

RHYMES OF THE NURSERY.

NOTHING has of late been revolutionised so much as the nursery. The young mind was formerly cradled amidst the simplicities of the uninstructed intellect; and *she* was held to be the best nurse who had the most copious supply of song, and tale, and drollery at all times ready to soothe and amuse her young charges. There were, it is true, some disadvantages in the system; for sometimes superstitious terrors were implanted, and little pains was taken to distinguish between what tended to foster the evil, and what tended to elicit the better feelings of infantine nature. Yet the ideas which presided over the scene, and rung through it all day in light gabble and jocund song, were really simple ideas, often even beautiful, and were unquestionably suitable to the capacities of children. In the *realism* and right-down earnest which is now demanded in the superiors of the nursery, and which mothers seek to cultivate in their own intercourse with the young, there are certain advantages; yet it is questionable if the system be so well adapted to the early state of the faculties, while there can be little doubt that it is too exclusively addressed to the intellect, and almost entirely overlooks that there is such a thing as imagination, or a sense of fun in the human mind. I must own that I cannot help looking back with the greatest satisfaction to the numberless merry lays and *capriccios* of all kinds, which the simple honest women of our native country used to sing and enact with such untiring patience, and so much success, beside the evening fire in old times, ere yet Mrs Trimmer or Mr Wilderspin had been heard of. There was no philosophy about these gentle dames; but there was generally endless kindness, and a wonderful power of keeping their little flock in good-humour. It never occurred to them that children were anything but children: 'bairns are just bairns,' they would say; and they never once thought of beginning to make them men and women while still little more than able to speak. Committed as we were in those days to such unenlightened curatrixes, we might be said to go through in a single life all the stages of a national progress. We began under a

superintendence which might be said intellectually to represent the Gothic age; and gradually, as we waxed in years, and went to school and college, we advanced through the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries; finally coming down to the present age, when we adventured into public life. By the extinction of the old nursery system, some part of this knowledge is lost.

With these observations, I introduce a series of the rhymes and legends of the old Scottish nursery; trusting that all who, like myself, can be 'pleased again with toys which childhood please,' will be glad to see them at least preserved from the utter oblivion which threatens to befall them.

LULLABIES.

He-ba-laliloo!

This is the simplest of the lullaby ditties of the north. It has been conjectured by the Rev. Mr Lamb, in his notes to the old poem of *Flodden Field*, that this is from the French, as *Hé bas! là le loup!* (Hush! there's the wolf); but the bugbear character of this French sentence makes the conjecture, in my opinion, extremely improbable.

If it be curious to learn, as we do from a Greek poet, that 'B η !' was the cry of the sheep two thousand years ago, as it is now, it may be also worthy of attention that *Ba loo la loo* was a Scottish lullaby in the time of our James VI., if not at a much earlier period. This is ascertained from the well-known production of the pious genius of that age, entitled 'Ane Compendious Book of Godly and Spirituall Sangs,' published by Andro Hart in 1621; the object of which was to supplant ordinary profane songs by adapting religious verses to the tunes to which they were sung. One of the said 'spiritual sangs' is to the tune of *Baw lula low*, unquestionably a lullaby ditty, as more clearly appears from the character of the substituted verses, whereof the following are specimens:—

'Oh, my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir,
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir;

*W. Lamb's notes
Shelley's notes*

The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt *Balulalow!*'

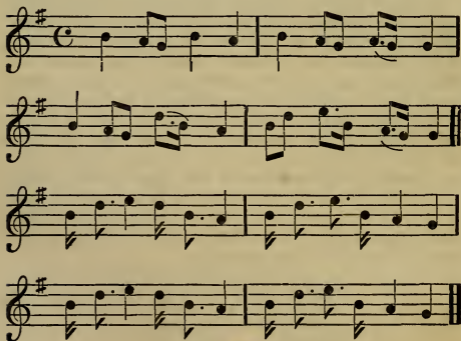
Hushie ba, burdie beeton!
Your mammie's gane to Seaton,
For to buy a lammie's skin,
To wrap your bonnie boukie in.*

Bye, babie buntin,
Your daddie's gane a-huntin';
Your mammie's gane to buy a skin
To row the babie buntin in.

Hush and baloo, babie,
Hush and baloo;
A' the lave's in their beds—
I'm hushin' you.

Hush a ba, babie, lie still, lie still;
Your mammie's awa to the mill, the mill;
Baby is greeting for want of good keeping—
Hush a ba, baby, lie still, lie still!

The following appears as the *Nurse's Lullaby* in a manuscript collection of airs by the late Mr Andrew Blaikie of Paisley, now in my possession:—



* Boukie is the endearing diminutive of bouk or bulk, signifying *person*.

Oh can ye sew cushions,
 Can ye sew sheets,
 Can ye sing, Ba-loo-loo,
 When the bairnie greets?

And hee and ba, birdie,
 And hee and ba, lamb;
 And hee and ba, birdie,
 My bonnie lamb!

Hee O, wee O,
 What wad I do wi' you?
 Black is the life
 That I lead wi' you.

Owre mony o' you,
 Little for to gi'e you;
 Hee O, wee O,
 What wad I do wi' you?

This really pretty lullaby is given with the music as follows
 in *Johnson's Musical Museum*:—

O can ye sew cushions, and can ye sew

sheets? And can ye sing bal - lu - loo, when the bairn

greets? And hee and ba, bir-die, and hee and ba,

lamb; And hee and ba, bir-die, my bon-nie wee lamb.

Hee O, wee O, what would I do wi' you? black's the

life that I lead wi' you. Owre mo-ny o' you, lit - tle for to

Slow.

gie you; hee O, wee O, what would I do wi' you?

RHYMES ACCOMPANYING EXERCISES FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF
YOUNG CHILDREN.

The old-fashioned Scottish nurses were rich in expedients for amusing infants. No sooner had the first faint dawn of the understanding appeared, than the faithful attendant was ready to engage it with some practical drollery, so as to keep it in good-humour, and exercise the tender faculties. One of the first whimsicalities practised was to take the two feet of the infant and make them go quickly up and down and over each other, saying the following appropriate verses:—

This is Willie Walker, and that's Tam Sim,
He ca'd him to a feast, and he ca'd him ;
And he sticket him wi' the spit, and he sticket him,
And he owre him, and he owre him,
And he owre him, and he owre him, &c.
Till day brak.

Or the following:—

'Feetikin, feetikin,
When will ye gang ?'
'When the nights turn short,
And the days turn lang,
I'll toddle and gang, toddle and gang,' &c.

Arms as well as legs were sometimes taken into these little jocularities; and then the following verses were used:—

The doggies gaed to the mill,
This way and that way ;
They took a lick out o' this wife's poke,
And a lick out o' that wife's poke,
And a loup in the lead,* and a dip in the dam,
And gaed hame walloping, walloping, walloping, &c.

* The mill-course.

Undoubtedly this must have been in young Scott's mind, when sitting in the writing school, as Mrs Churnside reports, 'he did nothing in the ordinary way; but, for example, even when he wanted ink to his pen, he would get up some ludicrous story about sending his doggie to the mill again.'—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*, 8vo., p. 29.

Sometimes the babe was considered as a piece of cooper-work, requiring to be mended; and the following verses accompanied the supposed process:—

'Donald Cooper, carle,' quo' she,
 'Can ye gird my coggie?'
 'Couthie carline, that I can,
 As weel's ony bodie.

There ane about the mou' o't,
 And ane about the body o't,
 And ane about the leggen o't,
 And that's a girdit coggie !'

At another time, the infant was a little horse requiring to have a new shoe put on; and it was supposed to be put into the hands of a farrier accordingly, the foot being taken and smartly patted in various places, in accordance with the accompanying verses:—

'John Smith, fallow fine,
 Can you shoe this horse o' mine?'
 'Yes, sir, and that I can,
 As weel as ony man !
 There's a nail upon the tae,
 To gar the pony speel the brae ;
 There's a nail upon the heel,
 To gar the pony pace weel ;
 There's a nail, and there's a brod,
 There's a horsie weel shod,
 Weel shod, weel shod,' &c.

The following is an accompaniment to a game of pretended thumps:—

Bontin's man
 To the town ran :
 He coffed and sold,
 And penny down told :
 The kirk was ane, and the quier was twa,
 And a great muckle thump down aboon a' ;
 Doun aboon a', doun aboon a'.

To accompany the exercise of dandling, they had a little song sung to a very pretty air :—

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb !
And ye'll get a fishie
In a little dishie—
Ye'll get a fishie when the boat comes hame !

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb !
And ye'll get a coatie,
And a pair o' breebies—
Ye'll get a whippie and a supple Tam !

There was a great deal of equestrian exercise in the old nursery, the knee being the ever-ready substitute for a steed. Some of the appropriate rhymes are subjoined :—

Chick ! my naggie,
Chick ! my naggie,
How many miles to Aberdaigy ?
Eight and eight, and other eight,
Try to win there by candlelight.

Came ye by the kirk,
Came ye by the steeple ?
Saw ye our guidman
Riding on a ladle ?

Foul fa' the body,
Winna buy a saddle,
Wearing a' his breeks,
Riding on a ladle !

I had a little pony,
They ca'd it Dapple Grey ;
I lent it to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipt it, she lashed it,
She ca'd it owre the brae ;
I winna lend my pony mair,
Though a' the ladies pray.

The cattie rade to Passelet,*
 To Passelet, to Passelet ;
 The cattie rade to Passelet,
 Upon a harrow tine,† O.

'Twas on a weetie Wednesday,
 Wednesday, Wednesday ;
 'Twas on a weetie Wednesday,
 I missed it aye sin-syne, O.

In the following case, it will be observed that the fun consists in a commencement with slow and graceful riding, degenerating into the gallop of a huckster's donkey :—

This is the way the ladies ride,
 Jimp and sma', jimp and sma' !
 This is the way the gentlemen ride,
 Trotting a', trotting a' !
 This is the way the cadgers ride,
 Creels and a' ! creels and a' !! creels and a' !!!

As the child advances in understanding, different measures are taken to please him. The nurse, touching successively his brow, eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, and chin, pronounces the names of these features in an endearing manner, the last line being the merry accompaniment of a tickling in the neck :—

Brow, brow, brenty,
 Ee, ee, winkey,
 Nose, nose, nebbie,
 Cheek, cheek, cherry,
 Mou', mou', merrie,
 Chin, chin, chackie,
 Catch a flee, catch a flee.

Or, enumerating his fingers in the same manner, beginning with the thumb :—

This is the man that brak the barn,
 This is the man that stealt the corn,
 This is the man that ran awa',
 This is the man that tell't a',
 And pair Pirkie paid for a', paid for a', &c.

Aliter—

Thumbkin brak the barn,
 Lickpot stealt the corn,

* An old name of Paisley.

† One of the prongs of a harrow.

Langman carried it awa,
 Berrybarn stood and saw,
 Wee Pirly Winkie paid for a'.

Another play upon the fingers, making each shake quickly, begins with the little finger:—

Dance my wee man, ring man, foreman, foreman,
 Dance, dance, for thoomiken canna weel dance his lane.

The following explains its own theatrical character:—

I got a little manikin, I set him on my thoomiken ;
 I saddled him, I bridled him, and sent him to the tooniken ;
 I coffered a pair o' garters to tie his little hosiken ;
 I coffered a pocket-napkin to dight his little nosiken ;
 I sent him to the garden to fetch a pund o' sage,
 And fand him in the kitchen neuk kissing little Madge !

One of the most successful modes of recalling the smile to an infantine face distorted with pain and defiled with tears, is to light a stick, and make it wave rapidly to and fro, so as to produce a semicircle of red fire before the child's eyes. The following is a rhyme appropriate to this fireside phenomenon, which is termed a '*dingle dousy*':—

Dingle, dingle dousy,
 The cat's at the well ;
 The dog's awa' to Musselburgh
 To buy the bairn a bell.

Greet, greet, bairnie,
 And ye'll get a bell ;
 If ye dinna greet faster,
 I'll keep it to mysel' !

A version prevalent in Peeblesshire is more ludicrous:—

Dingle, dingle, gowd bow !*
 Up the water in a low !
 Far up i' Etrick,
 There was a waddin' !
 Twa and twa pikin' a bane ;
 But I gat ane, my leefu'-lane !
 Deuk's dub afore the door—
 There fell I !
 A' the lave cried 'Waly ! waly !'
 But I cried 'Feigh, fye !'

* Golden arch.

NURSERY SONGS.

The moudiewort, the moudiewort,
 The mumpin beast, the moudiewort ;
 The craws hae pikit the moudiewort,
 The pair wee beast, the moudiewort !

The craws hae killed the poussie, O,
 The craws hae killed the poussie, O ;
 The little cat sat down and grat,
 Into its wee bit housie, O.

There was a wee bit mousikie,
 That lived in Gilberaty, O,
 It couldna get a bite o' cheese,
 For cheetie-poussie-cattie, O.

It said unto the cheesikie,
 ' Oh fain wad I be at ye, O,
 If it were na for the cruel paws
 O' cheetie-poussie-cattie, O.'

There was a hennie had a birdie,
 And the birdie it flew out,
 And she sought it east and wast,
 And she got it at the last,
 Draggled in a deuk's nest ;
 And she bade it gang awa' hame,
 Wi' a cauld back and a hungry wame.

Cleaverie, cleaverie, sit i' the sun,
 And let the weary herdies in ;
 A' weetie, a' wearie,
 A' droukit, a' drearie.

I haena gotten a bite the day,
 But a drap o' cauld sowens, sitting i' the blind bole :
 By cam a cripple bird, and trailed its wing owre ;
 I up wi' my rung, and hit it i' the lug :

' Cheep, cheep,' quo' the bird ; ' Clock, clock,' quo' the hen ;
 ' Fient care I,' quo' the cock ; ' come na yon road again.'

—From recitation in Forfarshire.

There was a wee yowe,
 Hippin frae knowe to knowe ;
 It lookit up to the mune,
 And saw mae ferlies na fyfteen :

It took a fit in ilka hand,
 And hippit awa' to Airland ;
 Frae Airland to Aberdeen :
 And whan the yowe cam hame again,
 The guidman was outby herdin' the kye ;
 The swine were in the spence,* makin' the whey ;
 The guidwife was but an' ben, tinklin' the keys,
 And lookin owre lasses makin' at the cheese ;
 The cat in the ass-hole, makin' at the brose—
 Down fell a cinder and burnt the cat's nose,
 And it cried ' Yeowe, yeowe, yeowe,' &c.

—From recitation in Ayrshire.

When I was a wee thing,
 'Bout six or seven year auld,
 I had no worth a petticoat,
 To keep me frae the cauld.

Then I went to Edinburgh,
 To bonnie burrows town,
 And there I coft a petticoat,
 A kirtle, and a gown.

As I came hame again,
 I thought I wad big a kirk,
 And a' the fowls o' the air
 Wad help me to work.

The heron wi' her lang neb,
 She moupit me the stanes ;
 The doo, wi' her rough legs,
 She led me them hame.

The gled he was a wily thief,
 He rackled up the wa' ;
 The pyat was a curst thief,
 She dang down a'.

The hare came hirpling owre the knowe,
 To ring the morning bell ;
 The hurcheon she came after,
 And said she wad do't hersel.

The herring was the high priest,
 The salmon was the clerk,
 The howlet read the order—
 They held a bonnie wark.

* Inner room.

There's six eggs in the pot, guidman,
 There's six eggs in the pot, guidman;
 There's ane for you, and twa for me,
 And three for our John Hielandman.

Ha'e that! what's that? Robin a Reerie:
 What if he die?
 Sticks and stanes break a' your banes,
 If ye let Robin a Reerie die!

OCCASIONAL RHYMES IN NURSING.

Play, pan, play,
 And gie the bairn meat; it's gotten nane the day.

—Sung while preparing pap.

Greedy gaits o' Galloway,
 Taks a' the bairn's meat away!

—Said in rebuke of elder urchins, who attempt to come in
 for a share of the said pap.

In came the daddy o't,
 And he cried 'Ochone!'
 'Oh, quo' the mammy o't,
 'My bairn's gone!'

Some kissed the kittlin,
 And some kissed the cat;
 And some kissed the wee wean
 Wi' the straw-hat.

—Sung to soothe children, when crying on being dressed.

Girnigo Gibbie,
 The cat's guid-minny!

—Said to peevish children in Annandale. In Forfarshire,
 the following is the favourite rhyme for the same occa-
 sion:—

Sandy Slag,
 Is there ony butter in your bag,
 Is there ony meal in your mitten,
 To gie a puir wife's greetin little ane?

NONSENSE VERSES TO SUCKLINGS.

Poussikie, poussikie, wow!
 Where'll we get banes to chow?
 We'll up the bog,
 And worry a hogg,
 And then we'll get banes enow.

My codlin trout, my codlin trout,
 I couldna fa' in wi' my codlin trout ;
 I sought a' the braes about,
 But I couldna fa' in wi' my codlin trout.

TUNE—*Brose and Butler.*

A' the nicht owre and owre,
 And a' the nicht owre again,
 A' the nicht owre and owre,
 The peacock followed the hen.

The hen's a hungry beast,
 The cock is hallow within ;
 There's nae deceit in a pudding,
 A pie's a dainty thing !

And a' the nicht owre and owre—*Da capo.*

' Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
 Where hae ye been ?'

' P've been at London,
 Seeing the queen !'

' Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
 What got ye there ?'

' I got a guid fat mousikie,
 Rinning up a stair !'

' Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
 What did ye do wi't ?'

' I put it in my meal-poke,
 To eat it to my bread !'

There was a goose,
 They ca'd it Luce,
 Was paidlin in a pool-ie ;
 By came a tod,
 Wi' mony a nod,
 And bade it till its Yool-ie.

He took her hame,
 And [made her warm],
 And put her on a stool-ie ;
 He singet her claes,
 And burnt her claes,
 And gar'd her look like a fool-ie !

Ba, wee birdie, birdie ;
 Ba, wee birdie, croon ;
 The ewes are awa to the siller parks,
 The kye's amang the broom ;
 The wee bits o' yowes to the heathery knowes,
 They'll no be back till noon ;
 If they dinna get something ere they gang out.
 Their wee pipes will be toom.

The above is from the west of Scotland.

The silly bit chicken, gar cast her a pickle,
 And she'll grow meikle, and she'll grow meikle ;
 And she'll grow meikle, and she'll do guid,
 And lay an egg to my little brude.

Leyden considers the above as the first verse of 'a witch song.'

The wife put on the wee pan,
 To boil the bairn's meatie, O ;
 Out fell a cinder,
 And burnt a' its feetie, O.

Hap and row, hap and row,
 Hap and row the feetie o't ;
 I never kent I had a bairn,
 Until I heard the greetie o't.

Sandy's mother she came in,
 When she heard the greetie o't ;
 She took the mutch frae her head,
 And rowed about the feetie o't.
 Hap and row, &c.

Ca' Hawkie, drive Hawkie, ca' Hawkie through the water,
 Hawkie is a sweer beast, and Hawkie winna wade the water ;
 But I'll cast aff my hose and shoon, and I'll drive Hawkie
 through the water.

'What ca' they you ?'
 'They ca' me Tam Taitis !'
 'What do ye ?'
 'Feed sheep and gaits !'
 'Where feed they ?'
 'Down i' yon bog !'
 'What eat they ?'
 'Gerse and fog !'*

* Grass and moss.

‘What gie they?’
 ‘Milk and whey!’
 ‘Wha sups it?’
 ‘Tam Tait and I!’

—From recitation in Perthshire.

‘Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
 And ye’se get a hen.’
 ‘I wadna whistle,’ quo’ the wife,
 ‘Though ye wad gie me ten.’
 ‘Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
 And ye’se get a cock.’
 ‘I wadna whistle,’ quo’ the wife,
 ‘Though ye wad gie me a flock.’
 ‘Whistle, whistle, auld wife,
 And ye’se get a man.’
 ‘Wheep-whaup!’ quo’ the wife,
 ‘I’ll whistle as I can.’

There was a miller’s dochter,
 She couldna want a babie, O ;
 She took her father’s greyhound,
 And rowed it in a plaidie, O.
 Saying, ‘Hush a ba! hush a ba!
 Hush a ba, my babie, O ;
 An ’twere na for your lang beard,
 Oh I wad kiss your gabbie, O !’

How dan, dilly dow,
 How den dan,
 Weel were your minny
 An ye were a man.

Ye would hunt and hawk,
 And haud her o’ game,
 And water your daddy’s horse
 I’ the mill-dam.

How dan, dilly dow,
 How dan flours,
 Ye’se lie i’ your bed
 Till eleven hours.

If at eleven hours
 You list to rise,
 Ye’se hae your dinner dight
 In a new guise ;

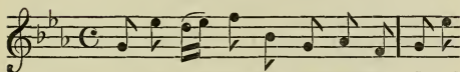
*name
 known this
 all my life
 A.H.*

Lav'rock's legs and titlin's taes,
And a' sic dainties my mannie shall hae.—*Da capo*.

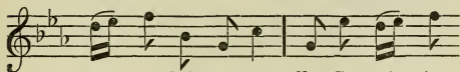
CROWDIE.

Oh that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care ;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry Crowdie! evermair.

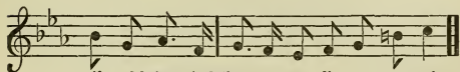
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day ;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.



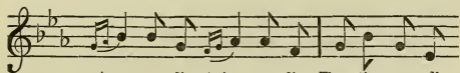
O that I had ne'er been mar-ried, I wad



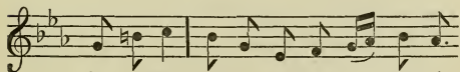
ne --- ver had nae care; Now I've got --- ten



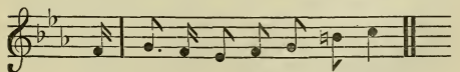
wife and bairns, And they cry crow - die e - - ver - mair.



Ance crow-die, twice crow-die, Three times crow-die



in a day; Gin ye crow - die o - - - ny mair,



Ye'll crow - die a' my meal a - - way.

In December 1795, Robert Burns wrote thus to his friend Mrs Dunlop: 'There had need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. * I see a train of helpless little folks; me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipped off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood, as I am—such things happen every day—gracious God! what would become of my little flock? 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his deathbed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed wo enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!

'To leave talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing, with the old Scots ballad—

“ Oh that I had ne'er been married,
 I would never had nae care;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 They cry Crowdie! evermair.

 Crowdie ance, crowdie twice,
 Crowdie three times in a day;
 An' ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.”

MY COCK, LILY-COCK.

I had a wee cock, and I loved it well,
 I fed my cock on yonder hill;
 My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too?

I had a wee hen, and I loved it well,
 I fed my hen on yonder hill;
 My hen, chuckie, chuckie,
 My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too?

I had a wee duck, and I loved it well,
 I fed my duck on yonder hill;
 My duck, wheetie, wheetie,
 My hen, chuckie, chuckie,

My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo ;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too ?

I had a wee sheep, and I loved it well,
 I fed my sheep on yonder hill ;
 My sheep, maie, maie,
 My duck, wheetie, wheetie,
 My hen, chuckie, chuckie,
 My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo ;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too ?

I had a wee dog, and I loved it well,
 I fed my dog on yonder hill ;
 My dog, bouffie, bouffie,
 My sheep, maie, maie,
 My duck, wheetie, wheetie,
 My hen, chuckie, chuckie,
 My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo ;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too ?

I had a wee cat, and I loved it well,
 I fed my cat on yonder hill ;
 My cat, cheetie, cheetie,
 My dog, bouffie, bouffie,
 My sheep, maie, maie,
 My duck, wheetie, wheetie,
 My hen, chuckie, chuckie,
 My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo ;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too ?

I had a wee pig, and I loved it well,
 I fed my pig on yonder hill ;
 My pig, squeakie, squeakie,
 My cat, cheetie, cheetie,
 My dog, bouffie, bouffie,
 My sheep, maie, maie,
 My duck, wheetie, wheetie,
 My hen, chuckie, chuckie,
 My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo ;
 Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my
 cock too ?

COCK YOUR BEAVER.

When first my Jamie he came to the town,
 He had a blue bonnet—a hole in the crown ;
 But noo he has gotten a hat and a feather :
 Hey, Jamie, lad, cock your beaver.

Cock your beaver, cock your beaver,
 Hey, Jamie, lad, cock your beaver !

There's gowd ahint, there's gowd afore,
 There's silk in every saddle-bore ;
 Silver jingling at your bridle,
 And grumes to haud your horse when he stands idle.
 So cock your beaver, cock your beaver,
 Hey, Jamie, lad, cock your beaver !

TAM O' THE LINN.

Tam o' the linn came up the gait,
 Wi' twenty puddings on a plate,
 And every pudding had a pin,
 'We'll eat them a', quo' Tam o' the linn.

Tam o' the linn had nae breeks to wear,
 He coft him a sheep's-skin to make him a pair,
 The fleshy side out, the woolly side in,
 'It's fine summer cleeding,' quo' Tam o' the linn.

Tam o' the linn he had three bairns,
 They fell in the fire, in each others' arms ;
 'Oh,' quo' the boonmost, 'I've got a het skin ;'
 'It's hetter below,' quo' Tam o' the linn.

Tam o' the linn gaed to the moss,
 To seek a stable to his horse ;
 The moss was open, and Tam fell in,
 'I've stabled mysel',' quo' Tam o' the linn.

It would be curious to trace the namè of the hero of this doggrel through the out-of-the-way literature of the last three centuries. The air of *Thom of Lyn* is one of those mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549. The name Thomlin occurs in the *Pleugh Sang*, a strange medley, in Forbes's *Aberdeen Cantus*, a musical collection printed about the time of the Restoration :—

' And if it be your proper will,
 Gar call your hynds all you till ;
 Gilkin and Willkin,
 Hankin and Rankin,
 Tarbut and Thomlin.'

Dr Leyden, who points to these occurrences of the name, conjectures that it is the same with *Tamlene*, the hero of the fine fairy ballad in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The above rhymes were taken down from recitation in Lanarkshire.

THE WEE WIFIE.

TUNE—*The Rock and the wee Pickle Tow.*

There was a wee wifie row't up in a blanket,
Nineteen times as hie as the moon ;
And what did she there I canna declare,
For in her oexter she bure the sun.

'Wee wifie, wee wifie, wee wifie,' quo' I,
'Oh what are ye doin' up there sae hie ?'
'I'm blawin the cauld cluds out o' the lift :'
'Weel dune, weel dune, wee wifie !' quo' I.

COU' THE NETTLE EARLY.

Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cou' * the nettle, stoo the nettle ; †
Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cou' the nettle early.

Cou' it laigh, cou' it sune,
Cou' it in the month o' June ;
Stoo it e'er it's in the blume,
Cou' the nettle early.

Cou' it by the auld wa's,
Cou' it where the sun ne'er fa's,
Stoo it when the day daws,
Cou' the nettle early.

Auld huik wi' no ae tuith,
Cou' the nettle, stoo the nettle ;
Auld gluive wi' leather loof,
Cou' the nettle early.

—From recitations in Fife and Ayrshire.

KATIE BEARDIE.

Katie Beardie had a coo,
Black and white about the mou' ;
Wasna that a dentie coo ?
Dance, Katie Beardie !

* *Cou'*, that is, *cull*.—*Stoo*, nearly the same meaning, but a more forcible expression.

† Broth is sometimes made from nettles by the Scottish poor.

Handwritten notes:
Gin ye be for lang kail
Cou' the nettle early
Cou' it laigh, cou' it sune
Cou' it in the month o' June
Stoo it e'er it's in the blume
Cou' the nettle early
Cou' it by the auld wa's
Cou' it where the sun ne'er fa's
Stoo it when the day daws
Cou' the nettle early
Auld huik wi' no ae tuith
Cou' the nettle, stoo the nettle
Auld gluive wi' leather loof
Cou' the nettle early
Katie Beardie
Katie Beardie had a coo
Black and white about the mou'
Wasna that a dentie coo?
Dance, Katie Beardie!

Katie Beardie had a hen,
 Cackled but, and cackled ben ;
 Wasna that a dentie hen ?
 Dance, Katie Beardie !

Katie Beardie had a cock,
 That could spin backin' rock ;
 Wasna that a dentie cock ?
 Dance, Katie Beardie !

Katie Beardie had a grice,
 It could skate upon the ice ;
 Wasna that a dentie grice ?
 Dance, Katie Beardie !

There is tolerable proof that this song dates from at least the beginning of the seventeenth century. 'Katherine Beardie' is the name affixed to an air in a manuscript musical collection which belonged to the Scottish poet, Sir William Mure of Rowallan, and which, there is good reason to believe, was written by him between the years 1612 and 1628. The same tune, under the name of 'Kette Bairdie,' appears in a similar collection which belonged to Sir John Skene of Hallyards, and is supposed to have been written about 1629. In Mr Daune's interesting publication of this last collection, occurs the following note:—"So well did Sir Walter Scott know that this was a popular dance during the reign of James VI. [it might have been fancy rather than knowledge], that . . . he introduces it in the *Fortunes of Nigel*; with this difference, that it is there called "Chrichty Bairdie," a name not precisely identical with that here given; but as Kit is a diminutive of Christopher, it is not difficult to perceive how the two came to be confounded. "An action," says King James, addressing the Privy-Council on the subject of Lord Glenvarloch's misdemeanour within the precincts of the court, "may be inconsequential or even meritorious *quoad hominem*; that is, as touching him upon whom it is acted, and yet most criminal *quoad locum*, or considering the place where it is done; as a man may lawfully dance Chrichty Bairdie, and every other dance, in a tavern, but not *inter parietes ecclesiæ*."

THE HUNTING OF THE WREN.

- ' Will ye go to the wood?' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' Will ye go to the wood?' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' Will ye go to the wood?' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' Will ye go to the wood?' quo' brither and kin.
- ' What to do there?' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' What to do there?' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' What to do there?' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' What to do there?' quo' brither and kin.
- ' To slay the wren,' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' To slay the wren,' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' To slay the wren,' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' To slay the wren,' quo' brither and kin.
- ' What way will ye get her hame?' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' What way will ye get her hame?' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' What way will ye get her hame?' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' What way will ye get her hame?' quo' brither and kin.
- ' We'll hire carts and horse,' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' We'll hire carts and horse,' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' We'll hire carts and horse,' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' We'll hire carts and horse,' quo' brither and kin.
- ' What way will ye get her in?' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' What way will ye get her in?' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' What way will ye get her in?' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' What way will ye get her in?' quo' brither and kin.
- ' We'll drive down the door-cheeks,' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' We'll drive down the door-cheeks,' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' We'll drive down the door-cheeks,' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' We'll drive down the door-cheeks,' quo' brither and kin.
- ' I'll hae a wing,' quo' Fozie Mozie ;
 ' I'll hae anither,' quo' Johnie Rednosie ;
 ' I'll hae a leg,' quo' Foslin 'ene ;
 ' And I'll hae anither,' quo' brither and kin.

Survives still

1860

This song, presented in Herd's collection, refers to an ancient custom which has survived longer in the Isle of Man than anywhere else. On St Stephen's day, the common people assembled, and carried about a wren tied to the branch of a tree, singing this song. It is believed to have taken its origin in an effort of the early Christian missionaries to extinguish a reverence for the wren, which had been held by the Druids as the king of birds.

Survived at Charleville & Tullamore 1849 where the wren boys acted a kind of play.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT.

- 'Oh, Robin, Robin,
How long have you been here?'
- 'I hae dwelt on this burn side
For three-and-thirty year;
- 'But now I'm turning auld,
And my day is drawing near,
And I will make my testament,
And that you a' shall hear.
- 'If I was a man, as I am but a robin,
I'd keep twa loves where I keep but ane;
But one will not do, the other may rue,
And I'd aye keep two strings to my own bow.'

More largely thus, from Herd:—

- 'Guid day now, bonnie Robin,
How lang have you been here?'
- 'Oh, I have been bird about this bush
This mair than twenty year!

CHORUS.

Teetle ell ell, teetle ell ell,
Teetle ell ell, teetle ell ell;
Tee tee tee tee tee tee tee,
Tee tee tee tee, teetle eldie.

- 'But now I am the sickest bird
That ever sat on brier;
And I wad make my testament,
Guidman, if ye wad hear.
- 'Gar tak this bonnie neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn,
And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton
To be a hunting-horn.
- 'Gar tak these bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my neb,
And gie to the Lady o' Hamilton
To fill a feather-bed.
- 'Gar tak this guid right leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Tay;
It will be a post and pillar guid—
It will neither bow nor gae.

- ‘And tak this other leg o’ mine,
 And mend the brig o’ Weir;*
 It will be a post and pillar guid—
 It’ll neither bow nor steer.
- ‘Gar tak these bonnie feathers o’ mine,
 The feathers o’ my tail,
 And gie to the lads o’ Hamilton
 To be a barn flail.
- ‘And tak these bonnie feathers o’ mine,
 The feathers o’ my breast,
 And gie to ony bonnie lad
 That’ll bring to me a priest.’

Now in there came my Lady Wren,
 With mony a sigh and groan ;
 ‘Oh what care I for a’ the lads,
 If my wee lad be gone?’

Then Robin turned him round about,
 E’en like a little king ;
 ‘Go, pack ye out at my chamber-door,
 Ye little cutty quean.’

Robin made his testament
 Upon a coll of hay,
 And by came a greedy gled,
 And snapt him a’ away.

THE BEGGARS OF COLDINGHAM FAIR.

The first time that I gaed to Coudingham fair,
 I fell in with a jolly beggar ;
 The beggar’s name O it was Harry,
 And he had a wife, and they ca’d her Mary ;
 O Mary and Harry, and Harry and Mary,
 And Janet and John ;
 That’s the beggars one by one ;
 But now I will gie you them pair by pair,
 All the brave beggars of Coudingham fair.

The next time that I went to Coudingham fair,
 There I met with another beggar ;
 The beggar’s name O it was Willie,
 And he had a wife, and they ca’d her Lillie ;

* A bridge across the river Gryfe in Renfrewshire.

And Harry and Mary, and Willie and Lillie,
 And Janet and John ;
 That's the beggars one by one ;
 Now I will gie you them pair by pair,
 All the brave beggars of Coudingham fair.

The next time that I gaed to Coudingham fair,
 I fell in with another beggar ;
 The beggar's name O it was Wilkin,
 And he had a wife, and they ca'd her Gilkin ;
 And Harry and Mary, and Willie and Lillie,
 And Wilkin and Gilkin, and Janet and John ;
 That's the beggars all one by one ;
 Now I will gie you them pair by pair,
 All the brave beggars of Coudingham fair.*

THE YULE DAYS.

1 The king sent his lady on the first Yule day,
 A papingo-aye ; †
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

4 The king sent his lady on the second Yule day,
 Three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

7 The king sent his lady on the third Yule day,
 Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

8 on The king sent his lady on the fourth Yule day,
 A goose that was gray,
 Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

17 10 on 37 The king sent his lady on the fifth Yule day,
 Three starlings, a goose that was gray,
 Three plovers, three partridges, and a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

77 on 14 The king sent his lady on the sixth Yule day,
 Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was gray,
 Three plovers, three partridges, and a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

7 7 The king sent his lady on the seventh Yule day,
 A bull that was brown, three goldspinks, three starlings,
 A goose that was gray,
 Three plovers, three partridges, and a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

* From Tait's Magazine, x., 121. † A peacock.

The king sent his lady on the eighth Yule day,
 Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown—
 [*The rest to follow as before.*]

The king sent his lady on the ninth Yule day,
 Three swans a-merry swimming—
 [*As before.*]

The king sent his lady on the tenth Yule day,
 An Arabian baboon—
 [*As before.*]

The king sent his lady on the eleventh Yule day,
 Three hinds a-merry hunting—
 [*As before.*]

The king sent his lady on the twelfth Yule day,
 Three maids a-merry dancing—
 [*As before.*]

The king sent his lady on the thirteenth Yule day,
 Three stalks o' merry corn, three maids a-merry dancing,
 Three hinds a-merry hunting, an Arabian baboon,
 Three swans a-merry swimming,
 Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
 Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was gray,
 Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye ;
 Wha learns my carol and carries it away ?

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SONG OF NUMBERS.

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin the way we should,
 And we'll begin at ane, boys.

Oh what will be our ane, boys ?
 Oh what will be our ane, boys ?
 My only ane she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.

Now we will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at twa, boys.

What will be our twa, boys ?
 What will be our twa, boys ?
 Twa's the lily and the rose,

That shine baith red and green, boys :
 My only ane she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at three, boys.

What will be our three, boys ?
 What will be our three, boys ?
 Three, three thrivers ;
 Twa's the lily and the rose,
 That shine baith red and green, boys :
 My only ane she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at four, boys.

What will be our four, boys ?
 What will be our four, boys ?
 Four's the gospel-makers ;
 Three, three thrivers ;
 Twa's the lily and the rose,
 That shine baith red and green, boys :
 My only ane she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at five, boys.

What will be our five, boys ?
 What will be our five, boys ?
 Five's the hymnlers o' my bower ;
 Four's the gospel-makers ;
 Three, three thrivers ;
 Twa's the lily and the rose,
 That shine baith red and green, boys :
 My only ane she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at six, boys.

What will be our six, boys ?
 What will be our six, boys ?
 Six the echoing waters ;
 Five's the hymnlers o' my bower ;
 Four's the gospel-makers ;
 Three, three thrivers ;
 Twa's the lily and the rose,
 That shine baith red and green, boys :
 My only ane she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at seven, boys.

What will be our seven, boys ?
 What will be our seven, boys ?
 Seven is the stars o' heaven—
 [*The rest to be repeated as before.*]

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ? &c.

What will be our eight, boys ?
 What will be our eight, boys ?
 Eight's the table rangers—
 [*As before.*]

We will a' gae sing, boys, &c.

What will be our nine, boys ?
 What will be our nine, boys ?
 Nine's the Muses o' Parnassus—
 [*As before.*]

We will a' gae sing, boys, &c.

What will be our ten, boys ?
 What will be our ten, boys ?
 Ten's the Ten Commandments—
 [*As before.*]

We will a' gae sing, boys, &c.

What will be our eleven, boys ?
 What will be our eleven, boys ?
 Eleven's maidens in a dance—
 [*As before.*]

We will a' gae sing, boys ;
 Where will we begin, boys ?
 We'll begin where we left aff,
 And we'll begin at twelve, boys.

What will be our twelve, boys ?
 What will be our twelve, boys ?
 Twelve's the Twelve Apostles ;
 Eleven's maidens in a dance ;
 Ten's the Ten Commandments ;
 Nine's the Muses o' Parnassus ;
 Eight's the table rangers ;
 Seven's the stars of heaven ;
 Six the echoing waters ;
 Five's the hymnlers o' my bower ;
 Four's the gospel-makers ;
 Three, three thrivers ;
 Twa's the lily and the rose,
 That shine baith red and green, boys :
 My only ane, she walks alane,
 And evermair has dune, boys.*

FIRESIDE NURSERY STORIES.

WHAT man of middle age, or above it, does not remember the tales of drollery and wonder which used to be told by the fireside, in cottage and in nursery, by the old women, time out of mind the vehicles for such traditions? These stories were in general of a simple kind, befitting the minds which they were to regale; but in many instances they displayed considerable fancy, at the same time that they derived an inexpressible charm from a certain antique air which they had brought down with them from the world of their birth—a world still more primitive, and rude, and romantic, than that in which they were told, old as *it* now appears to us. They breathed of a time when society was in its simplest elements, and the most familiar natural things were as yet unascertained from the supernatural. It seems not unlikely that several of these legends had been

* The above two songs are from a large manuscript collection of hitherto unpublished Scottish songs, by Mr P. Buchan.

handed down from very early ages—from the mythic times of our Gothic history—undergoing of course great change, in accordance with the changing character of the people, but yet, like the wine in the Heidelberg tun, not altogether renewed.

A considerable number of popular stories, apparently of the kind here alluded to, are cited by name—but, alas! by name only—in the curious early specimen of Scottish prose composition, *The Complaynt of Scotland*, a sort of quaint political pamphlet published in 1548. Amongst others are the tale of *The Red Etin*, *The Black Bull of Norroway*, *The Walle of the World's End*, and *Pure Tynt Rashiecoat*, all of which Dr Leyden, in his learned notes on the book, says he remembers hearing recited in his infancy; besides a tale of

Arthur Knight, who raid on night,
With gilten spur and candlelight.

The three first of these have fortunately been recovered, and are here committed to print. Preceding them, however, are a few of the simplest narratives of the Scottish nursery, in prose as well as verse.

THE MILK-WHITE DOO.

There was once a man that wrought in the fields, and had a wife, and a son, and a dochter. One day he caught a hare, and took it hame to his wife, and bade her make it ready for his dinner. While it was on the fire, the good-wife aye tasted and tasted at it, till she had tasted it a' away, and then she didna ken what to do for her good-man's dinner. So she cried in Johnie her son to come and get his head kaimed; and when she was kaiming his head, she slew him, and put him into the pat. Well, the goodman came hame to his dinner, and his wife set down Johnie well boiled to him; and when he was eating, he takes up a fit [foot], and says, 'That's surely my Johnie's fit.' 'Sic nonsense! it's ane o' the hare's,' says the good-wife. Syne he took up a hand, and says, 'That's surely my Johnie's hand.' 'Ye're havering, goodman; it's anither o' the hare's feet.' So when the goodman had eaten his dinner, little Katy, Johnie's sister, gathered a' the banes, and put them in below a stane at the cheek o' the door—

Where they grew, and they grew,
 To a milk-white doo,
 That took its wings,
 And away it flew.

And it flew till it came to where twa women were washing
 claes, and it sat down on a stane, and cried—

‘Pew, pew,
 My minny me slew,
 My daddy me chew,
 My sister gathered my banes,
 And put them between twa milk-white stanes ;
 And I grew, and I grew,
 To a milk-white doo,
 And I took to my wings, and away I flew.’

‘Say that owre again, my bonny bird, and we’ll gie ye a’
 thir claes,’ says the women.

‘Pew, pew,
 My minny me slew,’ &c.

And it got the claes ; and then flew till it came to a man
 counting a great heap o’ siller, and it sat down and cried—

‘Pew, pew,
 My minny me slew,’ &c.

‘Say that again, my bonny bird, and I’ll gie ye a’ this
 siller,’ says the man.

‘Pew, pew,
 My minny me slew,’ &c.

And it got a’ the siller ; and syne it flew till it came to twa
 millers grinding corn, and it cried—

‘Pew, pew,
 My minny me slew,’ &c.

‘Say that again, my bonny bird, and I’ll gie ye this mill-
 stane,’ says the miller.

‘Pew, pew,
 My minny me slew,’ &c.

And it gat the millstane ; and syne it flew till it lighted on
 its father’s house-top. It threw sma’ stanes down the lum,
 and Katy came out to see what was the matter ; and the
 doo threw a’ the claes to her. Syne the father came out,
 and the doo threw a’ the siller to him. And syne the mother
 cam out, and the doo threw down the millstane upon her

and killed her. And at last it flew away, and the goodman and his dochter after that

Lived happy, and died happy,
And never drank out of a dry cappy.

[It is curious to find that this story, familiar in every Scottish nursery fifty years ago, is also prevalent in Germany, where it is called *Machaudel Boom*, or the Holly Tree. The song of the bird spirit in Lower Saxon is almost the same word for word—

Min moder de mi slacht't,
Min vader de mi att,
Min swester de Marleeniken,
Söcht alle min beeniken
Un bind't se in een siden dook
Legt's unner den machaudel boom,
Kyvitt ! kyvitt ! ach wat een schön vogel bin ick !]

THE CROWDEN DOO.

- ' Where hae ye been a' day,
My bonny wee crowden doo ?'
' Oh I hae been at my stepmother's house ;
Make my bed, mammie, now !
Make my bed, mammie, now !'
' Where did ye get your dinner,
My bonny wee crowden doo ?'
' I got it in my stepmother's ;
Make my bed, mammie, now, now, now !
Make my bed, mammie, now !'
' What did she gie ye to your dinner,
My bonny wee crowden doo ?'
' She ga'e me a little four-footed fish ;
Make my bed, mammie, now, now, now !
Make my bed, mammie, now !'
' Where got she the four-footed fish,
My bonny wee crowden doo ?'
' She got it down in yon well strand ;
Oh make my bed, mammie, now, now, now !
Make my bed, mammie, now !'
' What did she do wi' the banes o't,
My bonny wee crowden doo ?'
' She ga'e them to the little dog ;
Make my bed, mammie, now, now, now !
Make my bed, mammie, now !'

‘Oh what became o’ the little dog,
 My bonny wee crowden doo?’
 ‘Oh it shot out its feet and died!
 Oh make my bed, mammie, now, now, now!
 Oh make my bed, mammie, now!’

[This beautiful little ballad, of which the above is Mrs Lockhart’s copy, as she used to sing it to her father at Abbotsford, is the same as a ballad called Grandmother Addercook, which is popular in Germany. There is a similar ballad of great beauty—*Lord Randal*—in the *Border Minstrelsy*, where, however, the victim is a handsome young huntsman.]

THE CATTIE SITS IN THE KILN-RING SPINNING.

The cattie sits in the kiln-ring,
 Spinning, spinning;
 And by came a little wee mousie,
 Rinning, rinning.

‘Oh what’s that you’re spinning, my loesome,
 Loesome lady?’
 ‘I’m spinning a sark to my young son,’
 Said she, said she.

‘Weel mot he brook it, my loesome,
 Loesome lady.’
 ‘Gif he dinna brook it weel, he may brook it ill,’
 Said she, said she.

‘I soopit my house, my loesome,
 Loesome lady.’
 ‘Twas a sign ye didna sit amang dirt then,’
 Said she, said she.

‘I fand twall pennies, my winsome,
 Winsome lady.’
 ‘Twas a sign ye warnna sillerless,’
 Said she, said she.

‘I gaed to the market, my loesome,
 Loesome lady.’
 ‘Twas a sign ye didna sit at hame then,’
 Said she, said she.

‘I coft a sheepie’s head, my winsome,
 Winsome lady.’
 ‘Twas a sign ye warnna kitchenless,’
 Said she, said she.

‘I put it in my pottie to boil, my loesome,
Loesome lady.’

‘’Twas a sign ye didna eat it raw,’
Said she, said she.

‘I put it in my winnock to cool, my winsome,
Winsome lady.’

‘’Twas a sign ye didna burn your chafts then,’
Said she, said she.

‘By came a cattie, and ate it a’ up, my loesome,
Loesome lady.’

‘And sae will I you—worrie, worrie—guash, guash,’
Said she, said she.*

[The gentleman who communicated the above added the following note:—‘This is a tale to which I have often listened with intense interest. The old nurse’s *acting* of the story was excellent. The transition of voice from the poor obsequious mouse to the surly cat, carried a moral with it; and when the drama was finished by the cat devouring the mouse, the old nurse’s imitation of the *guash, guash* (which she played off upon the youngest urchin lying in her lap) was electric! Our childish pity for the poor mouse, our detestation of the cruel cat, and our admiration of our nurse, broke out in, with some, crying—with some, “curses not loud but deep”—and, with others, in kisses and caresses lavished on the narrator.’]

THE FROG AND MOUSE.

There lived a Puddy in a well,
Cuddy alone, cuddy alone;

There lived a Puddy in a well,
Cuddy alone and I.

There was a Puddy in a well,
And a mousie in a mill;
Kickmaleerie, cowden down,
Cuddy alone and I.†

* Dr Leyden, in his dissertation on *The Complaynt of Scotland*, alludes to a different version of this tale, substituting a frog for the cat. After the first verse, ‘the mouse proposes to join her (the frog) in spinning, and inquires,

“But where will I get a spindle, fair lady mine?”

when the frog desires it to take

“The auld mill lewer,” or lever.”

† In the ensuing stanzas, the unmeaning burden and repetitions are dismissed.

Puddy he'd a-wooin' ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy came to the mouse's wonne,
'Mistress Mouse, are you within?'

'Yes, kind sir, I am within ;
Saftly do I sit and spin.'

'Madam, I am come to woo ;
Marriage I must have of you.'

'Marriage I will grant you nane,
Till Uncle Rottan he comes hame.'

Uncle Rottan's now come hame,
Fye, gar busk the bride alang.

Lord Rottan sat at the head o' the table,
Because he was baith stout and able.

Wha is't that sits next the wa',
But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma' ?

Wha is't that sits next the bride,
But the sola Puddy wi' his yellow side ? *

Syne came the Dewk but and the Drake,
The Dewk took the Puddy, and gart him squaik.

Then came in the carle Cat,
Wi' a fiddle on his back ;
'Want ye ony music here ?' †

The Puddy he swam down the brook,
The Drake he caught him in his fluke.

The Cat he pu'd Lord Rottan down,
The kittlins they did claw his crown.

But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole beneath the wa' ;
'Squeak !' quo' she, 'I'm weel awa'.'

[Of the foregoing poem there are many versions in Scotland: the above is from *The Ballad Book*, a curious collection, of which thirty copies were printed in 1824. The story, homely and simple as it appears, is of surprising antiquity. In 1580, the Stationers' Company licensed 'a ballad of a most strange wedding of the frogge and the

* *Var.*—Wha sat at the table fit,
Wha but Froggy and his lame fit ?

† *Var.*—Than in came the guid gray cat,
Wi' a' the kittlins at her back.

mouse ;' and the following is another copy of the same production, copied from a small quarto manuscript of poems formerly in the possession of Sir Walter Scott, dated 1630 :

Itt was ye frog in ye wall,
 Humble doune, humble doune ;
 And ye mirrie mouse in ye mill,
 Tweidle, tweidle, twino.

Ye frog wald a-wowing ryd,
 Sword and buckler by his syd.

Quhen he was upone his heich hors set,
 His buttes they schone as blak as gett.

Quhen he came to ye mirrie mill pine,
 ' Lady Mouss, be yow thairin ?'

Then com out ye dustie mouss—
 ' I'm my lady of this house.'

' Haist thou any mynd of me ?'
 ' I have no great mynd of thee.'

' Quho sall this marrig mak ?'
 ' Our landlord, wich is ye ratt.'

' Quhat sall we have to your supper ?'
 ' Three beanes and ane pound of butter.'

Quhen ye supper they war at,
 The frog, mouse, and evin ye ratt—

Then com in Gib our cat,
 And chaught ye mouss evin by ye back.

Then did they all separat,
 And ye frog lap on ye floor so flat.

Then in com Dick our drack,
 And drew ye frog evin to ye lack.

Ye ratt ran up ye wall.
 A goodlie companie, ye devall goe with all.]

THE WIFE AND HER BUSH OF BERRIES.

Lang syne, when geese were swine,
 And turkeys chewed tobacco,
 And birds biggit their nests in auld men's beards,
 And mowdies del't potawtoes—

There was a wife that lived in a wee house by hersel', and as she was soopin the house one day, she fand twall pennies. So she thought to hersel' what she wad do wi' her twall pennies, and at last she thought she couldna do better than gang wi't to the market and buy a kid. Sae she gaed to the market and coffered a fine kid. And as she was gaun hame, she spied a bonny buss o' berries growin'

beside a brig. And she says to the kid, 'Kid, kid, keep my house till I pu' my bonny, bonny buss o' berries.'

'Deed no,' says the kid, 'I'll no keep your house till ye pu' your bonny buss o' berries.'

Then the wife gaed to the dog, and said, 'Dog, dog, bite kid; kid winna keep my house till I pu' my bonny buss o' berries.'

'Deed,' says the dog, 'I'll no bite the kid, for the kid never did me ony ill.'

Then the wife gaed to a staff and said, 'Staff, staff, strike dog; for dog winna bite kid, and kid winna keep my house,' &c.

'Deed,' says the staff, 'I winna strike the dog, for the dog never did me ony ill.'

Then the wife gaed to the fire and said, 'Fire, fire, burn staff; staff winna strike dog, dog winna bite kid,' &c.

'Deed,' says the fire, 'I winna burn the staff, for the staff never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Water, water, slocken fire; fire winna,' &c.

'Deed,' says the water, 'I winna slocken fire, for fire never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Ox, ox, drink water; water winna slocken fire,' &c.

'Deed,' says the ox, 'I winna drink water, for water never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Axe, axe, fell ox; ox winna drink water,' &c.

'Deed,' says the axe, 'I winna fell ox, for ox never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Smith, smith, smooth axe; axe winna,' &c.

'Deed,' says the smith, 'I winna smooth axe, for axe never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Rope, rope, hang smith; smith winna smooth axe,' &c.

'Deed,' says the rope, 'I winna hang the smith, for the smith never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Mouse, mouse, cut rope; rope winna hang smith,' &c.

'Deed,' says the mouse, 'I winna cut rope, for the rope never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Cat, cat, kill mouse; mouse winna cut rope; rope winna hang smith; smith winna smooth axe; axe winna fell ox; ox winna drink water; water winna slocken fire; fire winna burn staff; staff winna strike dog; dog winna

bite kid; kid winna keep my house till I pu' my bonny buss o' berries.'

'Deed,' says the cat, 'I winna kill the mouse, for the mouse never did me ony ill.'

Wife. 'Do't, and I'll gie ye milk and bread.'

Wi' that the cat to the mouse, and the mouse to the rope, and the rope to the smith, and the smith to the axe, and the axe to the ox, and the ox to the water, and the water to the fire, and the fire to the staff, and the staff to the dog, and the dog to the kid, and the kid keepit the wife's house till she pu'd her bonny buss o' berries.

THE HEN AND HER FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

A hen picking at a pease-stack, a pea fell on her head, and she thought the lifts were faun. And she thought she would go and tell the king about it. And she gaed, and gaed, and gaed; and she met a cock. And he said, 'Where are ye gaun the day, henny-penny?' And she says, 'I'm gaun to tell the king the lifts are faun.' And he says, 'I'll gang wi' ye, henny-penny.' And they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed; and they met a duck. And the duck says, 'Where are ye gaun the day, cocky-locky, henny-penny?' 'We're gaun to tell the king the lifts are faun.' 'I'll gang wi' ye, cocky-locky, henny-penny.' 'Then come awa', ducky-daddles.' And they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed; and they met wi' a goose. And the goose says, 'Where are you gaun the day, ducky-daddles, cocky-locky, henny-penny?' 'We're gaun to tell the king the lifts are faun.' And he says, 'I'll gang wi' ye, ducky-daddles, cocky-locky, henny-penny.' 'Then come awa', goosie-poosie,' said they. And they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they came to a wood, and there they met a tod. And the tod says, 'Where are you gaun the day, goosie-poosie, ducky-daddles, cocky-locky, henny-penny?' 'We're gaun to tell the king the lifts are faun.' And he says, 'Come awa', and I'll let ye see the road, goosie-poosie, ducky-daddles, cocky-locky, henny-penny.' And they gaed, and they gaed, and they gaed, till they came to the tod's hole. And he shot them a' in, and he and his young anes ate them a' up, and they never got to tell the king the lifts were faun.

tail

How do ye ken that henny-penny & she says how should she ken when it faunged henny-penny on the ground

in the morning when I was in the kitchen I heard the hen say to the cocky-locky henny-penny I'll gang wi' ye to tell the king the lifts are faun. And he says I'll gang wi' ye cocky-locky henny-penny. Then come awa' ducky-daddles. And they gaed and they gaed and they gaed and they met wi' a goose. And the goose says where are you gaun the day ducky-daddles cocky-locky henny-penny. We're gaun to tell the king the lifts are faun. And he says I'll gang wi' ye ducky-daddles cocky-locky henny-penny. Then come awa' goosie-poosie said they. And they gaed and they gaed and they gaed till they came to a wood and there they met a tod. And the tod says where are you gaun the day goosie-poosie ducky-daddles cocky-locky henny-penny. We're gaun to tell the king the lifts are faun. And he says come awa' and I'll let ye see the road goosie-poosie ducky-daddles cocky-locky henny-penny. And they gaed and they gaed and they gaed till they came to the tod's hole. And he shot them a' in and he and his young anes ate them a' up and they never got to tell the king the lifts were faun.

nappy crying nunnampoo. Told to me by my mother when I was a very small child J. Campbell about 1825. or there about

MARRIAGE OF ROBIN REDBREAST AND THE WREN.

There was an auld gray Poussie Baudrons, and she gaed awa' down by a water-side, and there she saw a wee Robin Redbreast happin on a brier; and Poussie Baudrons says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' And wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the king to sing him a sang this guid Yule morning.' And Poussie Baudrons says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! gray Poussie Baudrons; na, na! Ye worry't the wee mousie; but ye'se no worry me.' So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to a fail-fauld dike, and there he saw a gray greedy gled sitting. And gray greedy gled says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' And wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the king to sing him a sang this guid Yule morning.' And gray greedy gled says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let ye see a bonny feather in my wing.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! gray greedy gled; na, na! Ye pookit a' the wee lintie; but ye'se no pook me.' So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to the cleuch o' a craig, and there he saw slee Tod Lowrie sitting. And slee Tod Lowrie says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' And wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the king to sing him a sang this guid Yule morning.' And slee Tod Lowrie says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let ye see a bonny spot on the tap o' my tail.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! slee Tod Lowrie; na, na! Ye worry't the wee lammie; but ye'se no worry me.' So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to a bonny burn-side, and there he saw a wee callant sitting. And the wee callant says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' And wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the king to sing him a sang this guid Yule morning.' And the wee callant says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll gie ye a when grand moolins out o' my pooch.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! wee callant; na, na! Ye speldert the gowdspink; but ye'se no spelder me.' So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to the king, and there he sat on a winnock sole, and sang the king a bonny sang. And the king says to the queen, 'What'll we gie to wee Robin for singing us this bonny sang?' And the queen says to the king, 'I think we'll gie him the wee wran to be his wife.' So wee Robin and the wee wran were married, and

the king, and the queen, and a' the court danced at the waddin'; syne he flew awa' hame to his ain water-side, and happit on a brier.

[The above little story is taken down from the recitation of Mrs Begg, the sister of Robert Burns. The poet was in the habit of telling it to the younger members of his father's household, and Mrs Begg's impression is, that he *made* it for their amusement.]

THE TEMPTED LADY.

'Noo, lasses, ye should never be owre proud; for ye see there was ance a leddy, and she was aye keen o' being brawer than other folk; so she gaed awa' to take a walk ae day, her and her brother: so she met wi' a gentleman—but it was nae gentleman in reality, but Auld Nick himsel', who can change himsel' brawly into a gentleman—a' but the cloven feet; but he keepit them out o' sight. So he began to make love to the young leddy—

"I'll gie you a pennyworth o' preens,
That's aye the way that love begins;
If ye'll walk with me, leddy, leddy,
If ye'll walk with me, leddy."

"I'll no hae your pennyworth o' preens,
That's no the way that love begins;
And I'll no walk with you, with you,
And I'll no walk with you."

"Oh, Johnie, oh, Johnie, what can the matter be,
That I love this leddy, and she loves na me?
And for her sake I must die, must die,
And for her sake I must die!

"I'll gie you a bonny silver box,
With seven silver hinges, and seven silver locks,
If ye'll walk," &c.

"I'll no hae your bonny silver box,
With seven silver hinges, and seven silver locks,
And I'll no walk," &c.

"Oh, Johnie, oh, Johnie" [*as in third verse*].

"But I'll gie you a bonnier silver box,
With seven golden hinges, and seven golden locks,
If ye'll walk," &c.

"I'll no hae" [*as in fifth verse*].

" Oh, Johnie " [*as in third verse*].

" I'll gie you a pair o' bonny shoon,
The tane made in Sodom, the tother in Rome,
If ye'll walk," &c.

" I'll no hae " [*as in fifth verse*].

" Oh, Johnie " [*as in third verse*].

" I'll gie you the half o' Bristol town,
With coaches rolling up and down,
If ye'll walk," &c.

" I'll no hae " [*as in fifth verse*].

" Oh, Johnie " [*as in third verse*].

" I'll gie you the hale o' Bristol town,
With coaches rolling up and down,
If ye'll walk with me, leddy, leddy,
If ye'll walk with me, leddy."

" If ye'll gie me the hale o' Bristol town,
With coaches rolling up and down,
I will walk with you, with you,
And I will walk with you."

*And aff he flew wi' her! Noo, lasses, ye see ye maun aye
mind that.'*

THE FAUSE KNIGHT AND THE WEE BOY.

- ' Oh where are ye gaun ?'
Quo' the fause knight upon the road ;
' I'm gaun to the schule,'
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ' What is that upon your back ?'
Quo' the fause knight upon the road ;
' Atweel it is my bukes,'
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ' What's that ye've got in your arm ?'
Quo' the fause knight upon the road ;
' Atweel it is my peat,'
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ' Wha's aucht thae sheep ?'
Quo' the fause knight upon the road ;
' They're mine and my mother's,'
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

- ‘ How mony o’ them are mine ?’
 Quo’ the fause knight upon the road ;
 ‘ A’ they that hae blue tails,’
 Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ‘ I wiss ye were on yon tree,’
 Quo’ the fause knight upon the road ;
 ‘ And a guid ladder under me,’
 Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ‘ And the ladder for to break,’
 Quo’ the fause knight upon the road ;
 ‘ And you for to fa’ down,’
 Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ‘ I wiss ye were in yon sea,’
 Quo’ the fause knight upon the road ;
 ‘ And a guid bottom under me,’
 Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.
- ‘ And the bottom for to break,’
 Quo’ the fause knight upon the road ;
 ‘ And ye to be drownéd,’
 Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

[Mr Motherwell gives the above, in his *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*, as a nursery tale of Galloway, and a specimen of a class of compositions of great antiquity, representing the Enemy of man in the endeavour to confound some poor mortal with puzzling questions. The tune of this little ballad is given amongst those which Mr Motherwell has appended to his volume.]

THE STRANGE VISITOR.

- A wife was sitting at her reel ae night ;
 And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for
 company.
- In came a pair o’ braid braid soles, and sat down at the fire-
 side ;
 And aye she sat, &c.
- In came a pair o’ sma’ sma’ legs, and sat down on the braid
 braid soles ;
 And aye she sat, &c.
- In came a pair o’ muckle muckle knees, and sat down on the
 sma’ sma’ legs ;
 And aye she sat, &c.

In came a pair o' sma' sma' thees, and sat down on the muckle
muckle knees ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a pair o' muckle muckle hips, and sat down on the sma'
sma' thees ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a sma' sma' waist, and sat down on the muckle muckle
hips ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a pair o' braid braid shouthers, and sat down on the
sma' sma' waist ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a pair o' sma' sma' arms, and sat down on the braid
braid shouthers ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a pair o' muckle muckle hands, and sat down on the
sma' sma' arms ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a sma' sma' neck, and sat down on the braid braid
shouthers ;
And aye she sat, &c.

In came a great big head, and sat down on the sma' sma' neck.

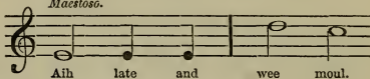
' What way hae ye sic braid braid feet ? ' quo' the wife.

' Muckle ganging, muckle ganging' (*gruffly*).

' What way hae ye sic sma' sma' legs ? '

' *Aih-h-h !—late—and wee-e-e—moul' (whiningly).*

Maestoso.



' What way hae ye sic muckle muckle knees ? '

' Muckle praying, muckle praying' (*piously*).

' What way hae ye sic sma' sma' thees ? '

' *Aih-h-h !—late—and wee-e-e—moul' (whiningly).*

' What way hae ye sic big big hips ? '

' Muckle sitting, muckle sitting' (*gruffly*).

' What way hae ye sic a sma' sma' waist ? '

' *Aih-h-h !—late—and wee-e-e—moul' (whiningly).*

' What way hae ye sic braid braid shouthers ? '

' *Wi' carrying broom, wi' carrying broom' (gruffly).*

- ‘ What way hae ye sic sma’ sma’ arms ?’
 ‘ Aih-h-h !—late—and wee-e-e—moul’ (*whiningly*).
 ‘ What way hae ye sic muckle muckle hands ?’
 ‘ Threshing wi’ an iron flail, threshing wi’ an iron flail’ (*gruffly*).
 ‘ What way hae ye sic a sma’ sma’ neck ?’
 ‘ Aih-h-h !—late—and wee-e-e—moul’ (*pitifully*).
 ‘ What way hae ye sic a muckle muckle head ?’
 ‘ Muckle wit, muckle wit’ (*keenly*).
 ‘ What do you come for ?’
 ‘ FOR YOU !’ (*At the top of the voice, with a wave of the arm and a stamp of the feet.*)

[The figure is meant for that of Death. The dialogue, towards the end, is managed in a low and drawling manner, so as to rivet the attention, and awaken an undefined awe in the juvenile audience. Thus wrought up, the concluding words come upon them with such effect, as generally to cause a scream of alarm.]

HARPKIN.

- Harpkin gaed up to the hill,
 And blew his horn loud and shrill,
 And by came Fin.
 ‘ What for stand you there ?’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ Spying the weather,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ What for had you your staff on your shouther ?’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ To haud the cauld frae me,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ Little cauld will that haud frae you,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ As little will it win through me,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ I came by your door,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ It lay in your road,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ Your dog barkit at me,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ It’s his use and custom,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ I flang a stane at him,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ Pd rather it had been a bane,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ Your wife’s lichter,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ She’ll clim the brae the brichter,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ Of a braw lad bairn,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ There’ll be the mair men for the king’s wars,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ There’s a strae at your beard,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ Pd rather it had been a thrave,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ The ox is eating at it,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ If the ox were i’ the water,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘ And the water were frozen,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘ And the smith and his fore-hammer at it,’ quo’ Harpkin.

- ‘And the smith were dead,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘And another in his stead,’ quo’ Harpkin.
 ‘Giff, gaff,’ quo’ Fin.
 ‘Your mou’s fou o’ draff,’ quo’ Harpkin.

‘NIPPIT FIT AND CLIPPIT FIT.’

‘Noo, weans, if ye’ll be guid, I’ll tell you a tale. Lang lang syne, in some far awa’ country ayont the sea, there was a grand prince, and he had a shoe made o’ glass—ay, a’ glass thegither; and the bonniest wee shoe that e’er was seen, and it wad only gang on a bonny wee fit; and the prince thocht wi’ himsel’ he wad like to hae a wife that this bonny shoe wad fit. And he callit a’ his lords and courtiers about him, and telt them sae, and that he wad marry no ither. The prince then ordered ane o’ his ambassadors to mount a fleet horse, and ride through a’ his kingdom, and find an owner for the glass shoe. He rade and rade to town and castle, and gart a’ the ladies try to put on the shoe. Mony a ane tried sair to get it on, that she might be the prince’s bride. But na, it wadna do; and mony o’ them grat, I’s’e warrant, because she couldna get on the bonny glass shoe. The ambassador rade on and on till he came to a house where there were twa sisters. Ane o’ them was a proud saucy cutty, the ither was a bonny modest lassie, and never evened hersel’ to try on the shoe; for she considered wi’ hersel’ she wasna suitable to be the wife o’ a great prince, even if the shoe fitted. The folk wad only laugh at a queen o’ her low degree (for she had to work for her bread, just like me); but the auld sister that was sae proud gaed awa by hirsell’, and came back in a while hirpling wi’ the shoe on. When the prince’s messenger saw that, he was fain to gang hame and tell his maister he had got an owner to the glass shoe. The prince then ordered a’ his court to get ready and mounted the niest morning, for he was gaun awa’ to fetch hame his bride. And I doot na there was an unco steer in the place when the prince and his courtiers came. The proud sister got hersel’ decked in her brows, and she was set on the horse ahint the king, and rade awa’ in great gallantry, caring little about her auld mither or the bonny sister. But ye see, weans, pride soon gets a fa’; for they hadna gane far, till a wee bird sung out o’ a bush—

“Nippit fit and clippit fit ahint the king rides,
But pretty fit and little fit ahint the caldron hides.”

When the king heard this, he turned his horse's head and rade back, and caused search to be made ahint the caldron, when the bonny modest lassie was brought out. The glass shoe was tried, and fitted her as if it had been made for her, without either clipping or paring. She was fair and beautiful to look upon. The saucy ugly sister was soon dismounted, and the ither dressed in braw claithe the prince coft for her; and she was as guid as she was bonny; and they lived happy a' their days, and had a heap o' bonny wee bairns.'

THE CHANGELING.

[*Nurse Jenny speaks.*]—‘A' body kens there's fairies, but they're no sae common now as they war langsyne. I never saw ane mysel', but my mother saw them twice—ance they had nearly drooned her, when she fell asleep by the water-side: she wakened wi' them ruggin' at her hair, and saw something howd down the water like a green bunch o' potato shaws.' [Memory has slipped the other story, which was not very interesting.]

‘My mother kent a wife that lived near Dunse—they ca'd her Tibbie Dickson: her goodman was a gentleman's gairdner, and muckle frae hame. I dinna mind whether they ca'd him Tammas or Sandy—I guess Sandy—for his son's name, and I kent him weel, was Sandy, and he——’

Chorus of Children.—‘Oh, never fash about his name, Jenny.’

Nurse.—‘Hoot, ye're aye in sic a haste. Weel, Tibbie had a bairn, a lad bairn, just like ither bairns, and it thrave weel, for it sookit weel, and it, &c. &c. &c. [Here a great many weels.] Noo, Tibbie gaes ae day to the well to fetch water, and leaves the bairn in the house by itsel': she couldna be lang awa', for she had but to gae by the midden, and the peat-stack, and through the kail-yaird, and there stood the well—I ken weel about that, for in that very well I aften weesh my, &c. &c. &c. [Here another long digression.] Aweel, as Tibbie was comin' back wi' her water, she hears a skirl in her house like the stickin' of a gryse, or the singin' of a soo: fast she rins, and flees to the cradle, and there, I wat, she saw a sicht that made her heart scunner.

In place o' her ain bonny bairn, she fand a withered wolron, naething but skin and bane, wi' hands like a moudiewort, and a face like a paddock, a mouth frae lug to lug, and twa great glow'rin een.

'When Tibbie saw sic a daft-like bairn, she scarce kent what to do, or whether it was her ain or no. Whiles she thocht it was a fairy; whiles that some ill een had sp'ilt her wean when she was at the well. It wad never sook, but suppit mair parritch in ae day than twa herd callants could do in a week. It was aye yammerin' and greetin', but never mintet to speak a word; and when ither bairns could rin, it couldna stand—sae Tibbie was sair fashed about it, as it lay in its cradle at the fireside like a half-dead hurcheon.

'Tibbie had span some yarn to make a wab, and the wabster lived at Dunse, so she maun gae there; but there was naebody to look after the bairn. Weel, her niest niebour was a tylor; they ca'd him Wullie Grieve: he had a humpit back, but he was a tap tylor for a' that—he cloutit a pair o' breeks for my father when he was a boy, and my father telt me——' [Here a long episode, very tiresome to the audience.]

'So Tibbie goes to the tylor and says, "Wullie, I maun awa' to Dunse about my wab, and I dinna ken what to do wi' the bairn till I come back: ye ken it's but a whingin', screechin', skirlin' wallidreg—but we maun bear wi' dispensations. I wad wuss ye," quo' she, "to tak tent till't till I come hame—ye sall hae a roosin' ingle, and a blast o' the goodman's tobacco-pipe forbye." Wullie was naething laith, and back they gaed thegither.

'Wullie sits down at the fire, and awa' wi' her yarn gaes the wife; but scarce had she steekit the door, and wan half-way down the close, when the bairn cocks up on its doup in the cradle, and rounds in Wullie's lug, "Wullie Tylor, an ye winna tell my mither when she comes back, I'se play ye a bonny spring on the bagpipes."

'I wat Wullie's heart was like to loup the hool—for tylors, ye ken, are aye timorsome—but he thinks to himsel', "fair fashions are still best," an' "it's better to fletch fules than to flyte wi' them;" so he rounds again in the bairn's lug, "Play up, my doo, an' I'se tell naebody." Wi' that the fairy ripes among the cradle strae, and poos oot a pair o' pipes, sic as tylor Wullie ne'er had seen in a' his days—muntit

wi' ivory, and gold, and silver, and dymonts, and what not. I dinna ken what spring the fairy played, but this I ken weel, that Wullie had nae great goo o' his performance; so he sits thinkin' to himsel'—"This maun be a deil's get; and I ken weel hoo to treat them; and gin I while the time awa', Auld Waughorn himsel' may come to rock his son's cradle, and play me some foul prank;" so he catches the bairn by the cuff o' the neck, and whupt him into the fire, bagpipes and a'!

'Fuff'—[this pronounced with great emphasis, and a pause].

'Awa' flees the fairy, skirling, "Deil stick the lousie tylor!" a' the way up the lum.'

WHUPPITY STOORIE.

[As narrated by the same Nurse Jenny.]

'I ken ye're fond o' clashes aboot fairies, bairns; and a story anent a fairy and the guidwife o' Kittlerumpit has joost come into my mind; but I canna very weel tell ye noo whereabouts Kittlerumpit lies. I think it's somewhere in amang the Debateable Grund; onygate I'se no pretend to mair than I ken, like a' body noo-a-days. I wuss they wad mind the ballant we used to lilt langsyne—

"Mony ane sings the gerss, the gerss,
And mony ane sings the corn;
And mony ane clatters o' bold Robin Hood,
Ne'er kent where he was born."

But hoosoever, aboot Kittlerumpit: the goodman was a vaguing sort o' a body; and he gaed to a fair ae day, and not only never came hame again, but never mair was heard o'. Some said he listed, and ither some that the wearifu' pressgang cleekit him up, though he was clothed wi' a wife and a wean forbye. Hech-how! that dulefu' pressgang! they gaed aboot the kintra like roaring lions, seeking whom they micht devoor. I mind weel, my auldest brither Sandy was a' but smooored in the meal ark hiding frae thae limmers. After they war gane, we pu'd him oot frae amang the meal, pechin' and greetin', and as white as ony corp. My mither had to pike the meal oot o' his mooth wi' the shank o' a horn spoon.

'Aweel, when the goodman o' Kittlerumpit was gane, the goodwife was left wi' a sma' fendin. Little gear had

See Hunt's book

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Mills

of the

west of

England.

she, and a sookin' lad bairn. A' body said they war sorry for her; but naebody helpit her, whilk's a common case, sirs. Howsomever, the goodwife had a soo, and that was her only consolation; for the soo was soon to farra, and she hopit for a good bairn-time.

'But we a' weel ken hope's fallacious. Ae day the wife gaes to the sty to fill the soo's trough; and what does she find but the soo lying on her back, grunting and graning, and ready to gi'e up the ghost.

'I trow this was a new stound to the goodwife's heart; sae she sat doon on the knockin'-stane, wi' her bairn on her knee, and grat sairer than ever she did for the loss o' her ain goodman.

'Noo, I premeese that the cot hoose o' Kittlerumpit was biggit on a brae, wi' a muckle fir-wood behint it, o' whilk ye may hear mair or lang gae. So the goodwife, when she was dichtin' her een, chances to look down the brae, and what does she see but an auld woman, amaist like a leddy, coming slowly up the gait. She was buskit in green, a' but a white short apron, and a black velvet hood, and a steeple-crowned beaver hat on her head. She had a lang walking staff, as lang as hersel', in her hand—the sort of staff that auld men and auld women helpit themselves wi' lang syne; I see nae sic staffs noo, sirs.

'Aweel, when the goodwife saw the green gentlewoman near her, she raise and made a curchie; and "Madam," quo' she, greetin', "I'm ane of the maist misfortunate women alive."

"I dinna wish to hear pipers' news and fiddlers' tales, goodwife," quo' the green woman. "I ken ye've tint your goodman—we had waur losses at the Shirra Muir;* and I ken that your soo's unco sick. Noo what will ye gi'e me gin I cure her?"

"Onything your leddyship's madam likes," quo' the witless goodwife, never guessin' wha she had to deal wi'.

"Let's wat thooms on that bargain," quo' the green woman; sae thooms war wat, I'se warrant ye; and into the sty madam marches.

'She looks at the soo wi' a lang glowre, and syne began to mutter to hersel' what the goodwife couldna weel understand; but she said it soundit like—

* This was a common saying formerly, when people were regretting trifles.

“ Pitter patter,
Haly water.”

‘ Syne she took oot o’ her pooch a wee bottle, wi’ something like oil in’t, and rubs the soo wi’t abune the snoot, ahint the lugs, and on the tip o’ the tail. “ Get up, beast,” quo’ the green woman. Nae sooner said nor done—up bangs the soo wi’ a grunt, and awa’ to her trough for her breakfast.

‘ The goodwife o’ Kittlerumpit was a joyfu’ goodwife noo, and wad hae kissed the very hem o’ the green madam’s gown-tail, but she wadna let her. “ I’m no sae fond o’ fashions,” quo’ she; “ but noo that I hae richtit your sick beast, let us end our sicker bargain. Ye’ll no find me an unreasonable greedy body—I like aye to do a good turn for a sma’ reward—a’ I ask, and *wull* hae, is that lad bairn in your bosom.”

‘ The goodwife o’ Kittlerumpit, wha noo kent her customer, ga’e a skirl like a stickit gryse. The green woman was a fairy, nae doubt; sae she prays, and greets, and begs, and flytes; but a’ wadna do. “ Ye may spare your din,” quo’ the fairy, “ skirling as if I was as deaf as a door nail; but this I’ll let ye to wut—I canna, by *the law we leeve on*, take your bairn till the third day after this day; and no then, if ye can tell me my right name.” Sae madam gaes awa’ round the swine’s-sty end, and the goodwife fa’s doon in a swerf behint the knockin’-stane.

‘ Aweel, the goodwife o’ Kittlerumpit could sleep nane that nicht for greetin’, and a’ the next day the same, cuddlin’ her bairn till she near squeezed its breath out; but the second day she thinks o’ taking a walk in the wood I tell’t ye o’; and sae, wi’ the bairn in her arms, she sets out, and gaes far in amang the trees, where was an auld quarry hole, grown owre wi’ gerss, and a bonny spring well in the middle o’t. Before she came very nigh, she hears the birring o’ a lint-wheel, and a voice liting a sang; sae the wife creeps quietly amang the bushes, and keeks owre the broo o’ the quarry, and what does she see but the green fairy kemping at her wheel, and singing like ony precentor—

“ Little kens our guid dame at hame,
That Whuppity Stoorie is my name.”*

* Can this name originate from the notion, that fairies were always in the

“ Ah ha ! ” thinks the wife, “ I’ve gotten the mason’s word at last; the deil gi’e them joy that telt it ! ” Sae she gaed hame farlichter than she came out, as ye may weel guess, lauchin’ like a madcap wi’ the thought o’ begunkin’ the auld green fairy.

‘ Aweel, ye maun ken that this goodwife was a jokus woman, and aye merry when her heart wasna unco sair owreladen. Sae she thinks to ha’e some sport wi’ the fairy; and at the appointit time she puts the bairn behint the knockin’-stane, and sits down on’t hersel’. Syne she poos her mutch ajee owre her left lug, crooks her mou on the tither side, as gin she war greetin’, and a filthy face she made, ye may be sure. She hadna lang to wait, for up the brae mounts the green fairy, nowther lame nor lazy; and lang or she gat near the knockin’-stane, she skirls out, “ Goodwife o’ Kittlerumpit, ye weel ken what I come for—stand and deliver ! ” The wife pretends to greet sairer than before, and wrings her nieves, and fa’s on her knees, wi’, “ Och, sweet madam mistress, spare my only bairn, and take the weary soo ! ”

“ The deil take the soo for my share,” quo’ the fairy; “ I come na here for swine’s flesh. Dinna be contramawcious, hizzie, but gi’e me the gett instantly ! ”

“ Ochon, dear leddy mine,” quo’ the greetin’ goodwife; “ forbear my poor bairn, and take mysel’ ! ”

“ The deil’s in the daft jad,” quo’ the fairy, looking like the far-end o’ a fiddle; “ I’ll wad she’s clean dementit. Wha in a’ the earthly warld, wi’ half an e’e in their head, wad ever meddle wi’ the likes o’ thee ? ”

‘ I trow this set up the wife o’ Kittlerumpit’s birss; for though she had twa bleert een, and a lang red neb forbye, she thought hersel’ as bonny as the best o’ them. Sae she bangs aff her knees, sets up her mutch-croon, and wi’ her twa hands faulded afore her, she maks a curchie down to the grund, and, “ In troth, fair madam,” quo’ she, “ I might hae had the wit to ken that the likes o’ me is na fit to tye the warst shoe-strings o’ the heich and mighty princess, *Whuppity Stoorie!* ” Gin a fluff o’ gunpowder had come out o’ the grund, it couldna hae gart the fairy loup heicher nor she did; syne down she came again, dump on her shoe-heels,

whirls of dust occasioned by the wind on roads and in streets? Another version of the story calls the green woman Fittletetot.

and whurlin' round, she ran down the brae, scraichin' for rage, like a hoolat chased wi' the witches.

'The goodwife o' Kittlerumpit leugh till she was like to ryve; syne she taks up her bairn, and gaes into her hooss, singin' till't a' the gait—

“ A goo and a gitty, my bonny wee tyke,
Ye'se noo ha'e your four-oories;
Sin' we've gien Nick a bane to pyke,
Wi' his wheels and his Whuppity Stoories.”*

A VARIOUS WHUPPITY STOORIE.

There was ance a gentleman that lived in a very grand house, and he married a young lady that had been delicately brought up. In her husband's house she found everything that was fine—fine tables and chairs, fine looking-glasses, and fine curtains; but then her husband expected her to be able to spin twelve hanks o' thread every day, besides attending to her house; and, to tell the even-down truth, the lady could not spin a bit. This made her husband glunchy with her, and before a month had passed, she found hersel' very unhappy.

One day the husband gaed away upon a journey, after telling her that he expected her, before his return, to have not only learned to spin, but to have spun a hundred hanks o' thread. Quite downcast, she took a walk along the hill-side, till she came to a big flat stane, and there she sat down and grat. By and by, she heard a strain o' fine sma' music, coming as it were frae aneath the stane, and on turning it up, she saw a cave below, where there were sitting six wee ladies in green gowns, ilk ane o' them spinning on a little wheel, and singing—

‘ Little kens my dame at hame,
That Whuppity Stoorie is my name.’

The lady walked into the cave, and was kindly asked by the wee bodies to take a chair and sit down, while they still continued their spinning. She observed that ilk ane's mouth was thrawn away to ae side, but she didna venture to speer the reason. They asked why she looked so unhappy, and she telt them that it was because she was expected by her

* The above story is essentially the same with one highly popular in Germany, under the name of *Rumpelstiltskin*.

husband to be a good spinner, when the plain truth was, that she could not spin at all, and found herself quite unable for it, having been so delicately brought up; neither was there any need for it, as her husband was a rich man. 'Oh, is that a'?' said the little wifies, speaking out at their cheeks like. [*Imitate a person with a wry mouth.*]

'Yes, and is it not a very good a' too?' said the lady, her heart like to burst wi' distress.

'We could easily quit ye o' that trouble,' said the wee women. 'Just ask us a' to dinner for the day when your husband is to come back. We'll then let you see how we'll manage him.'

So the lady asked them all to dine with herself and her husband on the day when he was to come back.

When the goodman came hame, he found the house so occupied with preparations for dinner, that he had nae time to ask his wife about her thread; and before ever he had ance spoken to her on the subject, the company was announced at the hall door. The six little ladies all came in a coach-and-six, and were as fine as princesses, but still wore their gowns of green. The gentleman was very polite, and showed them up the stair with a pair of wax candles in his hand. And so they all sat down to dinner, and conversation went on very pleasantly, till at length the husband, becoming familiar with them, said, 'Ladies, if it be not an uncivil question, I should like to know how it happens that all your mouths are turned away to one side?'

'Oh,' said ilk ane at ance, 'it's with our constant *spin-spin-spinning*.' [*Here speak with the mouth turned to one side, in imitation of the ladies.*]

'Is that the case?' cried the gentleman; 'then, John, Tam, and Dick, fye, go haste and burn every rock, and reel, and spinning-wheel in the house, for I'll not have my wife to spoil her bonny face with *spin-spin-spinning*.' [*Imitate again.*]

And so the lady lived happily with her goodman all the rest of her days.

THE TALE OF SIR JAMES RAMSAY OF BANFF.

'Weel, ye see, I dinna mind the beginning o' the story. But the Sir James Ramsay o' Banff of that time was said to be ane o' the conspirators, and his lands were forfeited,

and himsel' banished the country, and a price set upon his head if he came back.

'He gaed to France or Spain, I'm no sure which, and was very ill off. Ae day that he was walking in a wood, he met an oldish man wi' a lang beard, weel-dressed and respectable-looking. This man lookit hard at Sir James, and then said to him that he lookit ill and distressed like; that he himsel' was a doctor, and if Sir James would tell his complaints, maybe he might be able to do him good.

'Syne Sir James said he was not ill but for want o' food, and that all the medicine he needed was some way to earn his living as a gentleman. The auld doctor said till him he would take him as an apprentice if he liked; that he should live in his house, and at his table, and learn his profession. So Sir James went hame wi' him, and was very kindly tret. After he had been wi' him a while, his master said till him ae day that he kend how to make the best and most wonderful medicine in the world—a medicine that would make baith their fortunes, and a' that belanged to them; but that it was a difficult business to get the materials that the medicine was made of—that they could only be gotten frae the river —, that ran through the county of —, in Scotland, and at a particular part of the river, which he described; and that it would need to be some canny person, that kend that pairt o' the country weel, to gang wi' ony chance o' success. Sir James said naebody kend that pairt o' the country better than himsel', for it was on his ain estate o' Banff, and that he was very willing to run the risk o' going hame for his master's sake, that had been sae kind to him, and for the sake o' seeing his ain place again.

'Then the doctor gied him strict directions what he was to do, and how he was to make sure o' getting the beast that he was to make the medicine o'. He was to gang to a pairt o' the river where there was a deep pool o' water, and he was to hide himsel' behind some big trees that came down to the water-side for the three nights that the moon was at the full. He would see a white serpent come out o' the water, and go up to a big stane, and creep under it. He maun watch till it came out again, and catch it on its way back to the water, and kill it, and bring it awa' wi' him.

'Weel, Sir James did a' that he was bidden. He put on

a disguise, and gaed back to Scotland and to Banff, and got there without onybody kenning him. He hid himsel' behind the trees at the water-side, and watched night after night. He saw the white serpent come out the twa first nights, and creep under the stane; but it aye got back to the water afore he could catch it; but the third night he did catch it, and killed it, and brought it awa' wi' him to Spain to his master. His master was very glad to get it, but he wasna sae kind after to Sir James as he used to be. He told him, now that they had got the serpent, the next thing to do was to cook it, and he maun do that too. He was to go down to a vault, and there stew the serpent till it was turned into oil. If onybody saw him at the wark, or if he tasted food till it was done, the charm would be spoiled; and if by ony chance he was to taste the medicine, it would kill him at ance, unless he had the proper remedy. Sae Sir James gaed down to the vault, and prepared the medicine just as he had been ordered; but when he was pouring it out o' the pan into the box where it was to be keepit, he let some drops fa' on his fingers that brunt them; and in the pain and hurry he forgot his master's orders, and put his fingers into his mouth to suck out the pain. He did not die, but he fand that his een were opened, and that he could see through everything. And when his master came down at the appointed time to speer if the medicine was ready, he fand he could see into his master's inside, and could tell a' that was going on there. But he keepit his ain secret, and never let on to his master what had happened; and it was very lucky, for he soon found out that his master was a bad man, and would have killed him if he had kend that he had got the secret o' the medicine. He had only been kind to him because he kend that Sir James was the best man to catch the serpent. However, Sir James learnt to be a skilfu' doctor under him; and at last he managed to get awa' frae him, and syne he travelled over the warld as a doctor, doing mony wonders, because he could clearly see what was wrang in folk's insides. But he wearied sair to get back to Scotland, and he thought that naebody would ken him as a doctor. Sae he ventured to gae back; and when he arrived, he fand that the king was very ill, and no man could find out what was the matter wi' him. He had tried a' the doctors in Scotland, and a' that came to him

frae far and near, but he was nane the better; and at last he published a proclamation, that he would gie the princess, his daughter, in marriage to ony man that would cure him. Sae Sir James gaed to the court, and askit leave to try his skeel. As soon as he came into the king's presence, and looked at him, he saw there was a ball o' hair in his inside, and that no medicine could touch it. But he said if the king would trust to him, he would cure him; and the king having consented, he put him sae fast asleep, that he cuttit the ball o' hair out of his inside without his ever wakening. When he did waken, he was free from illness, only weak a little frae the loss of blood; and he was sae pleased wi' his doctor, that Sir James kneeled down and tell't him wha he was. And the king pardoned him, and gied him back a' his lands, and gied him the princess, his daughter, in marriage.'

[Nessus de Ramsay, the founder of the family of Banff, was a person of considerable note in the thirteenth century. He held the office of physician to King Alexander II., and received a grant of lands in this parish, which his descendants still hold, in reward for having saved the life of the king by a critical operation; according to popular tradition, by "cutting a hair-ball from the king's heart." One of his descendants, James Ramsay, attained to eminence in the same profession, and was physician to James I. and Charles I.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, art. *Alyth*.]

THE PECHS.

'Long ago there were people in this country called the Pechs; short wee men they were, wi' red hair, and long arms, and feet sae braid, that when it rained they could turn them up owre their heads, and then they served for umbrellas. The Pechs were great builders; they built a' the auld castles in the kintry; and do ye ken the way they built them?—I'll tell ye. They stood all in a row from the quarry to the place where they were building, and ilk ane handed forward the stanes to his neebor, till the hale was biggit. The Pechs were also a great people for ale, which they brewed frae heather; sae, ye ken, it bood to be an extraornar cheap kind of drink; for heather, I'se warrant, was as plenty then as it's now. This art o' theirs was

muckle sought after by the other folk that lived in the kintry; but they never would let out the secret, but handed it down frae father to son among themselves, wi' strict injunctions frae ane to another never to let onybody ken about it.

'At last the Pechs had great wars, and mony o' them were killed, and indeed they soon came to be a mere handfu' o' people, and were like to perish aff the face o' the earth. Still they held fast by their secret of the heather yill, determined that their enemies should never wring it frae them. Weel, it came at last to a great battle between them and the Scots, in which they clean lost the day, and were killed a' to tway, a father and a son. And sae the king o' the Scots had these men brought before him, that he might try to frighten them into telling him the secret. He plainly told them that, if they would not disclose it peaceably, he must torture them till they should confess, and therefore it would be better for them to yield in time. "Weel," says the auld man to the king, "I see it is of no use to resist. But there is ae condition ye maun agree to before ye learn the secret." "And what is that?" said the king. "Will ye promise to fulfil it, if it be na onything against your ain interests?" said the man. "Yes," said the king, "I will and do promise so." Then said the Pech, "You must know that I wish for my son's death, though I dinna like to take his life myself.

My son ye maun kill,
Before I will you tell
How we brew the yill
Frae the heather bell!"

The king was dootless greatly astonished at sic a request; but, as he had promised, he caused the lad to be immediately put to death. When the auld man saw his son was dead, he started up wi' a great stend, and cried, "Now, do wi' me as you like. My son ye might have forced, for he was but a weak youth; but me you never can force.

And though you may me kill,
I will not you tell
How we brew the yill
Frae the heather bell!"

'The king was now mair astonished than before, but it

was at his being sae far outwitted by a mere wild man. Hooever, he saw it was needless to kill the Pech, and that his greatest punishment might now be his being allowed to live. So he was taken away as a prisoner, and he lived for mony a year after that, till he became a very, very auld man, baith bedrid and blind. Maist folk had forgotten there was sic a man in life; but ae night some young men being in the house where he was, and making great boasts about their feats o' strength, he leaned owre the bed and said he would like to feel ane o' their wrists, that he might compare it wi' the arms of men wha had lived in former times. And they, for sport, held out a thick gaud o' ern to him to feel. He just snappit it in tway wi' his fingers as ye wad do a pipe stapple. "It's a bit gey gristle," he said; "but naething to the shackle-banes o' my days." That was the last o' the Pechs.*

THE WEE BUNNOCK.†

'Grannie, grannie, come tell us the story o' the wee bunnock.' 'Hout, bairns, ye've heard it a hunner times afore. I needna tell it owre again.' 'Ah, but, grannie, it's sic a fine ane. Ye maun tell't. Just ance.' 'Weel, weel, bairns, if ye'll a' promise to be guid, I'll tell ye't again.

'Some tell about their sweethearts, how they tirl'd them to the winnock,‡

But I'll tell you a bonny tale about a guid aitmeal bunnock.

'There lived an auld man and an auld wife at the side o' a burn. They had twa kye, five hens and a cock, a cat and twa kittlins. The auld man lookit after the kye, and the auld wife span on the tow-rock. The kittlins aft grippit at the auld wife's spindle, as it tussled owre the hearth-stane. "Sho, sho," she wad say, "gae wa';" and so it tussled about.

* The above story is unlike the rest in this collection, in as far as it has been made up from snatches heard from different mouths. The tradition of the Pechs as an extinct people (meaning apparently the Picts) is prevalent all over the Lowlands of Scotland. It now appears, from the learned treatise of Mr William F. Skene, that the Picts are far from being extinct, being the ancestors of our modern Highlanders, though long dispossessed of ground which they once occupied.

† Little bannock. In Ayrshire, a number of syllables in *a* and *o* are pronounced as if in *u*. In the present tale, the provincial speech of the aged narrator is faithfully preserved.

‡ Tapped at the window to bring out their sweethearts.

'Ae day, after parritch-time,* she thought she wad ha'e a bunnock. Sae she bakit twa aitmeal bunnocks, and set them to to the fire to harden. After a while, the auld man came in, and sat down aside the fire, and takes ane o' the bunnocks, and snappit it through the middle. When the tither ane sees this, it rins aff as fast as it could, and the auld wife after't, wi' the spindle in the tae hand and the tow-rock in the tither. But the wee bunnock wan awa', and out o' sight, and ran till it came to a guid muckle thack house,† and ben it ran‡ boldly to the fireside; and there were three tailors sitting on a muckle table. When they saw the wee bunnock come ben, they jumpit up, and gat in ahint the goodwife, that was cardin' tow ayont the fire. "Hout," quo' she, "be na fleyt;§ it's but a wee bunnock. Grip it, and I'll gie ye a soup milk till't." Up she gets wi' the tow-cards, and the tailor wi' the goose, and the twa prentices, the ane wi' the muckle shears, and the tither wi' the lawbrod; but it jinkit|| them, and ran round about the fire; and ane o' the prentices, thinking to snap it wi' the shears, fell i' the ase-pit. The tailor cuist the goose, and the goodwife the tow-cards; but a' wadna do. The bunnock wan awa', and ran till it came to a wee house at the roadside; and in it rins, and there was a weaver sittin' on the loom, and the wife winnin' a clue o' yarn.

"Tibby," quo' he, "what's tat?" "Oh," quo' she, "it's a wee bunnock." "It's weel come," quo' he, "for our sowens¶ were but thin the day. Grip it, my woman; grip it." "Ay," quo' she; "what reck's! That's a clever bunnock. Kep,** Willie; kep, man."

"Hout," quo' Willie, "cast the clue at it." But the bunnock whipit round about, and but the floor, and aff it gaed, and owre the knowe,†† like a new-tarred sheep or a daft yell cow.‡‡ And forrit it runs to the niest house, and ben to the fireside. And there was the goodwife kirnin'. "Come awa', wee bunnock," quo' she; "I'se hae ream§§ and bread the

* After breakfast.

† Pretty large thatched house.

‡ Ran into the interior of the house. *But* and *ben* are the outer and inner apartments of a Scottish cottage.

§ Do not be frightened.

|| Eluded.—'But faith I'll turn a corner jinking,

And cheat ye yet.'—BURNS.

¶ A thin kind of pottage, made from the sediment of husks, and much used in Scotland till a recent period.

** Intercept.

†† Knoll or hillock.

‡‡ A cow which has ceased to yield milk.

§§ Cream.

day." But the wee bunnock whipt round about the kirn, and the wife after't, and i' the hurry she had near-hand coupit the kirn.* And afore she got it set right again, the wee bunnock was aff, and down the brae to the mill. And in it ran.

'The miller was siftin' meal i' the trough; but, looking up, "Ay," quo' he, "it's a sign o' plenty when ye're rinnin' about, and naebody to look after ye. But I like a bunnock and cheese. Come your wa's ben, and I'll gi'e ye a night's quarters." But the bunnock wadna trust itsel' wi' the miller and his cheese. Sae it turned and ran it's wa's out; but the miller didna fash his head wi't.†

'So it toddled awa', and ran till it came to the smithy. And in it rins, and up to the studdy.‡ The smith was making horse-nails. Quo' he, "I like a bicker o' guid yill§ and a weel-toastit bunnock. Come your wa's in by here." But the bunnock was frightened when it heard about the yill, and turned and aff as hard as it could, and the smith after't, and cuist the hammer. But it whirlt awa', and out o' sight in a crack,|| and ran till it came to a farm-house wi' a guid muckle peat-stack at the end o't. Ben it rins to the fireside. The goodman was clovin¶ lint, and the goodwife hecklin'. "Oh, Janet," quo' he, "there's a wee bunnock; I'se ha'e the hauf o't." "Weel, John, I'se ha'e the tither hauf. Hit it owre the back wi' the clove." But the bunnock playt *jink-about*. "Hout, tout," quo' the wife, and gart the heckle flee at it. But it was owre clever for her.

'And aff and up the burn it ran to the niest house, and whirlt it's wa's ben to the fireside. The goodwife was stirrin' the sowens, and the goodman plettin' spret-binnings** for the kye. "Ho, Jock," quo' the goodwife, "come here. Thou's aye crying about a wee bunnock. Here's ane. Come in, haste ye, and I'll help thee to grip it." "Ay, mither, whaur is't?" "See there. Rin owre o' that side." But the bunnock ran in ahint the goodman's chair. Jock fell amang the sprits. The goodman cuist a binning, and the goodwife the spurtle. But it was owre clever for Jock and her baith. It was aff and out o' sight in a crack, and through amang

* Overturnd the churn.

† Trouble himself.

‡ Anvil.

§ A stoup of good ale.

|| Out of sight in a moment.

¶ Separating lint from the stalk by means of a certain iron implement.

** Plaiting straw ropes for the cattle.

the whins,* and down the road to the niest house, and in, and ben to the fireside. The folk were just sittin' down to their sowens, and the goodwife scartin' the pat. "Losh," quo' she, "there's a wee bunnock come in to warm itsel' at our fireside." "Steek the door," quo' the goodman, "and we'll try to get a grip o't." When the bunnock heard that, it ran but the house, and they after't wi' their spunes, and the goodman cuist his bunnat. But it whirlt awa', and ran, and better ran, till it came to another house. And when it gaed ben, the folk were just gaun to their beds. The goodman was castin' aff his breeks, and the goodwife rakin' the fire. "What's tat?" quo' he. "Oh," quo' she, "it's a wee bunnock." Quo' he, "I could eat the hauf o't, for a' the brose I hae suppit." "Grip it," quo' the wife, "and I'll ha'e a bit too." "Cast your breeks at it—kep—kep!" The goodman cuist the breeks, and had near-hand smoor't it. But it warsl't out, and ran, and the goodman after't, wanting the breeks. And there was a clean chase owre the craft park, and up the wunyerd, and in amang the whins. And the goodman lost it, and had to come his wa's trottin' hame hauf-nakit. But now it was grown dark, and the wee bunnock couldna see; but it gaed into the side o' a muckle whin bush, and into a tod's hole.† The tod had gotten nae meat for twa days. "Oh, welcome, welcome," quo' the tod, and snappit it in twa i' the middle. And that was the end o' the wee bunnock.

' Now, be ye lords or commoners,
Ye needna laugh nor sneer,
For ye'll be a' i' the tod's hole
In less than a hunner year.'

At the conclusion, Grannie would look round upon her little audience, and add the following, by way of moral:—

' Now, weans, an ye live to grow muckle, be na owre lifted up about onything, nor owre sair cuisten down; for ye see the folk were a' cheated, and the puir tod got the bunnock.'

[From the manuscript of an elderly individual, who spent his early years in the parish of Symington, in Ayrshire. It was one of a great store of similar legends possessed by his grandmother, and which she related, upon occasion, for

* Furze.

† A fox's hole.

the gratification of himself and other youngsters, as she sat spinning by the fireside, with these youngsters clustered around her. This venerable person was born in the year 1704, and died in 1789.

A variation of the story of the Wee Bannock, from Dumfriesshire, is as follows :—

When cockle shells turned music bells,
And turkeys chewed tobacco,

And birds biggit their nests in auld men's beards, as hereafter they may do in mine,—There was an auld man and an auld wife, and they lived in a killogie. Quoth the auld man to the auld wife, 'Rise, and bake me a bannock.' So she rase and bakit a bannock, and set it afore the greeshoch to harden. Quoth the auld wife to the auld man, 'Rise and turn the bannock.' 'Na, na,' quoth the bannock, 'I'll turn mysel.' And it turned round, and whirl't out at the door. And after it they ran, and the tane flang at it a pot, and the t'other a pan; but baith missed it. And it ran, and it ran, till it came to twa well-washers. 'Welcome, welcome, wee bannockie,' quo' they; 'where came thou frae?'

' I fore-ran
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man;
A wee wee pot and a wee wee pan;
And sae will I you an I can.'

And they ran after't, to daud it wi' wat claes. But it ran, and it ran, till it came to twa barn threshers. 'Welcome, welcome, wee bannockie,' quo' they; 'where came thou frae?'

' I fore-ran
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man;
A wee wee pot and a wee wee pan;
Twa well-washers and twa barn threshers;
And sae will I you an I can.'

And they ran after't wi' their flails. (Thus the story goes on through a series of adventures, which are perhaps sufficiently indicated by the answer of the bannock to Tod Lowrie at last :—

' I fore-ran
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man;
A wee wee pot and a wee wee pan;
Twa well-washers and twa barn-threshers;
Twa dike-delvers and twa heather-pu'ers;
Twa ploughmen, twa harrowers, twa hungry herds;
And sae will I you an I can.')

But the tod snappit it a' up at ae mouthful, and that was an end o' the wee bannock.]

THE WELL O' THE WARLD'S END.

A poor widow was one day baking bannocks,* and sent her dochter wi' a dish to the well o' the warld's end to bring water. The dochter gaed, and better gaed, till she came to the well at the warld's end, but it was dry. Now, what to do she didna ken, for she couldna gang back to her mother without water; sae she sat down by the side o' the well, and fell a-greeting. A Paddo † then came loup-loup-louping out o' the well, and asked the lassie what she was greeting for; and she said she was greeting because there was nae water in the well. 'But,' says the Paddo, 'an ye'll be my wife, I'll gi'e ye plenty o' water.' And the lassie, no thinking that the poor beast could mean anything serious, said she wad be his wife for the sake o' getting the water. So she got the water into her dish, and gaed away hame to her mother, and thought nae mair about the Paddo, till that night, when, just as she and her mother were about to go to their beds, something came to the door, and when they listened, they heard this sang—

'Oh, open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
Oh, open the door, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Down i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

Says the mother to the dochter, 'What noise is that at the door?' 'Hout,' says the dochter, 'it's naething but a filthy Paddo.' 'Open the door,' says the mother, 'to the poor Paddo.' So the lassie opened the door, and the Paddo came loup-loup-louping in, and sat down by the ingle-side. Then he sings—

'Oh gi'e me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,
Oh gi'e me my supper, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Down i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout,' quo' the dochter, 'wad I gi'e a filthy Paddo his supper?' 'Oh, ay,' said the mother, 'e'en gi'e the poor Paddo his supper.' So the Paddo got his supper; and after that he sings again—

* Cakes of oaten or barley meal, hardened on an iron plate over the fire, or on a heater in front.

† A frog.

‘ Oh put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,
 Oh put me to bed, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Down i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘ Hout,’ quo’ the dochter, ‘ wad I put a filthy Paddo to bed ?’
 ‘ Oh, ay,’ says the mother, ‘ put the poor Paddo to bed.’
 And so she put the Paddo to his bed. [Here let us abridge
 a little.] Then the Paddo sang again—

‘ Now fetch me an axe, my hinnie, my heart,
 Now fetch me an axe, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Down i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

The lassie wasna lang o’ fetching the axe ; and then the
 Paddo sang—

‘ Now chap aff my head, my hinnie, my heart,
 Now chap aff my head, my ain true love ;
 Remember the promise that you and I made,
 Down i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

Well, the lassie chappit aff his head ; and no sooner was
 that done, than he started up the bonniest young prince
 that ever was seen. And the twa lived happy a’ the rest o’
 their days.

[This tale is given from the recitation of an Annandale
 nurse of fifty years back.

The tale of the *Wolf of the Worldis End* (wolf being no
 doubt a misprint) is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scot-
 land*. Dr Leyden adds the following note, from which
 it would appear that he had heard a various version of
 the above story, probably in his native county of Rox-
 burgh :—‘ The romance, for the convenience of singing or
 narration, has probably been melted down by tradition into
 detached fragments, from which songs and nursery tales
 have been formed. I have heard fragments of songs re-
 peated, in which the “ well of the worldis end ” is men-
 tioned, and denominated “ the well Absalom,” and “ the
cald well sae weary.” According to the popular tale, a lady
 is sent by her stepmother to draw water from the well of
 the world’s end. She arrives at the well, after encountering
 many dangers ; but soon perceives that her adventures have
 not reached a conclusion. A frog emerges from the well,
 and, before it suffers her to draw water, obliges her to be-

trothe herself to the monster, under the penalty of being torn to pieces. The lady returns safe; but at midnight the frog-lover appears at the door, and demands entrance, according to promise, to the great consternation of the lady and her nurse.

“Open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
Open the door, mine ain wee thing;
And mind the words that you and I spak,
Down in the meadow, at the well spring.”

The frog is admitted, and addresses her—

“Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
Take me up on your knee, my dearie;
And mind the words that you and I spak
At the cauld well sae weary.”

The frog is finally disenchanted, and appears as a prince, in his original form.’

It is further to be remarked, that this story of a frog-lover is known in Germany under the name of ‘the King of the Frogs,’ and is alluded to in several ancient German writers. The address of the frog in the German story corresponds with that in our Scottish version—

‘Konigstochter jungste,
Mach mir auf
Weiss du nicht was gestern
Du zu mir gesagt.
Bei dem Kühlen Brunnenwasser
Konigstochter jungste
Mach mir auf.’

This verse is cited in *The Quarterly Review* (xxi. 99) by Sir Walter Scott, who adds, ‘These enchanted frogs have migrated from afar, and we suspect they were originally crocodiles; we trace them in a tale forming part of a series of stories entitled “The Relations of Tsidi Kur,” extant among the Kalmuck Tartars.’]

THE RED-ETIN.

There were ance twa widows that lived ilk ane on a small bit o’ ground, which they rented from a farmer. Ane of them had twa sons, and the other had ane; and by and by it was time for the wife that had twa sons to send them away to spouss their fortune. So she told her eldest son ae day to take a can and bring her water from the well, that she might bake a cake for him; and however much or however little water he might bring, the cake would be

great or sma' accordingly; and that cake was to be a' that she could gi'e him when he went on his travels.

The lad gaed away wi' the can to the well, and filled it wi' water, and then came away hame again; but the can being broken, the maist part o' the water had run out before he got back. So his cake was very sma'; yet sma' as it was, his mother asked if he was willing to take the half of it with her blessing, telling him that, if he chose rather to have the hale, he would only get it wi' her curse. The young man, thinking he might ha'e to travel a far way, and not knowing when or how he might get other provisions, said he would like to ha'e the hale cake, come of his mother's malison what like; so she gave him the hale cake, and her malison alang wi't. Then he took his brither aside, and gave him a knife to keep till he should come back, desiring him to look at it every morning, and as lang as it continued to be clear, then he might be sure that the owner of it was well; but if it grew dim and rusty, then for certain some ill had befallen him.

So the young man set out to spouss his fortune. And he gaed a' that day, and a' the next day; and on the third day, in the afternoon, he came up to where a shepherd was sitting with a flock o' sheep. And he gaed up to the shepherd and asked him wha the sheep belanged to; and the man answered—

'The Red-Etin of Ireland
 Ance lived in Bellygan,
 And stole King Malcolm's daughter,
 The king of fair Scotland.
 He beats her, he binds her,
 He lays her on a band;
 And every day he dings her
 With a bright silver wand.
 Like Julian the Roman,
 He's one that fears no man.

It's said there's ane predestinate
 To be his mortal foe;
 But that man is yet unborn,
 And lang may it be so.'

The young man then went on his journey; and he had not gone far, when he espied an old man with white locks

herding a flock of swine; and he gaed up to him and asked whose swine these were, when the man answered—

‘The Red-Etin of Ireland’—

[Repeat the above verses.]

Then the young man gaed on a bit farther, and came to another very old man herding goats; and when he asked whose goats they were, the answer was—

‘The Red-Etin of Ireland’—

[Repeat the verses again.]

This old man also told him to beware o’ the next beasts that he should meet, for they were of a very different kind from any he had yet seen.

So the young man went on, and by and by he saw a multitude of very dreadful beasts, ilk ane o’ them wi’ twa heads, and on every head four horns. And he was sore frightened, and ran away from them as fast as he could; and glad was he when he came to a castle that stood on a hillock, wi’ the door standing wide to the wa’. And he gaed into the castle for shelter, and there he saw an auld wife sitting beside the kitchen fire. He asked the wife if he might stay there for the night, as he was tired wi’ a lang journey; and the wife said he might, but it was not a good place for him to be in, as it belanged to the Red-Etin, who was a very terrible beast, wi’ three heads, that spared no living man he could get hold of. The young man would have gone away, but he was afraid of the beasts on the outside of the castle; so he beseeched the old woman to conceal him as well as she could, and not tell the Etin that he was there. He thought, if he could put over the night, he might get away in the morning, without meeting wi’ the beasts, and so escape. But he had not been long in his hidy-hole, before the awful Etin came in; and nae sooner was he in, than he was heard crying—

‘Snouk but, and snouk ben,
I find the smell of an earthly man;
Be he living, or be he dead,
His heart this night shall kitchen my bread.’

The monster soon found the poor young man, and pulled him from his hole. And when he had got him out, he told him that, if he could answer him three questions, his life

should be spared. The first was, Whether Ireland or Scotland was first inhabited? The second was, Whether man was made for woman, or woman for man? The third was, Whether men or brutes were made first? The lad not being able to answer one of these questions, the Red-Etin took a mell and knocked him on the head, and turned him into a pillar of stone.

On the morning after this happened, the younger brither took out the knife to look at it, and he was grieved to find it a' brown wi' rust. He told his mother that the time was now come for him to go away upon his travels also; so she requested him to take the can to the well for water, that she might bake a cake for him. The can being broken, he brought hame as little water as the other had done, and the cake was as little. She asked whether he would have the hale cake wi' her malison, or the half wi' her blessing; and, like his brither, he thought it best to have the hale cake, come o' the malison what might. So he gaed away; and he came to the shepherd that sat wi' his flock o' sheep, and asked him whose sheep these were. [*Repeat the whole of the above series of incidents.*]

The other widow and her son heard of a' that had happened frae a fairy, and the young man determined that he would also go upon his travels, and see if he could do anything to relieve his twa friends. So his mother gave him a can to go to the well and bring home water, that she might bake him a cake for his journey. And he gaed, and as he was bringing hame the water, a raven owre aboon his head cried to him to look, and he would see that the water was running out. And he was a young man of sense, and seeing the water running out, he took some clay and patched up the holes, so that he brought home enough of water to bake a large cake. When his mother put it to him to take the half cake wi' her blessing, he took it in preference to having the hale wi' her malison; and yet the half was bigger than what the other lads had got a'thegither.

So he gaed away on his journey; and after he had travelled a far way, he met wi' an auld woman, that asked him if he would give her a bit of his bannock. And he said he would gladly do that, and so he gave her a piece of the bannock; and for that she gied him a magical wand,

that she said might yet be of service to him, if he took care to use it rightly. Then the auld woman, wha was a fairy, told him a great deal that would happen to him, and what he ought to do in a' circumstances; and after that she vanished in an instant out o' his sight. He gaed on a great way farther, and then he came up to the old man herding the sheep; and when he asked whose sheep these were, the answer was—

'The Red-Etin of Ireland
 Ance lived in Bellygan,
 And stole King Malcolm's daughter,
 The king of fair Scotland.
 He beats her, he binds her,
 He lays her on a band;
 And every day he dings her
 With a bright silver wand.
 Like Julian the Roman,
 He's one that fears no man.

But now I fear his end is near,
 And destiny at hand;
 And you're to be, I plainly see,
 The heir of all his land.'

[Repeat the same inquiries to the man attending the swine and the man attending the goats, with the same answer in each case.]

When he came to the place where the monstrous beasts were standing, he did not stop nor run away, but went boldly through amongst them. One came up roaring with open mouth to devour him, when he struck it with his wand, and laid it in an instant dead at his feet. He soon came to the Etin's castle, where he knocked, and was admitted. The auld woman that sat by the fire warned him of the terrible Etin, and what had been the fate of the twa brithers; but he was not to be daunted. The monster soon came in, saying—

Snouk but, and snouk ben,
 I find the smell of an earthly man;
 Be he living, or be he dead,
 His heart shall be kitchen to my bread.'

He quickly espied the young man, and bade him come forth on the floor. And then he put the three questions to him;

but the young man had been told everything by the good fairy, so he was able to answer all the questions. When the Etin found this, he knew that his power was gone. The young man then took up an axe and hewed aff the monster's three heads. He next asked the old woman to show him where the king's daughter lay; and the old woman took him up stairs, and opened a great many doors, and out of every door came a beautiful lady who had been imprisoned there by the Etin; and ane o' the ladies was the king's daughter. She also took him down into a low room, and there stood two stone pillars that he had only to touch wi' his wand, when his twa friends and neighbours started into life. And the hale o' the prisoners were overjoyed at their deliverance, which they all acknowledged to be owing to the prudent young man. Next day they a' set out for the king's court, and a gallant company they made. And the king married his daughter to the young man that had delivered her, and gave a noble's daughter to ilk ane o' the other young men; and so they a' lived happily a' the rest o' their days.*

[As already mentioned, the tale of the *Red-Etin* is one of those enumerated in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, a work written about 1548. It is also worthy of remark, that Lyndsay, in his *Dreme*, speaks of having amused the infancy of King James V. with 'tales of the *Red-Etin* and Gyre-Carlin.'

Leyden supposes that the tale of the Red-Etin had some connection with one of the characters of a nursery story, of which he only records a few rhymes:—

The mouse, the louse, and Little Rede,
Were a' to make a gruel in a lead.

The two first associates desire Little Rede to go to the door to 'see what he could see.' He declares that he saw the Gyre-Carlin coming,

With a spade, and shool, and trowel,
To lick up a' the gruel.

Upon which the party disperse—

The louse to the claith,
And the mouse to the wa',
Little Rede behind the door,
And licket up a'.

* The above story is from Mr Buchan's curious manuscript collection.

The story of which we thus obtain a hint is manifestly different from the Red-Etin, as now recovered. Supposing the above to be a genuine copy, we must conclude that the tale which charmed the young ears of King James was little different in character from the fairy tales prevalent in our own times.]

THE BLACK BULL OF NORROWAY.

[‘ And many a hunting song they sung,
And song of game and glee ;
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
“ Of Scotland’s luv and lee.”
To wilder measures next they turn :
“ The Black Black Bull of Norroway !”
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
The minstrels cease to play.’

The Court of Keeldar, by J. Leyden.]

In Norroway, langsyne, there lived a certain lady, and she had three dochters. The auldest o’ them said to her mither, ‘ Mither, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, for I’m gaun awa’ to spotch my fortune.’ Her mither did sae; and the dochter gaed awa’ to an auld witch washerwife and telled her purpose. The auld wife bade her stay that day, and gang and look out o’ her back-door, and see what she could see. She saw nocht the first day. The second day she did the same, and saw nocht. On the third day she looked again, and saw a coach-and-six coming along the road. She ran in and telled the auld wife what she saw. ‘ Aweel,’ quo’ the auld wife, ‘ yon’s for you.’ Sae they took her into the coach, and galloped aff.

The second dochter next says to her mither, ‘ Mither, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, for I’m gaun awa to spotch my fortune.’ Her mither did sae; and awa’ she gaed to the auld wife as her sister had dune. On the third day she looked out o’ the back-door, and saw a coach-and-four coming along the road. ‘ Aweel,’ quo’ the auld wife, ‘ yon’s for you.’ Sae they took her in, and aff they set.

The third dochter says to her mither, ‘ Mither, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, for I’m gaun awa’ to spotch my fortune.’ Her mither did sae; and awa’ she gaed to the auld witch wife. She bade her look out o’ her back-door, and see what she could see. She did sae; and when she came back, said she saw nocht. The second day she did the

same, and saw nocht. The third day she looked again, and on coming back, said to the auld wife she saw nocht but a muckle Black Bull coming crooning along the road. 'Aweel,' quo' the auld wife, 'yon's for you.' On hearing this she was next to distracted wi' grief and terror; but she was lifted up and set on his back, and awa' they went.

Aye they travelled, and on they travelled, till the lady grew faint wi' hunger. 'Eat out o' my right lug,' says the Black Bull, 'and drink out o' my left lug, and set by your leavings.' Sae she did as he said, and was wonderfully refreshed. And lang they gaed, and sair they rade, till they came in sight o' a very big and bonny castle. 'Yonder we maun be this night,' quo' the bull; 'for my auld brither lives yonder;' and presently they were at the place. They lifted her aff his back, and took her in, and sent him away to a park for the night. In the morning, when they brought the bull hame, they took the lady into a fine shining parlour, and gave her a beautiful apple, telling her no to break it till she was in the greatest strait ever mortal was in in the world, and that wad bring her out o't. Again she was lifted on the bull's back, and after she had ridden far, and farer than I can tell, they came in sight o' a far bonnier castle, and far farther awa' than the last. Says the bull till her, 'Yonder we maun be the night, for my second brither lives yonder;' and they were at the place directly. They lifted her down and took her in, and sent the bull to the field for the night. In the morning they took the lady into a fine and rich room, and gave her the finest pear she had ever seen, bidding her no to break it till she was in the greatest strait ever mortal could be in, and that wad get her out o't. Again she was lifted and set on his back, and awa' they went. And lang they rade, and sair they rade, till they came in sight o' the far biggest castle, and far farthest aff, they had yet seen. 'We maun be yonder the night,' says the bull, 'for my young brither lives yonder;' and they were there directly. They lifted her down, took her in, and sent the bull to the field for the night. In the morning they took her into a room, the finest of a', and gied her a plum, telling her no to break it till she was in the greatest strait mortal could be in, and that wad get her out o't. Presently they brought hame the bull, set the lady on his back, and awa' they went.

And aye they rade, and on they rade, till they came to a dark and ugsome glen, where they stopped, and the lady lighted down. Says the bull to her, 'Here ye maun stay till I gang and fight the deil. Ye maun seat yoursel' on that stane, and move neither hand nor fit till I come back, else I'll never find ye again. And if everything round about ye turns blue, I ha'e beaten the deil; but should a' things turn red, he'll ha'e conquered me.' She set hersel' down on the stane, and by and by a' round her turned blue. O'ercome wi' joy, she lifted the ae fit and crossed it owre the ither, sae glad was she that her companion was victorious. The bull returned and sought for, but never could find her.

Lang she sat, and aye she grat, till she wearied. At last she rase and gaed awa', she kendna whaur till. On she wandered, till she came to a great hill o' glass, that she tried a' she could to climb, but wasna able. Round the bottom o' the hill she gaed, sabbing and seeking a passage owre, till at last she came to a smith's house; and the smith promised, if she wad serve him seven years, he wad make her airn shoon, wharewi' she could climb owre the glassy hill. At seven years' end she got her airn shoon, clamb the glassy hill, and chanced to come to the auld washerwife's habitation. There she was telled of a gallant young knight that had given in some bluidy sarks to wash, and whaever washed thae sarks was to be his wife. The auld wife had washed till she was tired, and then she set to her dochter, and baith washed, and they washed, and they better washed, in hopes of getting the young knight; but a' they could do, they couldna bring out a stain. At length they set the stranger damosel to wark; and whenever she began, the stains came out pure and clean, and the auld wife made the knight believe it was her dochter had washed the sarks. So the knight and the eldest dochter were to be married, and the stranger damosel was distracted at the thought of it, for she was deeply in love wi' him. So she bethought her of her apple, and breaking it, found it filled with gold and precious jewellery, the richest she had ever seen. 'All these,' she said to the eldest dochter, 'I will give you, on condition that you put off your marriage for ae day, and allow me to go into his room alone at night.' So the lady consented; but meanwhile the auld wife had prepared a sleeping drink, and given it to the knight, wha drank it, and never wakened

till next morning. The lee-lang night the damosel sabbed and sang—

‘Seven lang years I served for thee,
The glassy hill I clamb for thee,
The bluidy shirt I wrang for thee;
And wilt thou no wauken and turn to me?’

Next day she kentna what to do for grief. She then brak the pear, and fan’t filled wi’ jewellery far richer than the contents o’ the apple. Wi’ thae jewels she bargained for permission to be a second night in the young knight’s chamber; but the auld wife gied him anither sleeping drink, and he again sleepit till morning. A’ night she kept sighing and singing as before—

‘Seven lang years I served for thee,’ &c.

Still he sleepit, and she nearly lost hope a’thegither. But that day, when he was out at the hunting, somebody asked him what noise and moaning was yon they heard all last night in his bedchamber. He said he heardna ony noise. But they assured him there was sae; and he resolved to keep waking that night to try what he could hear. That being the third night, and the damosel being between hope and despair, she brak her plum, and it held far the richest jewellery of the three. She bargained as before; and the auld wife, as before, took in the sleeping drink to the young knight’s chamber; but he telled her he couldna drink it that night without sweetening. And when she gaed awa’ for some honey to sweeten it wi’, he poured out the drink, and sae made the auld wife think he had drunk it. They a’ went to bed again, and the damosel began, as before, singing—

‘Seven lang years I served for thee,
The glassy hill I clamb for thee,
The bluidy shirt I wrang for thee;
And wilt thou no wauken and turn to me?’

He heard, and turned to her. And she telled him a’ that had befa’en her, and he telled her a’ that had happened to him. And he caused the auld washerwife and her dochter to be burnt. And they were married, and he and she are living happy till this day for aught I ken.

THE RED BULL OF NORROWAY.

[The following is evidently the same story with the above, after undergoing changes in the course of recitation. It has reached the editor in a more English form than its counterpart.]

Once upon a time there lived a king who had three daughters; the two eldest were proud and ugly, but the youngest was the gentlest and most beautiful creature ever seen, and the pride not only of her father and mother, but of all in the land. As it fell out, the three princesses were talking one night of whom they would marry. 'I will have no one lower than a king,' said the eldest princess; the second would take a prince, or a great duke even. 'Pho, pho,' said the youngest, laughing, 'you are both so proud; now, I would be content with "The Red Bull o' Norroway."' Well, they thought no more of the matter till the next morning, when, as they sat at breakfast, they heard the most dreadful bellowing at the door, and what should it be but the Red Bull come for his bride. You may be sure they were all terribly frightened at this, for the Red Bull was one of the most horrible creatures ever seen in the world. And the king and queen did not know how to save their daughter. At last they determined to send him off with the old henwife. So they put her on his back, and away he went with her till he came to a great black forest, when, throwing her down, he returned roaring louder and more frightfully than ever; they then sent, one by one, all the servants, then the two eldest princesses; but not one of them met with any better treatment than the old henwife, and at last they were forced to send their youngest and favourite child.

On travelled the lady and the bull through many dreadful forests and lonely wastes, till they came at last to a noble castle, where a large company was assembled. The lord of the castle pressed them to stay, though much he wondered at the lovely princess and her strange companion. When they went in among the company, the princess espied a pin sticking in the bull's hide, which she pulled out, and, to the surprise of all, there appeared, not a frightful wild beast, but one of the most beautiful princes ever beheld. You may believe how delighted the princess was to see him

fall at her feet and thank her for breaking his cruel enchantment. There were great rejoicings in the castle at this; but, alas! at that moment he suddenly disappeared, and though every place was sought, he was nowhere to be found. The princess, however, determined to seek through all the world for him, and many weary ways she went, but nothing could she hear of her lover. Travelling once through a dark wood, she lost her way, and as night was coming on, she thought she must now certainly die of cold and hunger; but seeing a light through the trees, she went on till she came to a little hut where an old woman lived, who took her in, and gave her both food and shelter. In the morning, the old wifie gave her three nuts, that she was not to break till her heart was like to break, 'and owre again like to break;' so, showing her the way, she bade God speed her, and the princess once more set out on her wearisome journey.

She had not gone far till a company of lords and ladies rode past her, all talking merrily of the fine doings they expected at the Duke o' Norroway's wedding. Then she came up to a number of people carrying all sorts of fine things, and they, too, were going to the duke's wedding. At last she came to a castle, where nothing was to be seen but cooks and bakers, some running one way, and some another, and all so busy, they did not know what to do first. Whilst she was looking at all this, she heard a noise of hunters behind her, and some one cried out, 'Make way for the Duke o' Norroway,' and who should ride past but the prince and a beautiful lady! You may be sure her heart was now 'like to break, and owre again like to break' at this sad sight; so she broke one of the nuts, and out came a *wee wifie carding*. The princess then went into the castle, and asked to see the lady, who no sooner saw the wee wifie so hard at work, than she offered the princess anything in her castle for it. 'I will give it to you,' said she, 'only on condition that you put off for one day your marriage with the Duke o' Norroway, and that I may go into his room alone to-night.' So anxious was the lady for the nut, that she consented. And when dark night was come, and the duke fast asleep, the princess was put alone into his chamber. Sitting down by his bedside, she began singing—

'Far ha'e I sought ye, near am I brought to ye ;
Dear Duke o' Norroway, will ye no turn and speak to me !'

Though she sang this over and over again, the duke never wakened, and in the morning the princess had to leave him without his knowing she had ever been there. She then broke the second nut, and out came a *wee wifie spinning*, which so delighted the lady, that she readily agreed to put off her marriage another day for it; but the princess came no better speed the second night than the first; and almost in despair she broke the last nut, which contained a *wee wifie reeling*; and on the same condition as before the lady got possession of it. When the duke was dressing in the morning, his man asked him what the strange singing and moaning that had been heard in his room for two nights meant. 'I heard nothing,' said the duke; 'it could only have been your fancy.' 'Take no sleeping-draught to-night, and be sure to lay aside your pillow of heaviness,' said the man, 'and you also will hear what for two nights has kept me awake.' The duke did so, and the princess coming in, sat down sighing at his bedside, thinking this the last time she might ever see him. The duke started up when he heard the voice of his dearly-loved princess; and with many endearing expressions of surprise and joy, explained to her that he had long been in the power of an enchantress, whose spells over him were now happily ended by their once again meeting. The princess, happy to be the instrument of his second deliverance, consented to marry him; and the enchantress, who fled that country, afraid of the duke's anger, has never since been heard of. All was again hurry and preparation in the castle; and the marriage which now took place at once ended the adventures of the Red Bull o' Norroway and the wanderings of the king's daughter.

JOCK AND HIS MOTHER.

There was a wife that had a son, and they ca'd him Jock; and she said to him, 'You are a lazy fallow; ye maun gang awa' and do something for to help me.' 'Weel,' says Jock, 'I'll do that.' So awa' he gangs, and fa's in wi' a packman. Says the packman, 'If you carry my pack a' day, I'll gi'e you a needle at night.' So he carried the pack, and got the needle; and as he was gaun awa' hame to his

mither, he cuts a burden o' brakens, and put the needle into the heart o' them. Awa' he gaes hame. Says his mither, 'What ha'e ye made o' yoursel' the day?' Says Jock, 'I fell in wi' a packman, and carried his pack a' day, and he ga'e me a needle for't; and ye may look for it amang the brakens.' 'Hout,' quo' she, 'ye daft gowk, you should ha'e stuck it into your bonnet, man.' 'I'll mind that again,' quo' Jock.

Next day he fell in wi' a man carrying plough socks. 'If ye help me to carry my socks a' day, I'll gi'e ye ane to yersel' at night.' 'I'll do that,' quo' Jock. Jock carries them a' day, and gets a sock, which he sticks in his bonnet. On the way hame, Jock was dry, and gaed awa' to tak' a drink out o' the burn; and wi' the weight o' the sock, it fell into the river, and gaed out o' sight. He gaed hame, and his mother says, 'Weel, Jock, what ha'e you been doing a' day?' And then he tells her. 'Hout,' quo' she, 'ye should ha'e tied a string to it, and trailed it behind you.' 'Weel,' quo' Jock, 'I'll mind that again.'

Awa' he sets, and he fa's in wi' a flesher. 'Weel,' says the flesher, 'if ye'll be my servant a' day, I'll gi'e ye a leg o' mutton at night.' 'I'll be that,' quo' Jock. He gets a leg o' mutton at night; he ties a string to it, and trails it behind him the hale road hame. 'What ha'e ye been doing?' said his mither. He tells her. 'Hout, you fool, ye should hae carried it on your shouther.' 'I'll mind that again,' quo' Jock.

Awa' he goes next day, and meets a horse-dealer. He says, 'If you will help me wi' my horses a' day, I'll gi'e ye ane to yersel' at night.' 'I'll do that,' quo' Jock. So he served him, and got his horse, and he ties its feet; but as he was not able to carry it on his back, he left it lying on the roadside. Hame he comes, and tells his mother. 'Hout, ye daft gowk, ye'll ne'er turn wise! Could ye no ha'e loupn on it, and ridden it?' 'I'll mind that again,' quo' Jock.

Aweel, there was a grand gentleman, wha had a daughter wha was very subject to melancholy; and her father gave out that whaever should make her laugh would get her in marriage. So it happened that she was sitting at the window ae day, musing in her melancholy state, when Jock, according to the advice o' his mither, came flying up on the

cow's back, wi' the tail owre his shouther. And she burst out into a fit o' laughter. When they made inquiry wha made her laugh, it was found to be Jock riding on the cow. Accordingly, Jock is sent for to get his bride. Weel, Jock is married to her, and there was a great supper prepared. Amongst the rest o' the things there was some honey, which Jock was very fond o'. After supper, they were bedded, and the auld priest that married them sat up a' night by the fireside. So Jock waukens in the night-time, and says, 'Oh, wad ye gi'e me some o' yon nice sweet honey that we got to our supper last night?' 'Oh ay,' says his wife; 'rise and gang into the press, and ye'll get a pig fou o't.' Jock rises, and thrusts his hand into the honey-pig for a nievefu' o't; and he could not get it out. So he came awa wi' the pig on his hand, like a mason's mell, and says, 'Oh, I canna get my hand out.' 'Hout,' quo' she, 'gang awa' and break it on the cheek-stane.' By this time the fire was dark, and the auld priest was lying snoring wi' his head against the chimney-piece, wi' a huge white wig on. Jock gaes awa', and ga'e him a whack wi' the honey-pig on the head, thinking it was the cheek-stane, and knocks it a' in bits. The auld priest roars out 'Murder!' Jock tak's down the stair, as hard as he can bicker, and hides himsel' amang the bees' skeps.

That night, as luck wad have it, some thieves came to steel the bees' skeps, and in the hurry o' tumbling them into a large gray plaid, they tumbled Jock in alang wi' them. So aff they set, wi' Jock and the skeps on their backs. On the way, they had to cross the burn where Jock lost his bannet. Ane o' the thieves cries, 'Oh, I ha'e fand a bannet!' and Jock, on hearing that, cries out, 'Oh, that's mine!' They thocht they had got the deil on their backs. So they let a' fa' in the burn; and Jock, being tied in the plaid, coudna get out; so he and the bees were a' drowned thegither.

If a' tales be true, that's nae lee.*

* From a manuscript of the late Mr Andrew Henderson, editor of a collection of Scottish Proverbs.