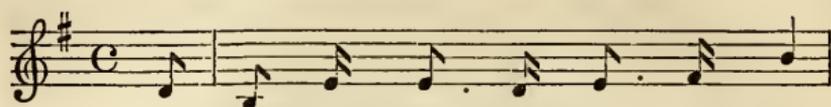
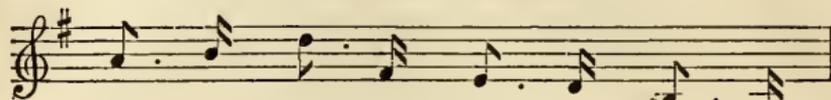


THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

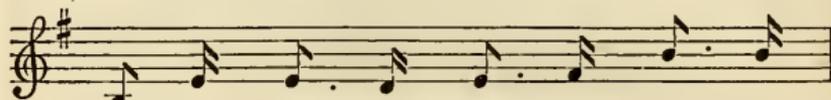
This song of Ramsay's introduces us to the social life of Edinburgh, at a time when it was confined to the Old Town, and when the Hill—that is, the Castle Hill—was the only place available for a lover's promenade ; when, moreover, young ladies were accustomed, out of doors, to screen their faces with a plaid, the equivalent of the Spanish mantilla.



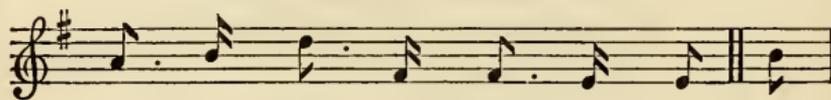
Now wat ye wha I met yes - treen,



Com - ing down the street, my joe? My



mis - tress, in her tar - tan screen, Fu'



bon - nie, braw, and sweet, my joe! My



dear, quoth I, thanks to the night, That



nev - er wiss'd a lov - er ill, Sin'



ye're out o' your mith - er's sicht, Let's



tak' a walk up to the Hill.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my joe ?
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe !
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the nicht,
 That never wiss'd a lover ill,
 Sin' ye 're out o' your mither's sicht,
 Let's tak' a walk up to the Hill.

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome toun a while ?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' creation's gaun to smile.
 The mavis, nichtingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Sune as the clear guidman o' day
 Does bend his mornin' draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flouirs to busk your brow.
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken-gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands, now and then, we'll lean
 And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's, up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Which circling birks have formed a bower.
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the caller shade remove ;
 There will I lock thee in my arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.