

THE SONG OF THE OUTLAWS OF GALLOWAY

YE may ken whaur the tod an' the fougart do hide,
But ye kenna the crags whaur the broken men bide.
Your heid maun be steady, your fute maun be shair
Gin the outlaws o' Buchan ye'd track to their lair.
Siccar we lie, siccar we lie ;
To the Dungeon o' Buchan's a geyan faur cry.

Whaur the grey rocks o' Merrick rise starkly an'
steich,
Whaur the eagle has biggit his eyrie on heich,
It is there, like the eagle, we lord it by day :
The mirk is for reiving : we hunt for our prey.
Vengeance is sweet, vengeance is sweet,
An' that is the savour we seek for our meat.

Ye nobles, ye douce-living burghers in toons,
Ye h'nds, an' ye huxters an' law-loving loons,
Your laws we defy, an' your king we disown,
We carena a boddle whase dowp's on the throne.
Thirled to nane, thirled to nane,
We follow nae banner, our swords are our ain.

There are laws for the lawless, an' this be our faith :
To guard the oppressed an' to keep them frae skaith ;
To be true to our clanship though dangers come
fast,
An' to show a bold front on the gallows at last.
Haud your heid heich, haud your heid heich,
There's waur ends than hingin' ; an' sermons are
dreich.

MARY STUART

THERE was a queen, a bonnie queen,
Cam' ower the sea frae France ;
An elfin charm was in her een
And glamour in her glance.
But O she had a weird to dree,
For aye her beauty garred men dee.

Unchancy was't for ony wight
To fa' beneath her spell ;
Wha looked to her for love's delight
Maun syne pay teind to hell.
Though fair she was, and young and fain,
Yet kent she nocht but dool and pain.

She socht for love wi' i'ka wile
By woman understood ;
The magic o' her witching smile
Lit up dark Holyrood.
She moved sae lily-like in grace
And yet the curse was in her face.

And Chastelard and Rizzio
And Darnley lay deid ;
And Langside saw the rid bluid flow
Upon a day o' dreid.
When Hamiltons rade forth to dee
For her that had the weird to dree.

And syne she gaed the gate hersel'
She'd garred sae mony gae ;
Ae waesome day a gurlly bell
Toll'd doom ower Fotheringay
God sain her saul, and grant her grace,
Fair dochter o' a luckless race !

THE KELPIE

O, WHA would ride by the river side,
Wha for a wager would ride or rin
In the mirk o' nicht, when there's nae mune licht,
An' the kelpie is plowterin' deep in his linn?

In the mirk o' nicht, when there's nae mune licht,
It's I for a wager would ride or rin ;
Wi' my guid braid sword I will cross the ford
Though the kelpie be plowterin' deep in his linn.

Bethink ye, laird, hoo the gangrel fared
That waesome nicht at the ford lang syne.
He was a caird, an' I'm a laird !
I fear nae kelpie. Steer roun' the wine.

He has drained the cup, he is oot an' up,
On his braw, black steed he has taen the gate ;
Noo wi' mony a qualm gaes roon the dram
As his freens jalouse what maun be his fate.

There's a horse gaen gyte, wi' flanks faem-white,
Comes rampin', stampin' hame to the ha',
An' fa's deid in the yaird—but, ochone! for the
laird—
The kelpie has gotten him, banes an' a' !

THE HIELAN'MAN'S WRAITH

In the days o' lang syne, on the gallows o' Crieff,
Ane, Rory MacGregor, was hanged for a thief;
He was hanged for a thief, though it wasna his wyte—
The Judge at the name o' his clan had gaen gyte.
A laird o' Strathearn 'mang his flocks had some
skaith,
An', to plesure him, Rory was doomed to his daith.

The Hielan'man's collie was leal to the loon,
An', when judgment was dune, by the gallows lay
doon;
It bowff'd when the ill birds cam' skraichin' ower-
heid,
But steered for nocht else, until syne it lay deid.
Oh, deil tak' the wuddie! an' shame on the laws
That would gar a braw laddie be food for the craws!

When the corbies had pykit his e'en oot an' a',
A bonnie-like corp frae the rape was let fa'.
Then the Law, takin' rue, in a mercifu' swither,
Let the Hielan'man's freens bring his banes to
Balwhither.
But their mercy was scrimp, let folk say what they will,
For the yowes that were tint had but strayed on the
hill.

In the mools o' Balwhither can Rory lie quate?
In the mirk nicht an' gurly his wraith tak's the gate;
In the blashes o' rain he will pass ower the hill,
An' he cries to his collie when tempests blaw shrill.
His whistle is heard on the braes o' Strathearn.
An' the bark o' his doug frichts ilk wee waukrife
bairn.

The shepherds, wha ken him, say :—" Hark ! I'll be
sworn,
Oor flocks will be geyan faur scattered the morn."
For the wraith o' puir Rory, the wild Hielan' caird,
Still ettles to lift the tint yowes o' the laird ;
An', ghaist though he be, he mak's siccar o' *yae*
thing :—
De'il tak' him, gin he will be hangit for naething !