known to themselves. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Terras-moss, a frightful and desolate marsh, so deep that two spears tied together could not reach the bottom.

Although several of the Scottish monarchs had attempted to break the chain which united these powerful and turbulent chieftains, none ever had greater occasion to lower their power, and lessen their influence, than James V. During his minority, the kingdom was torn by their dissensions, the laws were disregarded, and even the rights of the sovereign were deeply infringed. But no sooner did this gallant young prince free himself from the vassalage in which he had been held by Douglas earl of Angus, and his brother, than he began to reform the abuses in his kingdom with such spirit and zeal, as manifested a determined resolution to suppress them. After banishing the Douglasses, and restoring order and tranquillity to the interior, he next directed his attention to the due administration of justice on the Border. He accordingly raised a powerful army, chiefly composed of cavalry, "to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddesdale, and other parts of the country." Aware, however, that these depredators could never be effectually crushed, unless the chieftains who protected them were properly secured, he took the necessary precaution of forfeiting, or committing the whole of them to ward, with the exception of Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, commonly called the King of the Border, who were publicly executed. About the beginning of June 1529, the king departed from Edinburgh at the head of his army, and marched rapidly through Ettrick Forest, and Ewsdale. During this expedition, John Armstrong of Gilnockie, the hero of the ballad, presented himself before the king with thirty-six of his followers, in expectation of obtaining pardon. This Armstrong, as we are told by Pitscottie, "was the most redoubted chieftain

that had been for a long time on the borders either of Scotland or England. He ever rode with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottish man." It is said that, from the borders to Newcastle, every Englishman, of whatever state, paid him tribute. Glenockie came before the king with his foresaid number, (thirty-six,) richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of this free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, frowardly turned himself about, and bade them take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, *What wants that knave that a king should have?* John Armstrong made great offers to the king, that he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottish man. *Secondly*, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "*It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: But, had I known this, I should have lived on the borders in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know that king Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.*" Lindsay of Pitscottie's History, p. 145. This execution is also noticed by Hollinshead, who says, that "In the month of June 1529, the king, with an army, went to the borders, to set order there for better rule to be kept, and to punish such as were known to be most culpable. And hereupon, he caused *forty-eight* of the most notable thieves, with their captain, *John Armestrang* to be apprehended; the which, being convicted of murder, theft, and treason, were all hanged on growing trees, to the example of others. There was one cruel thief among the rest, who had burned a house with a woman and her children within it; he was burned to death. *George Armestrang*, brother to *John*, was pardoned, to the end he

should impeach the residue, which he did; so they were apprehended by the king's commandment, and punished for their misdoings, according as they had deserved." Hollinshead's *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 182. This historian appears, however, to have confounded John Armstrong and his party, with the whole other depredators who were executed during the march.

The place where John Armstrong and his followers suffered, was at Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. They were buried in a desert church-yard, where their graves are still pointed out. The peasantry in these districts hold the memory of John Armstrong in high estimation, and scruple not to affirm, that the growing trees mentioned by the historians withered away as a manifest sign of the injustice of the execution. They likewise assert, that one of Armstrong's attendants, by the strength and swiftness of his horse, forced his way through the ranks of the surrounding host, and carried the tidings of the melancholy fate of his master and companions to Gilnockie castle. This castle was situated upon a rock, surrounded by the river Esk, at a place now known by the name of the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, and its ruins still serve to adorn one of the most romantic and picturesque landscapes in all Scotland. The very rigorous measures which were pursued by James V., for suppressing the unruly border clans, however, did not produce the effects he so anxiously expected. The unfortunate defection of his troops at the raid of Solway Moss, in 1541, proved, that the prompt severities he had exercised against these septs were impolitic rather than wise; having soured the tempers and lessened the affections of those restless but brave subjects, who had so frequently protected the throne at the expense of their lives. This unlucky affair, indeed, made such an impression on his mind, from the moment the intelligence of it reached him, that he became quite dispirited and melancholy; and, not long thereafter, he sunk

into an untimely grave, on 14th December, 1542, in the 33d year of his age.

Although George Armstrong of Mangerton had received a pardon from the late sovereign, the death of his brother John was neither to be soon forgotten, nor the descendants of the sufferers easily to be pacified. Indeed, the hostile and turbulent spirit of the Armstrongs was never broken or suppressed, until the reign of James VI., when their leaders were brought to the scaffold, their strong holds razed to the ground, and their estates forfeited and transferred to strangers. So that, throughout the extensive districts formerly possessed by this once powerful and ancient clan, there is scarcely left, at this day, a single landholder of the name.

The death of this redoubted border hero is noticed by Buchanan. It is likewise frequently alluded to by the writers of that age. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in his "Satyre of the Three Estates," introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in reliques, who, in enumerating his halie wares, is made to say,

HERE is ane coird baith grit and lang,
Quilk hangit *Johnie the Armestrang*,
Of gude hemp soft and sound ;
Gude hailie peopill, I stand ford,
Quha ever beis hangit with this coird,
Neids never to be dround !

In the "Complaynt of Scotland," John Armestrang's dance is also mentioned as a popular tune.

The celebrated ballad of "Johnie Armestrang," was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, in 1724, who tells us, that he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman of the name of Armstrong, who was the sixth generation from the above John. The reciter likewise informed him, that this was ever esteemed the genuine ballad, the common one false. By the common one, Ramsay means an English ballad upon the same subject, but differing from the one he had thus obtained in various particulars. The English ballad may be seen in Ritson's *Select Collection of English Songs*, vol. ii p. 322.

As the Editor of the Museum was under the necessity of leaving out the greater part of this fine old Scottish ballad for want of room, it is here annexed.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
 And siclyke men of hie degrie;
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
 Sum tyme calld laird of Gilnockie.
 The king he wrytes a luvyng letter,
 With his ain hand sae tenderly,
 And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
 To cum and speik with him speidily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
 They were a gallant company:
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful king,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plenty,—
 We'll welcome hame our royal king,
 I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie.

They ran their horse on the Langum 'Howm,'
 And brake their speirs with meikle main;
 The ladies lukit frae their loft windows:
God bring our men weil back again!
 Quhen Johnie came before the king,
 With all his men sae brave to see,
 The king he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me;
 For my name is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of zours, my liege, said he.

*Away, away, thou traytor strang,
 Out of my sicht thou may'st sune be;
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.*

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I will gie to thee,
 Full four-and-twenty milk whyte steids,
 Were a' foald in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a the zeir to me.
 These four-and-twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
 And as meikle of gude reid quheit,
 As all thair happens dow to bear.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,
 Sall for thee fecht though all sould flee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee ;
 All betwene heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay their zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, king, he says,
 Althocht a king and prince ze be ;
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well sayit, but honesty :
 But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
 Twa bonie dogs to kill a deir ;
 But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
 Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho suld have found me meil and malt,
 And beif and mutton in all plentie ;
 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said,
 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
 To seik het water beneath could yce,
 Surely it is a great folie ;

*I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But their is nane for my men and me.*

But had I kend, or I came frae hame,
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the border syde,
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.
 Wist Englands king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man waid he be !
 For anes I slew his sister's son,
 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle about his middle,
 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
 Bespangled with the same mettle,
 Maist beautiful was to behold.
 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
 And ilk an worth three hundred pound :

*What wants that knave that a king suld haif,
But the sword of honour and the crown?*

*O quhar gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?*

I gat them in the field fechtin,
Quher, cruel king, thou durst not be.
Had I my horse and my harness gude,
And ryding as I wont to be,
It sould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
The meiting of my king and me.

God be with thee, Kirsty, my brither,
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun—
Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,
Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down.
And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Quhair thou sits on thy nurses knie;
But and thou live this hundred zeir,
Thy fathers better thoul't never be.

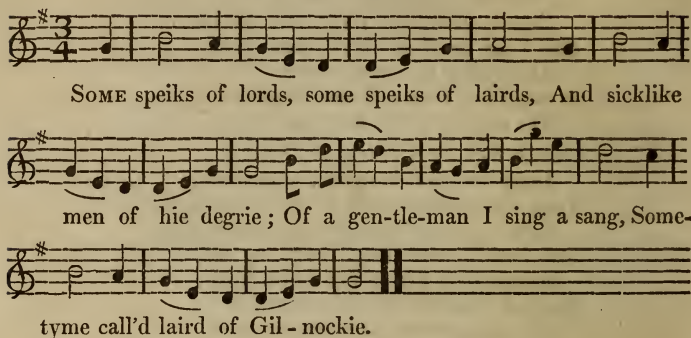
Farweil, my bony Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Esk-syde thou standest stout,
Gif I had livd but seven zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.
John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant companie;
But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,
To see so many brave men die.

Because they savd their country deir
Frae Englishmen, nane were sae bauld;
Quhyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,
Nane of them durst come neir his hald.

The air of this ballad, commemorating an event in 1529, is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and in Ritson's Collection of Scottish Songs, as well as in the Museum. It would appear to be the progenitor of that class of airs so frequently noticed under the name of *Todlen Hame—Lament for the Chief—Robidh donna gorradh*, and several others. Robert Hastie, formerly town-piper of Jedburgh, who was a famous reciter of the old Border ballads, had a similar, but still more simple, set of the tune than any of them. It extended only to four lines of the poetry, in place of eight in the printed collections. The notes, as he chanted them in my infancy, (for he really was

not what in modern times is termed a singer,) still vibrate in my ear. They are annexed.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.



The tune called "*Johnie Armstrang's Dance*," was probably nothing more than the above artless old melody, played somewhat quicker as a jig. Indeed many of the ancient Scottish airs, when sung or performed slowly on an instrument, have an exceedingly plaintive and pathetic effect; but when played fast, they become, with little or no variation, very lively and cheerful dancing-tunes.

CCCLVII.

HEY, HOW, JOHNIE, LAD.

THIS humorous song was picked up by Herd, and placed in his Collection of 1776. The author is anonymous. The verses are adapted to a lively old air, which appears in Bremner's Collection of Reels and Country Dances, published in 1764, under the title of "The Lassies of the Ferry."

CCCLVIII.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

CONSIDERABLE liberties have been taken both with the words and music of this fine song in the Museum. It begins, "O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird." On turning up the manuscript transmitted to Johnson, and comparing it with the song, as preserved in a curious collection which belonged to the late Mr James Sibbald, bookseller in

*See Armistead's
beautiful hand-writing
from old air*

Edinburgh, now in the possession of the present Editor, he observes, that Burns has made several alterations on the old verses. These, however, do not always appear to be for the better; and the tune is evidently altered for the worse. The original air consists of one simple strain, and this is repeated for the chorus. It is here annexed with the old verses, which are said to be the composition of Lady Ann Lindsay, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray."

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O LO - gie of Buchan, O Lo - gie the laird, They hae
 ta'en a - wa Ja-mie that delv'd in the yard, Wha play'd on the
 pipe and the vi - ol sae sma', They hae ta'en a - wa Jamie, the
 flow'r o' them a'.

Chorus to be sung to the same notes.

*He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang' awa ;
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang' awa ;
 For simmer will come when cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite of them, a'.*

II.

Tho' Sandie has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house, and a hadden, and siller forbye ;
Yet I'd tak mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' the houses and land.

CHORUS.—*He said, think nae lang, lassie, &c.*

III.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor ;
Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

IV.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loed me sae weel ;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gae me the half o't, when he gaed awa.

*Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.*

CCCLIX.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

THE hero of this ballad was the Right Honourable William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south-west of Scotland in 1715. Having left Kenmure at the head of about two hundred horsemen, and formed a junction with the troops under the command of General Forster, he marched as far as Preston in Lancashire. Here, however, his lordship surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion, and was appointed to be conducted, with many of his unfortunate followers, to London, in 1715. Arriving at Highgate, each of the prisoners was placed on horseback, with his arms firmly pinioned, and a foot soldier holding the reins of his bridle. On the 9th of that month, General Tatton, who commanded the detachment, left Highgate with the prisoners, and proceeded to London, drums beating a victorious march, and the mob strengthening the chorus with the horrid din of marrow-bones, cleavers, and warming-pans. In this disgraceful

triumph were the unhappy captives led through the streets of the city, amidst the hootings and insults of a barbarous rabble, and conducted to the several prisons assigned to receive them. Lord Kenmure and several other noblemen were committed to the tower. He was afterwards tried, and (very unjustly, as some thought) beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February 1716.

Burns transmitted the ballad in his own hand-writing, with the melody to which it is adapted, to Mr Johnson. Cromek, in his “Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,” printed in 1810, has inserted three additional stanzas, which he pretends are of equal merit and antiquity with those in Ritson’s Scottish Songs (copied from the Museum), but they are evidently spurious and modern. They are here annexed, however, for the reader’s inspection.

THERE’S a rose in Kenmure’s cap, Willie ;
There’s a rose Kenmure’s cap ;
He’ll steep it red in ruddie heart’s blede
Afore the battle drap.

He kissed his ladie’s hand, Willie ;
He kiss’d his ladie’s hand ;
But gane’s his ladie-courtesie,
When he draws his bludie brand.

His ladie’s cheek was red, Willie ;
His ladie’s cheek was red ;
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
Which smell’d o’ deadly feud.

It might rather have been supposed, that the lady’s cheeks would have assumed a pale in place of a red colour, situated as she was ; and as to the expressions, *ruddie heart’s blede* and *ladie courtesie*, they seem inexplicable.

CCCLX.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

THIS song, beginning “O, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,” was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The beautiful melody to which the verses are adapted was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth book of his

Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 10th, under the title of “Sweet’s the Lass that loves me.”

CCCLXI.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

THE words of this song, beginning “Where live ye, my bonny lass,” as well as the tune, were transmitted by Burns to Johnson in the poet’s own hand-writing. It appears in no other collection. In the *Reliques*, Burns says, “I do not know a blyther old song than this.” The greater part of it, however, is his own composition.

CCCLXII.

THE SHEPHERD’S WIFE.

THIS old comic song appears in Herd’s Collection, vol. ii. It contains two verses more than the copy inserted in the Museum, which were chiefly omitted on the score of delicacy. The pretty tune to which the words are adapted in the Museum was communicated by Burns; but a respectable old lady informed the Editor, that, in her early days, the verses were usually sung to the well known air of “Bab at the Bowster,” *alias* “The Country Bumpkin.”

CCCLXIII.

WILLIAM’S GHOST.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning “There came a ghost to Margaret’s door,” was recovered by Ramsay, and printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725. Both Bishop Percy and Mr Ritson have inserted it in their respective Collections. Ritson says, that “the two last stanzas were probably added by Ramsay; they are evidently spurious.” The verses recovered by Ramsay are only a fragment of the old ballad. The first part of it, entitled “Willie and May Margaret,” may be seen in Gilchrist’s Collection, vol. i. Willie, the hero of the piece, resolves to visit his sweetheart, Margaret, contrary to the advice of his mother. He accordingly sets out, and, arriving at her door, is peremptorily refused admittance. On his return home, he is drowned in attempting to cross the River Clyde. His ghost afterwards appears to the

fickle Margaret. Such are the leading incidents of the ballad, which appears to have been a great favourite with our ancestors. Several stanzas of it are interwoven with another old piece, entitled "Clerk Saunders," printed in the second volume of "The Minstrelsy of the Border." It is a curious fact, that the chief incidents of Burger's celebrated German ballad, *LEONORA*, which has been admirably translated by Mr Taylor of Norwich, Sir Walter Scott, and others, have evidently been taken from the old Scottish ballad of "*WILLIAM'S GHOST*." In Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v., is an air entitled "William's Ghost," but it is evidently modern. The tune, as inserted in Ritson's Collection and in the Museum, is genuine.

CCCLXIV.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HOME.

THIS song, beginning "The noble Maxwells and their powers," was written by Burns, as a tribute of respect to Mr Maxwell of Nithsdale. The verses are adapted to an air composed by the late Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. The old castle of Terreagles, to which the poet alludes, is situated in a parish of the same name, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

CCCLXV.

JOHNIE BLUNT.

THIS old song, beginning "There liv'd a man in yonder glen," as well as its ancient simple air, were transmitted by Burns for the Museum. It is said that this song is the original of "Get up and bar the Door," inserted in the third volume of the Museum.—*See Notes on Song, No 300.* Tradition reports, that John Blunt resided in the parish of Crawford in the county of Lanark.

CCCLXVI.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning "In summer, when the hay was mawn," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The verses are adapted to the old air, entitled "The Coun-

try Lass," which is inserted in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. Henry Carey, in composing the melody to his song, "Of all the girls that are so smart," or, "Sally in our Alley," has evidently borrowed from this tune; as he has taken the greater part of the melody of "God save the King," from that of "Remember, O thou man," inserted in Forbes Cantus, printed at Aberdeen in 1666, merely by changing the key from the minor to the major mode.

CCCLXVII.

FAIR ELIZA.

THIS song, beginning "Turn again, thou fair Eliza," was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to a Perthshire air, taken from Macdonald's Collection. In Burns' MSS. I observe, that the original title of the song was *Fair Rabina*, which was afterwards altered to *Fair Eliza*, for the sake of euphony. Burns, in a note to Johnson, which is annexed to the song, says, "So much for your Rabina—How do you like the verses? I assure you, I have tasked my muse to the top of her performing. However, the song will not sing to your tune; but there is a Perthshire tune in Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, which is much admired in this country. I intended the verses to be sung to that air. It is in page 17th, and No 112. There is another air in the same Collection, an Argyleshire air, which, with a trifling alteration, will do charmingly; it is in page 20, No 133." Rabina was a young lady to whom Mr Hunter, a friend of Mr Burns, was much attached. This gentleman went to Jamaica, and died there shortly after his arrival.

CCCLXVIII.

FAIR ELIZA.

THIS is the same song as the last, adapted to the Argyleshire air, No 133 of Macdonald's Collection, mentioned by Burns, with a slight variation in order to suit the words.

CCCLXIX.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

THIS very humorous ballad, beginning "Hearken, and I will tell ye how," is published in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the signature Z, to denote that it was then considered to be very old. It was likewise printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius with the music, in 1725. The tune also appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Collection, written in 1709, now in the Editor's possession.

Burns says, "this lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times, *whan thieves were rife*, and the lads went a-wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or launces. Willie's durk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person."—*See Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, with Critical Observations by Robert Burns, edited by R. H. Cromek, vol. ii. London, 1810.*

CCCLXX.

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

WE are indebted to old David Herd for recovering this curious fragment of romantic ballad, beginning "As I was a-walking all alone." Herd published it in his Collection, first edition, in 1769, and Ritson copied it, with the melody, from the Museum, in which the words and music appeared together for the first time. It is said that Sir Walter Scott is now in possession of a complete copy of the ballad, communicated to him by the late Mr Joseph Ritson.

CCCLXXI.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

THIS Jacobitical effusion is another unclaimed production of Burns. It is adapted to an air which has always been a favourite in the low country, and to which several of their songs have been sung. The ballad on the celebrated pirate, Paul Jones, beginning "You've all heard of Paul Jones, have you not? have you not?" was sung to the same

tune. There is another ballad to the same air, beginning “My love’s in Germany, send him hame, send him hame,” published as a single sheet song by N. Stewart and Co. Edinburgh, said to have been written by a lady on the death of an officer, 1794. The late Hector Macniell, Esq. told me, however, that he was the author of this ballad himself.

MY LUVE’S IN GERMANY.

My luve’s in Germany, send him hame, send him hame ;
 My luve’s in Germany, send him hame ;
 My luve’s in Germany,
 Fighting for royalty,
 He may ne’er his JEANIE see,
 Send him hame.

He’s brave as brave can be, send him hame, send him hame ;
 He’s brave as brave can be, send him hame ;
 He’s brave as brave can be,
 He wad rather fa’ than flee,
 His life is dear to me,
 Send him hame.

Your luve ne’er learnt to flee, bonny dame, bonny dame ;
 Your luve ne’er learnt to flee, bonny dame ;
 Your luve ne’er learnt to flee,
 For he fell in Germany
 In the cause of Royalty,
 Bonny dame.

He’ll ne’er come o’er the sea—Willie’s slain, Willie’s slain ;
 He’ll ne’er come o’er the sea—Willie’s slain ;
 He’ll ne’er come o’er the sea,
 To his luve and ain countrie ;
 The warld’s nae mair for me—
 Willie’s gane !

CCCLXXII.

THE POOR THRESHER.

THIS ballad, beginning “A nobleman liv’d in a village of late,” was transmitted by Burns, in his own hand-writing, to Johnson. In a note, accompanying it, the bard says, “*It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never, that I know of, was printed before.*”

CCCLXXIII.

THE POSIE.

THIS song, beginning “O luve will venture in where it darena weel be seen,” was written by Burns for the Museum.

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

THERE was a pretty May, and a milken she went,
Wi' her red-rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair ;
And she has met a young man coming o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

O where are you going, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair ?
Unto the yowes a milken, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair ?
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir ? she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

&c. &c. &c.

Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, printed in Dr Currie's edition of Burns' Works, dated 19th October, 1794, says, "The Posie, in the Museum, is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country; but the old words are trash. By the bye, take a look at the tune again, and tell me if you do not think it is the original from which Roslin Castle is composed. The second part in particular, for the first two or three bars, is exactly the old air."

Burns labours under a mistake, in supposing that Oswald composed the beautiful air of Roslin Castle. The tune did not receive this name, until Mr Hewit, who was Dr Blacklock's amanuensis, wrote the song of Roslin Castle, and adapted it to the old air, entitled "The House of Glammis, or Glammis Castle," in Forfarshire, the seat of the Earl of

Strathmore. It is printed with the old title in Macgibbon's Collection, book ii.

Neither in the Caledonian Pocket Companion, nor in the Forty-three Scots Airs, with Variations, dedicated to the Earl of Bute, does Oswald himself make the least pretensions as the composer of the air of Roslin Castle, although he prefixes an asterisk to the other tunes which were composed by him. Indeed he could not have claimed it without instant detection.

CCCLXXIV.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

THIS song, beginning "*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,*" was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to an air, formerly called *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, which was the joint composition of Mr James Miller, Dep-ute teind-clerk, Edinburgh, and the late Mr Stephen Clarke, organist in the same city. The Editor was acquainted with all the parties, and therefore the following facts, as related by Burns, may be depended upon. In a letter to Mr Thomson, dated November, 1794, the bard says, "There is an air, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. *Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon*; this air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the *black keys*; but this account

which I have just given you, Mr Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to shew you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted, that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish Gentleman, who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a Countess informed me, that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I, myself, have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them."

Burns alludes to the following passage in Ritson's Historical Essay on Scottish song, page 102. As truth, not system, is the object of this inquiry, the following communication, from a very ingenious and much esteemed musical friend, appeared too interesting to be suppressed.—“When I was in Italy, it struck me very forcibly, that the plain chants which are sung by the friars or priests, bore a great resemblance to some of the oldest of the Scottish melodies. If a number of bass voices were to sing the air of *Barbara Allan* in the ecclesiastical manner, the likeness would appear so great to a person who is not accustomed to hear the former frequently, that he would imagine the one to be a slight variation from the other. That accident might be the cause of original invention, the underwritten will prove,—About twelve years ago (1782), on trying my Piano-forte, after tuning, by putting my fingers casually (with some degree of musical rhythmus) upon the short keys, avoiding the long ones, it surprised me much to hear an agreeable Scottish melody. This is so curious and so certain, that those who are totally ignorant of music may amuse themselves by playing the same measure and motion of any well known tune upon the short keys only, which, in modern instruments, are

made of ebony, to distinguish them from the long ones, which are generally made of ivory."

It remains to be observed, that the two stanzas in the Museum are the genuine production of Burns. The original manuscript of the song, which is written upon a slip of Exercise paper, with red ink lines on the back, is now lying before the present Editor. The two additional stanzas in the Glasgow Pocket Encyclopedia Song-book, beginning "O blaw ye flow'rs your bonnie bloom," are spurious. They were written by the late John Hamilton, Music-seller, in Edinburgh, as he himself informed me.

CCCLXXV.

DONOCHT-HEAD.

THIS charming song, beginning "Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-Head," was written by Thomas Pickering, Esq., author of several other fine songs. Mr Thomson inquired of Burns if he was the author of Donocht-Head, and received the following answer: "Donocht-Head is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald; and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." See his letter to Mr Thomson, dated 19th October 1794, printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of his works.

The verses are adapted to the fine old pathetic air, called *Gordon Castle*, which was published in M'Gibbon's Scots Tunes, and afterwards by Oswald in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 9th.

The reader is presented with another specimen of Mr Pickering's poetical talents.

A LAPLAND SONG,

By THOMAS PICKERING, Esq.

THE snows are dissolving on Torno's rude side,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide;
Thy stream, O Lulhea, flows swiftly away,
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to-day.

Far off the keen terrors of winter retire,
And the north-dancing streamers relinquish their fire;

The sun's genial heat swells the bud on the tree,
And Enna chants forth her sweet warblings with glee.

The rein-deer unharness'd in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er Odin's deep precipice stray ;
The wolf to the forest recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides through the sky.

Then haste, my fair Enna, oh ! haste to the grove,
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love,
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,
For the winter of life scarce a transport can know.

This song was arranged as a glee for three voices by Dr Horsley, and dedicated to his friends the Misses Stapleton.

CCCLXXVI.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

THIS very humorous song, beginning *Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed*, was written by Burns purposely for the Museum. The words are adapted to a tune called "The Eight Men of Moidart," which was formed into a strathspey, and published by Bremner, in his Collection of Reels and Country Dances, about the year 1764.

CCCLXXVII.

LADY MARY ANN.

THIS fine song, with the very beautiful old air to which it is adapted, were communicated by Burns. It was modelled by Burns from a fragment of an ancient ballad, entitled "Craigton's Growing," still preserved in a manuscript collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, in the possession of the Rev. Robert Scott, minister of the parish of Glenbucket. Several old ballads, which have hitherto been considered as lost, appear in this collection.

CCCLXXVIII.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

THIS song, beginning "Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame," is likewise an unclaimed production of Burns. It is adapted to the old air, entitled "A Parcel of Rogues in the Nation," which appears both in M'Gibbon and Oswald's Collections. Dr Blacklock had also written a song to the same melody ;

for Burns, in a note subjoined to his verses, says, *I inclose what I think the best set of the tune. Dr B's words, inclosed, may follow the same tune.* Johnson, however, omitted the Doctor's verses, as he had no room on the plate.

CCCLXXIX.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THIS comic ballad, beginning "There lived a Carle in Kelly-burn braes," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. Burns, however, modelled his ballad from an old one sung to the same tune. Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song," has published the following verses, entitled "Original of Burns' Carle of Kelly-burn Braes."

THERE was an auld man was hauding his plow,

Hey ! and the rue growes bonnie wi' thyme !

By came the devil, say, "How do you do?"

And the thyme it is withered and rue is in prime.

It's neither your ox, nor your ass that I crave,

Hey ! &c.

But its your auld scaulding wife, man, and her I maun have,

And, &c.

Go take her, go take her, the auld carle said,

Hey ! &c.

Ye'll no keep her lang, and that I'm afraid,

And, &c.

The devil he mounted her on his back,

Hey ! &c.

And awa like a pedlar he trudged wi his pack,

And, &c.

He carried her on till he came to hell's door,

Hey ! &c.

And bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,

And, &c.

He placed her on his big arm chair,

Hey ! &c.

And thousands o' devils came round her to stare,

And, &c.

But ay as they at the auld carlin play'd pouk,

Hey ! &c.

She gaed them a bann, and she lent them a clout,

And, &c.

A reekit wee devil glower'd owre the wa',

Hey ! &c.

Says, help, master, help ! or she'll ruin us a',

And, &c.

The deil he came up wi' a good brunstane rung,

Hey ! &c.

And out at the door the auld carlin he swung,

And, &c.

He hynt up the carlin again on his back,

Hey ! &c.

And awa fu' blythely he trudged wi' his pack,

And, &c.

He carried her owre an acre or two,

Hey ! &c.

Till he came to the auld man hauding his plow,

And, &c.

And ay as the auld carle ranted and sang,

Hey ! &c.

In troth my auld spunkie ye'll no keep her lang,

And, &c.

Gude-morrow, most sadly, the auld carle said,

Hey ! &c.

Ye're bringing me back my auld wife I'm afraid,

And, &c.

I try'd her in spunks, and in caudrons I try'd her,

Hey ! &c.

And the wale o' my brunstane wadna hae fry'd her,

And, &c.

I stapp'd her in the neuk o' my den,

Hey ! &c.

But the vera damn'd ran whan the carlin gaed ben.

And, &c.

Sae here's a gude pose for to keep to yoursel',

Hey ! &c.

She's nae fit for heaven, and she'll ruin a' hell,

And, &c.

In a note annexed to the foregoing ballad, Cromek says, " This original and highly-relieved song, was retouched by Burns. Yet there is reason to believe he had not seen the whole of the verses which constitute the present copy, as it contains many characteristic traits that his critical taste would have held sacred."

The reader, on comparing Cromek's ballad with that of Burns' inserted in the Museum, will have no difficulty in discovering that a considerable portion of Cromek's pretended original, as he calls it, is a contemptible modern fabrication, and is as inferior, in point of humour, to that of Burns, as any two compositions can possibly be. It is really too bad to affirm, that Burns would have held *sacred* such abominable trash. He was a man of a very different stamp.

CCCLXXX.

EVANTHE.

THIS song, beginning "When, dear Evanthe, we were young," was written by Dr Blacklock for the Museum. The air is likewise the Doctor's composition. The original words and music, copied by his amanuensis, are in the Editor's possession.

CCCLXXXI.

JOCKEY FOU, AND JENNY FAIN.

THIS song is printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, who affixes the letter Q to it, to show that it was an old song with additions. Burns added the four following lines to suit the tune to the words.

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

Burns, upon the manuscript sent to Johnson, has the following note: "These are the old words, and most excellent words they are: set the music to them, and let Dr Blacklock's words follow to the same tune." The air in the Museum has received some recent embellishments. See notes on song No 298.

CCCLXXXII.

AY WAKIN', O.

SEE notes upon another set of this tune, which is inserted in the third volume of the Museum, page 222, song No 213 of that work. This set of the tune was transmitted by Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, Esq. to Mr Stephen Clarke.

CCCLXXXIII.

PATIE'S WEDDING.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "As Patie came up frae the glen," was published by David Herd in the second volume of his Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1776. The words are adapted to a modernized set of the air, to which a foolish old ballad was sung, beginning

WE'LL put the sheep-head in the pat,
Horns and a' thegither;
We'll make broth of that,
And a' sup thegither;
We'll a' sup thegither,
A' lye thegither,
We'll make nae mair beds,
Till it be warmer weather.

This curious song is inserted in the fifth volume of the Museum. See notes on song No 479.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

THE words and music of this song, beginning *It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall*, were communicated by Burns for the Museum. The air, it is said, is an original African melody.

CCCLXXXV.

ORAN AN AOIG; OR, THE SONG OF DEATH.

THIS charming song, beginning "Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies," was written in 1791 by Burns, for the Museum. The verses are adapted to a Gaelic melody in Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs. In a letter addressed to Mrs Dunlop, dated Ellisland, 17th December, 1791, and printed in the second volume of Dr Currie's edition of Burns' works, the bard says, "I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology.

"SCENE—A field of battle—Time of the day, Evening.—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following

“SONG OF DEATH.”

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad-setting sun !
 Farewell, loves and friendships ; ye dear tender ties !
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors—thou life’s gloomy foe !
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou for the brave !

Thou strik’st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e’en the wreck of a name !
 Thou strik’st the young hero—a glorious mark,
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life’s last-ebbing sands—
 O who could not die with the brave !

“The circumstances that gave rise to the foregoing verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, Macdonald’s Collection of Highland Airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran an Aoig* ; or, *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.”

Both Mr Ritson and Mr George Thomson have copied this song from the Museum into their respective Collections. The former has retained the original Gaelic air, but the latter has adapted the verses to the tune of “My Lodging is on the cold Ground.” Dr Currie has pronounced this song to be “worthy of the Grecian Muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for wisdom and valour.” In a note inserted in the first volume of Dr Currie’s edition, it is said, that “the poet had an intention, in the latter part of his life, of printing it separately, set to music, but was advised against it. The martial ardour, which rose so high afterwards on the threatened invasion, had not then acquired the tone necessary to give popularity to this noble song, which, to the Editor, seems more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence in a season of real pressing danger, than any production of modern times.

CCCLXXXVI.

AFTON WATER.

THIS song, beginning "Flow gently sweet Afton amang thy green braes," was written by Burns, and presented by him, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, to Mrs Stewart of Afton Lodge, for the notice she had taken of the bard, being the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life. He afterwards transmitted the verses, alongst with the beautiful melody to which they are adapted, to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum.

Afton is a small river in Ayrshire, a tributary stream of the Nith. Mrs Stewart inherited the property of Afton Lodge, which is situated upon its banks, in right of her father.

CCCLXXXVII.

BONNY BELL.

THIS song, beginning *The smiling morn comes in rejoicing*, is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the Museum.

CCCLXXXVIII.

GREEN SLEEVES.

THIS song, beginning "Ye watchful guardians of the fair," was written by Allan Ramsay, and printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. The verses are adapted to the old tune, called *Green Sleeves, and Pudding Pies*, the first line of an old licentious song. Bishop Percy says, "It is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and bawdy were composed, to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green Sleeves, and Pudding Pies*, (designed to ridicule the popish clergy,) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns. *Maggy Lauder* was another; *John Anderson, my jo*, was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine." See Percy's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. Tradition, in this instance, however, is opposed to written evidence, as has been

fully demonstrated in the notes to "John Anderson, my Jo," and elsewhere. See notes on song No 260.

The air of "Green Sleeves," originally consisted of one strain, and was equally popular in England as in Scotland, upwards of two centuries ago; many of the old English ballads being directed to be sung to this tune, which also went under the name of "Nobody can deny." It may be seen almost in its primitive state, under the title of *The Blacksmiths*, in Henry Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, vol. i. London 1698. The second strain, however, is at least as old as 1657, as it appears in "The Dancing-Master" of that year. John Christopher Pepush, *Musc. Doc.*, who, at the request of Gay and Rich, selected and prepared the music to the *Beggar's Opera* in 1727, from various ballads and country-dance tunes then in vogue, adapted Gay's song, beginning *Since laws were made for ev'ry degree*, sung by Macheath, to the tune of *Green Sleeves*.

CCCLXXXIX.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

THIS song, beginning "Where Cart rins rowing to the sea," was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to a beautiful air, communicated by himself, and selected from the first book of Aird's (of Glasgow) Collection, under the title of *The Weaver's March*.

The White Cart is a small river in Renfrewshire, which takes its rise in the parish of Eaglesham, and, after passing the town of Paisley, celebrated for its various *productions of the loom*, joins the Black Cart at Inchinnan-bridge, and falls into the Clyde near Renfrew.

CCCXC.

SLEEPY BODY.

THIS song is a translation of the following Latin verses, printed in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the letter Q affixed, to denote that the verses were old with additions. The only addition is, the translation of the original Latin verses into Scottish metre.

Somnolente, quaeso repente
 Vigila, vivat, me tange.
 Somnolente, quaeso repente
 Vigila, vive, me tange.
 Cum me ambiebas,
 Videri solebas
 Amoris negotiis aptus ;
 At factus maritus
 In lecto sepitus
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

Thomson published the Scottish translation with the original tune in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1733, and left out the Latin verses, which were sung to the same air.

It is a curious circumstance, that Oswald, although he had inserted this air in the third book of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, page 17th ; yet, in his fourth book, page 7, he has a *jig* to the air of *The Plowman*, nearly in the same notes which constitute the melody of *Sleepy Body*. This charming old air, however, is certainly deserving of much better words than any of those, whether Latin or Scottish, to which it has hitherto had the misfortune of being united.

CCCXCI.

I LOVE MY JOVIAL SAILOR.

THE words and music of this song were sent anonymously to Johnson, who thought them entitled to a place in the Museum. They are to be found in no other work yet extant. The tune, however, seems to be nearly allied to an air called *The auld Man's Mare's dead*, which likewise goes under the name of *The Oyster Wench*.

CCCXCII.

HEY CA' THRO', CA' THRO'.

THIS lively old air, with its humorous verses, beginning "Up wi' the Carles of Dysart," were communicated by Burns to the Editor of the Museum. This song is not yet to be found in any other publication.

CCCXCIII.

WHILE HOPELESS, AND ALMOST REDUC'D TO DESPAIR.

THIS plaintive song was composed, and communicated to Johnson, by Mr R. Mundell of Edinburgh, with the air to which the verses are adapted in the Museum.

CCCXCIV.

O CAN YOU LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN.

IN the second volume of *Select Scottish Songs*, with Critical Observations by Burns, edited by Mr Cromeke, Burns informs us, that this song, beginning *I feed a man at Martinmas*, has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite. The first verse should be restored to its original state.

I FEED a lad at Roodmass,
 Wi' siller pennies three;
 When he cam hame at Martinmass,
 He coudna labour lea.
 O can ye labour lea, young lad?
 O can ye labour lea?
 Indeed, quo' he, my hand's out,
 And up his graith pack'd he.

"The old way, (says he) is the truest; for the terms Roodmass is the hiring fair, and Hallowmass the first of the half year." But the present Editor always heard the first line of the song in these words, "I feed a lad at Michaelmas," which is the head hiring fair.

This old tune was modelled into a strathspey, called the "Miller's Daughter;" which Shield selected for one of his airs in the overture to *Rosina*; and Gow afterwards printed the air from that overture, under the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey." It is now called "Auld Lang Syne."

CCCXCV.

ON THE DEATH OF DELIA'S LINNET.

THIS elegiac song, beginning "O all ye loves and groves lament," with the modern Scottish air to which the words are adapted, appeared for the first time in the *Museum*. The author, however, is still anonymous.

CCCXCVI.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

THIS humorous ditty, beginning "The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout," was written by Burns for the *Museum*. The bard, however, has introduced two or three lines from the old words, which it would have been better to have left out.

This tune was probably introduced into England about the union of crowns in 1603; for it was well known in the early days of old John Playford, who published it alongst with many other Scots tunes in his *Dancing Master*, in 1657, under the title of the "Buff Coât." The import of the old Scottish name of the tune could not be generally, if at all, understood in England. Dr Pepush adapted Gay's song to this air, beginning "Why that languish? O, he's dead! O, he's lost forever!" introduced in the musical opera of *Polly*, or the second part of *The Beggar's Opera*, in 1729.

CCCXCVII.

AS I WENT OUT AE MAY MORNING.

THE words and music of this old ballad were communicated to Johnson by Burns, in the poet's own hand-writing. Some of the verses seem to have been retouched by our bard; but it would have been better had he altered a little more of it.

CCCXCVIII.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

BURNS picked up this charming old melody in the country, and wrote the verses to which it is so happily adapted in the Museum. Gow has lately introduced this beautiful tune in the third book of his *Complete Repository*, dedicated to the Countess of Loudon and Moira, page 9th.

CCCXCIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THIS comic song, beginning "The Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town," was written by Burns for the Museum. The original is written upon a slip of excise paper, ruled on the back with red lines. It is said, that at a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries, our poet, on being called for a song, handed these verses extempore to the president upon the back of a letter. The old name of the tune, to which the words are adapted, was "The Hemp-dresser;" and it is published with the genuine title in old Playford's *Dancing-Master*, so frequently alluded to. It was afterwards known by the name of "The Sun had loos'd his weary Team," from the first line

of a comic English ballad which appeared in the first volume of the "Pills to purge Melancholy," printed at London in 1698.

CCCC.

MISS WEIR.

THE words and music of this humorous song, beginning "O love, thou delights in man's ruin," were transmitted to Johnson for his Museum, by Burns, in the poet's own handwriting. It is said to be the composition of a dissenting clergyman at Biggar.

END OF PART FOURTH.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART IV.

CCCIV.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

THIS song is altered and improved, from one that appears (at p. 85.) in the volume of Poems mentioned by Mr Stenhouse, which was printed by subscription, and has the following title: "Poems Pastoral, Satirical, Tragic, and Comic. By JOHN LEARMONT. Carefully corrected by the Author.

My Muse is a queer wayward wight,
And cramm'd with many a quirky flight:
She soaring whiles mounts out of sight,
Beyond the moon;
Next dizzy 'mong the shades of night
Comes donart down.

"Edinburgh, printed for the Author, &c. 1791." 8vo. pp. 414. The dedication to "Charles Earl of Dalkeith, and heir-apparent to his Grace Henry Duke of Buccleugh," is dated from Dalkeith. The prefatory address to the public, states, that "The author is a gardener by profession, and a poet (if he deserves that appellation) by propensity; and labours under the disadvantage of a stinted education." The volume includes a dramatic piece, entitled "The Unequal Rivals, a Pastoral." In a poetical dedication, he thus alludes to his connexion with Eskdale; but he himself, it is supposed, was a native of Tweeddale.

Accept, O Eskdale, these a Bardy's lays,
Ta'en frae thy gowany glens, and cowslip braes:

Accept o' this frae him—a tribute due
 Unto thy bold inhabitants and you.
 I on your banks attun'd my rustic strains,
 Till fell misfortune drove me frae your plains.
 Tho' Fate convey me to the Snowy Isles,
 Where ne'er a flower reflects the sunny smiles
 To generous Eskdale I wad tune my lays ;
 And lilt her grottos and her sunny braes ;
 Her birken bowers, &c.—(p. 260.)

Before the publication of this volume, the author had obtained the situation of head gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch at Langholm Lodge, while his namesake and relation, John Learmont, was head-gardener at Dalkeith Palace. The latter retired, at an advanced age, before 1806, and was succeeded by Mr Macdonald ; while the former, who is described as having “ studied poetry more than raising garden-stuff,” lost his situation. After this he lived, I understand, near Colinton, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he died probably more than thirty years ago.

CCCXIV.

THE WHISTLE.

“ THERE are some odd blunders in the legend of the Whistle, which a pedigree of the Maxwelton family in my possession enables me to mention. There was no Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton prior to, or during the reign of King James the Sixth. Stephen, the third son of John Laurie, the first of the family on record, and an inhabitant of Dumfries, purchased the lands of Maxwelton from the Earl of Glencairn in the year 1614. He was succeeded by his son, John, who died in the year 1649 ; and his son and heir, Robert, was created a baronet on the 27th of March, 1685. By his second wife, Jean Riddel, daughter of the Laird of Minto, he had three sons and four daughters, of whom Catharine was married to Walter Riddel of Glenriddell, and Anne to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch. His son, Sir Robert, was killed, when a lad, by a fall from

his horse in the year 1702. So the story of Queen Anne's drunken Dane may be regarded as a groundless fable, unless such a person came over in the train of Prince George of Denmark, the husband of our last Queen Anne, which is not very probable."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXI.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

"THIS is the song which Burns altered, and thought he had 'improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.' It is usually attributed to Aytoun, and is just as likely, from its easy and graceful style, to have been written by him as by any of his contemporaries; but in Watson's Collection, part iii. p. 91 (where Burns probably found it), it is anonymous; as it also is in Playford's earlier musical collection of 'Select Ayres and Dialogues, 1659.' There are a few slight variations between the two copies which it is not necessary to specify."—(Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. i. p. 323).

Sir ROBERT AYTOUN, a younger son of the family of Kinaldie in Fife, was born in the year 1570, and educated at St Andrews. He was knighted by King James, and dying at London, in March 1638, he was interred in Westminster Abbey. Some account of his life, and a collection of his Poems are contained in "The Bannatyne Miscellany," Vol. I. p. 299-324. Edinb. 1828, 4to.

CCCXXIV.

WHAR WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

"THE more modern version of this song was said to have been composed on the beautiful Lady Anne Cochrane, Duchess of Hamilton, who, at an early age, died in childhood. She is still remembered by tradition as 'bonnie Annie;' but her portrait at Holyroodhouse, and a cast of her face at Hamilton, inspire no admiration of her charms. The former, indeed, is very ill done; and I have been told

that the latter was taken after her death. Her Epithalamium and Elegy are to be found among the poems of Allan Ramsay."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXV.

GALLOWAY TAM.

MR STENHOUSE concludes his note with expressing a doubt as to the antiquity of this air. "Gallua Tam," occurs, however, as the title of an air in Sir R. Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute Book, 1627.

CCCXXVII.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

"The nursery song ran thus:—

O, WHAR ha' ye been a' day,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
O, I've been at my stepmither's,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo.

An' what did scho gie to you to eat,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?—
Scho gied to me a wee fishie;
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo.

An' what did scho catch the fishie in,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
Scho catch'd it in the gutter hole,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo.

An' what did ye do wi' the banes o't
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
I gied them to my little dog,
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo.

An' what did your little doggie do,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
It stretch'd out its head an' its feet, and dee't,
An' sae will I, mammie, noo.

"The nurse, or nursery-maid, who sung these verses (to a very pretty plaintive air), always informed her juvenile audience that the stepmother was a rank witch, and that

the fish was an ask (*i.e.* newt) which was in Scotland formerly deemed a most poisonous reptile. In that very amusing book, the Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, "asks" are explained "newts—animals of the lizard species; they are always considered to have poison somewhere about their *hinnerliths*."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXVIII.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

JEAN GLOVER, to whom this song is ascribed by Burns, and whom he describes in language sufficiently explicit, was the daughter of a weaver in Kilmarnock. The author of the "Contemporaries of Burns," has succeeded in collecting some information regarding her history, from which it appears that she was born in that town, 31st of October 1758. Having become enamoured with a strolling player who frequented that part of the country at fairs, and other occasions, she eloped with him; and afterwards pursued an irregular course of life, but perhaps not quite so disreputable as Burns's words imply. She occasionally visited her native town in company with the "slight-of-hand blackguard," whom Burns mentions, and whose name was Richard. She is still remembered in that neighbourhood. "An old woman, with whom we conversed (says the author of the work referred to), also remembered to have seen Jean at a fair in Irvine, gaily attired, and playing on a tambourine at the mouth of a close, in which was the exhibition-room of her husband the conjurer. "Weel do I remember her," said our informant, "an' thocht her the bravest woman I had ever seen step in leather shoon."—P. 37.

Jean Glover pursued this vagrant course of life till the year 1801, when she died, it is supposed, at Letterkenny in Ireland, in the 43d year of her age.

A ballad, under the same title, "O'er the Muir amang the Heather," by Stewart Lewis, is inserted at p. 338 of Mactaggart's Gallovidian Encyclopedia. Lond. 1824. 8vo.

CCCCXXIV.

DONALD COUPER.

THE mock poem, the "Highland Host," was printed in 1697, in a posthumous volume of Cleland's Poems, but it must have been written at least eight or ten years earlier, as the author, Lieut.-Col. WILLIAM CLELAND, was killed at Dunkeld in August 1689, at the early age of twenty-eight.

CCCXL.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

IN the Index to the Museum, "This Song of Genius" (as Burns calls it), is assigned to "Miss C*****n," and it has been correctly attributed to MRS DUGALD STEWART; with the exception of the first four lines of the last stanza, which were supplied by Burns to suit the music. See page 319. This lady, HELEN D'ARCY CRANSTOUN, was the third daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun, youngest son of William Fifth Lord Cranstoun. (Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. i. p. 369). She was born in the year 1765; married Professor Dugald Stewart, of Catrine, Ayrshire, 26th of July 1790, and died at Warriston House, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, 28th of July 1838.

The following verses, I have reason to believe, were also written by Mrs Stewart. They breathe, in graceful language, the same strain of tender feeling, with her justly admired song, "*The Tears I shed*;" and I am sure the reader will be gratified in thus possessing another specimen of her lyrical talents, hitherto confined to the circle of a few private friends of that accomplished Lady.

Returning Spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the Earth, and smooths the deep;
All nature smiles, serene and gay,
It smiles, and yet, alas! I weep.

But why, why flows the sudden tear,
Since Heaven such precious boons has lent,

The lives of those who life endear,
And though scarce competence,—content.

Sure when no other bliss was mine
Than that which still kind Heaven bestows,
Yet then could peace and hope combine
To promise joy and give repose.

Then have I wander'd o'er the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view ;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt,
That happy bosom knew no ill,
That those who scorn'd me time would melt,
And those I loved be faultless still.

Enchanting dreams, kind was your art
That bliss bestow'd without alloy ;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter still than joy.

Oh ! whence the change that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye ;
And conquers the once powerful charms
Of Youth, of Hope, of Novelty.

'Tis sad Experience, fatal power,
That clouds the once illumin'd sky,
That darkens life's meridian hour,
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far
From that which youthful fancy drew ,
Shows joy and prudence oft at war,
Our woes increased, our comforts few.

And when, perhaps, on some loved friend
Our treasured fondness we bestow,
Oh ! can she not, with ruthless hand,
Change even that friend into a foe ?

See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the rose to 'scape the thorn,

And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more;
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Can nought my happiness restore?

Relentless power, at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give caution, but withhold distrust,
And guard, but harden not my heart.

CCCXLII.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALOCH.

IN some collections, this favourite song is ascribed to MRS GRANT of Carron, and, in others, to MRS MURRAY of Bath. This difficulty has been explained by a note received from George Thomson, Esq., the correspondent of Burns, and Editor of the "Scottish Songs." "Mrs Grant of Carron," says Mr T., "is the same lady who married Dr Murray of Bath, but I know not her maiden name, nor whether she be alive or dead,—dead probably, for she was well up in years when she married the Doctor, whom I knew well, a warm-hearted Irishman, and a very good flute player. She was generally understood to be the writer of "Roy's Wife," but I cannot help you to any written authority for the fact. You are quite right in suspecting traditional authorities *in general*. They are little to be relied on."

Through the obliging inquiries of John P. Grant, Esq. (son of the late Mrs Grant of Laggan), I have since learned the following particulars respecting this lady. Her maiden name was Grant, and she was born, near Aberlour, on the banks of the river Spey, about the year 1745. She was twice married, first to her cousin, Mr Grant of Carron, near Elchies, on the river Spey, about the year 1763; and, secondly, to a physician in Bath, whose name is stated to have been Dr Brown, not Murray. She died at Bath

sometime about 1814; and is not known to have written any other song than "Roy's Wife."

In regard, however, to the name of Mrs Grant's second husband, I cannot think there can be any question, after what Mr Cromek states in his "Select Scottish Songs," Lond. 1810. In giving the substance of an interesting conversation he had with that lady, he expressly terms her "Mrs Murray (married to Dr Murray of Bath), and authoress of the celebrated song, '*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*.'"—(vol. i. p. 55).

Cromek has also, in the same work, given a communication from "Mrs Murray of Bath" respecting Ross of Lochlee (who died in 1783), and after alluding to 'his humble abode,' and the character of the inhabitants of that secluded district, she says, "I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland."—(vol. i. p. 206.)

CCCXLVI.

A COUNTRY LASS.

"MR RITSON, in his Northumberland Garland, gives what is probably the original of this ballad—the hero of which was George Stooles, 'dwelling some time on Gateside Moor, and some time at Newcastle.' He was executed, A. D. 1610."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXLVII.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE SEVER.

AT page 358 of the music, this song is said to have been "written for this work by Robert Burns." It was, in fact, written by him as a kind of parting address to the lady with whom he corresponded under the assumed name of Clarinda (see p. 220), at the time when she meditated a trip to the West Indies, for the benefit of her health.

Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review on Burns's Reliques, refers to this song, and says, "The

following exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales :”—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

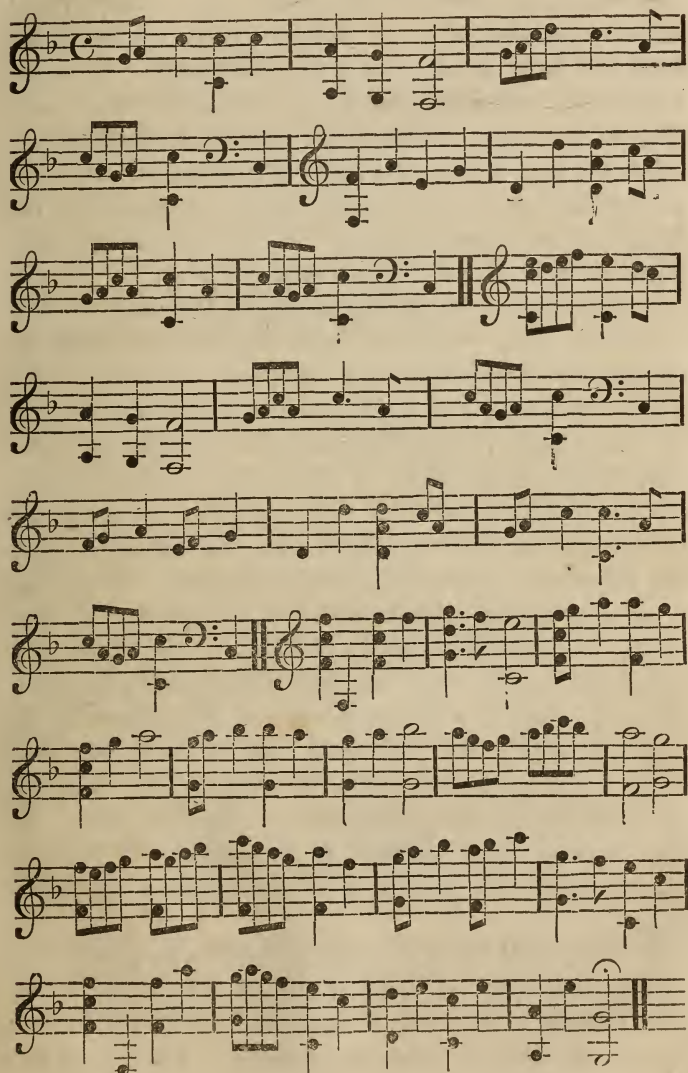
Lord Byron also, quotes the same lines as a motto to his “Bride of Abydos.”

Burns, in his directions to Johnson, desires the words to be set to “Rory Dall’s Port,” a tune included in Oswald’s and other collections. This popular air, however, is ascertained to be of greater antiquity than was imagined; as it occurs in Gordon of Straloch’s Lute-Book, written in 1627. As these Highland Ports, are a very uncommon description of music, an exact copy of the air, as it occurs in Gordon’s MS., but here given in modern notation, is subjoined, through the kind assistance of George F. Graham, Esq.

Mr Graham, in answer to a request that he would harmonize one or other of these old Scottish airs, remarks, that “all the best tunes in that MS. are not susceptible of any thing like a regular and continuous harmony. By applying to them any thing of that kind, I might attempt in vain to exercise ingenuity while I utterly ruined the peculiar style and character of these airs. They never were intended for *harmony*—such as we find in ancient or modern elaborated compositions. I allude especially to the *Ports*, which are the wildest, most peculiar, and best of these tunes; and *certainly Scottish*, if there is any faith in national tradition. All the best of our old Scottish melodies have been destroyed in their true characteristics by the *forced* application to them of a *modern* system of *harmony*, which belongs to a system of composition that has little or nothing in common with the old and purely *melodic* style belonging to *all the most ancient* national airs in the world; when such a thing as artificial harmony was not dreamed of. I have alluded strongly to

this modern error in the latter part of the appendix to my
“ Essay on Music.”

RORY DALL'S PORT.



The following remarks, suggested by this and the other Ports contained in the Straloch MS., are from the pen of a musical friend to whom a copy of the tunes had been submitted.

“ With respect to the tune called ‘ Rory Dall’s Port,’ lately deciphered from Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch’s MS., it will be at once seen, that, although it bears the same name with that given in the ‘ Museum,’ it is totally dissimilar from it. The former, of course, is the genuine air, and being of a date contemporary with its author, and written for the lute, an instrument somewhat analogous to the harp, for which it was composed, it may be presumed to have been but little altered from the original.

“ Macdonald, in his Essay on Highland Music (p. 11), and Gunn, in his ‘ Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland’ (pp. 95, *et seq.*), have furnished us with some interesting particulars relative to a blind harper, called Roderick Morison, who was generally known by the name of *Rory Dall*, or Blind Rory, and whom they describe as ‘ the last person in this country who possessed the talents of bard and harper, of poet and composer of music, in an eminent degree.’ He is said to have been born a gentleman, and to have lived on that footing at Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, in the family of a Laird of Macleod, one of the last of the Celtic proprietors who kept up, on a liberal scale, the full retinue of the Highland chief. Mr Macdonald, whose Essay was published in 1781, says, that after the death of this Macleod, the establishment was abandoned; ‘ a measure which the poor neglected bard lamented, in an excellent elegy on his patron, which was printed in a late collection of Gaelic poems.’

“ This may probably be a specimen of Rory’s poetry; but whether that which we have here given is to be considered as a specimen of *his* music, or the music of some predecessor of the same name, is somewhat doubtful. The date of the

Straloch MS. is 1627, and the Rory Dall above mentioned, is said by Macdonald to have flourished *in the end* of the 17th century. Mr Gunn also speaks of a pupil of his—one Murdoch Macdonald, called Murdoch *Clarsair*, or ‘the Harper,’ who remained in the family of Coll in quality of harper, until the year 1734, and, if these statements are correct, there must have been more than one Rory Dall of musical celebrity. But as traditional information of this nature is seldom to be depended upon with respect to dates, it is more probable that we could never boast of more than one of these personages, who, in the imposing language of Mr Macdonald, ‘like Demodocus, was blind, and like him, graced his poetry with the music of the harp;’ and that the true era of the bard was the age of James VI., a supposition which is not irreconcilable with a circumstance alluded to by Mr Gunn, as having occurred after the breaking up of his old patron’s establishment, when, *about the year* 1650, he says, that he accompanied the Marquis of Huntley on a visit to Lude House, and there composed a ‘Port’ or air, which was called ‘Suipeir Leoid,’ or ‘Lude’s Supper.’ Mr Gunn also speaks of another harper and composer, who lived in the reign of James VI. and Charles I., called John Garves Maclean of Coll.

“We are sorry to observe that our Highland countrymen have, for these many years, been so much engrossed in sounding the praises and tracing the pedigrees of their pipers, and in reviving the warlike strain of the ‘piob mhor,’ that they seem to have ceased to feel any interest in the softer, more delicate, and peaceful instrument, the harp, and its more poetical and accomplished professors. Nor is it easy to account for the circumstance that while so enlightened and powerful an association as the Highland Society have done so much for the encouragement of pipes and pibrochs, they should have made no attempt to revive the practice of an instrument once in such high estimation

in this country, and to which most of our ancient airs, both Highland and Lowland, were originally adapted. A little more, at least, might, with propriety, have been done, and may still be accomplished, towards the recovery of the many fine 'Luineags' and 'Ports' with which Scotland at one time abounded, and some of which it may not yet be too late to arrest in their progress towards oblivion. So many years, however, have elapsed since the harp was cultivated in the Highlands, that in any enquiries of this kind we can place no faith whatever in tradition, by which we are certain that the original airs must have been altered and modernized;* but must look entirely to early transcripts, such as those of the Skene and Gordon MSS. The former contains only one of the class of airs, called 'Ports,'† viz. 'Port Ballangowne,' and this happens to be *the same* with the Rory Dall's Port of the Straloch MS., although the particular version given in the latter, and which is here published, differs from and is, we think, very superior in style and character to that contained in the Skene MS. The musical reader cannot fail to regard it as a great curiosity. It is a precious relic of the last of the Highland bards; not like most of our old airs taken down from its ancient model and rebuilt after the modern fashion, but presented to our view, as nearly as possible, in its original state. The Straloch MS. has also been

* "Macdonald remarks, 'There is indeed a strong likeness between the Irish songs and the Highland luineags. *If the latter are shorter and more incomplete, it seems owing to their being preserved by oral tradition among a people who of late had no regular musicians.* Whereas the great Irish families continued to the last passionately fond of their national peculiarities, and entertained, in their houses, harpers that were the depositaries of their best pieces of music.'"

† "Port, in Gaelic, signifies an air, either sung or played upon an instrument; but Mr Tytler, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, very correctly describes this species of composition as of the plaintive strain and modulated for the harp. Every 'Port' which we have seen answers this description."

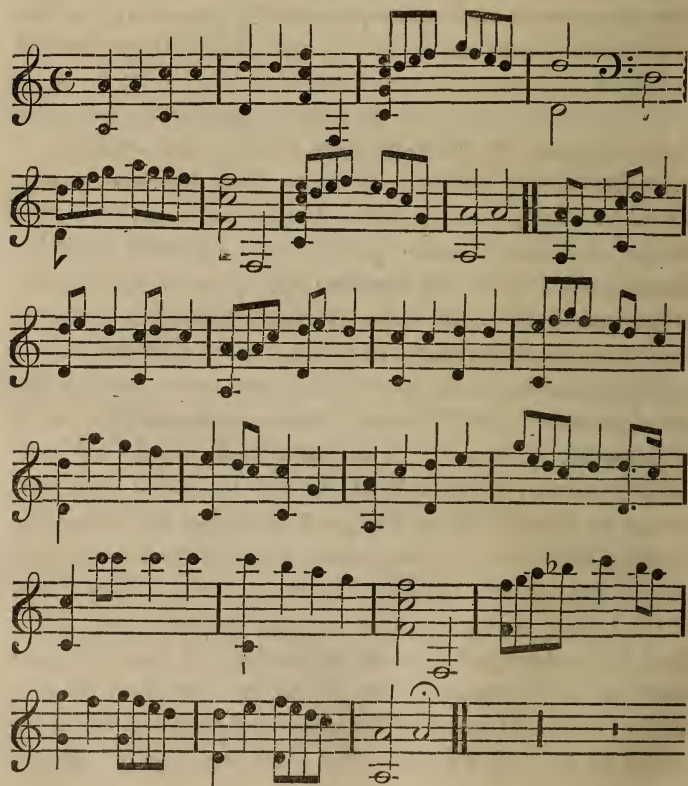
the means of restoring four other Ports which Mr G. F. Graham has translated, and all of these are equally remarkable with that now mentioned, exhibiting along with the vigorous and strongly marked features of a bygone age, not a little of the 'master's hand and poet's fire,' for which Scotland was anciently so renowned. The style of their modulation is particularly bold and striking, and if we were to compare them with any music of the present day with which we are acquainted, we would say that they reminded us chiefly of some of the wilder and more gloomy conceptions of Beethoven's adagios. In these particulars, and as showing that the 'land of the mountain and the flood' at one time possessed a style of harp minstrelsy peculiarly its own, and different from that of Ireland and Wales, these remains are not only interesting but instructive."

I beg to subscribe to the above suggestion, that some encouragement to Harp-playing, even at the expense of what our Celtic brethren consider their national music, would be highly worthy of the Highland Society. There can be no doubt, I think, that the Rory Dall who gives his name to the Port in the Straloch MS. must have flourished at the end of the 16th, or early part of the 17th century; and unless the traditionary notices are altogether erroneous, he must have had a successor of the same name, distinguished as a harper. In "Waverley," there is mention thus made of Roderick Morison: "Two paces back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands." In a notice appended to the last edition of Macintosh's Gaelic Proverbs, p. 199, Edinburgh, 1819, 12mo., it is stated that a harper, named "Rory Dall, lived in the family of Macleod of Macleod, in Queen Anne's time, in the double capacity of harper and bard to that family; and that many of his songs and poems are still repeated by his countrymen. But there is a Gaelic proverb,

in that volume, "Am Port is feàrr a sheinn Ruadhgrìgh riamh, ghabhta seirbh dheth." *The best tune Roderick ever played, one may tire of.*

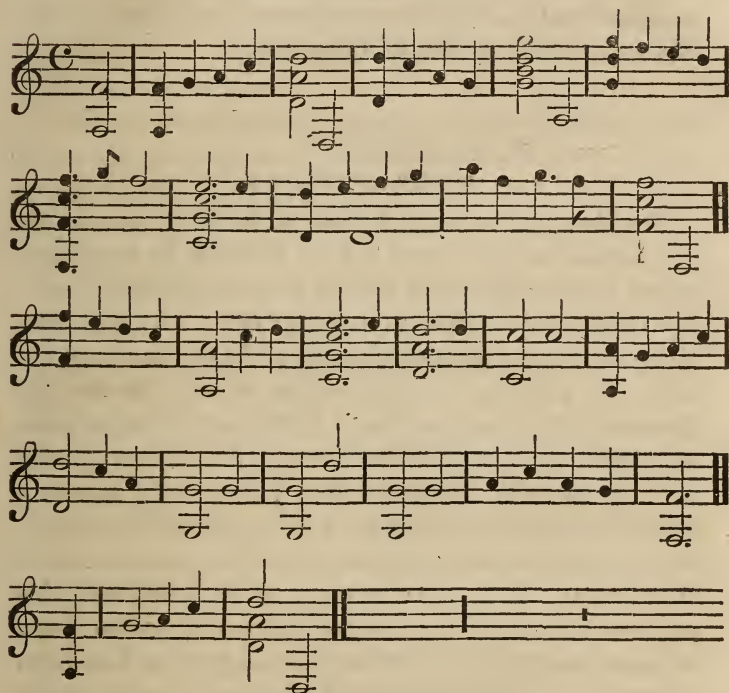
As there are four other Ports contained in the Straloch Manuscript, I avail myself of this opportunity to introduce two of these old, wild characteristic airs, as they are likely to possess more than common interest to persons who may wish to examine the earlier relics of genuine Scottish melody. The first is simply entitled

A PORT.



Two others bear a similar title ; but the following specimen which we have here selected, is called—

JEAN LINDSAY'S PORT.



On the subject of Highland airs, in general, the reader may be referred to P. Macdonald's Collection, to Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, two vols., to Angus Mackay's Pipe Tunes, 1838, and to the volume entitled "An Historical Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland ; from the earliest times, until it was discontinued, about the year 1734." By John Gunn, F. A. S. E. Edinburgh, 1807, 4to.

CCCLI.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

"It is a mistake to say that this song was written on purpose for Johnson's Museum, as it was first published in the

Kilmarnock edition of Burns, 1786, before the poet had any connexion with Johnson. It was, indeed, one of his earliest compositions—on a girl named Margaret Thomson at Kirkoswald.—See his autobiographical letter to Dr Moore.”—(Note by Mr R. Chambers).

CCCLVII.

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG.

MR STENHOUSE, at the close of his long note on this old popular ballad, inserts the air to which he was accustomed to hear it chaunted when a youth, by Robert Hastie, town-piper of Jedburgh. (See page 335.) At page 389, he has also given another favourite air of the Border Musician's, as performed in his younger days. The late Mr Alexander Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology, made occasional tours to different parts of the country, partly with the object of collecting local tunes; and I possess a MS. Journal by him, in 1816, when he visited Roxburghshire, in which he has introduced a notice of the most eminent Border pipers of the last century, which I may take this opportunity to extract. As stated, it was written down from the communication of Mr Thomas Scott at Monklaw, (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott,) who was himself a skilful performer.

“Monday, 21st [Oct. 1816], Mr Thomas Scott performed many pieces on the pipe, two of which I noted down; after which, I jotted down the particulars following regarding the best Bag-pipers of the Border, most of whom he himself knew personally.

“A List of the best Border Bag-pipers (together with a few particulars regarding them) who lived from about the beginning of the year 1700, down till about the commencement of the year 1800, noted down from Mr Walter Scott's uncle, Mr Thomas Scott, presently resident at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, 21st Oct. 1816:—

“ 1. Walter Forsyth, piper to Mr Kerr of Littledean, Roxburghshire : He was an excellent performer.

“ 2. Walter Forsyth (son of the former) was gamekeeper to the then Duke of Roxburghe ; the son was reckoned likewise a good piper. The third in succession of celebrated Border pipers was,

“ 3. Thomas Anderson, by trade a skinner, in Kelso. The father and grandfather of Thomas Anderson were esteemed good performers on what is called *the Border or Bellows-bagpipe*. They lived about the close of the seventeenth century.

“ 4. Donald Maclean, piper at Galashiels (father to the well-known William Maclean, dancing-master in Edinburgh), was a capital piper, and was the only one who could play on the pipe the old popular tune of “ Sour Plums of Galashiels,” it requiring a peculiar art of pinching the back hole of the chanter with the thumb, in order to produce the higher notes of the melody in question. He died about the middle of the eighteenth century. Richard Lees, manufacturer in Galashiels, has the said William Maclean’s bagpipes in his possession.

“ 5. John Hastie, piper of Jedburgh, lived about the year 1720 (see his elegy). He was the first performer who introduced those tunes now played in Teviotdale on the bagpipe. Mr Thomas Scott is decidedly of opinion, that the Border bellows-bagpipe is of the Highland (or, at any rate, the north-east coast) origin, as all the pipers with whom he was acquainted positively declared. This is a remarkable fact, not generally known, and difficult of belief. The small Northumberland bagpipe differs considerably from the one alluded to, particularly in the mode of execution. The successor of John Hastie, was

“ 6. Robert Hastie (nephew of the former). Mr Thomas Scott, thinks that Hastie succeeded his uncle about the year 1731 : he was reckoned a good performer.

“ 7. George Syme, was supposed to have been born and

bred in one of the Lothians. He was the best *piper of his time*; he knew the art of producing the high octave by pinching the back hole of the chanter, which was reckoned a great improvement. He was the best piper of his day. He lived about the middle of the eighteenth century.

“ The earliest Pipers (Mr Thomas Scott says) of the *Scotish Border*, properly speaking, were of the name and family of Allen, who were born and bred at Yettam, in Roxburghshire. They were all tinkers. The late James Allen was piper to the Duke of Northumberland, and was the best performer on the loud and small bagpipes of his time. He being a *Border-lifter*, the poor fellow was caught hold of in some of his *lifting exploits*, and cast into prison; but escaping justice, and set at large, he renewed his *bye-jobs*, was again incarcerated, and condemned to be hanged; which sentence was, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Northumberland, changed to imprisonment for life. He died in jail, at the advanced age of eighty years and upwards, about two months before his pardon came down from the King: this happened in the year 1808.

“ After jotting down the preceding notices respecting the most celebrated Pipers of the Border, I took my leave of the venerable, cheerful, intelligent, and worthy gentleman who so liberally made the communication, and proceeded to Jedburgh, which is within little more than a mile from Monkton, to deliver my letter of introduction to Robert Shortreed, Esq., the Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, the old and intimate friend of his brother sheriff, Walter Scott.”

Sir Walter Scott records, that his uncle, Mr Scott, “ died at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, at two of the clock, 27th January 1823, in the 90th year of his life, and fully possessed of all his faculties. He read till nearly the year before his death; and being a great musician on the Scotch pipes, had, when on his death-bed, a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him

in full possession of it. After hearing it, he hummed it over himself, and corrected it in several of the notes. The air was that called *Sour Plums in Galashiels*.”—(Lockhart’s Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 102. 12mo edit.)

It may be added that, in Kay’s Portraits, vol. ii. p. 137, there is a biographical sketch and portrait of George Syme, one of these pipers. He was an inhabitant of Dalkeith, and died probably about 1790. The print is dated 1789, and has this inscription—

This represents old Geordy Sime,
A famous piper in his time.

CCCLVIII.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY was certainly not the authoress of this song, or ballad, which is said to have been composed by George Halket, schoolmaster at Rathen, in the year 1736 and 7. She was born in 1750. See page *311.

Mr Peter Buchan, in a little volume of “Gleanings of scarce old Ballads,” Peterhead, 1825, 12mo, has inserted this ballad, with a minute account of the alleged author, from which an extract follows :—“GEORGE HALKET, was born in Aberdeenshire, but in what place, or in what year, is not certain; he was, however, parochial schoolmaster at Rathen, in the years 1736 and 7. He inherited a rich vein of humour for satirical poetry; which was dedicated, like most of his contemporaries, to the service or aggrandizement of the Jacobite party. His poetry was long familiar to the peasants in that corner of the country, and rehearsed and sung by them at their festivals and merry meetings with great eclat, some of them having a religious tendency. He is the author of the well known Jacobite song of ‘Whirry Whigs awa’, man,’ although he contrived to father it upon a

Will Jack
Who had Corskelly boats in tack ;

But who could neither read nor write,
Tho' wonderfully could indite.

Which are the lines commonly appended to most copies of this song, and which have led people to think this William Jack was the author. From Rathen, he was obliged to remove to the fishing town of Cairnbulg, for having a scuffle with Mr Anderson (who was at that time minister) in the church upon a Sunday. He continued long in Cairnbulg, and had a full school. It was here where 'Whirry Whigs' was written. In the year 1750, he removed to Memsie, &c. Mr Halket died where he had spent the most pleasant part of his life, at Memsie, in the year 1756, and was buried within the old churchyard of Fraserburgh, at the west end of the aisle."

CCCLIX.

O, KENMURE'S IN AND AWA', WILLIE.

THE three stanzas quoted from Cromeek, were written by Allan Cunningham.

CCCLXIII.

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THIS ballad occurs in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, which was probably not printed before 1734. In June 1728, at least, Allan Ramsay advertised the work as in three volumes (*Caled. Mercury*); and the London edition, 1733, contains the three in one, and professes to be "the completest and most correct of any yet published." In the preface, Ramsay states, that in the first two volumes, he himself had written verses for above sixty of the songs, and that "about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection." It is

to be regretted that Ramsay has not specified the names of "the ingenious young gentlemen" to whom he was indebted, but, at the head of the Index, he mentions, that "the Songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c., are new words by different hands; X, the author unknown; Z, old songs; Q, old songs with additions." The following is a list of the songs thus marked. The references are to the pages of the 1733 edition.

W. B. (Sir William Bennet of Grubet?)—Sandy and Betty, p. 157.

C. (Robert Crawford). 1. The Bush aboon Traquair, p. 2.—2. Tweedside, p. 4.—3. The Rose in Yarrow, p. 40.—4. Down the Burn, Davie, p. 49.—5. My Deary, if thou die, p. 59.—6. Song, *Beneath a beech's grateful shade*, p. 76.—7. Allan Water, *What numbers shall the muse repeat*, p. 93.—8. Song, *One day I heard Mary say*, p. 140.—9. Cowdenknows, *When Summer comes*, p. 155.

2 C. (Sir John Clerk ?)—To Mrs A. H. on seeing her at a Concert, *Look where my dear Hamilla smiles*, p. 19.

D. (Dickson ?)—An Ode, *Though beauty like the Rose*, p. 3.

G. ()—A Song, *Subjected to the Power of Love*, p. 32.

H. (Hamilton of Bangour).—Song, *Adieu, Ye Pleasant Sports and Plays*, p. 191. There are seven other Songs by Hamilton, but without any initials at the end.

I. H. (Heywood ?), Jamaica.—Song, *I Toss and Tumble through the Night*, p. 152.

I. (Attributed to King James V).—The Gaberlunzie Man, p. 84.

L. (Lauder ?)—1. To Chloe, *O, Lovely Maid*, p. 15.—2. Song for a Serenade, *Teach me, Chloe*, p. 17.—3. Song, *Come, Fill me a Bumper*, p. 52.

M. (Joseph Mitchell).—1. The Promised Joy, *When we meet again, Phely*, p. 10.—2. A Song, *Leave Kindred and Friends, Sweet Betty*, p. 30.—3. Song, *As Sylvia in a Forest Lay*, p. 65.

D. M. (David Malloch, or Mallet).—William and Margaret, p. 148.

O. (Oliphant ?)—1. The Faithful Shepherd, *When Flowery Meadows*, p. 11. 2. A Song, *Celestial Muses, tune your Lyes*, p. 31.

P. (Major Pack ?)—Song, *Beauty from Fancy takes its Arms*, p. 120.

Q. (Old Songs with additions), pages 24, 63, 88, 106, 108, 141, 164, 165, 169, 170, 195, 211.

R. (Robertson of Struan?)—1. To Delia, on her drawing him to her Valentine, p. 11. 2. Song, complaining of Absence, *Ah, Chloe! thou Treasure*, p. 37.

S. R. ().—The Broom of Cowdenknows, p. 14, *How blyth ilk morn was I to see*.

T. R. ().—Song, *Of all the Birds, whose Tuneful Throats*, p. 137.

S. (Symmers?)—Song, *Is Hamilla then my own*, p. 5.

W. ().—Song, *Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why*, p. 33.

I. W. Q. ().—A Bacchanal Song, *Come, here's to the Nymph that I love*, p. 172.

W. W. (Walkinshaw, or Hamilton? See pages 128, *205).—Willy was a Wanton Wag, p. 206.

X. (Songs by authors unknown), pages 6, 18, 38, 40, 41, 50, 51, 72, 73, 128, 130, 134, 145, 150, 204, 212.

Z. (Old Songs), pages 7, 21, 28, 64, 76, 89, 98, 119, 123, 133, 135, 138, 142, 153, 167, 181, 184, 186, 192.

Of the several contributors to the Tea-Table Miscellany, the first place is justly due to the author of "Tweedside," and "The Bush aboon Traquair." At page *113, I endeavoured to identify him as ROBERT CRAWFURD, the second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy, by his first marriage, with a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry. Since then, I was gratified to find that the enquiries of my friend Mr Chalmers had led him to a similar conclusion. Mr C. further informs me, that Patrick Crawford, or Crawford, the father, died on 12th of May 1733, and his son Robert, the song writer, nearly at the same time, according to the following notice in a MS. obituary kept by Charles Mackie, Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh. The notice in Professor Mackie's "Index Funereus," is thus stated,—

"Crawford (Peter) of Achenaims, May 1733."

"——— (Robert) son to do, May 1733."

Mr Chalmers says, "the mother of Robert having died long before his father, Patrick Crawford married a second wife,

Jane, the daughter of Archibald Crawford of Achinames, whereby he acquired the estates of Achinames and Crosby. His second wife survived him, and died in June 1740; when her eldest son, Patrick Crawford, succeeded her in the estate of Achinames, &c. He was M.P. for Ayrshire, from 1741 till 1754; and for Renfrewshire, from 1761 till 1768. He died 10th of January, 1778. As he was called *old* Peter Crawford, he must have died advanced in years, and been born in the beginning of that century; and his half brother, Robert, the song writer, being a son of the first marriage, was probably born at the end of the preceding century, and we may suppose, was near forty years old when he died, in 1733."

CCCLXXI.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

"WE learn from the Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, that the song of Paul Jones, formerly so popular, was composed by one Hackston, who petitioned King George the Third for the office of laureate, subscribing himself poet and private English teacher, parish of Borgue. Paul Jones hath of late times burst forth as an historical hero, and a knight of romance. I allude to his graver biography, and the very ingenious fiction composed by Mr Cunningham—his sister Jenny, who becomes a sort of queen in the latter work, was chambermaid to William Kirkpatrick of Allisland, second son of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn—and an honest pains-taking servant, though she never reached the dignity of a sovereign princess."—(C. K. S).

MR ALLAN CUNNINGHAM ascribes the ballad on Paul Jones, alluded to at p. 343, to "a schoolmaster in Gallo-way." He says, that the song in the Museum was founded by Burns on some old verses; and that "the air is very popular, and has been compelled to bear the burthen of much indifferent verse."—(Edit. of Burns, vol. iv. p. 243). I hope he does not mean to include in this number his own fine

verses, which originally appeared in Cromek's *Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*; and which have been honoured by Sir Walter Scott, by quoting some of the lines in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. They are included also in Hogg's *Collection*, although it is absurd enough to consider such a song as belonging to the Jacobite series. Let the reader, however, judge for himself.

I.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
 The larks shall sing me hame to my ain countrie;
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

II.

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 And green it will grow in my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

III.

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
 But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

IV.

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
 But the sun thro' the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e,
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The following is an older version of "A favourite Song," not to be found in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, transcribed from a common stall copy, printed about the year 1780.

There is no mistaking their meaning; as they evidently refer to the year 1746, and the Duke of Cumberland.

And from home I wou'd be,
And from home I wou'd be,
And from home I wou'd be,
To some foreign country;
To tarry for a while,
Till heaven think fit to smile;
Bring our King from exile
To his own country.

God save our royal King,
And from danger set him free;
May the Scots, English, and Irish,
Flock to him speedily;
May the ghosts of the Martyrs,
Who died for loyalty,
Haunt the rebels that did fight
Against King and country.

May the *Devil* take the Dutch,
And drown them in the sea;
Butcher *William*, and all such,
High hanged may they be;
Curse on the volunteers,
And an ill death may they die,
Who did fight against our *Prince*
In his own country.

May the rivers stop and stand,
Like walls on every side;
May our Highland laddie fight,
And Jehovah be his guide.
Dry up the river Forth,
As thou didst the Red Sea,
When the Israelites did pass
To their own country.

Let the *Usurper* go home
To his own country with speed,
Even far beyond the main,
With all his spurious breed;
Then we'll crown our lawful *Prince*,
With mirth and jollity;
And we'll end our days in peace,
In our own country.

CCCLXXVII.

LADY MARY ANNE.

“ THE words of the ballad mentioned by Mr S. as ‘ Craigston’s growing,’ are subjoined from a MS. It may be observed that young Urquhart of Craigston, who had fallen into the power of the Laird of Innes, was by him married to his daughter Elizabeth Innes, and died in 1634. —See Spalding’s History, vol. 1. p. 36.”—(C. K. S).

Father, she said, you have done me wrang,
For ye have married me on a child young man,
For ye have married me on a child young man,
And my bonny love is long a growing.

Daughter, said he, I have done you no wrang,
For I have married you on a heritor of land;
He’s likewise possess’d of many a bill and band,
And he’ll be daily growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing

Daughter, he said, if ye do weel,
Ye will put your husband away to the scheel,
That he of learning may gather great skill ;
And he’ll be daily growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

Now young Craigston to the college is gane,
And left his lady making great mane,
✓ And left his lady making great mane,
That he’s so long a growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

She dress’d herself in robes of green,
She was right comely to be seen ;
She was the picture of Venus the queen,
And she’s to the college to see him.

Growing, deary, growing, growing
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

Then all the colligeners war playing at the ba',
 But young Craigston was the flower of them a',
 He said—"play on, my school fellows a' ;"
 For I see my sister coming.

Now down into the College Park,
 They walked about till it was dark,

* * * * *

And she'd no reason to compleen of his growing.
 Growing, deary, growing, growing :
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly's my bonny love growing.

In his twelfth year he was a married man ;
 In his thirteenth year there he gat a son ;
 And in his fourteenth year his grave grew green,
 And that was an end of his growing.
 Growing, deary, growing, growing :
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly's my bonny love growing.

The song in the Museum was communicated by Burns, who had noted both the words and the air from a lady, in 1787, during his tour in the North of Scotland. The old ballad upon which it is founded, was first published by Mr Maidment, in the "North Countrie Garland," Edinburgh, 1824, 12mo. A traditional copy of the ballad, as preserved in the West of Scotland, will be found in Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. iii. p. 42.

CCCLXXIX.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THE original ballad, still preserved by tradition, was much improved in passing through Burns's hands.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

"I BELIEVE that Burns took the idea of his verses from 'the Betrayed Maid,' a ballad formerly much hawked about in Scotland, of which a transcript from the stall copy is subjoined.

Listen here awhile, a story I will tell
Of a maiden, which lately fell.
It's of a pretty maid, who was betray'd,
And sent to Virginio.

" It's on a bed of ease, to lie down when I please,
In the land of fair England, O ;
But on a bed of straw they lay me down full low,
And alas ! I'll be weary, weary, O.

Seven years I served to Captain Gulshaw Laird,
In the land of Virginio ;
And he most cruelly sold me to Madam Guy ;
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

He billets from the woods upon our backs doth bring ;
In the land of Virginio ;
And water from the spring upon our heads we bring,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

Our master he doth stand with a lash in his hand,
Crying—' come boys, come away'—
And we must not stay to gang, but away we do run,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

Our lady goes to meat, when we have nothing to eat,
In the land of Virginio ;
At every meal of meat they lash us with a whip,
And alas ! I'll be weary, weary O.

Our lady goes to walk, we must be at her back,
In the land of Virginio ;
And when the babe doth weep, we must lull it to sleep,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

I have no company but the silly spider fly,
In the land of Virginio :
And down below my bed, where she works her tender web,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

'Tis needless for me to think of liberty,
From the land of Virginio.
We're watch'd night and day, for fear we run away,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

We are yoked to the plough, and wearied sore enough,
In the land of Virginio.

With the yoke about my neck, my back is like to break,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

If it were my chance to Old England to advance,
From the land of Virginio ;
Never more would I be a slave to Madam Guy ;
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

“ Perhaps some of my readers will be surprised to learn, that the Slave trade was carried on here in the year 1768, and probably later. The following Advertisement is extracted from the Edinburgh Evening Courant. Monday, April 18, year above-mentioned.

“ A Black Boy to Sell.

“ To be Sold, a Black Boy, with long hair, stout made, and well limb'd, is good tempered, can dress hair, and take care of a horse indifferently. He has been in Britain near three years.

“ Any person that inclines to purchase him, may have him for L.40, he belongs to Captain Abercrombie, at Broughton.

“ This Advertisement not to be repeated.”—(C. K. S).

CCCXCIII.

WHILE HOPELESS AND ALMOST REDUC'D TO DESPAIR.

DR ROBERT MUNDELL, the author of this Song, and of the air to which the words have been adapted, still survives at Closeburn, at a very advanced age, having been born in the month of September 1758. After completing his studies at the College of Edinburgh, where he obtained the degree of A. M. he was, in the year 1784, appointed assistant and successor to his father, Mr Alexander Mundell, then Rector of the celebrated Grammar School and Academy at Wallace Hall, in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire. On the death of his father, in 1791, Mr M. succeeded to the sole charge of the Academy, and he still continues to discharge its duties. In the course of last

year, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Glasgow.

CCCXCVI.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

“ ORIGINAL words, from a 4to MS. Collection of Old Songs in my possession.”—(C. K. S.)

The nine pint bicker's fa'n off the bink,
And broken the ten pint cannie;
The wife and her kimmers sat down to drink,
But ne'er a drap gae the gudemannie.

The bairns they a' set up the cry,
The deuks hae dung o'er my daddy"—
“ There's no muckle matter,” quo the gudewife,
“ For he was but a daidling body.”

CCCXCIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

MR LOCKHART, in his *Life of Burns* (8vo edit. p. 310), has given a different account from that related at page 359 of this volume, of the circumstances under which these clever verses were composed.

THE delay that has occurred in printing these additional sheets, enables me to present the reader with some further Notes and Illustrations to the first four volumes.

RAMSAY'S TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY.

AT pages *108 and *382, I endeavoured to ascertain the dates of publication of the several volumes of this popular collection, so intimately connected with the history of lyric poetry in Scotland. That the work, as Ramsay complains, was pirated, is certain; and I have since met with an edition dated "Dublin: Printed for E. Smith; and sold by the Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, 1729." 3 vols. in one, 12mo, pp. 334.

To an advertisement in the *Caledonian Mercury*, February 20th, 1735, Ramsay has added what follows as a postscript:—"N. B. Some spurious editions of the *Collections of SCOTS SONGS* having been published, most incorrect, on bad paper, and sold cheaper than the right Edinburgh edition, in 3 vols. That purchasers may be better served and cheaper, these are to advertise, That now Mr RAMSAY sells his 3 vols., handsomely bound, at 4 sh., or separately, at 1 sh. 6d. each vol.; and his *Poems*, in 2 vols. 8vo. bound, at 7sh., and either of them separately at 3 sh. 6d."—Of this small edition I have lately met with Vol. i. "the Seventh edition," and Vol. iii. "the Second edition," both dated "Edinburgh, printed for, and sold by Allan Ramsay," 1738, 18mo.

That the collected edition of the work, in 1740, was then first enlarged with a fourth volume, we learn from the following advertisement in the *Caledonian Mercury*, July 17th,

1740 :—" This day is published, neatly printed in a pocket volume, the Tenth Edition, being the completest and most correct of any yet published, with the Addition of one hundred and fifty songs, The Tea-Table Miscellany; or a Collection of the most choice Songs, Scots and English. By Allan Ramsay. Printed for A. Millar at Buchanan's Head, in the Strand, and sold by him, &c.; and by the Booksellers in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Aberdeen, Berwick, and Newcastle."

These additional 150 Songs form the 4th vol., of which a separate edition was likely printed at the time. The eleventh edition, London 1750, 4 vols. in one, 12mo, and the subsequent ones, are merely reprints of each other.

It may likewise be here noticed, that some time between 1724 and 1730, there was published in six parts, "Musick for Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs. Set by Alexander Stuart, and engraved by R. Cooper. Vol. First. Edinburgh, printed and sold by Allan Ramsay," pp. 154, small oblong 8vo. It contains the tunes of seventy-one songs, selected from the first volume of that Collection, and no second volume ever appeared. Each of the six parts is inscribed to a lady of rank or beauty by Ramsay.

MRS SCOTT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

THE very capital song, beginning ' *The grass had nae freedom of growing,*' by this lady, to the tune of "Woo'd and married an' a'," which Mr Stenhouse has inserted at page 6, occurs, with some variations, in "The Charmer," vol. ii., edit. 1782, p. 316. It is also contained in Mr Mansfield's MS. volume of Poems. I regret not having succeeded in obtaining any very exact information regarding the lady by whom it was written.

"In the third volume of Humphrey Clinker, there is an amusing account of an old gentleman, nicknamed the Admiral, with a long beard, who terrified Humphrey while

at Cameron. This was a Mr Scott, descended from a family that once enjoyed large landed property in Dumbartonshire. His son, or grandson, married a Miss Yule ; and then possessed a small estate called Woodside. The race is now extinct.

“ The last Mrs Scott lived to a great age. I am informed by a lady who knew her well, that she had no talent for writing songs. This is all I can say about the matter.”—(C. K. S.)

SKENE'S MANUSCRIPT.

THAT Stenhouse completely mistook the age of this manuscript, in his note at page 18, &c., has been shown at page * 110. The work there alluded to, has since been published under the following title, and has excited much interest in the musical world :—“ Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a Manuscript of the Reign of King James VI. With an Introductory Enquiry, illustrative of the History of the Music of Scotland, by William Daune, Esq., F.S.A., Scot.” Edinburgh, 1838, 4to. Mr Daune conceives that the separate parts of Skene's MS. were written at different times. I should think there could not have been any great interval in the time of writing ; and, upon again examining the MS., I have some doubts whether it should not be considered as ten years subsequent in date either to 1615 or 1620.

WILLIAM DUDGEON.

THE author of the popular song, “ The maid that tends the goats,” at p. 40, and in other collections, is, by mistake, called *Robert Dudgeon*. For the following notice of the poet, I am indebted to Mr James Miller, author of “ St Baldred of the Bass,” and other poems, who states that his informant was Andrew Howden, Esq., farmer, Lawhead, near Tynninghame, an intimate friend of Dudgeon, and himself a writer of songs.

“ MR WILLIAM DUDGEON, author of ‘The maid that tends the goats,’ was born at Tynninghame village, East Lothian, where his father, Mr John Dudgeon, possessed a farm, the property of the Earl of Haddington. His mother, Miss Ainslie, was aunt to Mr Robert Ainslie, W.S., Edinburgh, the friend of Burns. Besides the above song, which obtained its popularity from a Mr Kilpatrick having it sung upon the stage by some vocalist at the time, he was the author of various others, although it is not known that any of them appeared in print. His talents were varied and conspicuous. He was taught by a Mr Gibson, mathematical teacher, Dunbar, (who afterwards removed to Perth,) along with John Rennie, the celebrated civil engineer, both of whom Gibson considered the two best scholars he ever taught. He excelled as a painter and a musician. Some specimens of his drawings are in possession of his only surviving brother, James Dudgeon, which give proof of his genius in that line. As a musician, the violin in his hands gave an expression to ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ and others of our old Scottish airs, which are still remembered with pleasure. To these proofs of his genius was added another valuable quality, of abstracting his mind from the refined to the useful arts of life; for he proved himself to be a most correct, successful, and exemplary farmer. In this line his father placed him in a farm in the neighbourhood of Dunse, upon a lease of thirty years. The farm was extensive, and a large proportion of it in a state of nature. He gave it the rural appellation of Primrose-hill, and lived to improve it to a high degree. To the regret of his friends, he was arrested by death in the midst of prosperity, when approaching to the mature age of sixty, about twenty-three years ago. [He died 28th of October 1813.] His remains repose in the churchyard of Prestonkirk, where his ashes mingle with those of a respectable race of progenitors.

“ Burns, the poet, when on his Border tour in May

1787, in company with the late Mr R. Ainslie, W.S., Edinburgh, visited Berrywell, near Dunse, the residence of the father of Mr Ainslie, who was land-steward to Lord Douglas in Berwickshire. Here the subject of our present notice was introduced to Burns, who, with his usual *hasty* discrimination of character, made the following observation in his journal :—‘ Mr Dudgeon, a poet at times—a worthy remarkable character—natural penetration—a great deal of information, *some* genius, and extreme modesty.’ ”

JOHN MAYNE.

SINCE the note at page *116 was printed, I find that the author, shortly before his death, published a revised and enlarged edition of “ The Siller Gun, a poem in five cantos.” London, 1836, 12mo, in which Mr MAYNE not only gives the history of that poem from its embryo state of twelve stanzas, printed at Dumfries on a quarto page in 1777, accompanied with a number of interesting notes respecting some of the remarkable characters about Dumfries in his younger days ; but he has likewise mentioned that his beautiful song, “ Logan Water,” was written and circulated in Glasgow about the year 1781, and alluded to the other circumstances stated by Mr Stenhouse at p. 423. In addition to the two stanzas there printed, the following is given.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I dander dowie and forlane,
 Or sit beneath the trysting-tree
 Where first he spak o' love to me.
 O ! could I see thae days again,
 My lover skaithless, and my ain ;
 Revered by friends, and far frae faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

Mr Allan Cunningham having kindly applied in my name to his friend W. H. Mayne, Esq. (the son of the Poet,) for some points of information, that gentleman, who holds an official situation in the India-House, says,—

“ If Mr Laing will also refer to the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1836, pages 556 and 7, he will find a brief memoir of the author written with much kindly feeling. To this I beg to add for his further information the following dates :—

1st, Born at Dumfries, 26th March 1759.

2d, Under an engagement with Messrs Foulis of the Glasgow University Press, from 1782 to 1787.

3d, Visited London apparently for the first time, 1785.

4th, Settled in London, 1787.

5th, Died in his house, No. 2, Lisson Grove, South, 14th March 1836.

6th, Buried in the family vault, Paddington churchyard, 21st March 1836.

“ I would just add, that at the end of the fourth paragraph of the Notice in the Gentleman's Magazine, the words, ‘ *Greathead, near that city,*’ intended to designate the residence of my grandfather and his family, near Glasgow, should be ‘ at the Head of the Green near that city.’ —W. H. MAYNE.”

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

At page *118, it should have been noticed that this Song occurs in Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, vol. ii. p. 152 ; “ The Nightingale,” Edinburgh, 1778, p. 321 ; “ The Charmer,” vol. ii., edit. 1782, p. 304 ; “ The Goldfinch,” Edinb. 1782, p. 170, and in other collections. A copy of it is also contained in the MS. volume written about 1780, which is mentioned in vol. vi. page 529.

More has been written and said respecting the authorship of this Song than it perhaps merits ; but I feel much inclined to support the claims of Jean Adams. Before it was admitted into the several collections of Songs just noticed, there is no doubt that it obtained a wide circulation in the West, in the common form of a stall-ballad.

One copy, for instance, printed at Glasgow not later than 1774, gives it in its probably original rude state, with some additional verses, which were struck out when the song received its present amended form. The "Answer," being the Song entitled, "Nae luck about the house when our Gudewife's awa," (see No. DXCv. in the present collection,) was printed also at the same time.

PINKY HOUSE.

THE Song "As Sylvia in a Forest lay," which Mr Stenhouse inserts in his note at p. 58, is the same as Song cccxxix. in the Musical Museum; but in both places he erroneously attributes it to Mallet, instead of Joseph Mitchell, the undoubted author. See the additional note, page *444.

MRS COCKBURN.

SOME additional particulars concerning this lady may be here introduced. Mr Freebairn, styled "Professor of the French," in 1727, published at Edinburgh a tract, entitled "L'Eloge d'Ecosse, et des Dames Ecossoises," in which all the rank and beauty of the time pass in review, and are described in the most glowing terms. He sums up the whole by an enumeration of the very young ladies, as follows:—

"Mais, O Ciel ! quelle foule de jeunes Beautéz que le Temps n'a pas encore meuries ne vois-je pas paroître en les aimables personnes de Mademoiselles Peggie Campbell, Murray, Pringle, Drummond, &c., &c., [nineteen others are named,] et ALICE RUTHERFURD. Voici une charmante et nombreuse troupe, dont l'Amour va bientôt combattre tous ceux, qui renoncent à sa souveraineté. Les petits Cupidons sont de jour en jour, occupez à forger des traits, et à polir leur charmes naissantes, dont elles remporteront bientôt une victoire complète, sur les cœurs mêmes les plus rebelles."

Miss Alice Rutherford, who closes this galaxy of beauty among “*les Dames Ecossoises*,” was married in 1731, according to the extract from the parish register given at p. *129, (for which I ought to have acknowledged my obligations to Mr Chambers.) The following is an extract of a letter from a lady to Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., in reference to Mrs Cockburn.

“ Her Christian name was Alicia. She lived for many years before her death in Crighton Street. She had a pleasing countenance, and piqued herself upon always dressing according to her own taste, and not according to the dictates of fashion. Her brown hair never grew grey; and she wore it combed up upon a toupee—no cap—a lace hood tied under her chin, and her sleeves puffed out in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth, which is not uncommon now, but at that time was quite peculiar to herself.”

The following “ Characters ” of Mrs Cockburn are now first printed. The first is by herself; the second was written by ANDREW PRINGLE, (a son of Pringle of Haining,) one of the Senators of the College of Justice under the title of LORD ALEMORE. He was raised to the Bench 14th June 1759, and died at Hawkhill, near Edinburgh, 14th January 1776.

THE CHARACTER OF MRS C——N, BY HERSELF.

Born with too much sensibility to enjoy ease;
 With high ideas of perfection, which I cannot attain;
 With understanding enough to feel I have too little,
 Some strong beats from my heart misguide my head,
 And I yield more to impulse than to reason.
 More guided by compassion than by duty,
 More hurt by pride than by remorse;
 Experience hath taught me to conceal my errors,
 But neither the Bible hath taught me to amend them,
 Nor David Hume to be easy under them.
 If I am never to be better and happier than I am,
 I had better never been.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME, BY LORD A——E.

Born with too much fickleness ever to enjoy the present ;
 With the highest ideas of perfection, to which I have fully attained ;
 With so much understanding that I can get no improvement,
 And trusting too much to my head misguided my heart,
 I am moved more by whimsie than by reason,
 More guided by passion than by duty ;
 Too much supported by pride to yield to remorse ;
 Hypocrisy has enabled me to conceal my errors,
 But neither hath the Bible taught me to dread a future state,
 Nor David Hume to be indifferent about it.
 As I can neither be better nor happier than I am,
 I must be shocked at the thought of not to be.

Mrs Cockburn died at Edinburgh on the 22d (not the 24th, as stated at p. *122) of November 1794. In her latter will and testament, which was “given up by Mark Pringle, Esq. of Clifton, and Alexander Keith, W.S.,” her executors, and confirmed 23d of January 1795, she is there styled “Mrs Alison Cockburn, relict of Mr Patrick Cockburn, Advocate. This, independent of other proofs, places beyond doubt the mistake Sir Walter Scott fell into by calling her Catharine. But it confirms his statement in another particular, as to the bequest to his mother. “I promised Mrs Walker [Walter] Scott my emerald ring: with it she has my prayers for her and hers; much attention she and her worthy husband paid me in my hours of deepest distress, when my son was dying.” It appears that Mrs Cockburn left property to the amount of L.3800, the bulk of which went to two nieces, Anne Pringle and Mrs Simpson. She mentions some of her poorer relations in affectionate terms, and leaves them small annuities; and frequently alludes to her son who died in 1780. A lock of her hair was enclosed for two hair-rings for “my earliest and most constant and affectionate friends, Mrs Keith of Ravelston and her brother William Swinton.” Also a ring with Sir Hugh Dalrymple’s [see p. *127] hair, intended for Mrs Dalrymple, is now to be given to her son Sir Hugh D., for whom Mrs C. has

great affection. She desires that her sister Fairmillie, if she outlives her, “ may have twenty pounds for mourning, besides the ring already mentioned ; and also I leave her the charge of my favourite cat.” She gives some directions about her funeral, and seems to have written an epitaph for herself, as she adds, “ Shorten or correct the Epitaph to your taste.”

In a MS. collection of Songs belonging to Thomas Mansfield, Esq., written about the year 1780, “ by a Lady residing in Edinburgh, and an intimate friend of Mrs Cockburn,” is the following Song in burlesque of Prince Charles’s Manifesto. It has no author’s name affixed, but my friend Mr R. Chambers, who had the use of that manuscript, has ascribed it to her, (Scottish Songs, p. 586,) and it evidently is the parody to which Sir Walter Scott alludes in his recollections of that lady. See vol. i. p. 124* of the present work.

THE PRETENDER’S MANIFESTO.

To the Tune, CLOUT THE CALDRON.

1.

Have you any laws to mend ?
 Or have you any grievance ?
 I am a Hero to my trade,
 And truly a most leal Prince.
 Would you have war, would you have peace,
 Would you be free of taxes ?
 Come chapping to my Father’s door,
 You need not doubt of access.

2.

Religion, laws, and liberty,
 Ye ken, are bonny words, sirs ;
 They shall be all made sure to you,
 If ye’ll fight wi’ your swords, sirs.
 The nation’s debt we soon shall pay,
 If ye’ll support our right, boys ;

No sooner we are brought in play,
Then all things shall be tight, boys.

3.

Ye ken that, by an Union base,
Your ancient Kingdom's undone,
That all your ladies, lords, and lairds,
Gangs up and lives at London.
Nae langer that we will allow,
For crack—it goes asunder,
What took sic time and pains to do ;
And let the world wonder.

4.

I'm sure, for seven years and mair,
Ye 've heard of sad oppression ;
And this is all the good ye got
O' the Hanover succession.
For absolute power and popery,
Ye ken it's a' but nonsense,
I here swear to secure to you,
Your liberty of conscience.

5.

And, for your mair encouragement,
Ye shall be pardon'd byganes ;
Nae mair fight on the Continent,
And leave behind your dry-banes.
Then come away and dinna stay,
What gars ye look sae laundart ?
I'd have ye run, and not delay,
To join my Father's standard !

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THIS fine old air is fortunately preserved in the “ Skene Manuscript,” and is much superior, in its original simplicity, to the common sets of the air. I have much pleasure in being enabled to insert it in this place, as harmonized by George Farquhar Graham, Esq., by the kind permission of Mr Dauney, from the volume recently published, which is mentioned above at page *395.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a *pp.* (pianissimo) dynamic marking and a *Sym.* (symmetrical) marking. It includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo hairpin. The system concludes with the vocal line holding a whole note G4, labeled "I've".

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "heard them lilt - ing at the Ewe milk - ing,". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Lass - es a' lilt ing be - fore dawn of day." The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Now there's a moan-ing on il - ka green loan-ing,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Flowers of the Forest'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'Now there's a moan-ing on il - ka green loan-ing,'.

The Flow'rs of the Fo - rest are a' wede a - way.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'The Flow'rs of the Fo - rest are a' wede a - way.' The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *>* (accent) over the first measure of the right hand.

pp.

The third system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment begins with a dynamic marking of *pp.* (pianissimo). The system concludes with a double bar line.

JAMES OSWALD.

MR STENHOUSE, in his Note at page 95, and in other places, has incidentally fallen into an error regarding the date of Oswald's Collections. The volumes of "The Caledonian Pocket Companion" were not published at Edinburgh in 1740, 1742, &c., as he repeatedly asserts, but at London, perhaps not before 1756. The work noticed in the Scots Magazine, November 1742, is a less comprehensive one, in two thin parts, entitled "A Collection of Curious Scots Tunes," folio.—Some account of Oswald's publications will be given in another part of this work.—See Introduction, p. xlviii.

JAMES OSWALD, whose name is entitled to honourable mention as a composer, and an editor of our National Melodies, first appears as a Teacher of Dancing at Dunfermline. He probably held the office of "Music-master of Dunfermline and Precentor," which was advertised as vacant 12th of January 1736. We find, at least, that shortly before that time, Oswald had removed to Edinburgh, where he taught both music and dancing. After remaining in Edinburgh for a few years, he left Scotland in 1741, and set up a music-shop in London; where he seems to have remained the rest of his life.

On the occasion of Oswald's leaving Edinburgh, the following poetical Epistle was addressed to him. It was printed in the Scots Magazine for October 1741; and as it contains some interesting particulars regarding his compositions, whilst it shows in what respect Oswald was held in this country, it was thought worthy of insertion in this place. It has no author's name, but it might be ascribed to Allan Ramsay.

AN EPISTLE.

Dear OSWALD, could my verse as sweetly flow
As notes thou softly touchest with the bow,
While all the circling fair attentive hing
On ilk vibration of thy trembling string,

I'd sing how thou wouldst melt our souls away
 By solemn notes, or cheer us wi' the gay,
 In verse as lasting as thy tunes shall be,
 As soft as thy new polish'd *Danton me*.

But wha can sing that feels wi' sae great pain
 The loss for which *Edina* sighs in vain?
 Our concert now nae mair the Ladies mind;
 They've a' forgot the gait to Niddery's wynd.
 Nae mair the *Braes of Ballandine* can charm,
 Nae mair can *Fortha's Bank* our bosoms warm,
 Nae mair the *Northern Lass* attention draw,
 Nor *Pinky-house* gi' place to *Alloa*.

O JAMIE! when may we expect again
 To hear from thee, the soft, the melting strain,
 And, what's the loveliest, think it hard to guess,
Miss St—t or thy *Lass of Inverness*?
 When shall we sigh at thy soft *Cypress-grove*,
 So well adapted to the tale of love?
 When wilt thou teach our soft *Æidian* fair
 To languish at a false Sicilian air;
 Or when some tender tune compose again,
 And cheat the town wi' *David Rizo's* name?
 Alas! no more shall thy gay tunes delight,
 No more thy notes sadness or joy excite,
 No more thy solemn bass's awful sound,
 Shall from the chapel's vaulted roof rebound.
London, alas! which aye has been our bane,
 To which our very loss is certain gain,
 Where our daft Lords and Lairds spend a' their rents,
 In following ilka fashion she invents,
 Which laws we like not aft on us entails,
 And where we're forc'd to bring our last appeals.
 Still envious of the little we had left,
 Of JAMIE OSWALD last our town bereft.
 'Tis hard indeed—but may you now repent
 The day that to that spacious town you went.
 If they thy value know as well as we,
 Perhaps our vanish'd gold may flow to thee.
 If so, be wise; and when ye're well to fend,
 Return again and here your siller spend.
 Mean-while, to keep our heavy hearts aboon,
 O publish a' your works, and send them soon.
 We'll a' subscribe, as we did for the past,
 And play while bows may wag or strings can last.
 Farewell—perhaps, if you oblige us soon,
 I'll sing again to a new fav'rite tune.

On the title of Oswald's *Airs for the Seasons*, published in four separate parts, they are said to have been "printed for the Author, and sold at his Musick-shop in St Martin's Churchyard." The privilege of publishing these *Airs*, for the usual term of fourteen years, is dated 23d of Oct. 1747. At a later period we "learn that Mr James Oswald was appointed Chamber Composer to his Majesty." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, January 1761, p. 44.) The time of his decease has not been ascertained.

MISS GRAHAM.

IN the notices given of this lady at page *141, &c., I omitted to add, that she died at Edinburgh in April 1805, in the eighty-second year of her age.—Instead of the words, near of the top of page *144, ("derived probably from Stenhouse's note at page 101,") *read*, (according to Stenhouse's note at page 101, derived probably from Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*, vol. i. p. 161.)

GALA WATER.

THE following local version of this favourite song (No. ccxv.) is given from the MS. collection already mentioned, as written about 1780.

1.

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Out o'er yon bonny bush of heather,
 O all ye lads wha e'er ye be,
 Shew me the way to Gala Water.
 Bra, bra lads o' Gala Water,
 Bonny lads o' Gala Water,
 The Lothian lads maun ne'er compare
 Wi' the bra lads o' Gala Water.

2.

At Nettle-flatt we will begin,
 And at Halltree we'll write a letter,

We'll down by the bower and take a scour,
And drink to the lads o' Gala Water.

Bra', bra', &c.

3.

There's Blindlie and Torwoodlie,
And Galashiels is meikle better,
But young Torsonce he bears the gree,
Of a' the Pringles on Gala Water.

Bra', bra', &c.

4.

Bucklaw is a bonny place,
But Appletree-leaves is meikle better,
But Cockle-ferry bears the gree,
Fra ilka laird on Gala Water.

Bra', bra', &c.

5.

Lords and lairds come here to woo,
And gentlemen wi' sword and dagger,
But the black-eyed lass o' Galashiels
Wad ha'e none but the gree o' Gala Water.

Bra', bra', &c.

6.

Lothian lads are black wi' reek,
And Tiviotdale lads are little better,
But she's kilted her coats aboon her knee,
And gane wi' the lad o' Gala Water.

Bra', bra', &c.

7.

Tho' corn rigs are good to see,
Yet flocks o' sheep are meikle better,
For oats will shake in a windy day
When the lambs will play in Gala Water.

Bra', bra', &c.

8.

Adieu Sour-plumbs in Galashiels,
Farewell my father and my mother !
For I'll awa' wi' the black-hair'd [herd ?] lad,
Wha keeps his flocks on Gala Water.

Bra', bra' lads o' Gala water,
 Bonny lads o' Gala water,
 Let them a' say what they will,
 The gree gaes aye to Gala Water.

When copying out this Song, I was not aware that Mr Robert Chambers had inserted it in his collection of Songs, p. 592. But such local ditties, I think, possess more than usual interest, and are worthy of being printed oftener than once. Mr C. observes in his note, "If this song be (what it probably is) the first song written to the tune of Gala Water, we must conclude that the celebrity of that district in song and music, has been entirely owing to the charms of *ae bonnie lass*. So much may one person do for a country."

JOHNIE FAA, OR THE GIPSIE LADDIE.

THE following verses to this tune (No. CLXXXI,) are preserved in the same MS. I do not recollect meeting with them in any other collection.

1.

The Coopers they came to Lord Cassillis at Colzean,
 With their hoops all tight and ready,
 From London they came down, baith the black and the brown,
 And they wanted to gie him a lady.

2.

Your Lordship, we pray, may not say us nae,
 For it's now full time you was girded,
 Quoth the Earl, Faith my dears, so great are my fears,
 In conscience I'd rather be yearded.

JOHN BRUCE.

AT pages 100 and 236, the airs, "Whistle o'er the lave o't," and "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," have been attributed to JOHN BRUCE, a fiddler in Dumfries. Mr Mayne, author of "The Siller Gun," has introduced him among other worthies, (edit. 1836, p. 45.)—

To hear John Bruce exert his skill,
You'd never grudge anither gill, &c.

In the Notes on that poem, he has given an account of Bruce, from which we learn, that he was born at Braemar, that he was actively engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, but was taken prisoner, and for a time confined in Edinburgh Castle. He afterwards settled at Dumfries, where he spent the remainder of his days. "He is supposed, by Burns (says Mr Mayne,) to have been the composer of the favourite Scots air of '*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*' This opinion is altogether erroneous; for, although John Bruce was an admirable performer, he never was known as a composer of music. The air in question was composed long before he existed."

SIR HENRY ERSKINE.

To the notice given at page 298*, it may be added, that Sir Henry Erskine was member of Parliament for many years; and that, in 1756, he lost his rank in the army for his conduct, by opposing the importation of the Hanoverian and Hessian troops. After the accession of George III., in November 1760, he was restored to his rank in the army, and appointed Colonel of the 67th regiment of foot.

"Major-General Sir Henry Erskine, Bart., only surviving son and representative of Sir John Erskine of Alva, deceased, and M. P. for the boroughs of Anstruther, was married at Edinburgh, 25th of April 1761, to Miss Jenny Wedderburn, only daughter of Lord Chesterhall, deceased."

LASS GIN YE LOO ME TELL ME.

MR CHAMBERS, in his *Scottish Songs*, p. 134, has attributed this song to JAMES TYTLER, of whom some notice has been given at pages 73 and 134.*

THE following version of this popular Song (No. CCXLIV.) occurs in Mr Mansfield's manuscript volume of Songs.

1.

I ha'e a cow, I ha'e a calf,
Lass, gin you lo'e me, tell me now,
A braw new bonnet, but an a new staff,
An' I canna come every day to woo.

2.

I ha'e a mark tyed up in a rag,
Lass, &c.
It lyes in the chimney for faut of a bag,
An' I, &c.

3.

I've a wie bit cheese lyes up in the shelf,
Lass, &c.
An' I cannae eat it a' myself,
An' I, &c.

4.

I've a wee bit lairdship down i' the Merse,
Lass, &c.
The ninth part of a goose's girss,
An' I winna come every day to woo.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

THE Song under this name, inserted as No. CCXIII. in the Musical Museum, is sufficiently well known. I am not certain whether the author, the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, might not have been indebted for the idea of his song to the following silly enough verses, which are here printed from the above manuscript volume.

1.

Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn,
Ilka day ye steal my corn, ewie wi' the crooked horn ;
A' the ewes come hame at even, a' the ewes come hame at even,
A' the ewes come hame at even, crooked hornie bydes awa'.
Ewie wi' the crooked horn, &c.

2.

Ilka ewie has a lambie, ilkie ewie has a lambie,
 Ilka ewie has a lambie, crooked hornie she has twa,
 Ewie wi' the crooked horn, may you never see the morn,
 Ilka day, &c.

3.

A' the ewes gies milk eneugh, a' the ewes gies milk eneugh,
 A' the ewes gies milk eneugh, but crooked horn gies maist ava',
 Ewie wi' the crooked horn, &c.

ALLAN MASTERTON.

THIS intimate friend of Burns is mentioned slightly at page 323*. The Town-Council of Edinburgh, on the 26th of August 1795, elected Dugald and Allan Masterton, and Dugald Masterton, jun., to be joint writing-masters in the High School, in the room of George Paton, dismissed. In little more than five years, the office had become vacant; and on the death of Dugald Masterton (27th of September 1800,) the last survivor, Allan Dow, was appointed his successor, 8th of October 1800.

WILLIAM MARSHALL.

HAVING been favoured with the use of an interesting MS. Memoir of Marshall, in the possession of Joseph MacGregor, Esq., Accountant, Edinburgh, I avail myself of the privilege of extracting the following notices of that composer, who passed through life much esteemed for his personal respectability as well as genius.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, a celebrated composer of Scottish airs and melodies, and no less eminent as a performer on the violin, was born at Fochabers, in the county of Banff, the 27th of December 1748, o. s. He was almost wholly self-taught, and was early distinguished for skill in practical mechanics, as well as musical genius. When about twelve years of age, he entered the service of the Duke of

Gordon, and was first employed at Fochabers under the house-steward, and became a general favourite. "The consequence was, that he was soon advanced to the situation of butler and house-steward, and continued to fill that station, and to take the management of the whole family establishment, for nearly thirty years, much to the satisfaction of the family; and whether at Gordon Castle, or during their winter residences at London, Edinburgh, at watering-places, or elsewhere, Mr Marshall always attended them. Hence opportunities were afforded him of much intercourse with the world, and of cultivating and improving those various talents with which nature had so freely gifted him." "Judging from his letters, (says Mr MacGregor,) he appears to have been well educated, as in composition as well as beautiful penmanship, they would do credit to persons of much higher pretension."

"His talent for music," the Memoir continues, "rapidly developed itself; and in the cultivation of it, he was much encouraged by all the family of Gordon, all of whom possessed a fine taste for music, and were enthusiastic admirers of Mr Marshall's productions. Among his first musical compositions, were 'The Duke of Gordon's Birth-day,' 'The Bog of Gight,' 'The Marquis of Huntly's Strathspey,' 'Miss Admiral Gordon,' 'The Marquis of Huntly's farewell,' 'Johnie Pringle' (afterwards called 'Miss Jane Stewart of Pittyvaich,') &c. &c. Two of these airs have been immortalized by the Scottish Muse, viz.—'The Marquis of Huntly's Strathspey,' by the humorous and lively verses adapted to it by the venerable and reverend John Skinner, author of 'Tullochgorum,' and 'Miss Admiral Gordon's (now Mr Forbes of Seaton) Strathspey,' by Burns's beautiful and greatly admired song 'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.'

“ The correctness of Marshall’s ear was unrivalled, and his style of playing strathspeys and reels lively and inspiring, while his fine taste and peculiarly touching manner of executing the slow and more plaintive Scottish airs and melodies, delighted all who heard him.

“ At the age of twenty-five, Mr Marshall married Jane Giles, a very respectable and then good-looking woman, by whom he had a family of five sons and a daughter. About the beginning of the year 1790, owing to the delicate state of his health, he was obliged to relinquish his situation at Gordon Castle, and retired for a short time to a small farm in the neighbourhood of Fochabers. The same year, he removed to the now extensive farm of Keithmore, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, in the lordship of Auchendown, and parish of Mortlach, where he entered keenly into the spirit of farming. He was shortly thereafter appointed factor or land-steward to his Grace, over a very extensive range of his estates in Banff and Aberdeenshires, comprehending the districts of Cabrach, Auchendown, Glenlivat, Strathaven, and Strathdown, &c. This situation he filled with fidelity and honour till the year 1817, continuing during the whole of this long period in the fullest confidence of his noble constituent, and idolized by the tenantry for his strict integrity and adherence to his word and promises, and for the many acts of kindness they received at his hands, for he was a sincere friend to them all.”

Mr Marshall died at Newfield Cottage on the 29th May 1833, aged eighty-five; and his wife died at the same place, and at the same age, on the 12th December 1825.

A Collection of Marshall’s “ Airs and Melodies,” was published (by subscription) in May 1822, but many of them had appeared in a detached form before the close of the last

century. The volume contains 176 tunes; and it was followed by a supplement of about 74 additional tunes. Messrs Robertson, music-sellers, Edinburgh, before Marshall's death, purchased the copyright of the whole of his Tunes, with the view of publishing a complete and uniform edition of his works. It would undoubtedly add very much to the interest of such a collection, if Mr MacGregor were prevailed on to draw up a memoir of the composer, for which, I believe, he is in possession of very copious materials, as well as of a considerable number of Marshall's original letters.

REV. MURDOCH MACLENNAN.

IN the notice at page *321—instead of the words, he died “in the 50th year of his ministry, and 32d of his age,” read, “and 82d of his age.”

THOU ART GANE AWA'.

THIS Song, included in this work as No. cccxxxix. occurs with a slight variation in stanza third in “The Charmer,” vol. ii. p. 194. Edin. 1782. It is likewise included, with several variations, in Mr Mansfield's MS., beginning, “Thou'st run awa', thou'st run awa'.”

KELSO RACES.

Not having had an opportunity at the time to collate the verses on “Kelso Races,” which are printed at page 529, I find it necessary to point out the following corrections:—

Line 14, “*Tall* Archibald;”—l. 18, “*any* old Jew;”—l. 22, “*bett* on;”—l. 34, “*Sir John Fantocini*” (in the margin) “*Sir John Nisbet*,” and l. 42, “*bravely to blaw*.”

