

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

1877

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

1.

THERE'S a maid has sat on the green merse side,
These ten lang years and mair ;
An' every first night o' the new moon
She kames her yellow hair.

2.

An' ay while she sheds the yellow burning gold,
Fu' sweet she sings an' hie,
Till the fairest bird that woos the green wood
Is charm'd wi' her melodie.

3.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the dame to see,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the laverock again,
Nor wakens an earthlie ee.

4.

It fell in about the sweet simmer month,
I' the first come o' the moon,
That she sat on the tap of a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk-locks down.

5.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
 Her hand like new-won milk,
 Her breasts were all o' the snawy curd,
 In a net o' sea-green silk.

6.

She kamed her locks owre her white shoulders,
 A fleece baith bonny and lang;
 An' ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
 She raised a lightsome sang.

7.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
 The birds forsook their young,
 An' they flew i' the gate o' the grey howlet,
 To listen the maiden's sang.

8.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
 Of sweetness it was sae fu',
 The tod leap'd out frae the bughted lambs,
 And dighted his red-wat mou'.

9.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
 Red lowed the new-woke moon;
 The stars drapp'd blude on the yellow gowan tap,
 Sax miles that maiden roun'.

10.

I hae dwalt on the Nith, quo' the young Cowehill,
 These twenty years an' three,
 But the sweetest sang e'er brake frae a lip,
 Comes through the greenwood to me.

11.

O is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips
 Whilk makes sic melodie ?
 It wad wile the lark frae the morning lift,
 And weel may it wile me ?

12.

I dreamed a dreary thing, master,
 Whilk I am rad ye rede ;
 I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
 That drapp'd o' red heart's-blede.

13.

Come haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
 Shod wi' the red gold roun' ;
 Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet :
 An' lightlie lap he down.

14.

Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
 Kiss nae the singer's chin ;
 Touch nae her hand, quo' the little foot-page,
 If skaithless hame ye'd win.

15.

O wha will sit on yere toom saddle,
 O wha will bruik yere gluve?
 An' wha will fauld yere erled bride
 I' the kindlie clasps o' luve?

16.

He took off his hat, a' gold i' the rim,
 Knot wi' a siller ban';
 He seemed a' in lowe wi' his gold raiment,
 As thro' the green wood he ran.

17.

The simmer-dew fa's saft, fair maid,
 Aneath the siller moon;
 But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
 Washed wi' the white sea faem.

18.

Come wash me wi' thy lilie white hand,
 Below and aboon the knee;
 An' I'll kame these links o' yellow burning gold,
 Aboon thy bonnie blue ee.

19.

How rosie are thy parting lips,
 How lilie-white thy skin,
 An' weel I wat these kissing een
 Wad tempt a saint to sin.

20.

Take off these bars an' bobs o' gold,
 Wi' thy gared doublet fine ;
 An' thraw me off thy green mantle,
 Leafed wi' the siller twine.

21.

An' all in courtesie, fair knight,
 A maiden's love to win ;
 The gold lacing o' thy green weeds
 Wad harm her lilie skin.

22.

Syne coost he off his green mantle,
 Hemm'd wi' the red gold roun' ;
 His costly doublet coost he off,
 Wi' red gold flow'red down.

23.

Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
 Down wi' my pearlie kame ;
 Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
 An' take me maiden hame.

24.

But first come take me 'neath the chin,
 An' syne come kiss my cheek ;
 An' spread my hanks o' wat'ry hair
 I' the new moon-beam to dreep.

· 25.

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin ;
 Syne kissed her rosie cheek ;
 And lang he wooed her willin' lips,
 Like hether-honie sweet !

· 26.

O, if ye'll come to the bonnie Cowehill,
 Mang primrose banks to woose ;
 I'll wash ye ilk day i' the new milked milk,
 An' bind wi' gold yere brow.

· 27.

An' a' for a drink o' the clear water
 Ye'se hae the rosie wine ;
 An' a' for the water white lillie,
 Ye'se hae these arms o' mine.

· 28.

But what 'll she say, yere bonnie young bride,
 Busked wi' the siller fine ;
 Whan the rich kisses ye kept for her lips
 Are left wi' vows on mine ?

29.

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
 His arm frae her waist sae sma' ;
 Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed,
 It's time I were awa.

30.

O gie me a token o' luvè, sweet May,
 A leal luvè token true.
 She crapped a lock o' yellow golden hair,
 An' knotted it roun' his brow.

31.

O tie nae it sae strait, sweet May,
 But with luvè's rose-knot kind ;
 My head is full o' burning pain,
 O saft ye maun it bind.

32.

His skin turned all o' the red-rose hue.
 Wi' draps o' bludie sweat ;
 An' he laid his head 'mang the water lilies—
 Sweet maiden, I maun sleep.

33.

She tied ae link of her wet yellow hair
 Aboon his burning bree ;
 Amang his curling haffet locks
 She knotted knurles three.

34.

She weaved owre his brow the white lilie,
 Wi' witch-knots more than nine ;
 Gif ye were seven times bride-groom owre,
 This night he shall be mine.

35.

O twice he turned his sinking head,
 An' twice he lifted his ee ;
 An' twice he sought to loose the links
 Were knotted owre his bree.

36.

Arise, sweet knight, yere young bride waits,
 An' doubts her ale will sour ;
 An' wistly looks at the lillie-white sheets,
 Down spread in ladie-bower.

37.

An' she has preened the broidered silk
 About her white hause-bane ;
 Her princely petticoat is on,
 Wi' gold can stand its lane.

38.

He faintlie, slowlie, turn'd his cheek,
 And faintly lift his ee,
 And he strave to loose the witching bands
 Aboon his burning bree.

39.

Then took she up his green mantle,
 Of lowing gold the hem ;
 Then took she up his silken cap,
 Rich wi' a siller stem ;
 An' she threw them wi' her lillie hand
 Amang the white sea faem.

40.

She took the bride ring frae his finger
 And threw it in the sea ;
 That hand shall mense nae ither ring
 But wi' the will o' me.

41.

She faulded him i' her lilie arms,
 An' left her pearlie kame ;
 His fleecy locks trailed owre the sand,
 As she took the white sea-faem.

42.

First rose the star out owre the hill,
 An' niest the lovely moon ;
 While the beauteous bride o' Galloway
 Look'd for her blithe bridegroom.

43.

Lightly she sang while the new-moon rose,
 Blithe as a young bride may,
 Whan the new-moon lights her lamp o' luve,
 An' blinks the bride away.

44.

Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
 Wi' monie a winsome flower :
 But the princeliest rose o' that garden
 Maun blossom in my bower.

45.

Oh, gentle be the wind on thy leaf,
 And gentle the gloaming dew ;
 And bonnie and balmy be thy bud,
 Of a pure and stedfast hue ;
 And she who sings this sang in thy praise,
 Shall love thee leal and true.

46.

An' ay she sewed her silken snood,
 An' sung a bridal sang ;
 But oft the tears drapt frae her ee,
 Afore the grey morn cam.

47.

The sun leam'd ruddie 'mang the dew,
 Sae thick on bank and tree ;
 The plow-boy whistled at his darke,
 The milk-may answer'd hie ;
 But the lovely bride o' Galloway
 Sat with a tear-wet ee.

48.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves
 She heard the bridegroom's tongue,
 And she heard the bridal-coming lilt
 In every bird which sung.

49.

She sat high on the tap-tower stane,
 Nae waiting May was there;
 She loosed the gold busk frae her breast,
 The kame frae 'mang her hair;
 She wiped the tear-blobs frae her ee,
 An' looked lang and sair.

50.

First sang to her the blithe wee bird,
 Frae aff the hawthorn green;
 Loose out the love curls frae yere hair,
 Ye plaited sae weel yestreen.

51.

An' the spreckled lark frae 'mang the clouds
 Of heaven came singing down;
 Take out the bride-knots frae yere hair,
 An' let these lang locks down.

52.

Come, bide wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
 Come down an' bide wi' me;
 Ye shall peckle o' the bread an' drink o' the wine,
 And gold yere cage shall be.

53.

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
 And syne below her feet;
 An' laid her down 'tween the lillie-white sheets,
 An' soundly did she sleep.

54.

It seem'd i' the mid-hour o' the night,
 Her siller-bell did ring;
 An' soun't as if nae earthlie hand
 Had pou'd the silken string.

55.

There was a cheek touch'd that ladye's,
 Cauld as the marble stane,
 An' a hand cauld as the drifting snaw,
 Was laid on her breast-bane.

56.

O cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,
 O cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
 An' wring these locks o' yellow hair,
 Frae which the cauld draps dreep.

57.

O seek anither bridegroom, Marie,
 On these bosom-faulds to sleep;
 My bride is the yellow water lilie,
 Its leaves my bridal sheet!

THE
LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER.

THE
LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER,
MARINER.

Voyage in the Spectre Shallop.

FITTE FIRST.

I.

IT was Hallowmass eve ;—like a bride at her bowering
The moon on green Skiddaw sat shining,—and showering
Her silver light on the Solway waves,—steeping
In brightness the cormorants rocking and sleeping :
The lone Ellenbrook 'neath the brown boughs was
 simmering,
In castle and cottage the candles were glimmering ;
No foot was abroad,—dread of witch-spell and glamour
Bound matron and maid to the hall and the chaumer.
In a mariner's ear the night-tide singeth sweet ;
So I sat and I gazed, while the flood, at my feet,
Leap'd, and murmur'd :—I thought when the stiff breeze
 was sounding,
How my bark through the billows went breasting and
 bounding ;

And I long'd much to lift up my halser, and fly
Where there's nought to be gazed at but ocean and sky.

2.

As I wish'd, lo! there came my bright bark, Barbara
Allan ;

Her fair shadow far on the moonlight flood falling ;

Her silk pennon streaming so gay at her side,

And her gallant sails bent all in seafaring pride :

Around her the glad waters, leaping and flashing,

Clave wide with delight, and away she went dashing :

Before the fair presence of my beauteous shallop

The cormorants fly, and the porpoises gallop ;

The seamews dive down, and the seagulls go soaring,

As her prow through the deep brine goes sweeping and
snoring.

Loud and loud came the voice from the mainland to
hail her—

The glad whistle, the shout, and free song of the sailor.

John Selby, cried faint, and then bolder and bolder,

“ Ho! launch out the boat, and bring me Richard
Faulder !”

He whistled—the boat, with one stroke of the oar,

At my foot made a furrow ell deep in the shore.

3.

I laugh'd and sprang in,—soon the smitten waves parted,
And flash'd, as along to my shallop I darted.

The mariners shouted, nor lack'd there the tone
 Of tongues which from boyhood to manhood I'd known;
 The mariners shouted, nor lack'd they the form
 Of friends who with me had braved tempest and storm :
 And away went the shallop, with bent sail and rudder,
 And the shore gave a groan, and the sea gave a shudder.
 We hail'd the clear diamond on green Criffel burning,
 That stream'd on our path, like the star of the morning ;
 And gleaming behind us, shot o'er the wild seas
 The Hallowmass torches of bonnie Saint Bees ;
 The sweet glens of Cumberland lessen'd,—and colder
 The moonbeam became, and the wind waken'd bolder ;
 And the sable flood roar'd, while along the rude furrow
 The slender bark flew, with the flight of an arrow.

4.

'Twas sweet now to hear how the strain'd canvas sang,
 As, right on our path, like a reindeer we sprang ;
 'Twas sweet now to hear how the chafed wind kept
 trying
 The might of our mast, and the foaming waves frying :
 'Twas sweet from the stem to the stern to be pacing,—
 In the chart of my mind the bark's course to be tracing,—
 In some far sunny bay to be dropping our anchor ;
 Or, where the spiced woodlands tower'd greener and
 ranker,
 To chace, when the sun on the desert smote sorest,
 The fleet-footed deer, and the king of the forest ;

Or, where the free balm richer dropt from the bushes,
 Hear the frank maiden's sighs in her shealing of rushes,
 As she thinks, while her girdle grows tighter, of sailing
 With one who had loved, and had left her bewailing :—
 Such thoughts came upon me—Mid curse and carousing,
 The Man-Island smugglers sat singing and bousing ;
 They ceased as we passed, and an old man cried, " See !
 Lo ! there goes the Spectre-ship sundering the sea !"

5.

Loud laugh'd all my mariners—and as they laugh'd,
 there
 Fell a thick smoke from heaven, that choak'd the sweet
 air ;
 Loud laugh'd all the mariners—and as they laugh'd,
 whistling,
 Like the hunting hawk's wings, went the wing'd
 shallop rustling,
 And at once o'er our heads there came stooping a cloud
 Huge and sable, that swathed up my ship like a shroud ;
 Above and about me the low thunder pudder'd,
 A dread fell upon me—the dark ocean shudder'd !
 A rush of wind came, and away the cloud pass'd—
 And there sat a hoary OLD ONE at the mast,
 With his furrow'd brows bent down, like one in
 devotion,
 And his ancient eyes cast on the star-gleaming ocean.
 " Hoary father," I said, " ill it suits thee to brave

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The moisture of night, and the damp of the wave :
Go hillock my blankets above thee—and here,
Take this tass of strong water to charm thee and cheer!”

6.

The OLD ONE look'd up—Then the hawthorn's sweet
timmer
Had shed its rich bloom on my twenty third simmer,—
The OLD ONE look'd up—Then these hoar locks were
black,
As the moor-cock's soot wing, or the sea eagle's back,—
But from glad three and twenty till threescore and seven,
From my locks like the snow, to my locks like the raven,
I never beheld such an aspect ;—abaft
I leapt in dismay,—and the ANCIENT ONE laugh'd !
Laugh'd loud, and a thousand unseen lips laugh'd round,
And the smooth pleasant sea murmur'd far to the sound.
My comrades were vanish'd—men, framed by the spell
Of the fiends, with their bark, in the dock-yards of hell,
To wile Richard Faulder, at midnight unhallow'd,—
When the dark angels rule,—in the sea to be swallow'd !
Away flew the fiend-bark, so smoothly and fine,
That she seem'd more to swim in the air than the brine ;
The green islands stoop'd low their heads as we pass'd,
And the stars seem'd in pairs from the firmament cast ;
Sole charmer, alone the charm'd moon stay'd to smile,
Till my Grey Guide dropp'd anchor before a green isle.

FITTE SECOND.

1.

It was a fair land, that sprung up like the blossom-
 Ing rose when the dew has fall'n soft on its bosom :
 Of balm smell'd the woods, and of myrrh smell'd the
 mountains ;

Of fruit smell'd the valleys, of wine smell'd the
 fountains ;

The waves on the shore all in concert kept springing,
 With the soft nightingale sitting 'mongst the boughs
 singing ;

The winds in the woodtops sang to a glad tune,
 Like a small bird's voice heard 'mongst the brown bees
 in June ;

And each time the breeze in the woodlands made stir,
 The ship's sails seemed steep'd in frankincense and
 myrrh.

Around sang the mermaids—one swam till her hair,
 Like gold melting in silver, show'd wavering and rare ;
 One reclined on a couch all of shell-work and spars,
 And warbled charm'd words to the Hesperide stars ;
 There one, with a shriek more of rapture than fear,
 With the bright waters bubbling around her, came near,
 And seeing the shallop, and forms of rude men,
 Shriek'd,—clave wide the water,—and vanish'd again.

I stood at the helm, and beheld one asleep—

James Graeme, a young sailor I lost in the deep ;

All lovely as lifetime, though summer suns seven,
 Since his loss, his young sister to sorrow had given.
 A mermaid a soft couch had made him, the tender
 One sat nigh and warbled,—her voice, sweet and
 slender,
 Pierced through the mute billows ; all tear-dew'd and
 shaking
 I gazed, and the form as I gazed seem'd to waken ;
 All the seamaiids with song hail'd him from his long
 slumber,
 And their songs had no end, and their tongues had no
 number.
 The OLD ONE leap'd up with a laugh—but there
 came
 A bright FIGURE past him, he ceased,—and, in shame,
 Dropp'd his eyes and sat mute—the rebuked ocean
 veil'd
 Her loose bosom, and loud all her mermaidens wail'd.

2.

The green land of mermaidens vanish'd, and soon
 A fair island rose, round and bright as the moon ;
 Where damsels as pure as, lone Skiddaw ! thy flocks,
 Show'd blue eyes and bosoms from thickets and rocks,
 Or lay on the sward, half reveal'd and half shielded—
 (The flowers, touch'd by beauty, a richer scent yielded) ;
 Or sat and loud love-ditties warbled, and sang
 And harp'd so melodious that all the woods rang.

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And there lay a fair one 'tween sleeping and waking,
 The breeze her dark brow-tresses moving and shaking,
 Round her temples they cluster'd all glossy and
 gleaming,

Or gush'd o'er her bosom-snow, curling and streaming.
 I wish'd—for that sight chased remembrance away—

And the bark knew my wishes, and stood for the bay;
 Less old and less ghastly my dread comrade grew—

With the change of his look, like a levin-flash, flew
 From the stem to the stern a bright PRESENCE—I
 saw

The ANCIENT ONE tremble—I prayed in mine awe,
 And named GOD! With a bound from the lewd isle we
 started,

O'er the flood-like the wild flame the spectre-bark
 darted.

The moon sank—the flame o'er dark heaven went
 rushing,

The loud thunder follow'd, the rain-flood came gushing,
 I sain'd myself oft; yet no shape could I see,

Either bless'd or un bless'd, save that OLD ONE and me.

The thunder-burst ceased—dropt the wind—yet our
 flight

Wax'd swifter—I long'd for the merry morn-light: (T)

No light came, and soon shadow'd high o'er the flood,

Rose a huge dusky outline of mountain and wood,

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And I saw a deep vale, and beheld a dark river,
And away flew the bark as a shaft from the quiver.
Around me the waters kept toiling and dashing,
On the land stood a crowd, their teeth grinding and
 gnashing,—
Groups of figures, who hover'd 'tween living and
 dying,
And “water” and “water” continually crying,—
Loud cursing, and stooping their lips to the flood,
While the stream as they touch'd it was changed into
 blood:—

Their crime has no name—for those wretches who hate
Their home and their country, her glory and state,
Are born without name, and live nameless, and die
As dishonour should ever. I hearken'd their cry
And gazed on their persons—in bliss or in pain
Some marks of the semblance immortal remain;
But those came in aspect so grisly and ghast,
That my Grey Guide smiled scorn, and flew sullenly
 past;
And a yell, such as wolves give when baffled of blood,
Came following us far down that dark dismal flood.

4.

And away we rush'd on, while along the shores follow
A shout and a shriek, and a yell, and a hollo!
And a thick cloud was there, and amidst it a cry
Of the tortured in spirit flew mournfully by;

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And I saw, through the darkness, the war-steeds
 careering,

The rushing of helm'd ones, the fierce charioteering ;

I heard shouting millions, the clang of opposing

Sharp steel unto steel, and the cry at the closing ;

The neighing of horses, and that tender moan

Which the smote courser yields when his glory is
 gone—

I have heard him in battle to moan and to shriek,

With an agony to which human agony's weak.

I heard the trump clang—of fierce captains the
 cheering—

The descent of the sword hewing, cleaving, and
 shearing ;

Earth murmur'd and yawn'd, and disclosing, like hell,

A fathomless gulph, ate them up as they fell.

The OLD ONE smiled ghastly with gladness, and
 starker

The wild havoc wax'd, and the rolling flames darker.

The tumult pass'd by—and a swift glance I gave,

And the greensward stood gaping like death and the
 grave ;

Far down, and still downward, my glance seem'd to
 enter,

And beheld earth's dread secrets from surface to centre.

Crush'd helmets, altars, crowns, swords, and monument
 stones,

Gods, gold, sceptres, mitres, and marrowless bones—

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Lay thick—things immortal, men deem'd them!—For
ever

That grass will grow green, and flow on will that river;
The fair sun, now riding so beauteous in noon,—
The stars all preparing for shining,—the moon
Which maidens love much to walk under,—the
flowing
Of that stream—who can stay, or that green grass from
growing?

The stars are for ever,—the wind in its flight,
The moon in her beaming, the sun in his might:
But man and his glory!—the tide in the bay,
The snow in the sun, are less fleeting than they.

5.

I still stood dread gazing, and lo, there came on,
With sobbing and wailing, and weeping and moan,
A concourse of wretches, some reverend, some regal,
Their robes all in rags, and with claws like the eagle:
The miser was there, with looks vulgar and sordid;
The lord too was there, but no longer he lorded;
Anointed heads came—but a monarch still stronger
Rules now, and no king shall reign sterner or longer:
There ONE stood, whose hero-blood, boiling and
brave,
Is cold as the peasant, and dull as the slave;
And HIM whose proud name, while there lives a bard-
strain,
And a heart that can throb, must immortal remain

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Immortal remain too, in spite of the clods
 Of gross earth, who inherit that name of the gods.
 Beside them stood rank'd up, in shadowy array,
 The harp-in-hand minstrels whose names live for aye ;
 Those bright minds the muses so honour'd and serv'd,
 And whom our rich nobles have lauded—and starv'd—
 All vision'd in glory :—in prostrate obeisance
 Mammon's mighty men fell—and seem'd damn'd by
 their presence.

There Butler I saw, with his happy wit growing,
 Like a river, still deeper the more it kept flowing ;
 Young Chatterton's rich antique sweetness and glory ;
 And Otway, who breathes while warm nature rules
 story.

The land breeze lay mute, and the dark stream lay calm,
 But my guide gave a nod, and away the bark swam ;
 And I heard from the mountains, and heard from the
 trees,
 The song of the stream, and the murmuring of bees ;
 From the low bloomy bush, and the green grassy sward,
 Were the sweet evening bird and the grasshopper
 heard,

While the balm from the woodland, and forest, and lea,
 Came dropping and sprinkling its riches on me.
 And I heard a deep shriek, and a long sob of woe ;
 And beheld a procession, all mournful and slow ;

Of forms who came down to the river in ranks,
 Their stain'd marriage garments to blanch on the banks:
 Ranks of regal and noble aduresses steeping
 Their limbs; and their robes, and still wailing and
 weeping;

Vain toil—all the water of that dismal river
 Can cleanse not those stains—they wax deeper than ever.
 One came and gazed on me—then fill'd all the air
 With shriekings, and wrong'd her white bosom, and
 hair;

All faded and fallen was the glance and the mien
 Of her whom I woo'd and adored at eighteen.
 She fell from her station, forsook the pure trust
 Of my heart—wedd'd—sinn'd, and sank deeper than
 dust:

To my deep sleep by night and my waking by day,
 There's a fair vision comes that will not pass away.
 I turn'd mine eyes from her;—the bark, fast and free,
 Went furrowing the foam of the bonnie green sea.

FITTE THIRD.

1.

We furrow'd the foam of the bonnie green sea,
 And sweet was the sound of its waters to me:
 We bore away eastward; it seem'd as gray day
 Gan to mottle the mountains—away, and away,
 As we wanton'd, the billows came curling in night
 I' th' eastward,—but westward they sparkled in light.

The wind in our mainsail sang fitful and loud,
 And the cry of the sea-eagle came from the cloud ;
 We pass'd wooded headland, and sharp promontory,
 And ocean-rock famous in maritime story ;
 Till the sun, with a burst o'er the tall eastern pines,
 Shower'd his strength on the ocean in long gleaming
 lines—

And lo! and behold! we rode fair in the bay
 Of that fairest of friths, the broad sunny Solway :
 There tower'd haughty Skiddaw; here rose Criffel green;
 There haunted Caerlaverock's white turrets between,
 Green Man, like a garden, lay scenting the seas ;
 Gay maidens gazed seaward from sunny Saint Bees—
 Dumfries's bright spires, Dalswinton's wild hill,
 Cumlongan's gray turrets,—deep Nith, winding still
 'Tween her pine-cover'd margins her clear-gushing
 waters,
 Which mirror the shapes of her song-singing daughters ;
 Thou too, my own Allanbay, sea-swept and sunny ;
 Whitehaven, for maidens, black, comely, and bonny ;
 And generous Arbigland, by mariners hallow'd,
 A name known in prayer, and in blessing, and ballad.

2.

As I look'd, two gay barks from their white halsers broke
 With a shout o'er the billows from Barnhourie rock ;
 Their white pennons flaunted, their masts seem'd to bend,
 As they pass'd the rough headland of cavern'd Colvend ;

My ANCIENT GUIDE smiled, and his old hand he lay'd
On the helm,—and the ship felt his wish and obey'd,
Her head from sweet Allanbay suddenly turning,
Sprang away—and the billows beneath her seem'd
burning.

Nigh the sister barks came, and the deep shores were
ringing

With a merry wild legend the seamen kept singing,—
Nor man's voice alone o'er the sea-wave could render
Bard's labour so witching, and charming, and tender ;
For I heard a rich voice through that old legend pour'd,
The voice too of Her I long served and adored :
Hard fortune, false friends, and mine ill-destinie,
And the dark grave have sunder'd that sweet one from
me.

3.

Soon the sister barks came, and shout, yelloch, and
mirth,

Now rang in the water, and rang in the earth ;
And I saw on the decks, with their merry eyes glancing,
And all their fair temple locks heaving and dancing,
Not my true love alone ; but maids mirthsome and free,
And as frank as the wind to the leaf of the tree.
There was Katherine Oneen, Lurgan's bonniest daughter,
Gay Mally Macbride, from the haunted Bann water,
And she who lays all seamen's hearts in embargoes,
Who have hearts for to lose, in old kind Carrickfergus.

Green Nithsdalé had sent me her frank Nannie Haining,
 With an eye that beam'd less for devótion than sinning;
 Mary Carson the meek, and Kate Candlish the gay,
 Two maids from the mountains of blythe Galloway;
 And Annan, dear Annan, my joys still regarding,
 Sent her joyous Johnstone, her blythesómer Jardine;
 And bonnie Dumfries, which the muse loves so well,
 Came gladdening my heart with her merry Maxwell;
 And loveliest and last, lo! a sweet maiden came,
 I trust not my tongue with recording her name,—
 She is flown to the land of the leal, and I'm left,
 As a bird from whose side the left wing has been reft.

Glad danced all the damsels—their long flowing hair
 In bright tresses swam in the dewy morn air;
 More lovely they look'd, and their eyes glanced more
 killing,
 As the music wax'd louder, and warmer, and thrilling;
 The waves leap'd and sang, and seem'd with the meek
 lute,
 To keep, not to give, the meet time to the foot.
 The shaven masts quiver'd, the barks to the sound
 Moved amid the deep waters with start and with bound;
 All the green shores remurmur'd, and there seemed to
 run
 Strange shapes on the billows; the light of the sun
 Was lustrous and wild, and its shooting gleam gave

More of cold than of warmth to the swelling sea-wave.
 I trembled and gazed, for I thought on the hour
 When the witch has her will, and the fiend has his power,
 And the sea-spirit rides the dark waters aboon,
 Working mariners woe 'neath the Hallowmass moon.
 And I thought on my old merry mate, Martin Halmer,
 Doom'd till doomsday to sail in a vessel of glamour,
 Between sunny Saint Bees and the Mouth of the Orr—
 Wives pray still, as shrieking he shoots from the shore.

5.

Now nigh came the sister barks—nigher and nigher—
 More gay grew the song, more melodious the lyre ;
 More lovely maids look'd, and their feet leap'd more free,
 The rocks rang, and more merrily sang the green sea :
 And I gazed, for I could not but gaze, and there stood,
 Meek and mild her dark eye-glance down-cast on the
 flood,

That fair one, whose looks, while ships swim the salt sea,
 While light comes to morning, and leaves to the tree,
 While birds love the greenwood, and fish the fresh river,
 Shall bless me, and charm me, for ever and ever.

O I deem'd that nought evil might mimic the light
 Of those dark eyes divine, and that forehead so bright ;
 Nought from the grim sojourn unhallow'd, unshriven,
 Dared put on the charms, and the semblance of heaven.
 She glanced her eye on me—from white brow to bosom,
 All ruddy she wax'd, as the dewy rose blossom :

I call'd on my love—with a blush and a sigh,
And side-looking, as still was her wont, she drew nigh.

6.

“Heaven bless thee!” I said,—even while I was
speaking,

The phantom barks vanish'd, with yelling and shrieking;
And mine ANCIENT GUIDE glared, as a tiger will glare,
When he comes to his den and the hunters are there:
And changing his shape, to a cormorant he grew,
Thrice clanging his wings round the shallop he flew;
And away from the sea and the shore, in his flight,
Fast faded and vanish'd that charmed day-light.

Down on the dread deck then my forehead I laid,
Call'd on Him that's on high—to his meek Son, I pray'd:
The spectre bark shook—'neath my knees seem'd to run
The planking, like snow in the hot summer sun:
Such darkness dropt on me as when the sea wars
With the heaven, and quenches the moon, and the stars;
And my dread GUIDE flew round me, in swift airy rings,
Stooping down, like a sea raven, clapping his wings—
A raven no more, now a fire he became,
And thrice round the shallop has flown the fiend-flame;
In the flame flew a form; and the bark, as it shot,
Shrivel'd down to a barge, and a bottomless boat.—
And I call'd unto him who is mighty to save;
Swift his spirit flew down and rebuked the sea-wave,
And smote the charm'd boat; with a shudder it sounded

THE LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER. 197

Away through the flood : on the greensward I bounded ;
And back flew the boat, to a black mist I saw
It dissolve—I gazed seaward in terror and awe ;
While my Fiend **GUIDE** passed off, like a shadow, and
said

“ **MAHOUN** had not power to harm hair of thy head !”
—I praised God, and pondering sought gladly my way
To the merriment-making in sweet Allanbay.
But never may landsman or mariner more
Muse in **Hallowmass** eve on that haunted sea shore ;
Nor behold the Fiend’s wonders he works in the main,
With my **GUIDE** and his dread **SPECTRE SHALLOP**
again !

TWENTY SCOTTISH SONGS.

TWENTY SCOTTISH SONGS.

SONGS.

KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE WHOM I LOVE?

1.

KNOW ye the fair one whom I love ?
High is her white and holy brow ;
Her looks so saintly-sweet and pure,
Make men adore who come to woove.
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

2.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
Dew-parted in a morn of June ;
Her voice is gentler than the sound
Of some far-heard and heavenly tune.
Her little finger, white and round,
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

3.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
Born to adorn the summer skies ;
And I will by our tryste-thorn sit,
To watch them at their evening rise ;
That when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

4.

Come, starry eve, demure and gray,
 Now is the hour when maidens wooe,
 Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae,
 Thy tresses moist with balmy dew :
 Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree,
 So lovely or so sweet as she.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew,
 Beside us on the liliated lea,
 She sang her mate down from the cloud
 To warble by my love and me ;
 Nor from her young onès sought to move,
 For well she saw our looks were love.

 BONNIE LADY ANN.

1.

THERE'S kames o' honey 'tween my luve's lips,
 An' gold among her hair,
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
 Nae mortal een look there.
 What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
 Or what arm o' luve dare span,
 The honey lips, the creamy palm,
 Or the waist o' Lady Ann !

2.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
 Wat wi' the blobs o' dew ;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
 Maun touch her Ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gold,
 Her jimpy waist maun span—
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
 My bonnie Ladie Ann.

3.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
 Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
 Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
 Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
 My bonnie Ladie Ann !

4.

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gold,
 Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luve wears
 Is monie a golden drap.
Her bonnie eebrow's a holie arch
 Cast by no earthlie han' ;
An' the breath o' Heaven's atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Ladie Ann !

5.

I am her father's gardener lad,
 An' poor, poor is my fa';
 My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
 Where I darena mint my han',
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

 MY AIN COUNTRÉE.

1.

THE sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he;
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had
 In my ain countrée.
 O! gladness comes to many,
 But sorrow comes to me,
 As I look o'er the wide ocean
 To my ain countree.

2.

O! it's not my ain ruin
 That saddens aye my ee,
 But the love I left in Galloway,
 Wi' bonnie bairns three;

My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
 And smiled my fair Marie,—
 I've left a' my heart behind me,
 In my ain countree.

3.

The bud comes back to summer,
 An' the blossom to the bee,
 But I win back—oh never!
 To my ain countree.
 I'm leal to the high heaven,
 Which will be leal to me;
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,
 Frae my ain countree.

 I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

1.

I'LL gang nae mair to yon town,
 Betide me joy, betide me pain;
 I've tint my heart in yon town,
 And dare na gang the gate again.
 The sun shall cease to thowe the snaw,
 The corn to shoot wi' simmer rain,
 When I gang back to yon town,
 And see the gate my heart has gane.

2.

Yestreen I went to yon town,
 Wi' heart in pleasure panting free
 As stag won from the hunter's snare,
 Or birdie building on the tree ;
 But ae half-hour tint all my peace,
 And lair'd my soul in dool and pain,
 And weary fa' the witchcraft wit
 That winna let it free again.

3.

Had I but been by fortune's hand
 In the silk lap of grandeur thrown,
 And she had trimm'd the humblest home
 That ever rose in Caledon ;
 I'd clad her in a starry robe,
 And claspt her to my bosom fain,
 And blest the happy hour I went
 To see the mirthsome town again.

4.

She's fairer than a summer morn,
 And purer than the spotless sky ;
 Far is the journey to her heart,
 She measures in her haughty eye.
 But she is sweeter than the rose
 New bathed amang the balmy rain—
 And I maun gang to yon town,
 And see the lovesome maid again.

THE WANTON WIFE.

NITH, trembling to the reapers' song,
 Warm glimmer'd in the morning sun,
 And murmur'd up the greenwood glen,
 Where Kate the wanton cummer wonne.
 Her tongue aye wagg'd wi' graceless wit,
 Stay'd by nor kirk nor gospel ban ;
 And aye she wish'd the kirk-yard mools
 Were green aboon her auld goodman.

2.

Her auld goodman dropt in at e'en,
 Wi' harvest-hook sore toil'd was he ;
 Sma' was his cog, and cauld his kale,
 Yet anger never raised his ee.
 He blest the little, and was blythe,—
 While Kate wi' clamorous tongue began ;
 Now sorrow clap yere auld bald pow,
 And dance w'ye to the mools, goodman.

3.

He look'd at her, but did nae speak,
 And down he lay in dool and pine ;
 While she sat singing in the nook,
 And touting at the rosy wine.
 The lark amid the morning gray,
 That wont to cheer him workward gaun,
 Next morning miss'd among the dew
 The blythe and dainty auld goodman.

4.

The third morn-dew on bank and tree
 'Gan in the rising sun to glow,
 When sang the wanton wife to see
 His feet gaun foremost o'er the knowe.
 The first flight of the winter rime,
 That on the kirk-yard sward had faun,
 She skift it from his lowly grave,
 A-kirking wi' her new goodman.

5.

A dainty dame I wot she was ;
 Baith brent and burnish'd was her brow
 'Mang curling love-locks, and her lips
 Were daisies born 'mang May-day dew ;
 And lightsome was she in the dance,
 When ha' was het, or kirn was wan ;
 Her hands seem'd drifts of virgin snow,
 In cauld December's bosom faun.

6.

But long ere winter's winds flew by,
 She skirled in her lonesome howe ;
 Her husband wi' a hazel rung
 Began to kame her wanton powe.
 Her hearth was quench'd with woe and care,
 Toom grew her chest, and cauld her pan ;
 And driegh and dowie wax'd the night,
 Ere beltane, with her new goodman

7.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,
 Her cheeks ne'er dimpling into mirth,
 Half-happit haurling out of doors,
 And hunger-haunted at her hearth.
 Her faded eyes are full of tears,
 Her voice is changed, her cheek is wan;
 And loud and bitter are her sobs,
 When she thinks on her auld goodman.

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

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

I mind when I thought the sun didnae shine
 On a form half so fair, or a face so divine;
 She was wooed in the parlour, and sought in the ha',
 But I won her away frae the wit o' them a'.

8.

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

9.

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

10.

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

 THE LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

1.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
 The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,—
 Its gentle breath amang the flowers
 Scarce stir'd the thistle's top of down;

The dappled swallow left the pool,
 The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
 When I met among the hawthorns green
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

2.

Her naked feet amang the grass
 Shone like two dewy lilies fair
 Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
 Black curling o'er her shoulders bare ;
 Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
 Her lips had words and wit at will,
 And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

3.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry ?
 Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
 Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
 I have look'd long for a weel-faured lass,
 By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

4.

I said, sweet maiden, look nae down,
 But gie's a kiss, and come with me ;
 A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
 The tears were dropping frae her ee.

I hae a lad who's far awa',
 That weel could win a woman's will ;
 My heart's already full of love,—
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

5.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
 And seek for love in a far countree ?
 Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew ;
 I fain had kiss'd them frae her ee.
 I took a kiss o' her comely cheek—
 For pity's sake, kind sir, be still ;
 My heart is full of other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

6.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
 And lifted up her watry ee—
 Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
 Or light is gladsome to my ee ;
 While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
 Till my last drop of blood be still,
 My heart shall haud nae other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

7.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
 And Nith's romantic vale is fu' ;
 By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
 Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.

O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
 As ever shone on vale and hill,
 But there's æ light puts them all out,—
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

THE LAVEROCK DRIED HIS WINGS I' THE SUN.

1.

THE laverock dried his wings i' the sun,
 Aboon the bearded barley,
 When a bonnie lad to my window came,
 Wi' me to haud a parley.
 Are you dreaming o' me, my winsome lass,
 Or thinking o' me I ferly;
 Arise, and come to the faulds wi' me,
 Amang the dewes sae pearly,

2.

First I put on my jupes sae green,
 And kilted my coaties rarely,
 And dipp'd my feet in the morning dew,
 And went wi' bonnie Charley.
 It's sweet to be waken'd by ane we love,
 At night, or morning early;
 It's sweet to be kiss'd as forth we walk,
 By the lad we love sae dearly.

3.

The sun he rose, and better rose,
 And o'er the hills lowed rarely ;
 The wee lark sang, and higher sang,
 Aboon the bearded barley.
 We woo'd sae lang on the sunny knowe,
 Where the gowan heads hang pearly,
 Till the tod broke into the lambkin's fauld,
 And left my lad fu' barely.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

1.

DOWN yon green glen, in yon wee bower,
 Lived fair and lovely Annie :
 Ere she saw seventeen simmer suns,
 She waxed wond'rous bonnie.
 Young Lord Dalzell at her bower door
 Had privily been calling,
 When she grew faint, and sick of heart,
 And moanings fill'd her dwelling.

2.

I found her as a lillie flower,
 When dew hangs in its blossom,
 Wet were her cheeks, and a sweet babe
 Hung smiling at her bosom.

Such throbs ran through her frame, as seem'd
 Her heart and soul to sever ;
 In no one's face she look'd—her bloom
 Was fading—and for ever.

3.

Thou hast thy father's smile, my babe,
 Maids' eyes to dim with grieving ;
 His wiling glance, which woman's heart
 Could fill with fond believing ;
 A voice that made his falsest vows
 Seem breathings of pure heaven,
 And get, from hearts which he had broke,
 His injuries forgiven.

4.

My false love came to me yestreen,
 With words all steep'd in honey,
 And kiss'd his babe, and said, Sweet wean,
 Be as thy mother bonnie.
 And out he pull'd a purse of gold,
 With rings and rubies many—
 I look'd at him, but could not speak,
 Ye've broke the heart of Annie.

5.

It's not thy gold and silver bright,
 Thy words like dropping honey,
 Thy silken scarfs, and bodice fine,
 And caps all laced an' bonnie,

Can bring me back the peace I've tint,
 Or heal the heart of Annie ;
 Speak to thy God of thy broken vows,
 For thou hast broken many.

BRIGHT STARS DINNA PEEP IN.

1.

BRIGHT stars dinna peep in,
 To see me wi' Mary,
 An' O thou bright an' bonnie moon,
 Don't at her window tarry.
 Sair yestreen ye scared me,
 Sair yestreen ye marred me,
 Frae kisses kind ye barred me,
 Ye peep'd sae in on Mary.

2.

Mary's a winsome quean,
 Light as ony fairy ;
 Mary's a gentle quean,
 Oh I daute her dearly.
 An' when the moon is moving,
 She loves to go a roving,
 An' then she's leal an' loving,—
 My ain sweet Mary.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

1.

WHERE gang ye, ye silly auld carle,
 Wi' yere staff and shepherd fare ?
 I'm gaun to the hill, thou odger man,
 To shift my hirsels' lair.
 Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
 An' a good long stride took he ;
 I trow thou be a freck auld carle,
 Will ye show the way to me.

2.

For I have ridden down bonnie Nith,
 Sae have I the silver Orr,
 And a' for the blood of the young Maxwell,
 Which I love as a gled loves gore.
 And he is gone with the silly auld carle
 Adown by the rocks sae steep,
 Until that they came to the auld castle,
 That hangs o'er Dee sae deep.

3.

The rocks were high, the woods were dark,
 The Dee roll'd in his pride ;
 Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
 For here ye mayna ride.
 He drew the reins of his bonnie grey steed,
 And gaily down he sprang,
 His warcoat was of the scarlet fine,
 Where the golden tassels hang.

4.

He thrēw down his plaid, the silly auld carle,
 The bonnet frae 'boon his bree,
 And who was it but the young Maxwell,
 And his good brown sword drew he.
 Thou kill'd my father, thou vile southron,
 Sae did ye my brethren three,
 Which broke the heart of my ae sister
 I loved as the light of my e'e.

5.

Now draw thy sword, thou vile southron,
 Red wet wi' blood o' my kin;
 That sword it cropt the fairest flower
 E'er grew wi' a head to the sun;
 Take ae stroke for my dear auld father,
 Take twa for my brethren three,
 And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister
 I loved as the light o' my e'e.

 THE SHEPHERD SEEKS HIS GLOWING HEARTH.

1.

THE shepherd seeks his glowing hearth,
 The fox calls from the mountain,
 The folded flocks are white with rime,
 Swans seek the silent fountain;
 And midnight starless is and drear,
 And Ae's wild waters swelling,
 Far up the lonesome greenwood glen,
 Where my fair maiden's dwelling.

2.

Wild is the night—green July's eve,
 Ne'er balmier seem'd or warmer ;
 For I sing thy name, and muse on thee,
 My mild and winsome charmer ;
 Thy bower sheds far its trysting light
 Through the dark air of December—
 Thy father's dreaming o'er his wealth,
 Thy mother's in her chamber.

3.

Now is the time for talk, my love,
 Soft sighing, mutual wishing,
 Heart-throbbings, interchange of vows,
 Words breathed mid holy kissing ;
 All worldly maxims, wisemen's rules,
 My raptured soul disdaineth ;
 For with my love the world is lost,
 And all the world containeth.

 THOU HAST VOW'D BY 'THY FAITH, MY JEANIE.

1.

THOU hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand of thine,
 And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
 That thou wad aye be mine :
 And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart of thine,
 By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
 That thou shalt aye be mine.

2.

Foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
 And the heart wad part sic love ;
 But there's nae hand can loose the band,
 But the finger of him above.
 Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
 And my clothing e'er sae mean,
 I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
 Heaven's armfu' of my Jean.

3.

Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
 Far softer than the down ;
 And love wad winnow o'er us his kind kind wings,
 And sweetly we'd sleep and soun.
 Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
 Come here and kneel wi' me,
 The morning is full of the presence of God,
 And I cannot pray but thee.

4.

The wind is sweet amang the new flowers,
 The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
 Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
 And a blythe auld bodie is he ;
 The Beuk maun be ta'en when he comes hame,
 Wi' the holy psalmodie,
 And I will speak of thee when I pray,
 And thou maun speak of me.

MY NANIE O.

1.

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
 I'll gang and see my Nanie-o ;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
 My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
 And nane can do't but Nanie-o.

2.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace
 For thieving looks at Nanie-o ;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
 The world's in love with Nanie-o ;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadnae love my Nanie-o.

3.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
 When dancing she moves finely-o ;
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 They sparkle so divinely-o ;*

* In the Nanie-o of Allan Ramsay these four beautiful lines will be found ; and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, and Jove and Danaë.

My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
 The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o ;
 Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
 And says, I dwell wi' Nanie-o.

4.

Tell not, thou star at gray day light,
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
 My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
 When coming frae my Nanie-o ;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
 None ken o' me and Nanie-o ;
 The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
 They winna wrong my Nanie-o.

 MY HEART IS IN SCOTLAND.

1.

MY heart is in Scotland, my heart is not here,
 I left it at hame with a lass I love dear :
 When the twilight star shines over turret and tree,
 I bless its light, Jeanie, and think upon thee.
 What distance can fasten, what country can bind,
 The flight of my soul, or the march of my mind ?
 Though hills rise atween us, and wide waters flow,
 My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

2.

As the clear moon arises, O say, dost thou walk,
 With the footsteps of him that's departed to talk ;

To thy white neck and locks where yon brook slumbers
 calm,

Lends the woodbine its odour, the violet its balm ?

Or when thou return'st to thy chamber of rest,

Dost thou mark yon bright witness, hung high in the
 west ?

To its light hold thy pure hands, far purer than snow,

And vow thou wilt love me, come gladness or woe ?

3.

The groves which we wooed in, the glens with their
 streams,

Still cheer me awake, and still charm me in dreams ;

The flower and the bush, and the bank and the tree,

Come each with their tidings, my fair one, of thee ;

The minutes seem'd proud of thy presence, nor flew—

Thy white arms clasp'd kinder, mair sweet thy lips grew,

And the blue sky above, and the pure flood below,

Shone and slept, for they seem'd of our rapture to know.

4.

Now where are love's twilight walks ? where the soft
 sigh,

The chaste greeting, and mild benediction of eye ?

The hours when earth's glories seem'd dust at our feet ?

The sorrow to sunder, the rapture to meet ?

I left them in Scotland's green valleys at hame,

And far from the heaven which holds them I came :

Come wealth or come want, or come weal or come woe,

My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

THE MARINER.

1.

YE winds which kiss the groves' green tops,
And sweep the mountain hoar,
O, softly stir the ocean waves
Which sleep along the shore ;
For my love sails the fairest ship
That wantons on the sea :
O, bend his masts with pleasant gales,
And waft him hame to me.

2.

O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walked in gloaming gray,
And sigh'd and look'd of love ;
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind—
Then leave nae mair my heart to break,
'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

LORD RANDAL.

1.

A cold wind and a starless sky,
 Hills white with sifted snaw ;
 A lady weeping at midnight,
 By a lone castle wa' !
 Oh! come Lord Randal, open your door,
 Oh! open and let me in ;
 The snaw hangs in my scarlet robe,
 The sleet dreeps down my chin.

2.

Oh! come Lord Randal, open your door,
 Oh! open that I may see
 Ae glance but of that bonnie blue eye,
 That charm'd my heart frae me :
 Oh! come Lord Randal, open your door,
 Or speak, that I may know
 Ance mair the music of that tongue,
 That wrought me all my woe.

3.

Her voice sank low as the tender babe's
 That makes its gentle moan ;
 A cry still heard by that castle wa',
 In midnight mirk and lone :

Lord Randal call'd his true love thrice,
And wept, and paused to hear ;
But, ah ! ne'er mortal voice again
Might win that lady's ear.

BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY.

1.

BONNIE Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you ;
If you go to the dewy wood,
Sorrow will befall you :
The ring dove, from the lonely wood,
Is wailing sore and calling ;
And Annan water 'tween its banks
Is foaming far and falling.

2.

“ Gentle Mary Halliday,
Come, my bonnie lady ;
Upon the river's woody bank,
My steed is saddled ready :
For thy haughty kinsman's threats,
My faith shall never falter ;
The bridal banquet's ready made,
The priest is at the altar.

3.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
 The towers of merry Preston
 Have bridal candles gleaming bright,
 So busk thee, love, and hasten :
 Come, busk thee, love, and bowne thee,
 Through Tinwald and green Mouswal ;
 Come, be the grace and be the charm,
 To the proud towers of Machusel."

4.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
 Turn again, I tell you ;
 For wit an' grace, an' loveliness,
 What maiden may excel you ?
 Though Annan has its beauteous dâmes,
 And Corrie many a fair one ;
 We canna want thee from our sight,
 Thou lovely, and thou rare one.

5.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
 When the cittern's sounding,
 We'll miss thy lightsome lilie foot,
 Among the blythe lads bounding ;
 The summer sun shall freeze our veins,
 The winter moon shall warm us ;
 Ere the like of thee shall come again,
 To cheer us and to charm us.

O MY LOVE IS A COUNTRY LASS.

1.

O MY love is a country lass,
 And I am but a country laddie ;
 But true love is nae gentleman,
 An sweetness is nae lofty lady.
 I make my bed 'mang brackens green ;
 My light's the moon, round, bright, an' bonnie ;
 And there I muse the summer night
 On her, my leal and lovely Jeanie.

2.

Her gown spun by her ain white hand ;
 Her coat sae trim of snowy plaiden ;
 Is there a dame in all the land
 Sae lady-like in silk and satin ?
 Though minstrel lore is all my wealth ;
 Let gowks love gold and mailens many,
 I'm rich enough when I have thee,
 My witty, winsome, lovely Jeanie.

3.

O ! have you seen her at the kirk,
 Her brow with meek devotion glowing ?
 Or got ae glance of her bright eye,
 Frae 'neath her tresses dark and flowing ?
 Or heard her voice breathe out such words
 As angels use—sweet, but not many ?
 And have ye dream'd of aught sinsyne,
 Save her, my fair, my lovely Jeanie !

THE LORD'S MARIE.

1.

THE Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
 Up wi' a golden kame,
 An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
 An' awa to the tryste has gane.
 O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
 An' saft, saft on her brow ;
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
 An' I kiss'd it aff, I trow !

2.

O whare gat ye that leal maiden,
 Sae jimpy laced an' sma' ?
 O whare gat ye that young damsel,
 Wha dings our lasses a' ?
 O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
 Wi' Heaven in her ee ?
 Here's ae drap o' the damask wine ;—
 Sweet maiden, will ye pree ?

3.

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
 Twist wi' the satin twine,
 But ruddie, ruddie grew her throat,
 While she supp'd the bluid-red wine.
 Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
 Wha wears the golden kame ;
 This night will mony drink thy health,
 An ken na wha to name.

4.

Play me up ' Sweet Marie,' I cry'd,
 An' loud the piper blew,—
 But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strun*,
 And down his bow he threw :
 Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
 Fair dame o' the stranger land !
 For never a pair o' een before
 Could mar my gude bow-hand.

5.

Her lips were a cloven honey cherric,
 Sae tempting to the sight ;
 Her locks owre alabaster brows
 Fell like the morning light.
 An' O ! her honey breath lift her locks,
 As through the dance she flew,
 While luvè laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,
 An' dwalt on her comely mou'.

6.

Loose hings yere broider'd gold garter,
 Fair ladie, dare I speak ?
 She, trembling, lift her silky hand
 To her red, red flushing cheek.
 Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere broach o' gold
 Thou Lord's daughter sae gay :
 The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue ee,
 O come, O come away !—

7.

O maid, unbar the siller bolt,
To my chamber let me win,
An' take this kiss, thou peasant youth,
I daur na let ye in.
An' take', quo she', this kame o' gold,
Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forbodes to me,
I never maun meet ye mair!

GLOSSARY.

AIRT, quarter of the heaven, point of the compass.

Bigged, built.

Braw, brave, handsome, pleasant, powerful.

Bodle, a Scottish coin, the third of an English penny.

Belled, bald on the crown of the head.

Bread-winner, a fiddle by which the owner won his bread.

Brocket, white flecked with black.

Brownie, a domestic fiend, the **Billie-blin** and **lubber-fiend** of
England.

Bughted, folded ; sheep are bughted when in the fold.

Bruik, enjoy, possess ; well may ye bruik it, well may ye enjoy it.

Busked, to deck, to attire oneself.

Bree, eyebrow ; “ Ee nor bree,” still a proverbial phrase.

Blinks, smiles.

Blobs, drops, large drops of dew.

Bauld, bold, forward.

Breut, upright, high, having a fresh hue.

Beltane, a festival on the first of May.

Bairntime, all the children of one mother.

Bield, shelter, refuge from a storm.

Bracken, fern.

Cantraip, a witch's spell, or charm, or incantation.

Carlin, an old woman.

Claes, cloaths, garments.

Cog, a hollow circular vessel of wood.

Cushats, ring-doves, wood pigeons.

Cummers, female companions.

Coost, threw off, undressed.

Chaumer, chamber.

Dool, sorrow, lamentation, woe.

Dub of darkness, lake of darkness.

Douce, sedate, respectable, grave.

Doited, stupid with age, decline of the understanding.

Duds, garments much the worse of the wear.

Dree, suffer, endure, long suffering.

Darke, a day's work, from light to dark.

Dreigh, wearysome, a road weary to the feet and the eye.

Dowie, sorrowful, dejected, cast down, lonely.

Daute, fondle, a father's or a lover's caress.

Dings, surpasses, outshines, overthrows.

Doo, dove.

Elf-arrows, elves' missiles, which inflict diseases on flocks.

Elfshot, a wound from an elf's arrow.

Erled-bride, betrothed-bride.

Eerie, lonely, with something of superstitious dread.

Foumart, polecat.

Flow, Solway-flow, Solway-morass, a dangerous quagmire.

Faem, foam.

Gaun, going.

Gomeral, a senseless fellow, a blockhead.

Gowk, a harmless, talkative, foolish person.

Gowan, the field or wild daisy.

Gloaming, twilight.

- Glamour, supernatural deception of sight, the effect of a spell.
- Gled, the kite.
- Hauselock-grey, locks of wool, cut from the throats of sheep, when mixed with black wool form hauselock-grey.
- Hodan-gray, cloth of that colour worn by the peasantry, coarse, and made from wool of the natural hue undyed.
- Hanks of hair, long tresses, separated like quantities of yarn.
- Hether-honie, honey gathered from heath-bloom, the richest honey.
- Haffet-locks, tresses which hang on maiden's temples and cheeks.
- Hause-bane, the bone of the throat.
- Haurling, dragging one's self along.
- Hallan, a partition, a screen to ward the wind from a door.
- Hirpling, walking lamely.
- Hirsel, a flock.
- Jimpy, slender, tight, handsome.
- Ingleside, the side of a hearth fire.
- Kittle-cast, a sudden, an unhappy, an untoward fate.
- Kittler of catgut, a fiddler, tickler of fiddle strings.
- Kilted-kimmer, a maiden with her coats tucked mid-leg high.
- Kitted-whey, thickened whey.
- Kames, combs of honey, combs for fastening the hair.
- Knurls, hard knots made purposely difficult to loose.
- Kim, the last cut of standing corn, harvest home.
- Lythe, to sweeten, to soften, mitigate, or assuage.
- Lilt, lilting, the singing of a cheerful song.
- Lowed, burned, flamed far.
- Lift, the sky, the visible firmament.
- Leal, true, loyal, faithful.
- Leamed, shone with a pure and beautiful light.
- Laverock, the skylark.

- Laired, to be sunk in a mire, or a quicksand.
- Lowne, the wind was lowne, breathing low, so as to be scarce heard.
- Muckle, a large quantity, pre-eminent.
- Mirk-Monday, dark-Monday, the day of an eclipse.
- Mense, to grace, to honour.
- Merse, pasture land on the sea-side.
- Mahoun, the enemy of man's salvation, the Devil, Mahomet.
- Mint, to offer, to presume.
- Mailens, rented farms.
- Mools, a quantity of earth, churchyard earth.
- Pellock, the porpoise.
- Pyke, pick.
- Prief, proof.
- Prec, taste.
- Reaver, a robber of henroosts, a stealer of cattle.
- Rannel-tree, a chimney-beam to which the pot is hung.
- Rowes, rolls.
- Shealing, sheal, a hut, the summer residence of the shepherds.
- Saul to gude, asking divine protection.
- Syne, then, since.
- Sinsyne, since then, afterwards.
- Snood, the fillet which binds a virgin's hair.
- Sugh, a sugh, a rustling sound, the whistling of wings.
- Sark, shirt.
- Skaithless, to escape without injury.
- Sained, to make the sign of the cross, to recommend one's self to divine protection.
- Skirled, a shrill, a female scream.
- Tryster-tree, the appointed tree of meeting.
- Thairms, fiddle-strings.

Tass, a drinking cup.

Tod, the fox.

Toom, empty, hollow.

Timmer, wood, timber.

Tint, lost.

White-mutch'd dames, white-capped dames; mutch, a coif, a woman's head-dress.

Wraith, a spectral appearance, denoting early death to those who see it, or those whose shape it assumes.

Witch-knots, knots fastened by witchcraft or spell.

Winsome, gay, agreeable, beautiful, engaging.

Witch-tree, the mountain-ash, called witch-tree, from the charm it is supposed to contain against witchcraft.

THE END.