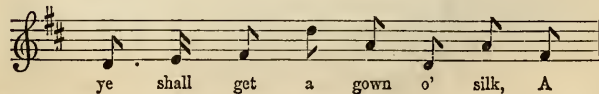
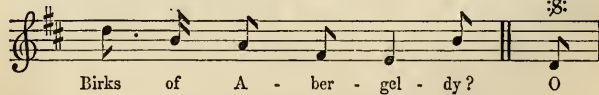
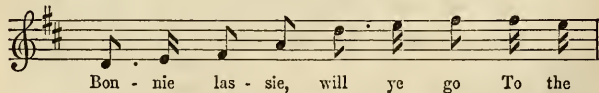
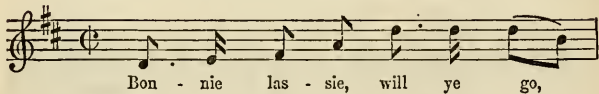


# THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDY.



gown o' silk, a gown o' silk; O  
 ye shall get a gown o' silk, And a  
 coat o' cal - i - man - co.  
 Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the  
 Birks of A - ber - gel - dy?

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go  
 To the Birks of Abergeldy?

O ye shall get a gown o' silk,  
A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk ;  
O ye shall get a gown o' silk,  
And a coat o' calimanco.

Na, kind sir, I darena gang,  
I darena gang, I darena gang ;  
Na, kind sir, I darena gang,  
For my minnie she'll be angry.

Sair, sair wad she flyte,  
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,  
Sair, sair wad she flyte,  
And sair wad she bang me.

This is one of the simple old songs of Scotland, conveying little meaning, but yet, with the aid of a good melody, more facile to sing than many superior compositions. It is localised to Aberdeenshire, for Abergeldy is a beautiful district on Deeside, once the property of a gentleman named Gordon, but now that of her Majesty Queen Victoria, being adjacent to the royal residence of Balmoral. The birch was long ago the natural and abundant wood of the district, and must have formed an attractive scene for the imagination of the poetical lover ; but it has for many years been superseded by oak and other more profitable timber. An air styled *The Birks of Abergeldie* appears in Playford's Collection, 1700.

The rustic simplicity of the Birks, the gown o' silk, and coat o' calimanco, proved unsatisfactory to the more refined lovers of Scottish song in the last century, and accordingly we find in Herd, under the title of the air *Birks of Abergeldy*, a long and rather common-place ditty, in which a gentleman bewails the disappointments incidental to the married state—as follows, for example :

Alack a day, what will I do,  
 What will I do, what will I do?  
 Alack a day, what will I do,  
     The honey month is done, jo!  
 My glittering gold is all turned dross,  
 And siller scarcely will be brass,  
 I've nothing but a bonnie lass,  
     And she's quite out of tune, jo!

Finally, came Burns, with his beautiful song in compliment to a place of nearly the same name in a different part of the Highlands:

#### THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,  
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;  
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
     In the Birks of Aberfeldy.  
     Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,  
 The little birdies blithely sing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
     In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
     The Birks of Aberfeldy.

JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

301

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,  
White ower the lin the burnie pours,  
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs  
    The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,  
    In the Birks of Aberfeldy.