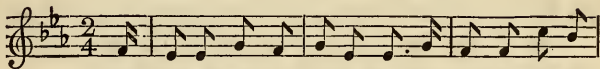
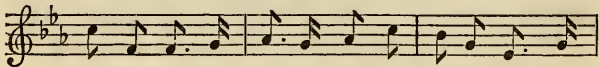


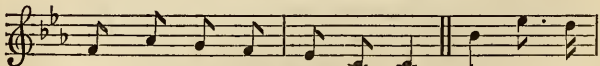
GREEN GROW THE RASHES.



Auld Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest works she



class - es, O; Her 'pren-tice hand she tried on man, And



then she made the lass - es, O. Green grow the

¹ First published in a little collection of old songs, entitled the *Ballad-Book*, which was printed for private distribution, at Edinburgh, under the care of Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in the year 1824.

rash-es, O, Green grow the rash-es, O, The sweet-est hours that
e'er I spent, Were spent a-mang the lass-es, O.

A song of the kind which once passed current amongst innocent people, but would now be utterly condemned by the same class, has existed from old times, with a refrain beginning—

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O.

In our wish to convey at least the air, we are driven to the expedient of presenting it in connection with two of the verses of a comic song written for the same air by Burns :

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O.
Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

The tune is one of the oldest which have been handed down to us. A manuscript broadside political song of the reign of William and Mary, containing the following verse :

But let them say and do on,
But let them say and do on,
Our kirk, that had no head before,
Has now a he and she one—

is to the tune of *Green Grow the Rashes*.¹ The tune, however,

¹ Wodrow Pamphlets, Adv. Lib. Edin.

appears under this name, not only in a manuscript collection of the reign of Charles II., referred to by Mr Dauneŷ,¹ but in the Lute-Book of Gordon of Straloch, which was compiled between 1627 and 1629.² In the latter collection, it is entitled *A Dance*.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

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

This is all that has been preserved of an old song—one of those for which Ramsay substituted new verses, thereby putting the old ones out of fashion, and consigning them to oblivion. In furnishing a new song, which he did by a paraphrase of the *Vides ut alta* of Horace, he retained the first of the above verses, though they do not cohere very well with his own. For the second, which is only a sort of refrain, we are indebted to the memory of Burns. The air being one of great merit, Ramsay also adapted to it one of the songs of his *Gentle Shepherd*, and Gay introduced it as a melody for one of the songs in his opera of *Achilles*, which was performed in 1733, after his decease.

The recommendation given in this song as to the treatment proper for a bonnie lassie, will be generally intelligible, but scarcely so that pointed out in the case of the dirty hizzie. The explanation required in the latter case is, that there was an ancient rustic custom in Scotland of rubbing over with pease-straw a girl whose lover had proved unfaithful—a jocular kind of confirmation of the affront.

¹ *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 142.

² *Ibid.* p. 369.

Ramsay's entire song to this tune is here subjoined :

And gin ye meet a bon - nie lass - ie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae; But if ye meet a
 dir - ty hiz - zie, Fy, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
 Be sure ye din - na quit the grip Of il - ka joy when
 ye are young, Be - fore auld age your vi - tals nip, And
 lay ye twa fauld ower a rung.

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And' lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time :
 Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes o' delight,
When Jenny speaks below her breath,
And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye 're ill-bred, she 'll smilin' say,
Ye 'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
Syne frae your arms she 'll rin away,
And hide hersel in some dark neuk.
Her lauch will lead ye to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want ;
And plainly tell ye to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
And sweetly tuiylie for a kiss ;
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As taiken o' a future bliss.
These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant ;
Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whinin' cant !