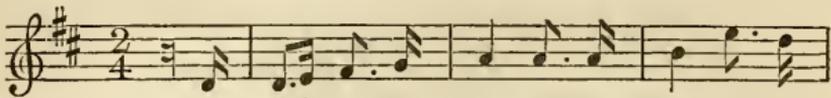


## SAW YE MY FATHER.

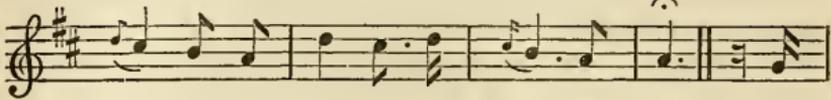
The following romantic song occurs in Herd's Collection, 1776; but an English version of it is traced by Mr William Chapell<sup>2</sup> to a work called the *Songster's Companion*, of a few years' earlier date, and the air appears in Thompson's *Collection of Country Dances*, 1775. Mr Chapell evidently considers it as an English song, which has been transplanted in a Scotch form to the north of the Tweed. It is remarkable for relating an adventure of nocturnal courtship in a manner free of vulgarity; which is not a circumstance very characteristic of Scottish song literature. Still the nativity of the song may fairly be held as matter of doubt.

<sup>1</sup> This old song has been preserved by Mr Stenhouse in his *Notes on Johnson's Museum*, p. 54.

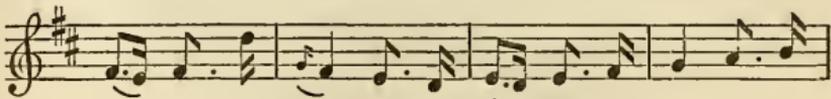
<sup>2</sup> See Chapell's *Music of the Olden Time*, where a copy of the English version is printed.



'O saw ye my fath-er, or saw ye my



moth-er, Or saw ye my true love John?' 'I



saw not your fath-er, I saw not your mother, But



I saw your true love John.'

'O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,  
Or saw ye my true love John?'

'I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
But I saw your true love John.'

'It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,  
And the bells they ring ding dong ;  
He's met with some delay, that causeth him to stay ;  
But he will be here ere long.'

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,  
And Johnie's face it grew red ;  
Yet, though he often sighed, he ne'er a word replied,  
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tirl'd at the pin.  
The lassie, taking tent, unto the door she went,  
And she opened and let him in.

‘And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast ?

And is my Johnie true ?’

‘I have nae time to tell, but sae lang’s I like mysel,

Sae lang sall I love you.’

‘Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,

And craw whan it is day :

Your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gowd,

And your wings of the silver gray.’

The cock proved fause, and untrue he was ;

For he crew an hour ower sune.

The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,

And it was but a blink o’ the mune.