CHAPTER VI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VOLUME—EXTRACTS—"THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE"—VARIATION ON "TIBBIE FOWLER"—THE "SALT LAIRDS" OF DUNSCORE, AND THE "GUSTIN BANE" OF KIRKMAHOE—PRIVATE CRITICISMS—PROFESSOR WILSON—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE "SCOTS MAGAZINE"—"A WEARY BODIE'S BLYTHE WHAN THE SUN GANGS DOWN."

THE volume of "Nithsdale and Galloway Song" made its appearance in December, and was not only favourably, but enthusiastically, received by the general public and the press. Before, however, we state the opinions of the great critics as to its merits, we shall give a brief account of the character of its contents, with a few extracts as specimens of the work. It was not only important with regard to what it professedly treated of, ancient ballad lore, but it was also important as being the starting-point in Cunningham's literary career, a career which he himself, with all his sanguine aspirations, could not anticipate or foresee. It consisted of an Introduction, thirty-two pages in extent, four classes of Ballads, arranged under the headings of Sentimental, Humorous, Jacobite, Old and Fragments, with an Appendix. The songs were professedly gathered among the peasantry, taken down from their recital of them, or were related by others who had obtained them from the same source. We believe that with regard to a

considerable number of them this was the case, in so far as the old proverb has it, that the poet "having got a hair made a tether of it," a single scrap swelling into a goodly song.

The Introduction is a very accurate and graphic description of what the peasantry in the south of Scotland then were as to their customs, habits, superstitions, and beliefs. Matters of this kind are now much changed, but it may, therefore, be the more interesting to readers of the present day to have a glimpse of these :—

"The condition of the inland peasantry was easy, and comparatively affluent. Almost every one had a cow, and a few acres of land. Oatmeal, pease, delicate mutton, fish in every stream, and milk and butter, furnished the necessaries and some of the dainties of existence. Their clothes were all of home manufacture. The men's dress was mostly a fine mixed gray, from wool of a natural dye, a large chequered plaid and bonnet; their shoes were formed of leather tanned by the shoemaker. The women's gowns were of lint and woollen, fancifully mixed, and frequently of exquisite fineness, which is still a popular and becoming dress. . . From their fathers and from their ministers they learned to contemplate the sacred mysteries of the Bible with submissive veneration. Unskilled in the figurative language of poetic instruction, or lost in the raptured soarings of historic inspiration, they took poetic license for truth, and the wild, unbridled flights of Eastern personification were the revelation of Heaven, written with the finger of the Deity. The Bible was put into every youthful hand, with '*This is the handwriting of God.*' Every sentence was taken as it is

written, in the close fidelity of translation. Hence arose that superstitious belief in wizards, witches, and familiar spirits, the popular creed of heathenism.

"The Cottars devoutly opened the Book of God every evening, and on every Sabbath morning, to offer thanksgivings and praises, and to instruct and admonish their children. The holy Songs of David were committed to memory, to be allied to the church melodies. The mind received from these a cast and an impressure of thoughtful melancholy which often exalts it to the noblest conceptions. A rigid moral austerity, and severity of religious conversation, were the consequences of their long struggles with English supremacy, and formed no part of their natural constitution; on the contrary, they were ever ready to mingle in the pleasant mirth of society. Their ancient music still lingered among them, a proscribed fugitive of religious zeal; wedded to those old songs and ballads, the favourites of every age, it was beyond the power of banishment. This love of music and poetry was privately fostered by the old men and women. It had been their own delight and amusement, and they loved to cherish the fond remembrance of other years. They appointed meetings at each other's houses for dancing and singing, to which, at the close of day-toil, the lads and lasses would hasten for several miles round. Here they sang, accompanied by the violin or lowland pipe. The old men recounted the exploits and religious struggles of their ancestors, and mingled in the song, or joined in the dance.

"Enraptured with their music, and emulous of praise, the youths cultivated those seeds of poesy which are more or less to be found in every lover's heart. In the presence of those whom they loved they strove to excel in the strains of tender complaint or pathetic appeal, which were sung and so much admired by their mistresses. Inspired with such sensations,

they caught up the prominent features of their adventures, and sang of their jealousies and wooing felicities in numbers worthy of remembrance. To the heart of a Scottish peasant it is a sensation of divine rapture to listen and behold his beloved lass warble, and sweetly modulate those strains to which her tender heart and beautiful face had imparted sympathetic loveliness. The interview at some favourite secluded thorn, in the dew of gloaming; the stolen looks of love; the midnight meeting of chaste affection; the secret kiss and unheard whisper in the dancings and trystes, are the favourite themes of poetic record. These songs were sung before the aged; and their praise, with the kind looks of approval from their mistresses, was a reward sufficient to stimulate to nobler exertion. Old songs were altered to suit some more recent occurrence; their language was frequently minted anew, and the song would take a novel appearance from a small incident of love, or a gallant exploit.

"To these public dancing trystes the daughters of the chieftains would sometimes go in peasant's disguise; possibly to partake in the rural felicities of unrestrained gaiety and frolic; or, perhaps, smitten with the charms of some young peasant, they wished to listen to the natural eloquence of love, and the fervent pathos of rustic wooing. There are yet some remnants of songs which evidently allude to rencounters of this kind, and many more might, perhaps, have been collected on a more diligent search.

"The language of the peasantry has none of that vulgar broadness so disgusting in those sea-coast towns which commerce has corrupted. Imagery drawn from the select sources of nature will clothe itself in chaste and becoming language —the summer wind, the gloaming dew-fall among the loose locks of a lovely maiden, the flower-tops bent with dew, the balmy smell of the woods, the honeycombs of the wild bee,

afford fine poetic figures, which nought but profligacy can pollute or misapply. The crimson brook-rose, the yellow-freckled lily, the red-lipped gowan, the pale primrose, the mealy cowslip, the imbedding thyme, are flourishing in rustic pastoral; and the rich-scented hawthorn, the honey-leafed oak, the tasseling honeysuckle, and the bloomy promise of the orchards and bean-fields, embalm themselves in song as pure as the dew which the hand of evening drops on them. But the tender eloquence of the new-paired birds, and the infant song of the new-flown nestlings, were happily caught by peasant discernment:—

> 'The new-paired laverocks among the bloomy howes
> Sing kindly to my Mary while she ca's hame the ewes.'

"The lark is a chief favourite, and being the herald of morning, sings overhead to the swain returning from the errands of love, who naturally puts his own felicities into her mouth. The wild and mellow mavis, the loud-lilting blackbird, the familiar rose-linnet, the lively gold-spink, are all classical songsters, whose warblings are pleasing to a lover's ear. From the sacred pages of the Bible the peasantry drew many of their finest ideas and imagery. It imparted a tone of solemn sincerity to the promises of love, and gave them a more popular currency among the aged and decorous. Another source of instruction was the select code of proverbs which wisdom had stored up in the progress of society; these, being short and happily figurative, were the current coin of primitive converse. Owing to the great distance between the chieftain and the cottar, these productions never passed into the notice of the great. Composed and sung in unaspiring obscurity, their authors never attempted to hold them up to public notice. The applause at a country wed-

ding, at a kirn dancing, at a kirk-supper, after a bridal, satisfied the bard's vanity; and perhaps the secret assurance that his sweetheart would live in his verses among her great grandchildren was the utmost bound of his ambition."

This extract is quite sufficient of itself to show that Mr. Cromek could not possibly be the author or compiler of the volume. The deep, penetrating insight into Scottish sentiment which it contains, and the thorough acquaintance with Scottish manners and customs which pervades it, are entirely beyond the reach of anyone but a native of the soil; and no Englishman, however great his enthusiasm, or his love for ancient lore, could have so identified himself with the subject, as is apparent from beginning to end. What could Mr. Cromek possibly know in detail of the ongoings at trystes, kirns, and weddings, as are here described? Literally nothing. A hasty and brief visit to the locality could never have inspired him with such a minute knowledge of Scottish sentiments, customs, habits, and feelings as are here recorded. Therefore we think an injustice was done to Allan Cunningham in not putting him prominently in the foreground, instead of keeping him out of sight almost altogether. We do not think that a mere recognition of his aid in the preface was sufficient, when the whole work devolved upon himself.

> "Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores,
> Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.
> Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.
> Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
> Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves."

One of the finest ballads of the first class—the Sentimental—is, "Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie," to which the following note is prefixed :—

"These verses are copied from the recitation of a worthy old man, now 'raked i' the mools,' as the Scotch phrase is. With him have perished many beautiful songs, remnants of the tunes which were. He was a Dissenter from the Church of Scotland, and had all that stern severity of demeanour and rigidness of mind which belong to those trained in the old school of divinity, under the iron discipline of Scottish Presbyterianism. Yet when kept aloof from religious dispute, when his native goodness was not touched with the sour leaven of bigotry, he was a man, as we may truly say with Scripture, 'after God's own heart.' There is a characteristic trait of him which will lighten the darkness of superstition which gave it birth. In that violent persecution in the reigns of James the Seventh, and the Second Charles, one of the persecuted preachers took refuge among the wild hills behind Kirkmahoe, in the county of Dumfries. On a beautiful green-topped hill, called the *Wardlaw*, was raised a pulpit of sods, where he preached to his congregation. General Dalzell hastened on with his dragoons and dispersed the assembly—this consecrated the spot. Our worthy old patriarch, in the fine Sabbath evenings, would go with his wife and children to the Wardlaw, though some miles of rough road distant, seat himself in the preacher's place, and '*take the Beuk*,' with his family around him. He kneeled down, and with all the flow of religious eloquence, held converse with his God. This song was his favourite, and he usually sang it at halloweens, at kirk-suppers, and other trystes"—

"THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

"Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven
That thou shalt aye be mine!

"Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
Save the finger o' God above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
An' my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean!

"Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Fu' safter than the down,
An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind, wings,
An' sweetly I'd sleep an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morning is fu' o' the presence o' God,
An' I canna pray but thee.

"The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,
Our gude-man leans owre his kail-yard dyke,
An' a blythe auld body is he.
The Book maun be taen when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
An' thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
An' I will speak o' thee!"

In the second part of the volume much humour is displayed in the several pieces, though mixed with not a little of what would be called *coarseness* of expression in the present day, not to use a stronger term, but the difference of times and manners must be taken into account. From one of the ballads in this class an extract is taken, for the purpose of introducing a traditional feud which long existed between the two neighbouring parishes of Dunscore and Kirkmahoe, and to which Cunningham here refers. It seems that various versions of the well-known song, "Tibbie Fowler," were afloat in Nithsdale, one of which is here produced, along with what is known as the complete original, printed in Johnson's "Musical Museum." We quote the first three verses of this variation as a specimen :—

"The brankit lairds o' Gallowa,
The hodden breeks o' Annan Water,
The bonnets blue of fair Nithsdale,
Are 'yont the hallan wooing at her.

"Tweedshaw's tarry neives are here,
Braksha' gabs frae Moffat Water,
An' half the thieves o' Annandale
Are come to steal her gear and daute her.

"I mind her weel, in plaiden gown,
Afore she got her uncle's coffer;
The gleds might pyked her at the dyke,
Before the lads wad shoved them off her."

These variations used to be sung at the public trystes or merry-makings held in the surrounding parishes, and

sometimes out of mischief or frolic sarcastic allusions were interpolated by the performer, which led to bruilzie and bloodshed in the end :—

> " The Dunscore *Salt Lairds* stilt the Nith,
> And muddie a' our supper water;
> The gray-beard solemn-leaguing lowns
> Thraw by the beuk o' God to daute her.
> The birds hae a' forhoo'd their nests,
> The trouts hae ta'en the Cairn and Annan,
> For hoddin breeks and stilting shanks,
> Between the sunset and the dawnin'."

These lines were instantly retorted by this blithesome effort of local parish pleasantry:—

> " Kirkmahoe louped on her sonks,
> Wi' new creeshed shoon and weel darned hosen;
> And cry'd to maw an acre kail,
> And hing the pan wi' water brose on;
> And wha will lend us brydal gear,
> Sheep amang the kale to simmer,
> Gullies for to sheer their cloots,
> Swats to foam aboon the timmer?
>
> " Dunscore sent her spauls o' sheep,
> Sent her owre our big brose ladle;
> Pewter plates and hansel gear,
> To mense her wi' at Tibbie's brydal.
> Ye've pyked the banes o' yere leap-year's cow,
> Yere aught day's kale's a' finished fairly;
> Yere big brose pot has nae played brown
> Sin' the Reaver raid o' *gude Prince Charlie.*"

The tradition referred to above is, that at a time when *salt*, as a household commodity, could with

difficulty be procured, on account of its high price before the duty was removed, the Lairds of Dunscore, out of poverty, clubbed together and purchased a peck or a stone of salt, which they divided among themselves with a horn-spoon to ensure an equal distribution. Whether the story was true or not it was generally held to be so by those outside the parish, who took certain opportunities for using the taunt of poverty, such as at a losing bonspiel of curling on the ice, or when other disagreements arose. With regard to Kirkmahoe, the same taunt of poverty was employed by neighbouring enemies when they thought themselves in any way aggrieved. Pride and poverty would appear to have been in those days the besetting sin of both parishes. It was asserted that the parishioners of Kirkmahoe were so ill-bestead as to the necessaries of life that they could not afford to provide flesh-meat to enrich the broth-pot even once a week, and had recourse to the economical device of borrowing from one another when the great cooking day came round. A bone, denuded of its fleshly integuments, was procured at a small price by one of them from a butcher's shop in Dumfries, and served, *pro tempore,* the whole coterie of Duncow. "Lend me your bane the day, and I'll lend you mine the next time." The bone, be it observed, was not *boiled* in the broth, but merely dipped in the cold water previous to its being placed upon the fire, so that some of the meat particles adhering might give a *flavour* to the soup. This was called the "*Gustin' bane.*" An enterprizing shoemaker, thinking to add a little to his means of livelihood, purchased several

bones of this description, which he gave out to hire at a halfpenny each for a single use. The hirer was allowed to dip it three times and make one whisk round in the cold water. Some wag turned the circumstance into the following doggerel distich, which was spread far and wide, and which continued to be repeated for nearly a century, whenever passion or prejudice rose high:—

> "Wha'll buy me, wha'll buy me,
> Three plumps and a wallop for a bawbee?"

At fair or market, dance or wedding, the words "Gustin' bane," uttered in the hearing of those for whom they were intended, were sufficient to raise a riot. At the close of a marriage dinner in the neighbouring parish of Kirkmichael, where a number of the bridegroom's party from Kirkmahoe were present, and enjoying themselves most heartily, the bride's father, who had been carving and supplying his guests most hospitably, without a thought of the consequences, lifted a large shank-bone before him, which had done substantial service on the occasion, and said, "This wad still mak' a gude Gustin' bane." The words were most innocently uttered, and nothing was farther from the glad father's heart than the intention to wound the feelings of any of his friends. Indeed, he said it in the jubilance of enjoyment, meaning that there had been enough and to spare. Notwithstanding all his good intentions, however, in a moment the house was in an uproar, all were on their feet, and angry words were neither "few nor far between." The tables were overturned with all upon them. Dishes, glasses, tumblers, and bottles were

demolished, and formed a dismal scene of confusion —"rudis indigestaque moles,"—while the bridecake required no special cutting up, but lay scattered in fragments among the *debris*—"apparent rari nantes in gurgito vasto." The two parties were smashing each other with whatever they could lay hold of, the blood streamed, the women fainted, and the men swore and fought. Old James Smith, ycleped the "Baillie o' Carzield," firmly set his back against a wall, as he was lame, and, in the spirit of Fitz-James in his encounter with Roderick Dhu, said, in sentiment at least—

> "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!"

His opponents immediately came forward with a rush, and, in less time than we tell it, he had knocked five of them down, who, on regaining their senses and their legs, showed no desire to renew the combat. So runs the tradition of the "Saut lairds" of Dunscore, and the "Gustin' bane" of Kirkmahoe.

Having given a short outline of the contents and nature of the volume now fairly launched on the wide sea of public opinion, it will be interesting to notice what the great critics think of the work. One may easily imagine the state of excitement Cunningham especially would be in as to the verdict about to be pronounced upon the performance. Mr. Cromek, too, would doubtless be anxious as to the reception of what he considered his masterpiece, with regard to Scottish ballad lore of the olden time. He had privately boasted of its great merits to his literary friends

while it was in the process of production, and now that it was before them, the verification of his own eulogium would cause some concern. The opinion of private literary friends, of course, came first, as the great lever of the public press generally takes time for its operations in forming a judgment. Two things were certain to be taken into consideration by both parties—the genuineness of the ballads as ancient, and their poetical merit. Poor Allan! trembling in the balance of suspense as to the verdict about to be given upon your poetical genius, stand forward and hear the judgment pronounced. Throw aside your long, dark locks, and let your intellectual brow be seen in all its massiveness. Your black, piercing eye and your manly form have no cause to be concealed. The world is with you, though as yet you know it not, and your name will go down with approbation to the latest ages!

The general impression on the appearance of the volume was that it was "too good to be old," and suspicions were hinted in confirmation of what Mr. Cromek had said in his own criticism of the first two pieces he had received from Cunningham, "Bonnie Lady Anne," and "She's gane to dwall in Heaven." The rhymes were too generally correct, some of the epithets were at variance with ancient phraseology, and even several of the sentiments had a tinge of modern times. Such things as these weighed greatly in the minds of the literary critics of the metropolis, and made them suspect the pseudo character of several of the songs, as well as the true personage who had produced them. Bishop Percy, Professor Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Wood-

houselee, Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Graham, Mr. Montgomery, and the Ettrick Shepherd, were all of this opinion, though, at the same time, they declared that the songs "would hold up their heads to unnumbered generations."

Professor Wilson said of the volume:—"In Dumfriesshire he (Cromek) became acquainted with Mr. Allan Cunningham, at that time a common stonemason, and certainly one of the most original poets Scotland has produced, who communicated to him a vast quantity of most amusing and interesting information concerning the manners and customs of the people of Nithsdale and Galloway. Much of this is to be found in the appendix to this volume. That appendix is ostensibly written by Mr. Cromek, and perhaps a few sentences here and there are from his pen; but no person of ordinary penetration can for a moment doubt that, as a whole, it was fairly composed and written out by the hand of Allan Cunningham. Everything is treated of in the familiar and earnest style of a man speaking of what he has known from his youth upwards, and of what has influenced and even formed the happiness of his life. . . . But the best of the poetry too belongs to Allan Cunningham. Can the most credulous person believe that Mr. Cromek, an Englishman, an utter stranger in Scotland, should have been able in a few days' walk through Nithsdale and Galloway to collect, not a few broken fragments of poetry only, but a number of finished and perfect poems, of whose existence none of the inquisitive literary men or women of Scotland had ever before heard, and that too in the very country which Robert Burns had beaten to its

every bush? But, independently of all this, the poems speak for themselves, and for Allan Cunningham. The following beautiful song, 'Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,' though boldly said to have been written during the days of the Covenant, cannot, as we feel, be thought of in any other light but an exquisite imitation."

This was high commendation from the source whence it came, when it is borne in mind that the writer of it was himself a poet of the highest standing among the sons of Scotland, and one whose prose was poetry in depicting the sentiments, the loves, and the various vicissitudes of Scottish life.

Another writer, the Ettrick Shepherd, equally, if not better, acquainted with the same subject, said:—"When Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Relics came to my hand, I at once discerned the strains of my friend, and I cannot describe with what sensations of delight I first heard Mr. Morrison read 'The Mermaid of Galloway,' while at every verse I kept naming the author. Gray, of the High School, who had an attachment to Cromek, denied it positively on his friend's authority. Grieve joined him. Morrison, I saw, had strong lurking suspicions; but then he stickled for the ancient genius of Galloway. When I went to Sir Walter Scott (then Mr. Scott), I found him decidedly of the same opinion as myself; and he said he wished to God that we had that valuable and original young man fairly out of Cromek's hands again. I next wrote a review of the work, in which I laid the saddle on the right horse, and sent it to Mr. Jeffrey; but, after retaining it for some time, he returned it with a note, saying that he had

read over the article, and was convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, but he did not think it worthy of exposure."

As was to be expected, certain of the songs were adopted as favourites, according to the taste of the reader, and were specially noted for their excellence in antique sentiment and expression. Besides those which we have already quoted, as forming part of the volume, and which were forwarded to Mr. Cromek when the first proposal of such a work was mooted, Sir Walter Scott was greatly delighted with the following ballad, which he said his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, sang with "such uncommon effect." It is said to be printed from a copy found in Burns' Commonplace Book, in the editor's possession, that it had long been popular in Galloway and Nithsdale, and that it had many variations, of which this one is the best. We have failed to find it in any of the editions of Burns' works, and are at a loss to understand how he should have omitted to introduce it:—

"IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

"It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan Water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.

"It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countrie.

"It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
There's nought now from ruin my country can save,
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

"It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

The *Scots Magazine* gave the volume a favourable review, with copious extracts as specimens of its composition, but at the same time gently hinting that certain expressions might have been improved by a little refinement. Speaking of the character of the pieces, it said :—

"None of them relate to the ancient scenes of 'feud and fight;' nor are any earlier than the middle of the sixteenth century, from which period they extend down to the present day. Some are the productions of living poets; for Dumfries has produced among her peasantry several truly inspired with the genius of song. The earliest poems are chiefly amorous, with some of a humorous cast; chiefly levelled against the wives of these days, many of whom appear to have kept their 'lords' under a very severe thraldom. . . The most modern songs return to the standard subject of love, and indulge also in a certain rude humour, which does not, in our opinion, form their brightest ornament.

"The love songs may be traced back to the time of the Covenanters, and are of a character very peculiar, different

from what we have seen belonging to Scotland, or perhaps to any other country. This singularity consists in the intimate manner in which that spirit of devotion, which then prevailed to even an enthusiastic degree, is blended with this human passion. The two sentiments are sometimes so intermingled, as, combined with that familiarity with which the devotionists of those days were accustomed to address the Deity, makes the extreme of piety sometimes border on its opposite."

This last reflection has reference to the song, already quoted, "Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie," which we think is one of the finest in the volume, and was mentioned as such at the time it appeared. Nothing in our opinion can be finer than the two lovers agreeing to pray to God on behalf of each other:—

> "The *Beuk* maun be taen when the carle comes hame,
> Wi' the holie psalmodie,
> And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
> And I will speak o' thee!"

The following song seems to us so exquisitely tender and heart-touching that we cannot refrain from quoting it, and many of our readers will thank us for doing so:—

"A WEARY BODIE'S BLYTHE WHAN THE SUN GANGS DOWN.

> "A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down,
> A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down:
> To smile wi' his wife, and to daute wi' his weans,
> Wha wadna be blythe whan the sun gangs down!

"The simmer sun's lang, and we're a' toiled sair,
Frae sunrise to sunset's a dreigh tack o' care;
But at hame for to daute 'mang our wee bits o' weans,
We think on our toils an' our cares nae mair.

"The Saturday sun gangs aye sweetest down,
My bonnie boys leave their wark i' the town;
My heart loups light at my ain ingle side,
Whan my kin' blythe bairn-time is a' sitting roun'.

"The Sabbath morning comes, an' warm lowes the sun,
Ilk heart's fu' o' joy a' the parishen roun';
Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet psalm tune,
An' the auld fowk a' to the preaching are bowne.

"The hearts o' the younkers loup lightsome, to see
The gladness that dwalls in their auld grannie's ee;
An' they gather i' the sun, 'side the green haw-tree,
Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome an' hie.

"Tho' my sonsie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are prief,
Tho' the roses that blumed there are smit i' the leaf;
Tho' the young blinks o' luve hae a' died in her ee,
She is bonnier an' dearer than ever to me!

"Ance poortith came in 'yont our hallan to keek,
But my Jeanie was nursing an' singing sae sweet,
That she laid down her powks at anither door cheek,
An' steppit blythely ben her auld shanks for to beek.

"My hame is the mailen weel stockit an' fu,
My bairns are the flocks an' the herds that I loo;—
My Jeanie is the gowd an' delight o' my ee,
She's worth a hale lairdship o' mailens to me!

"O wha wad fade awa like a flower i' the dew,
An' nae leave a sprout for kind heaven to pu'?
Wha wad rot 'mang the mools, like the trunk o' the tree,
Wi' nae shoots the pride o' the forest to be!"

We ask if there is any one who, after reading the above song, does not experience a peculiar sensation about the heart, and a well-known moisture in the eyes? We ourselves confess to both.