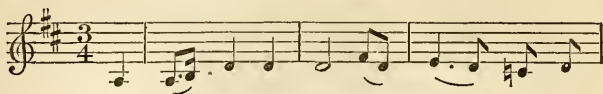


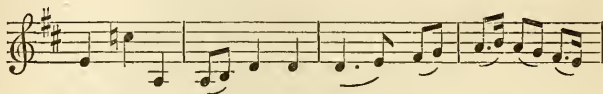
JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

The song which follows appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* and in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, and has usually been included in subsequent collections. Burns learned somewhere, from the voice of tradition, that the John Hay in question was no less a person than the first Marquis of Tweeddale, and the bonnie lassie his lordship's daughter Margaret, who became Countess of Roxburghe, and died at Broomlands, near Kelso, January 23, 1753, after a widowhood of seventy-two years.¹ The present editor, in the course of his wanderings in Scotland many years ago, heard the same story, with the addition that the song was the composition of a working-joiner, who had vainly lifted his poetical fancy to the level of a marquis's daughter. Both statements, however, must be taken with reservation. The locality assumed 'by smooth-winding Tay' does not suit a connection with the family of Tweeddale.

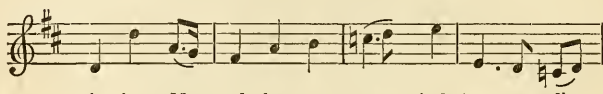
¹ Her ladyship's husband, Robert, Earl of Roxburghe was lost in the *Gloucester* frigate, on Yarmouth Sands, in coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York, May 7, 1682.



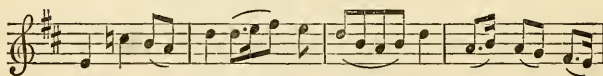
By smooth winding Tay a swain was re-



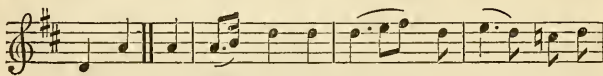
clin-ing, Aft cried he, Oh, hey! maun I still live



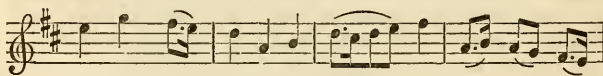
pin-ing My - sel thus a - way, And daur-na dis-



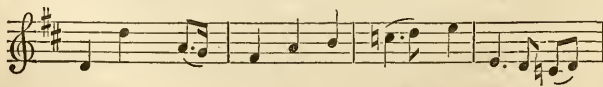
cov-er To my bon-nie Hay, that I am her



lov-er! Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes



stranger; If she's not my bride, my days are nae



lang-er: Then I'll take a heart, and try at a

ven - ture; May be, ere we part, my
vows may con - tent her.

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cried he, Oh, hey! maun I still live pining
Mysel thus away, and daurna discover
To my bonnie Hay, that I am her lover!

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow:
The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twined of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invite her,
The fountains run clear, and the flowers smell the sweeter.
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing:
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye;
For a' my desire is John Hay's bonnie lassie.