SCOTTISH SONGS.

MONTGOMERY'S MISTRESS.

O NATURE lavished on my love
  Each charm and winning grace—
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
  To look upon her face:
She's sweeter than the sunny air
  In which the lily springs;
While she looks through her clustering hair
  That o'er her temples hings,
I'd stand and look on my true love
  Like one grown to the ground;—
There's none like her in loveliness,
  Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn
  When light comes on the streams;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
  With bright and amorous beams.
She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems

Unworthy of her foot;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will evermore be mute,
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her vestal breast of ivorie,
Aneath the snowy lawn,
Shows with its twin-born swelling wreaths,
Too pure to look upon;
While through her skin her sapphire veins
Seem violets dropt in milk,
And tremble with her honey breath
Like threads of finest silk;
Her arms are long, her shoulders broad,
Her middle small and round—
The mold was lost that made my love,
And never more was found.

I have altered the measure of this truly admirable song by Montgomery in praise of his mistress, and I am afraid I have retained neither all his elegance nor all his melody. The former it was no easy matter to reach. One of the verses will remind the reader of that passage in Donne, so often praised and quoted:

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and so distinctly wrought,
You would have almost said her body thought.

The elder poet is more natural:

> Out through her snowy skin,
> Most clearly kythes within,
> Her sapphire veins like threads of silk,
> Or violets in whitest milk.

It was hopeless to expect this song, beautiful as it was, to become popular in its original shape; something required to be done, and I wish my performance accorded more with the sense and spirit of the author. That the concluding lines may not be taken for the property of a far more illustrious poet, I add them in the words of Montgomery:

> Her arms are long, her shoulders braid,
> Her middle gent and small;
> The mold was lost wherein was made
> This *a per se* of all.

Few of our poets now would be honest or hardy enough to praise a lady for the breadth of her shoulders; but the forms which are most esteemed in verse are a little too etherial for the wear and tear of the world.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves:
Over the floods that are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse:
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,

Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll never stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

This admirable old song is common both to Scotland and England; and as it is written in the language of the latter, I shall not dispute her claim to it, since I have no better or older authority than Allan Ramsay's Collection for classing it among the lyrics of the north. Ritson, with unexpected and superfluous liberality, says, that Percy, who printed it in his Reliques, gave it, he believed, a few of his own brilliant touches. These

touches, brilliant or dull, are all confined to the first four lines of the third verse; and as I have retained Allan's version, so shall I give Percy's:

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight.

But the complaint with which Ritson concludes his note is still more curious: "All the copies, old and new, which the Editor consulted were too incorrect to be made use of, though no less than eight additional verses are to be found in the black letter copies." I have only to repeat, that this song, differing from Percy's only in a word or two, and those of no moment, is copied from Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany. In the Aberdeen Cantus it is the forty-fifth song, and the second edition of that rare work was printed in 1666; but Ramsay's version is the best and the only popular one.

ROB'S JOCK.

Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
On ae feast-day when we were fou;
She brankit fast and made her bonny,
And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
She burnist her baith breast and brou,
And made her cleer as ony clock:
Then spake her dame, and said, I trou
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my head, and sit down by you:
Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you.
Tehie! quo' Jenny, keek, keek, I see you:
Minny, yon man makes but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu leese me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.—

My bairn has tocher of her awin:
A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
A bakbread and a bannock-stane;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
A kame but and a kaming-stock;

With coags and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milsie, and a sowen-pail,
A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
A timber mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelfs made of an auld fir deal:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a seck,
A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.
Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,
And cry'd a feast! and slew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your daughter married,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
It's well kend I have gear enough:
Ane auld gaw'd gleyd fell o'er a heugh,
A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
Withouten owsen I have a pleugh:
May that no ser your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
A graith that gangs to cobble shoon,
And a thrawcruik to twyne a tether,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,
A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
To haud your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter-fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to claut the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paidle,
The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
And Rob my eyme hecht me a stock,
Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
May thir no win your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A pair of hames and brecham fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A sark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloak that will not stenzie;
Mair yet in store, I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
It is well knawin I am well bodin:

Ye need not say my part is least,
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife speer'd gin the kail were sodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brok;
The roast was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feasted Jenny and Joek.

I have copied this blithe and excellent old song from Allan Ramsay's collection, as it is more accessible to the common reader freed from the obscurity of our ancient orthography. On comparing it with the copy preserved in the Bannatyne collection, I observe, though many changes have taken place, that the original liveliness is not at all abated; yet those who wish to see it in the dress which it wore among our ancestors in the year 1550, will find it flourishing in the obscure majesty of old spelling under the name of the "Wowing of Jok and Jynny" in Sibbald's volumes. I class it among those graphic delineations of old manners which please us so much in the "Christ's Kirk," in "Muirland Willie," in "Fye! let us a' to the Bridal," and in the "Wife of Auchtermuchty." It exhibits a curious and a ludicrous picture of our commons; and the motley moveables which compose the portion of the bride and the wealth of the bridegroom may have been intended as a satire on our old Scottish marriage-covenants. Such indeed is the supposition of Sibbald; yet on examining those curious items, we see they are all useful, each after its sort, and correspond with our notion of those days

when riches lay in kind, and sheep and oxen, and webs and fleeces followed or preceded the opulent bride to her elected home. "Ane sark made of the linkome twine" seems a strange piece of raiment, if we are right in imagining that the cloth of Lincoln was always green; and to suppose, with Chalmers, that it is cloth of lint and woollen, is to bestow a very uneasy garment on honest Jock—who seems indeed a very hearty fellow, and one who would not be curious in his dress. The author is unknown.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

There came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous groan;
And sye he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.
Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie
To Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
To Scotland new come home.

O, sweet Margret! O, dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se never get,
Of me no love shalt win,
Until ye come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin.
O if I come within your bower,
I come no earthly man;
And if I kiss thy rosie lips
Thy days will not be lang.

O, sweet Margret! O, dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.
Thy faith and troth thou'se never get,
Nor favour from me win,
Till thou take me to yon kirkyard
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirkyard,
Far, far beyond the sea;
And it's but my spirit, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee.
She stretched out her lily hand
All for to do her best—

Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A span below her knee;
And a' the live-long winter night
The spirit followed she.
Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret;
There's nae room at my feet;
There's nae room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.
Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey—
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said;
But with a grievous groan
Evanished in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.
O Willie, stay—my true love, stay—
Fair Margret stopt, and cried.
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
And stretched her out and died.

This affecting song was recovered by Allan Ramsay, and has been retouched in several places. It is, however, only the more tragic portion of a legendary ballad of considerable beauty. Willie resolves to visit his mistress.

Gie corn unto my horse, mother,
And meat unto my man;
For I maun be at Margret's bower
Before the night comes on.
O stay at hame, my son Willie,
The wind blows sharp and dour;
The night will be baith mirk and late
Before ye reach her bower.

O, though the night were ne'er sae mirk,
Or the wind blew ne'er sae cauld—
O I shall be in Margret's bower
Before twa hours are tauld.
O gin ye gang to May Margret
Without the leave of me,
O in the midst of Clyde water
My malison ye'll dree.

Willie crossed the Clyde, and gained his mistress's bower; but Margret was more capricious than most maidens of romance, and refused him admittance. Her mother, a careful and a vigilant dame, had three chambers, but they were all alike unfit for a lover's reception:

For one of them is fu' o' corn,
The other is fu' o' hay;
The third is fu' o' merry young men
Who winna be gone till day.

He turned his bridle homewards; but the Clyde was in flood: his mother's curse came upon him in the stream; and his next appearance is in the form of a Spirit, at the door of his mistress, requesting release from his vows. This singular superstition is beautifully illustrated in the preface to the Pirate—the author is describing the career of Gow, a noted maritime freebooter, who was executed in 1725.

"It is said that the lady, whose affections he had engaged, went up to London to see him before his death, and that, arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his dead body; and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight she had bestowed. Without going through this ceremony, she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of bestowing upon any living suitor the faith which she had plighted to the dead. This part of the legend may serve as a curious commentary on the beautiful tale of the fine Scottish ballad, which begins

There came a ghost to Margret's door."

That a Spirit could not rest till released from vows made in the body is a common belief; and it was in obedi-

ence to this rustic creed that the Spirit of Sweet Willie was so importunate with May Margret. We owe the first part of the ballad to the industry of Jamieson.

FAIR ANNIE OF KIRKLAND.

O will ye go to the wood, Willie,
Or dance in bower and ha';
Or go down to yon lonesome glen
For ane o' us maun fa'?
I'll no go to the wood, Johnie,
Nor dance in bower or ha';
But I'll go to yon lonesome glen,
For ane o' us maun fa'.

And they fought up, and they fought down,
Till blood dropt thick as dew—
It was a stroke i' the twilight gray
That fair young Johnie slew.
O take me softly up, Willie,
Unto yon fountain fair,
And wash, and wash my bleeding wounds
That they may bleed nae mair.

O, red, red, soon the water ran
That late ran silver fair;
He washed, and washed, and wept and washed,
But they bled mair and mair.

Through three folds of his hollin sark,
Sewed by sweet Annie's han';
Through three folds of his mantle green
Young Johnie's life's-blood ran.

There is a nook in Kirkland wood
Where birks are budding fair;
Aye when the moon was 'mang the boughs,
I walked wi' Annie there.
There lay my arrows at my head,
My brown sword at my feet;
And o'er my head the birds shall sing,
Nor wake me frae my sleep.

He laid a green sod on his brow,
And on his breast aboon—
Soon o'er the top of Annie's bower
He saw the wakening moon.
And she looked out on the white moon
And had a song begun—
O, welcome, welcome, Willie, she said;
And where's my true love, John?

There's red blood on your sword, Willie,
Where red blood shouldna be.
O it's the blood of my grey hounds;
They wadnae hunt for me.
It's nae the blood of thy hounds, Willie;
Their blood was ne'er sae red.

O it's the blood of thy true love,
That my sharp weapon shed.

The tears came, and her bosom burst
It's golden laces nine.
When ilka ane looks for her love,
Lang may I look for mine.
Aye, ye may tear these shining locks,
And wipe these streaming een;
'Twas a' for the love of thy sweet face
That my sword smote so keen.

An ill death shall ye die, Willie;
A dread death shall ye die.
O put me in a bottomless boat
Upon the summer sea.
And when will ye come hame, Willie?
And when will ye come hame?
Nae mair yon moon, in heaven aboon,
Shall shine when I come hame.

A more expanded copy of this ballad may be found in Jamieson's collection, under the name of the "Twa Brothers;" it is in a rude and corrupted state, though some of the breaches which time made in the story have been ingeniously filled up by the editor. I have ventured to print it nearly in the state in which I once had the pleasure of hearing it sung; and the liberties I have taken may be justified by the mutilated state of the

ballad, and the change to which all things oral have been subjected. It has many lines in common with various romantic ballads; more than their accustomed quantity of repetitions; and the same dramatic character which distinguishes all the productions of our ancestors. To be buried, with their swords at their head and their arrows at their feet, is a wish often expressed by the olden heroes of song, Scots and English; and the fatal combat and its tragic close will remind many readers of the pathetic ballad of Graeme and Bewick. I cannot gratify my readers with any certain information concerning the scene of the story. In Jamieson it has something of a northern look and sound. The house of Inchmurry, formerly called Kirkland, was built of old by the abbot of Holyrood; but it would be rash to conclude that it was the residence of Fair Annie. The ballad is known by the name of "The Woods of Warslin," a corruption of woods a warslin, from the strife which ended in the death of one of the brothers.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

I was too credulous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap,
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,

Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd:
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low?

I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lies smothering in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.

Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

There is a pathos in this ancient song so sincere and moving, that the freedom of the lady's allusions to her virgin state, and the warmth of some of her expressions, are felt only as the natural language of sorrow and despair. Some one informed Percy that it was written by a lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, whose husband, or lover, deserted her and her child: I wish those who knew so much had known more, and enabled the editor of the Reliques of English Poetry to speak with the hope of being believed. The song has always been known by the name of Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament; and no one who reads it can suppose it to be the complaint of a wife. It is very old, and was in existence as early as the reign of Queen Mary: I have often thought that the song of "Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair," which a traveller, before the year 1605, heard a Scottish lady sing in Palestine, was a variation, or a

portion of this pathetic lament. Tradition lays the scene of Lady Anne's sorrows among the magnificent ruins of Bothwell-castle, on the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow. Our Scottish song has a deeper pathos than the fragment which Percy found in his folio; but there can be no doubt that it has been modernized, and that too by a skilful and a tender hand.

Be to thy lover tried and true,
And never change her for a new;
If good or fair of her have care—
A woman's curse falls wonderous sair.

The single-heartedness of the heroine, and her sense of the weight of a woman's curse, are well expressed in these four ancient lines.

Several ineffectual attempts have been made to replace the song of Bothwell Bank; but it is no easy matter to write up to public expectation, or restore a lost song which was believed to be exceedingly beautiful. No one has succeeded altogether in making the new pass for the old.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and porridge,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good saut herring,
To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
With thumbless Katy's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
And Laurie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plooky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his a—,
Who after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warse:
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
And danced the daft dance in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclaurie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Laurie,
And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
And there will be happer-a—'d Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grisy,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flukes that were taken alive.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

I find this very ancient and very humorous song placed side by side, in James Watson's collection of 1706, with Christ's Kirk on the Green; and it is a large partaker in the free lively spirit of that admirable poem. It has great ease of expression and great graphic force of delineation. The witty catalogue of guests which it assembles for the wedding, with their epithets,

personal or historical, is very characteristic. Those conversant with our provincial manners will know how common such whimsical nicknames are. It is to be regretted, that the decorum is inferior to the humour; and that in the indulgence of free and unrestrained mirth the author forgot to anticipate the pain which he would give to a refined posterity. But such is the character of the song that amendment is certainly unsafe, and nearly hopeless. In the attempt to purify, the grain would escape with the chaff. When it must be amended, it must be forgotten, if to forget it be in our power. To many persons—those fond of ancient language, and those curious in old manners, it must ever be welcome in its primitive state—and in such a state have I ventured to retain it. It gives us, in common with many old strains, a lively image of a merry people. Much of it is, and must ever remain, inaccessible to an English reader—the peculiar humour cannot be revealed by notes; and almost every line would require a commentary. In abating the expressed grossness of one line which related the history of Kirsh, I have rendered an explanation necessary. Tradition, which is fond of familiar illustration, measures the calibre of Mons-Meg by the story of an intrigue which a young woman, who had gone south for the improvement of her manners, had with a soldier of the guard in the very throat of this extraordinary instrument of war. The song is said to be the production of Francis Semple of Beltrees.

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me:
The sun shines sweet, my Marion;
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blinks in her ee;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day;
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,

And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.

This is a relique of the ancient rural Muse of Caledonia; and it would be well if we had many such specimens of her simplicity and spirit. Homely truth and honest affection have rendered it a great favourite; and though many more aspiring songs of a similar kind have appeared since it was found and published by Ramsay, none have yet surpassed it in original beauty. Allan introduced it to notice as an old song with additions: and Bishop Percy reprinted it with a more antique orthography, but with no other material difference. It seems to have been found by the Englishman in some old manuscript or printed work; for tradition never recites her verses in the style in which he has published it: if he borrowed it from Ramsay, he has taken a curious liberty with the spelling. The only change which time has made in the song is in substituting a silver ornament for one of silk, on the neck of the maiden; but though

the women of Scotland wore lockets of silver in former times round their necks, and were like the wife of the borderer, "Of silver brooch and bracelet proud," I have chosen to abide by the version of Ramsay. The north and south of Scotland have contested the honour of the air: they might as well dispute the ownership of the last breath of wind which passed over their hills. Burns inclines to give it to the ballad of "Lord Gordon, he has three daughters;" but this has a modern sound, and a look of yesterday, compared with "The Ewe-bughts Marion"—Who can tell to what district it belongs, or who cares?

The hero of this song seems to have been a good judge of woman. He tells Marion of his sincere affection, of his pastoral wealth, of her sweetness and loveliness, of the number of her admirers, of the splendid dresses he will buy her on her marriage; and having armed her vanity in his favour, he alludes to his own personal accomplishments, and hints that, should she prove cruel, he can console himself with another—he will draw up wi' Jean.

GLENKINDIE.

Glenkindie was a harper good,
He harped to the king—
O there was magic in his touch,
And sorcery in his string:
He'd harp a fish out o' the water,
And water out o' a stane,
And milk out of a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

He's taen his good harp in his hand,
He harpet and he sang;
I'll give ye a robe, said our good king,
A rich robe and a lang,
To harp the winter night to me
And to my nobles nine;—
The harp is sweet at dinner hour,
And sweet is song and wine.

He's taen his charm'd harp in his hand,
And harped them all asleep,
All but the king's fair daughter
Whom love did waken keep:
And first he harped a grave tune,
And syne he harped a gay,
And many a look and kind sigh
I wot that lady gae.

O gentle knight! O gentle knight!
Ye've charm'd my heart o'er soon:
O come this night to my bower door
Ere sets yon sinking moon.
The moon was sinking in the west,
The gray cock clapt his wing,
When a fause page went to her door,
And pulled the silken string.

I trow ye're an ungentle knight,
Ye woo sae wondrous rude;
O though ye are a harper high,
Ye're but of a churl's blude.
And aye he took her in his arms,
And never a word he spoke,
And aye he stayed her words wi' a kiss,
And mony a ane he took.

And why, Glenkindie, my true love,
Would ye away so soon?—
O stay an hour in thy love's bower,
We'll measure it by the moon.
The moon was shining in the sky,
And gleaming on the floor,
When young Glenkindie, her true love,
Came to her chamber door.

She kenn'd him by his forehead fair,
And locks of golden light—

She kenn'd him by his strong right arm,
In which his sword shone bright.
I've harped until the night stars shone,
An hour before their time;
I've charm'd the darkness into light
With harpstring and with rhyme.

All on his sleeve of sea-green silk,
He streaked his sword so free—
He maun have wings, and ten men's might,
This night who wins frae me:
There was a step, there was a thrust,
Nor word was there nor din—
At the third thrust, on a dead man's face,
The moon was looking in.

I have extracted this song out of the wild and tragic story of the Glenkindie of Jamieson, and the Glasgerion of Percy. The magic power imputed to the instrument of the harper seems little more than what is ascribed to the harp of David when he played before Saul; nor has it equal power with the inspired verse of Odin:—

"I am possessed of songs such as neither the spouse of a king nor the son of a man can repeat—one of them is called the Helper: it will help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversities. I know a song which the sons of men ought to sing if they would become skilful physicians. I know a song by which I soften

and enchant the arms of my enemies and render their weapons of none effect. I know a song which I need only sing when men have loaded me with bonds; for the moment I sing it my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty. I know a song useful to all mankind; for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased. I know a song of such virtue that, were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm."

Glenkindie is the Glasgerion of Wales; but the king's daughter was probably influenced more by his music and his verse than by the charms of his person, for the Welsh knew him by the name of the Sallow—which, indeed, his name expresses. He is classed by Chaucer with Orpheus, Arion, and Chiron; but I am too ignorant of Welsh tradition to know whether his minstrelsy has the same imputed power in Briton story as it has in northern song. It was in this ballad that Otway found the story of his "Orphan," a drama that no one may hope to read without attesting with tears its resistless pathos. It has one of those plots in which virtue is cheated out of its purity; it is dangerous and unnatural to make honour fall by trick and stratagem—I never can read the "Orphan" without admiring the powers of the last of our great dramatists, and wishing he had never wrote it.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnel lea.
O Helen fair beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O think nae ye my heart was sair'
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair,
She sank and swoon'd wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnel lea.
Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

As I went down the water wide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
With sword in hand and side by side,
On fair Kirconnel lea;
The small bird ceased its song with awe
When our bright swords it heard and saw,
And I hew'd him in pieces sma'
For her that died for me.

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
"O come my love to me."
O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnel lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnel lea.
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies
Since my love died for me.

So various are the copies of this pathetic song, and of so little merit are many of the verses, that it is difficult to make a judicious selection, lest the lines that are natural and touching should suffer by the separation. The thorn cannot always be removed from the rose without diminishing its beauty and its perfume. Burns retouched one copy for the Museum; he seemed little satisfied with his success, nor am I sure that he ought to have been, though it was seldom that his skill and felicity in this kind of emendation deserted him.

The traditional story of Fair Helen and her lover is as widely known as the song, and is told, perhaps, as

often as the other is sung. Helen Irving, the daughter of the laird of Kirconnel, in Dumfriesshire, was admired for her beauty, and beloved by two neighbouring gentlemen—Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, and the laird of Blacket-house. Fleming was favoured by the lady; the other made less impression on her heart, than his possessions, which were said to have been large, made on the minds of her parents. The lovers, therefore, were obliged to meet in secret, and their place of tryste was among the woods which covered the banks of the stream of Kirtle down to the water edge. During one of these interviews, in the twilight of a summer's eve, Helen observed her jealous and despised lover taking a mortal aim with a carabine, or cross-bow, over the water at the bosom of his rival. She uttered a shriek, threw herself before him, and received the fatal shot or shaft in her back, and died instantly in her lover's arms. The place is still shown where Fleming rushed through the stream; and conjecture has removed the spot, where the obstinate and dubious single combat took place, to a little knoll a bowshot up the Kirtle: the peasantry often sit nigh the place and show to their children where the murderer was hewn to pieces.

There are other traditions, which lay the scene of his death in foreign lands, and Fleming is made to follow him through Spain and slay him in Syria. The combat is always represented to be long and fierce, and the story of his being hewn to pieces is never varied. The Irvings, a numerous and respectable name, invariably call the heroine Helen Irving; but the Bells, a still more nu-

merous and equally respectable name, call her Helen Bell: about the name of the murderer there seems to be no contention, and I am willing it should remain unknown. The grave of the lovers is shown in the churchyard of Kirconnel near Springkell. You may still discern "Hic jacet Adamus Fleming." A cross and sword have been cut on their tombstone; but so unskilfully sculptured as to countenance the belief of the peasantry that while the sword represents the weapon by which Helen's death was avenged, the cross is the gun by which she was shot. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, a token of abhorrence common to many nations.

Of the many "Fair Helens" with which our song books and oral memory abound, I shall not offer any account, nor seek to ascertain what is old nor what is new. Amid some pathos there is much affectation, and amid much simplicity more rudeness. Perhaps there was never so much written on any subject so pathetic with less honour to the Muse. The story seems almost too deeply tragic for song, and too well known and too strongly felt to endure embellishment.

LOVE ANE LEVELLER.

Love praises by comparison
  Both gentle, simple, general,
And of free will gives wareson,
  As fortune chances to befal;
For love makes noble ladies thrall
  To baser men of birth and blude;
So love gaurs sober women small
  Get maistrice o'er great men of gude.

Firm love for favour, fear, or feid,
  Of rich nor poor to speak should spare,
For love to greatness has no heed,
  Nor lightless lowliness ane air,
But puts all persons in compare
  This proverb plainly for to preve,
That men and women, less and mair,
  Are come from Adam and from Eve.

So though my liking were a lady,
  And I no lord, yet ne'ertheless
She should my service find as ready
  As duke to duchess dought him dress;
For as proud princely love express
  Is to have soverainitie;
So service comes of simpleness,
  And lealest love of low degree.

So lovers lair no leid should lack,
A lord to love a simple lass,
A lady also for love to take
Ane proper page her time to pass—
For why? as bright bene burnished brass,
As silver wrought in rich device,
And as gude drinking out of glass
As gold—though gold give greater price.

I copied this very pleasant song from my friend David Laing's beautiful edition of Alexander Scott's poems; and as I thought it more complete without the concluding verse, which deviates somewhat from the sentiment of the other four, I have ventured to omit it. I have likewise modernized the orthography. This was once a very popular song; and I can see no cause to prevent it from regaining its popularity. The idea of the poet is excellent: that love is a leveller and likely to continue so there can be little doubt.

It's as gude drinking out of glass,
As gold—though gold give greater price—

is a thought that will be sung by many when the name of Alexander Scott is neglected or forgotten.

WHILE WITH HER WHITE AND NIMBLE HANDS.

While with her white and nimble hands
My mistress gathering blossoms stands,
  Amid the flowery mead;—
Of lilies white, and violets,
A garland properly she plaits
  To set upon her head:

Thou sun, now shining bright above,
If ever thou the fire of love
  Hast felt, as poets feign:
If it be true, as true it seems,
In courtesy withdraw thy beams
  Lest thou her colour stain.

If thou her fairness will not burn
She'll quit thee with a kinder turn,
  And close her sparkling eyes;—
A brightness far surpassing thine,
Lest thou thereby ashamed should tyne
  Thy credit in the skies.

The extravagance of this song is pleasing and pardonable—for it is the extravagance of a very fine poet,

Alexander Montgomery. Our old bards went great lengths with their admiration; yet the vanity of the ladies must have equalled their wish to flatter if they were pleased, and smiled at such praise-offerings as this.

VAIN LOVERS.

None love, but fools, unloved again,
Who tyne their time and come no speed.
Make this a maxim to remain,
That love bears none but fools at feid;
And they get aye a good gooseheed,
In recompense of all their pain.
So of necessitie men succeed:
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I wot a wise man will beware,
And will not venture but advice;
Great fools, for me, I think they are
Who seek warm water under ice:
Yet some more wilful are than wise,
That for their love's sake would be slain;
Buy no repentance at that price—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Though some we see in every age,
Like glaiket fools gang giddy gates,
Where reason finds no place for rage,
They love them best who them but hates:
Syne of their follies wyte the fates,
As destiny did them disdain,
Which are but idle vain conceits,—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Some by a proverb fain would prove,
Who scarcely ever saw the schools,
That love with reason is no love,
Nor constance where occasion cools:
There they confess like frantic fools,
That wilfully they will be vain;
But reason, what are men but mules?—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Go ding a dog and he will bite,
But fawn on him who gives him food,
And can, as cause requires, acquit,
As ill with ill, and good with good.
Then love none but where thou art lov'd,
And where thou finds them feign'd, refrain:
Take this my counsel, I conclude—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I imagine Montgomery meant this song as an answer to Scott's song of "Love ane Leveller," and he certainly sings wisely and well on the side of prudence and hap-

piness. They who believe in the omnipotence of love will think the captain's system of love-making an excellent marching system for those of his profession who find loves in every town. It is, however, but an artificial one, and can only be followed by those who can reclaim their affections as a merchant may a bill of acceptance. Still I think there is much truth in what he sings: though love is a natural fire, it will burn out in time; and a long system of scorn or coldness will go far to prove that it is less a fixed destiny than our German philosophers imagine. I am not fond of songs which record only maxims of prudence or care—I love good advice when it comes naturally into the stream of song: but to chant a succession of logical conclusions—a string of salutary proverbs—is unpleasant, and songs of this character can never become popular.

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

The night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appeared no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes;
When to her father's gate I came,
Where I had often been,
And begged my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

Fast locked within my close embrace,
She trembling stood ashamed—
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And every touch inflamed.
With look and accents all divine
She did my warmth reprove,—
The more she spoke, the more she looked,
The warmer waxed my love.

O then beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy!
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I:
And she all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again,
And kindly vowed that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

Full soon soon I returned again
When stars were streaming free,
Oh slowly, slowly came she down,
And stood and gazed on me:
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin—
And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
She rose and loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart:

We wedded, and I thought me blest
Such loveliness to win;
And now she thanks the happy hour
She rose and loot me in.

Burns says, "the old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than the version in Johnson's Museum; but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull." Allan Ramsay was guilty of no such folly; he loved the freedom of the olden Muse as much as Burns, and was pleased to think that like the heroine in the ancient song she went sometimes "high kilted." Whoever sought to lessen its indelicacy not only succeeded, but also changed the original character of the song; the lady has no failings to repent of, or sins which marriage is required to repair—she is wooed and won, and wedded in a regular and discreet way—in the way that ladies ought to be. But in Ramsay's copy of the song the heroine yields like other ladies of romance; and wedlock comes in and makes amends for her nocturnal levities. I have retained the original song with some emendations. Ritson claims it as an English song, and one too of great merit, which he accuses us of Scottifying: but this is mere assertion, for the song had a Scottish existence in 1650; and the English version is so indelicate that the admiration of the antiquarian surprises me. The song is by Francis Semple of Beltrees.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

A lovely lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early:—
In what, my dear, art thou to blame?
Come, own it all sincerely.
I've done, sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome for that must go,
Their discipline to suffer.
Lack-a-day, sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

This is one of a multitude of songs of a satirical and humorous kind with which the people for nearly a century assailed the priests of the church of Rome, before the final establishment of Presbyterianism. It must be

owned, too, that few of its companions had half its decorum, if they rivalled it in humour. All songs founded on manners, or claiming an interest with the world only from some curious customs which they have sought to embalm, are sure to pass away as the manners of mankind change and as customs wear out: nothing is lasting but nature: men will always fall in love; they will probably always desire wine — they will, unless the grand millenium comes, always delight in a few years of war—three grand divisions of song. But in Scotland, since confessions ceased, and women, whether fair or homely, have learned to keep while they can their failings to themselves, the merit of the Fair Penitent has been much lessened. It is the last song of its race which has lingered on to the present day; and is one of those which Ramsay had the merit of preserving.

A very remarkable plenary indulgence was lately exhibited in London, obtained from Pope Benedict XIV. by a penitent Irish gentleman, for himself, fifty of his kinsmen, and fifty other persons, to be named by the suppliant. Twenty-one of his friends and kinsmen availed themselves of this most satisfactory forgiveness; among them is one of our fascinating actresses. I know not for what failing her name appears; nor have I heard the charge which the church makes for such a sweeping and liberal indulgence.

MOORLAND WILLIE.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
Young Moorland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay, he cried, whate'er betide,
I'll have young Maggie to be my bride.

On his gray yaud as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,
Wi' mickle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon moor,
Till he came to her daddie's door.

Goodman, quo Willie, are ye within?
I'm come your daughter's love to win;
I love na making mickle din,
What answer gie ye me?
Light down now, lad, and venture in,
I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win.

Now, wooer, since ye are lighted down,
Whare do ye won, by hill or town?
I think my daughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as thee.

The wooer he stepped ben the house,
An' wow but he was wondrous crouse.

Three owsen weel graithed in a pleugh,
Twa good gaun yaudes and gear aneugh,
They ca' my haddin Cadenough
  Wi' mair o' moor than lea!
Forbye I have, frae the great laird,
A peat-breast, and a lang kale yard.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town,
I wat on him she did nae gloom,
  But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist.

To win your love, lass, I'm come here,
I'm young and hae enough o' gear,
And for mysel ye need na fear,
  Troth trust me not but try.
He threw down his bonnet, he made nae bow,
But dighted his gab and tasted her mou.

The maiden blushed and binged fou law,
She had sma' will to say him na;
'O to my daddie I leave it a,
  Syne gang to him and gree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her father and tauld him this.

Your daughter winna say me na,
But to yoursel she leaves it a,
And bids us gree atween us twa,
  Now what 'll ye gie me wi' her.
The auld man laught: I hae nae mickle,
But sic as I have ye'se get a pickle.

A kiln fu' o' corn, an acre o' rye,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk-kye,
The bridal feast, my blessing forbye—
  Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo Willie, a feast—a feast,
Gae fee the piper and fetch the priest.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass,
But siccan a day there never was,
  Mair mirth was never seen.
The winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied fast the marriage bands.

Like new plumed birds our bridemaids flew,
Wi' top-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae top to toe they were brent new,
  And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches glancing clean,
Won love in a' our ladses een.

Sic hirdum dirdum and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him—

The minstrels they did never blin
Wi' mickle mirth and glee.
They becked, they bobbit, and danced like daft,
And lasses skirled and grandames laught.

This song presents us with a very curious and perhaps accurate picture of ancient manners. Moorland Willie seems a borderer, and prepared alike for love or war; and if I might localize the song by the language, I would ascribe it to Annandale. His pistols and dirk seem assumed as much for protection as for garnishing and adorning his person; and he rides with peculiar boldness, and makes love with unceremonious freedom. The young ladies of this more scrupulous age would look with fear on such a martial apparition; and the grip round the waist, and the ready salute, would be repulsed with very becoming disdain. But their grandmothers were probably wooed in the same manner; and if we may trust tale and history, old manners allowed a far freer licence than what would be considered decorous now. Moorland Willie was first published by Allan Ramsay, and with all those who love a free delineation of the ways of our ancestors, it became, and still continues, a favourite. It is commonly sung at country weddings, and I have heard many variations of certain verses, some of which I have retained: the emendation of the concluding verse is one of them, and those who like to see a gross image of enjoyment something abated will think the change an improvement. Long as it is, the song seems imperfect—the old bards seldom stopt their story in the very midst of mirth and joy.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

Although I be but a country lass,
  Yet a lofty mind I bear,
And think mysell as good as those
  That rich apparel wear.
Although my gown be home-spun grey,
  My skin it is as soft
As them that satin weeds do wear,
  And carry their heads aloft.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
  The thing that must be done,
With garlands of the finest flowers,
  To shade me frae the sun;
When they are feeding pleasantly,
  Where grass and flowers do spring,
Then on a flowery bank at noon
  I sit me down and sing.

My Paisley piggy, cork'd with sage,
  Contains my drink but thin;
No wines do e'er my veins enrage,
  Or tempt my mind to sin.
My country curds, and wooden spoon,
  I think them unco fine;
And on a flowery bank at noon,
  I sit me down and dine.

Although my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold,
Like them whose daughters, now-a-days,
Like swine are bought and sold;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck;
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love,
Though we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve,
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above;
Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love.

We have little of the pastoral of nature which excels the Country Lass; the language is simple and the sentiments just, and it looks still as fresh and green as it did

an hundred and twenty years ago. It had become popular in England before the days of Allan Ramsay, for we find it, though in a corrupted state, in Playford's Pills to Purge Melancholy. A more correct copy was printed in the Tea Table Miscellany, and though the language is more direct in some places than a discreet maiden would now willingly use, it would be unjust to alter what seems not particularly offensive. I have frequently imagined that many of our ridiculous choruses had once a meaning; and that the "fal de rals," and "hey, heys," and "faderelinkums," and other strange repetitions, conveyed, in ancient times, a sense which is now lost. I imagine this because all our old poetry is so peculiarly graphic, that I cannot conceive how lines of mere sound, signifying nothing, would have been allowed to intermingle with verses pregnant with pathos or humour. I have cut off the pendulous "O" from the ends of the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines of the verses—it can be replaced by those who choose to sing the song—but it hung like a withered bough amid a green tree, offensive to the eye, and injuring the beauty of the song.

O WALY, WALY.

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
Sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly, waly but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be warmed by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis nae sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone!
For a maid again I'll never be.

Allan Ramsay printed this pathetic song in his collection, and marked it as entirely old: it is far older indeed than Allan's day; and there can be little doubt that the language has been modernized by some skilful and tender hand. Yet I believe not that any greater change took place. The exquisite simplicity and pathos

of the complaint would redeem it from such changes as are prone to creep into songs intrusted to the care of tradition. Burns says: "In the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines,

When cockle shells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a'
Then shall my love prove true to me.

The other way ran thus"—and the poet quotes as traditional the four lines which compose the last portion of the second stanza in Ramsay's copy. The unhappy heroine and her perfidious lover seem to have been of good condition:—his clothing of black velvet, and her dress of cramasie, a crimson cloth of a grain colour, belonged, of old, to opulence and rank. Arthur's Seat and Saint Anton's Well have lately had a wild halo shed around them by the minstrelsy of Madge Wildfire; yet wonderful as such a creation is, evoked from a prison and from common life, the fame of the hill and the well was safe in the keeping of this inspired song.

I'LL GAUR OUR GUDEMAN TROW.

I'll gaur our gudeman trow
I'll sell the ladle,
If he winna buy to me
A bonnie side saddle,
To ride to kirk and bridal,
And round about the town,
Sae stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

I'll gaur our gudeman trow
I'll take the fling-strings,
If he winna buy to me
Twal bonnie gowd rings;
Ane for ilka finger,
And twa for ilka thoom;
Sae stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

I'll gaur our gudeman trow
I'll take the glengore,
If he winna fee to me
Valets three or four,
To bear my train up frae the dirt,
And ush me through the town,
Sae stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

This singular and lively song is from a very little, very curious, and very rare collection of old verses, called "A Ballad Book." I am not sure that I can find a finer specimen of female vanity than in the exclamation,

Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

Those who wish a farther illustration than what their own experience may supply may consult Sir Richard Maitland's poem, which censures the ladies of Burrowstown for the vanity of their dress; or the Supplication of Sir David Lindsay against "Syde Tailles and Musalit Faces." It is from the recitation of a lady who remembered it thirty years ago, but it seems much older; and if seventy years were added to the thirty, its language and manner would support the claim of antiquity. The same lady recited the fragment of another song which the Editor conjectures to be a satire on the court ladies of Edinburgh:

The lasses of the Cannogate,
O they are wondrous nice,
They winna gie a single kiss
But for a double price!
Gar hang them, gar hang them
High upon a tree,
For we'll get better up the gate
For a bawbee.

There would be a prodigious fluttering of ladies' fans were any dame, with nerves adapted to the year of grace, 1700, to sing such lyrics now.

MY DADDIE FORBADE, MY MINNIE FORBADE.

My daddie forbade, my minnie forbade,
Forbidden I wad na be;
I loved him weel, and I love him still,
And I'll love him till I die.
My minnie was harsh, my father was warse,
He sent my love o'er the sea;
But waters still and winds hae their will,
And sae will my love and me.

His hair is bright and his looks are light,
And his step is proud to see;
A wave of his hand is worth a lord's land,
Though a landless lad is he.
My daddie has sworn and my minnie has said,
And my aunt worst o' the three,
That I shall wed and I shall bed
Wi' the laird o' Logan-lee.

The laird is gray and the laird is grim,
And a kirkyard cough has he;
And his voice is like a voice frae the grave
When he comes wooing me.
Come spread thy sail to the snoring gale,
And bound o'er the billows free,
Else I maun wed and scatter the gowd
O' the laird of Logan-lee.

Part of this song is old, and a part of it seems suggested by Ramsay's song to the same air, in which indeed some of the fragments of the earlier lyric are embodied. I think the present song will be found nearer the character of the old, of which the two first lines were the commencement. The beginning of a song ought always to wear the hue of the sentiments which are to succeed; but many of our lyrics, particularly those which have been renovated from old verses, disobey this very natural principle; and still more so, some of our choruses, many of which not only interrupt the current of thought, but contradict the feeling or the humour of which they should be as an echo.

Logan-water and Logan-lee seem to be favourite places of the Muse. Our old poets probably knew the stream and the land, and sung of what they saw. Later bards, and Burns among them, took the name as one fit for lyric poetry, and sought to renew or revive the ancient feeling.

THE LASS THAT WAS LADEN WITH CARE.

A lass that was laden wi' care
  Sat heavily under a thorn;
I listened awhile for to hear,
  When thus she began for to mourn:—
Whene'er my own lover was near
  The birds seemed far sweeter to sing,
The cold nipping winter-time wore
  A face that resembled the spring.
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
  Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it is like for to break
  When I think on the days we hae seen.

There was love in his sweet silent looks,
  There was love in the touch of his hand—
I liked mair the glance of his ee
  Than a' the green earth to command:
A word, and a look, and a touch—
  Hard-hearted, oh! how could I be?
Oh! the cauldest lass o' the land
  Wad hae sighed and hae melted like me!
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
  Sae merry as we twa hae been,
I wonder my heart disnae break
  When I think on the days we have seen.

But now he is far, far away,
Between us is rolling the sea,
And the wind that wafts pleasure to a'
Brings nae word frae Willie to me:
At night, when the rest of the folk
Are merrily seated to spin,
I sit myself under an oak,
A heavily sighing for him.
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it will break ere the spring,
As I think on the days I hae seen.

Herd preserved a copy of this song in his collection: it seems a modern composition with an old chorus, which for pathos is well worth all the rest of the song. No author's name is given, nor is it very material; but it appears to have been composed with the wish of impressing the feeling of the old chorus on the song. The copy which I present to the reader has been formed from Herd's version, assisted by several oral copies; and I think, in simplicity and in pathos, it exceeds any of the songs which profess to embody the same story and sentiment. The air is very old and very popular, and the song which Allan Ramsay wrote for it and that which Herd printed have found their way into many collections, and may be yet heard from many lips.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the brave lads
Wha sew the single-soled shoon!
O! fye upon yellow and yellow,
And fye upon yellow and green;
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single-soled shoon!

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—
Up wi' the lingle and last!
There 's fame wi' the days that 's coming,
And glory wi' them that are past:
Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—
Lads that are trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men of the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the Deil!

O! mitres are made for noddles,
But feet they are made for shoon;
And fame is as sib to Selkirk
As light is true to the moon:
There sits a souter in Selkirk,
Wha sings as he draws his thread—
There 's gallant souters in Selkirk
As lang 's there 's water in Tweed.

Common tradition—and common tradition is followed by some of our ablest antiquaries—finds the origin of this song in the field of Flodden; while Ritson, following in some measure, and misunderstanding, the statistical account of the parish, finds it in a contest at football between the families of Home and Philiphaugh. The erudite Joseph laughs, and cries "This is decisive, and so much for Scottish tradition!" He was not aware that he was duped by one tradition while in the act of doubting another. I choose to elude any decision upon this controversy, where conjecture is produced against conjecture. I am afraid that the mention of single-soled shoon adds no farther proof to the believed antiquity of the song, since single-soled shoon, under the name of channel-pumps, have been in request within my own remembrance. Had they been the "rough-rowlins" noticed by Blind Harry and Froissart, it might have been more decisive. Nor can I allow much weight to the remark that the earldom of Home is a modern creation, since it is very well known that names are altered and changed as the story comes down the stream of tradition, and the song that commenced with the laird might end with the earl.

It is a story currently credited in Selkirk, that the souters, headed by William Brydone, fought gallantly and almost all perished on the field of Flodden. The sword of Brydone is still in the possession of his descendants; and an old and curious standard, taken from the English in the field by one of the Selkirk weavers,

is still carried annually before the corporation of which he was a member. I shall not stay to laugh with Ritson about the naked feet of our ancestors, nor quote Johnson to prove that the people of Aberdeen learned the art of "accommodating their feet with shoes" from the fighting and psalm-singing troopers of Oliver Cromwell. I might quote a very old authority to prove that the feet of one Scotchman at least were "accommodated" with very handsome shoes somewhere about the year 1296, since their beauty was made matter of reproach by a knight of the house of Selby; but I choose rather to rely on the assistance of a very rude and antique rhyme to prove that wherever the ancient and meritorious craft of souters originated, they at least found the tools and the materials for "accommodating" men's feet with shoes in a hotter climate than England:

There came souters out o' Mar,
And souters twice as far,
And souters out o' Peterhead,
Wi' no a tooth in a' their head,
Wi' tugging and rugging leather;
They came a' in a flock together—
And auld king Crispin was first himsel,
And he looked down into hell,
And ho! quo' he, I see leather to sell:
May I swing till doom in a hair tether,
But down I 'll gae and price that leather.
He wan down, and I canna tell ye how,
But when he came up he had a burnt mou';

He bouket up nine pints o' oil and a pound o' wax,
Wi' crooked gullies five or sax,
And a foot-fang to haud them a' fast;
And when he thought the foul fiends were a' gane,
He bouket up a patie-boy and a sharping-stane.

But it is not in this old rhyme alone that the craft of the good men of Selkirk is signalized; the curious familiar rhyme will be remembered by many:

The aulder that a plum-tree grows,
The blacker grow the plums;
And the aulder that a souter grows,
The blacker grow his thumbs.

I remember, too, something of the remains of a scoffing rhyme, from which it would seem that the citizens of Selkirk were not always so proud of the name of souters as they are now, since Sir Walter Scott is one of their number:

Gentlemen and cordiners
I ca' ye ane and a'—
But when a mile frae Selkirk town,
I'll swear ye're souters a'.

These rude verses, with several others, I have heard chanted in my youth in derision of the commendable craft of shoemaking: to compensate for the liberty I have taken in quoting them, I have made it my business to seek for and find a more perfect copy of the song in its honour than any hitherto published.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

The lady she walk'd in yon wild wood
  Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
  Were running at her knee.
The tane it pull'd a red, red rose,
  With a hand as soft as silk;
The other, it pull'd the lily pale,
  With a hand mair white than milk.

Now, why pull ye the rose, fair bairns?
  And why the white lilie?
O we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
  For the soul of thee, ladie!
O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
  I'll cleed ye rich and fine;
And all for the blaeberries of the wood,
  Yese hae white bread and wine.

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
  Say, weans, ye tarry lang—
She stretch'd her hand to the youngest bairn,
  Kiss me before ye gang.
She sought to take a lily hand,
  And kiss a rosie chin—
O, nought sae pure can bide the touch
  Of a hand red-wet wi' sin!

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire fill'd the air,
As that lady follow'd thae bonnie bairns
For three lang hours and mair.
O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!
O! lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.

There came a shape which seemed to her
As a rainbow mang the rain,
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.
And O! and O! said the youngest babe,
My mother maun come in:
And O! and O! said the eldest babe,
Wash her twa hands frae sin.

And O! and O! said the youngest babe,
She nursed me on her knee:
And O! and O! said the eldest babe,
She 's a mither yet to me.
And O! and O! said thae babes baith,
Take her where waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
Wash her twa hands from sin.

I have ventured to arrange and eke out these old and remarkable verses, but I have no right to claim any more merit from their appearance than what arises from in-

ducing the stream of the story to glide more smoothly away. It is seldom, indeed, that song has chosen so singular a theme, but the superstition it involves is current in Scotland.

THE DRUNKEN WIFE OF GALLOWAY.

Down in yon valley a couple did tarry;
The wife she drank naething but sack and canary:
The gudeman complain'd to her friends right sairly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

First she drank Crummie, and then she drank Gairie,
And syne she has drucken my bonnie gray maerie,
That carried me through the dub and the lairie:
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

She has drucken her hose, syne has she her shoon,
Her snaw-white mutch and her bonnie new gown,
Her sark of the hollans that cover'd her rarely:
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things I wadnae much care,
But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely:
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

The very gray mittens that gade on my hans,
Wi' her neighbour wife she has put them in pawns;

My bane-headed staff that I loved so dearly—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

I sit by my ingle sae mim and sae mute,
While she looks as black and as bitter as soot;
And when she's for war, I am aye for a parley—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

When I am saddest, she laughs and she sings;
My gold and my siller she's lending them wings;
She shines like a princess—I scrimpet and sparely—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she aye fills herself fou;
And then when she's fou, she's sae unco camstarie—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

And when she comes hame she aye lays on the lads,
She ca's a' the lasses baith limmers and jauds,
And I my ain sel an auld cuckold carlie—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

This very lively old song seems to be the production of some Galloway minstrel; and as the district is not over fertile in verse, it would be ungracious to seek its author in a more inspired quarter. It was published in Yair's collection; and seems to have been corrected by some skilful hand for Johnson's Musical Museum. But the best copy which I ever saw of it was bought from a ballad-singer's basket, adopting the most judicious

emendations of Johnson, and restoring some of the neglected verses of Yair. Something of a kindred feeling runs through a curious fragment preserved by Jamieson:

There lives a landart laird in Fife,
And he has married a dandily wife:
She wadnae shape, nor yet wad she sew,
But sit wi' her cummers and fill hersel fou.

She wadnae spin, nor yet wad she card,
But she wad sit and dawte wi' the laird:
She wadnae wash, nor wad she wring,
For spoiling of her gay gold ring.

But the spirit of the commencing verses sinks into a vulgar piece of practical humour: The laird

Killed a black wether, flayed off its skin,
And wrapt his dandily lady therein:
I darena pay you for your gentle kin,
But weel may I skelp my black sheep skin.

In Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs there is a softened version of this free old lyric from the pen of Joanna Baillie. I prefer the original—not from its wickedness, but its spirit.

JENNY NETTLES.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
  Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
  Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
  Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
  And a babie in her basket?

I met ayont the cairny
  Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
  Robin Rattle's bastard;
To flee the dool upo' the stool,
  And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about seeks Robin out,
  To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
  Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
  Use Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
  And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain
  The leel and leesome gate o't.

Jenny Nettles is an old and general favourite. It is one of those strange productions which, without observing any rule of lyric composition, or much delicacy, continues to please from the ease and careless animation which begins as the song begins, and ends not till it ends. There can be little doubt that some of this song is much older than Allan Ramsay's days, who printed it without any notice in his collection. I have heard fragments of what seemed a far older song sung in Nithsdale; and from what I remember, I have corrected the rhyme of the concluding line of the first verse. The appearance of Jenny in the beginning of the song is very lively: she seems to hasten along with all the symptoms of rustic wealth about her; bag and baggage, and fee and bountith, while the addition of the child seems scarcely to be an encumbrance, or to form any drawback to the joy in which she marches.

LEADER-HAUGHS AND YARROW.

When Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers, he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and silver streams,
Are Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres sel,
In Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
Than Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my descriving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dædalus' contriving:
Men passing by do often cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow;
It stands as sweet on Leader side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing;
Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging:
The lintwhite loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth;
By vows she'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel resorteth:
By break of day, the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and mounting sing,
O'er Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The east and western Mainses,

The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainshes,
Where aits are fine, and sald be kind,
That if ye search all thorow,
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Whitslade shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth.
Yet when she irks, to Kaidsley birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader-Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying.
But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can she borrow
In Sorrel's field, Cleckman or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her,
Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her.

O'er dub and dyke, o'er sheugh and syke,
She'll run the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd she fa's in Leader-Haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had ance commanding:
And Drygrange with thy milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,
And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing, Sweet Leader-Haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

This fine old pastoral ballad is said to be the composition of Nicol Burn, a minstrel who was famous on the border sometime in the sixteenth century. We read it with a pleasure largely increased by the rarity of such compositions at a period when the old martial spirit had not subsided on the Marches. After the blows and

blood of the military ballads, the song of Nicol Burn comes to infuse a spirit of peace and pastoral enjoyment; and we have so much of the freshness of bank and stream breathed round, that we almost forget how we were impeded on our way by Saturn and by Flora, by Ceres and by Pan. It is a pity it is so very long, but yet it cannot well be shortened without lopping off some favourite part. The second verse seems the only one that might be spared; but those who can endure eleven verses may endure the dozen—so let it go. I am afraid few of our living songstresses will have the patience of our ancient border ladies, who made this lyric vocal on many a festive occasion.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

For the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody,
I could wake a winter-night,
For the sake of somebody:
I am gaun to seek a wife,
I am gaun to buy a plaidy;
I have three stane of woo,
Carlin, is thy daughter ready?

Betty, lassie, say't thy sel,
Though thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and syne come to:

What signifies a mither's gloom,
When loving kisses come in play?
Should we wither in our bloom,
And in simmer mak nae hay?

Bonnie lad, I carena by,
Though I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The ha'f-mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll slip hame, and wash my feet,
And steal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.—

Now my lovely Betty gives
Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
Then let us gang and get the grace,
For they that have an appetite
Should eat; and lovers should embrace:
If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.

If this is not an ancient song retouched in many places by the hand of Allan Ramsay, I know not how to describe it. It is published in his Collection unaccompanied by any mark denoting either age or author, yet there can be little doubt that much of it is old, and it carries with it the tokens of alteration and amendment. The first four lines seem to have little connexion with the rest of

the song, and may have been pressed into the service on some sudden call on the Muse; yet it is dangerous to decide upon such symptoms, since many of our choruses bear no resemblance to the songs which they accompany. —The dramatic form of song was in high favour among our old poets, and imparted an animation and a reality to the composition. But the speakers sometimes said more than we are willing now to sing; and, forgetting themselves, occasionally, they sinned against the rules of decorum as well as all the precepts of brevity.

THE DENS OF YARROW.

She kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she'd done before O;
She belted him with his noble sword,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.
As he gaed up the Tennies bank—
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow;
And there he spied nine armed men
On the dowie howms of Yarrow.

O come ye here to part your lands
The bonnie forest thorough;
Or come ye here to wield your brands
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow?

We come na here to part our lands,
To beg, nor yet to borrow;
We come to use our noble brands
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

I see ye all, nine men to ane—
That's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
For my true love on Yarrow.
Four has he hurt, four has he slain—
Their blood dropt in the Yarrow,
Till that fierce knight came him behind
And ran his body thorough.

Gae hame, gae hame now, brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord—
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.
And he went to his sister's bower—
I wot he gade wi' sorrow;
There is a fair knight bleeds to death
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream—
I fear there will be sorrow:
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green
To bed my love by Yarrow.
O gentle wind, now blowing south,
From where my love repaireth,

Bring me a word from his dear mouth,
To tell me how he fareth.

And she went down the high high hill—
She went wi' dule and sorrow;
She saw her love wi' nine dead men
Lie in the links of Yarrow;
She kissed his cheek, she shed his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough;
And kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie links of Yarrow.

Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Thy moan breeds mickle sorrow;
I'll find thee a far nobler lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.
The mavis, it shall mourn in spring,
And sunshine freeze the Yarrow,
Before ye find so sweet a youth
As him for whom I sorrow.

Of all the various copies of this moving song I have preferred that of Sir Walter Scott, as the most beautiful and perfect. I have seen a fragment of the same song in the hand-writing of Burns, addressed to Lord Woodhouselee, and accompanied with the information that the poet had once a great number of such fragments, which he found among the peasantry of the west country; but as he thought nobody cared for them, they

had escaped from his memory. A verse or two may be worth preserving.

Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
  Where shall I gang to hide me?
For weel ye ken i' yere father's bower
  It wad be death to find me.
O go you to yon tavern house,
  And there count o'er your lawin;
And if I be a woman true
  I'll meet you in the dawin.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
  And counted o'er his lawin—
When in there came three armed men
  To meet him in the dawin.
O, woe be unto woman's wit—
  It has beguiled many;—
She promised to come hersel,
  Bnt she sent three men to slay me.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
  She sought him braid and narrow;
Till in the cleavin of a craig
  She found him drown'd in Yarrow.
She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
  That hung down lang and yellow;
And she's tied it 'bout sweet Willie's waist,
  And drawn him out of Yarrow.

Those who are fond of more polished composition will gladly turn from these rude and less graceful strains, to the pathetic song of Hamilton of Bangou.—"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride." On a low moor, on the bank of the Yarrow, to the west of Yarrow kirk, stand two tall unhewn masses of stone, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child that can herd a cow will tell the passenger that there lie the two lords who were slain in single combat. They are supposed to have been John Scott of Tushielaw, and Walter Scott of Thirlestone, who fought a duel on the spot: the latter was slain: he was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier. Sir Walter Scott has formed his edition of the song out of several copies; and I suspect Burns, in the fragments which he preserved, mingled two songs of something of the same character together.

THE THREE LADIES OF LEITHAN HA'.

The three fair ladies of Leithan ha',
They were ladies jimp and ladies sma';
The eldest ane was tall and fair,
Wi' blue merry eyes and long brown hair;
The midmost was of a rosie hue;
The youngest a lily born in the dew—
She was sweeter than the bloom of the thorn,
And blythe as a lark on an April morn.

A knight bowed low and blest the three;
But to the youngest he bent the knee.
The lady blushed all o'er with red—
Sir Knight, I'm far too young to wed.
He went in March, and he came in June;
He knelt, and sued, and he won his boon.
I shall ask ye from your father old,
Your sisters fair, and your brethren bold.

He asked her from her father dear,
Her brethren bold, and her sisters fair:
The bridal came, and lord and knight
Rode wondering at that lady bright;
And many a youth wished gallantly
O gin she were but a bride to me;
For meek and sweet she shines o'er a',
The bonnie lady of Leithan ha'.

Red flushed her brow—more red her cheek—
As the bridegroom kissed her chaste and meek:
She leant her over the saddle bow,
Saying, kiss me, Johnie, afore I go.
Oh, red and ruddy I saw her stoop;
But white and trembling looked she up:
The whitest lily by down and dale,
Or primrose, ne'er was half so pale.

Now, bridegroom, wave your plume in pride—
A laughing lord, and a weeping bride.

O had ye asked but my will to wed,
A living lady had warmed your bed.
Your bridal mirth o'er down and dale
Shall soon be changed to woe and wail;
And ye may write on her burial stone—
"O had I asked but her brother John."

She hadnae ridden half through the town,
Afore her life's-blood stained her gown.
Ride softly, said the best young man—
Our bonnie bride looks pale and wan.
Oh take me to yon little well,
And I shall sit and make my will:
The water that gushes sweet to see,
And yon sun shall shine nae mair for me.

O what will ye leave to your sad bridegroom?
My milk-white steed wi' the silver shoon.
O what will ye leave to your father old?
My coal black steed shod round wi' gold.
And to my mother, kind and dear,
A velvet pall and my bridal bier—
O when she nursed me on her knee
She thought not of this end to me!

O what will ye leave your sister Jane?
My golden robe that can stand its lane.
O what will ye give to your sister Bess?
My bloody robes to wash and dress.

O what will ye give to your brother John?
The gallows high to hang him on:
To dogs and ravening crows his corse—
A murdered sister's scorn and curse.

It would have made a hale heart sair
To see the bridegroom rive his hair:
He shed no tears—but muttering stood,
And vowed a vow of wrath and blood;
He turned his steed—on Leithan lea
Gray men show you the blasted tree;
The blasted tree and the bloody stone,
And talk of the death of false Sir John.

The common copies of this tragic lyric differ very much from this: not so much in the story itself as in the way it is told. The regular recurrence of the burthen at the end of every line interrupted, rather than aided, the dramatic interest of the narrative. I have often wished this unseemly auxiliary away; and I am glad of the popular sanction which this version gives of omitting it altogether. That my readers may know the value of what I have deprived them of, I shall add a verse or two as it is printed by Jamieson.

There were three ladies played at the ba',
With a heigh-ho and a lily gay;
And there came a knight and played o'er them a'
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
With a heigh-ho and a lily gay;
But the youngest was beyond compare,
And the primrose spreads so sweetly.

I know not to what district of Scotland to ascribe the origin of this mournful ditty. It is true that Leithan ha' is in the lowlands; but its origin ought rather to be deduced from language and character than from the names of places; since every singer or reciter feels at liberty to shift the scene of the story, and change the names of the heroes or heroines. The stories of many of our ancient domestic or romantic lyrics are of a deeply tragic nature; the early Muse seems to have delighted in scenes of crime and misery, and to have sought to gratify the popular and vulgar taste with minute details of horror and bloodshed.

O MITHER DEAR, I 'GIN TO FEAR.

O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Though I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johnny.
When Johnny then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your consent,
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the dlink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches fow, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane through the town,
Alake how can she mend it?
Now Tam maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae—
For poor folk hae nae siller.

Now haud yere tongue, my daughter dear,
Replied the kindly mither;
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap yere wealth together.
I'm o' the mind if he be kind
Ye'll do your part discreetly,
And prove a wife, will gar his life
And thine rin smooth and sweetly.

"Jenny dang the Weaver," to which Allan Ramsay directs this song to be sung, is the name of a favourite

lowland air, and a line of an ancient song of the same title, which is now, I fear, for ever lost. I never heard more of it than the following lines:

Jenny lap an' Jenny flang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
The piper played, an' Jenny sprang,
An' auld men sang to see her.

This, Ramsay, with less than his usual good fortune, has explained into "Jenny beguiled the wabster," misinterpreting the nature of Jenny's conquest, which was obtained by a light foot and a merry spirit over the more slow and less agile weaver. The old chorus which Allan quotes countenances in the two first lines this interpretation.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me;
I'm laith to lie a' night, my lane,
And Johnnie's bed sae near me.

Yet I cannot well reconcile this with the song preserved to the same air in Herd's collection, which includes this old chorus; unless we suppose that the heroine who vanquished the weaver was a Musselburgh maiden, who, lightened of the encumbrance of her "mussel-powk," leaped and danced so much to the delight of the aged.

As I came in by Fisher-row,
Musselburgh was near me;
I threw off my mussel-powk,
And courted wi' my dearie.

To those acquainted with the active and athletic forms of the Musselburgh maidens, the conquest of the weaver will be matter of little surprise. There is a naïveté in the first verse of Ramsay's version which I like so much, that I wish it had run through its companions.

THE BONNIE BONNIE BROOM.

A lady sat by her bower door,
And I wot she made great moan;
Shall I meet my love 'mang the bonnie bonnie broom,
Or bide a maid at home?
O up then spake a witch woman—
O lady ye'll be to blame;
For ye may gang to the bonnie bonnie broom,
And yet come maiden hame.

It's when ye gang to the bonnie bonnie broom
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver buglet at his head
And a broom bush at his feet.

Take ye the blossom of the broom—
The bloom that smells sae sweet;
And strew it at your true love's head,
And scatter it at his feet.

And take that ring from your finger fair,
And put it on his right hand;
To let him know when he doth awake
His love was at his command.
She pou'd the bloom of the bonnie bonnie broom,
And strew'd on his white hause-bane;
And that was to be a wittering true
That his love had come and gane.

O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I have coft sae dear—
That wadnae watch and waken me
When there was a maiden here?
I stamped wi' my foot, master,
And gaur'd my bridle ring;
But nae kind thing would waken you
Till she was past and gone.

And wae betide ye, my gay goshawk,
That I do love so dear,
That wadnae watch and waken me
When there was a maiden here.
I clapped ay my wings, master,
And loud my bells I rang;

And aye cried, Waken, waken, master,
Before the lady gang.

Now haste, and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Else a' the birds of the wide green wood
Of your flesh shall have their fill.
Ye neednae mount your gude white steed,
Nor spur him till he foam;
No bird flies faster through the air
Than she flew through the broom.

In the Minstrelsy this song is printed under the name of Broomfield-hill; and the editor supposes, with some probability, that it is at least related to the "Brume, brume on hill," mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, which is quoted by Dugdale, in his Warwickshire; and in a "very merrie and pythie Comedie," called "The longer thou livest the more fool thou art." It is not at all improbable; for the song has many popular qualities, and may have once been a great favourite. Broom flourishes frequently in old verse—from the broom of the Cowdenknowes down to the long yellow broom of Burns. It has been employed largely in lovers' bowers; and though its bloom and its fragrance have yielded to birks and hawthorn, it seems still the most sweet and natural bower that lyric poetry celebrates. This very fair and beautiful shrub, though still plentiful, is far less abundant than formerly. I

remember it in immense fields, waving nearly as far as the eye could reach, green, and long, and blooming; and in a windy day all the land near it was showered thickly over with its yellow flowers. A bower, so verdant and so fragrant, was worthy of the presence of beauty; and it was there that our ancestors wooed—their descendants, a less poetical race and less sensible of the influence of external nature, make love in a carpeted room with a patent lamp and a painted ceiling, and pity the taste of the lady who sings, in the old song,

He 's low down, among the broom,
That 's waiting for me.

THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower:
A braver bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true lover built for me.

There came a man at mid-day hour—
He heard my song and he saw my bower;
And he brought armed men that night,
And broke my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
And burnt my bower, and drave my gear—

My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, and made my mane;
I watched his corse myself alane—
I watched by night, and I watched by day,
No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
And whiles I went and whiles I sat:
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him wi' the sod sae green.

As I laid the earth on his coal black hair
O think nae ye my heart was sair?
O think nae ye my heart was wae
When I turned from his grave to gae?

The man lives not I'll love again,
Since that my comely knight is slain—
Wi' ae lock of his raven hair
I'll bind my heart for ever mair.

Sir Walter Scott regards this fragment as a lament for the death of Cockburn of Henderland, a noted border freebooter, whom King James the Fifth hanged over the gate of his own tower. Tradition, which ascribes this song or dirge to the catastrophe of Cockburn, says he was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. The remains of the freebooter's hold may be seen near

the mouth of a wild stream which falls into St. Mary's Lake: the adjacent country, now bleak and bare, once afforded shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. In the recesses of a wild glen, down which a mountain stream gushes, the wife of Cockburn, it is said, retreated during the execution of her husband—a seat, called the Lady's Seat, is still pointed out where she strove to drown, amid the roar of the cataract, the shouts which announced the close of his existence.

After all, however, I am inclined to regard this lament rather as a portion of some old romance than as the record of an event so recent as the death of the marauder Cockburn. It is conceived in a less natural and rather loftier style than is common to historical compositions—name and place, and time of the year, were sung with a scrupulous exactness; and the death of Johnnie Armstrong is the very perfection of the art of telling a border story. I have seen it in a much less perfect state than it is to be found in the Minstrelsy—less clever and distinct, but the pathos equally touching.

The heron flew east, the heron flew west,
The heron flew to the fair forest;
For there she saw a lovely bower
Was a' clad o'er wi' lily flower;
And in the bower there was a bed
With silken sheets and weel down spred;
And in the bed there lay a knight,
Whose wounds did bleed both day and night;

And by the bed there stood a stane,
And there was set a leal maiden
With silver needle and silken thread,
Stemming the wounds when they did bleed.

Mr. Hogg, in his notes to his ballad of Sir David Graeme, gives the above fragment from the recitation of his mother—and many mutilated verses of the same character might be added.

ANNAN WATER.

O, Annan water's wide and deep,
And my love Annie's wond'rous bonny—
Shall I be loth to weet my feet
For her whom I love best of ony?
Gar saddle me my bonny black,
Gar saddle soon, and make him ready,
For I will down the Gatehope slack,
And all to see my bonny lady.

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirred him wi' the spur fu' sairly,
And ere he won the Gatehope slack
I wot the steed was wae and weary.
He has loupen on the bonny gray,
He rode the right gate and the ready—

O nought could make him stint or stay,
For he thought on his bonny lady.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through moss and stream, and moor and mire;
His spurs of steel were sore to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.
Now bonny gray, now play your part!
And gin ye bear me to my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make ye weary.

She was a mare, a right good mare,
But when she wan to Annan water
She could nae hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.
O boatman, boatman! put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gowden money;
I cross the drumlie stream to-night,
Or never mair I meet my honey.

O, I was sworn, late, late yestreen,
And not by ae oath, but by many—
For all the gowd in south Scotland
I mauna take ye through to Annie.
The side was stey, the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring,
And the bonny gray did shake for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpie roaring.

O he has pou'd off his dapper pie coat,
The silver buttons glancing bonnie;
The waistcoat bursted off his breast,
His heart leap'd sae wi' melancholy.
He has ta'en the ford at the stream tail:
I wot he swam both stout and steady,
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail—
He never saw his bonnie lady.

O wae betide the frush saugh wand,
And wae betide the bush of briar!
They broke into my true love's hand
When his strength did fail and limbs did tire.
And wae betide thee, Annan stream,
Ye are a deep and deadly river;
But over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye nae mair true love may sever.

We owe the preservation of this fine pathetic song to Sir Walter Scott. Much of it is old, and much of it seems touched over and amended by a hand equally lucky and skilful. I have heard it sung on the banks of the Annan. Like all traditional verses, there are many variations. It has been long known by the name of

My love Annie's wond'rous bonnie.

I have some suspicion that the first verse has suffered corruption, from an old fragment which gave more the air of pleasure than of pathos to the song—

O, Annan water's wading deep,
Yet I am loth to weet my feet;
But if ye'll consent to marry me,
I'll hire a horse to carry thee.

The Annan is a beautiful but a dangerous river, with alternate pool and stream, and liable, like all mountain waters, to sudden floods. It happened, some thirty years ago, on the night of Lockerby Lamb Fair, that two brothers of the name of Bell had a quarrel over their cups with a youth of the name of Johnstone. Blows were exchanged; but they were parted more by force of hand than by the influence of advice. Johnstone, fearing the strength and hatred of the brothers, made his way from the crowd and hastened homewards: he was instantly followed by the Bells, and the Bells were again followed by many friends as well as enemies, all anxious to interfere or share in the expected battle. Johnstone ran towards Halleath's Ferry, leaped into the boat, and had already pushed it some yards from the bank when his pursuers came up. The pool of Halleaths is both wide and deep; and at that time the river, increased by a sudden rain in the uplands, was, in the language of the peasantry, raging from bank to brae. The Bells, maddened with drink, and inflamed by rage, looked not one moment, but leaped abreast into the flooded pool: they could neither reach the boat nor swim across. The first who saw the peril of their situation was young Johnstone: he turned the boat and

sought to save them, but the raging stream made it impossible. The second who saw them was their cousin, another Bell, who had followed them to the river bank. He looked on them for a moment, and plunged in beside them; but no human strength could contend with the violence of the river. They were all three swept away, in the sight of hundreds of people; and were all carried to the same churchyard, and followed to the grave by the unhappy youth the innocent cause of their death.

Annan water was the scene of many a fray yet renowned in border song. When one of the Armstrongs, heavily loaded with irons, was carried at midnight out of Dumfries jail by his companions, Annan was found in flood, and the freebooter was borne over by the strength of his horse and the courage of his younger brother. Lieutenant Gordon pursued them on the spur, but he halted on the river bank, and said when he saw the flooded stream—

Cast me the airns, quo' the gude Gordon,
For bonnie Dumfries they cost fu' dear;
Now the deil o' ma, cried Jock o' the Ha',
For they'll make shoon for my gray meere.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?

My Jeany and I have toil'd
  The live-lang simmer-day,
Till we almost were spoil'd
  At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
  Tied on her bonny brow,
I whisper'd something in her ear—
  But what's that to you?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
  As tight as ony silk:
O sic a leg was never seen,
  Her skin was white as milk:
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
  And sweet, sweet was her mou,
Oh! Jeany daintilie can kiss;
  But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine,
  To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae benison like mine,
  I have amaist nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face
  May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, alas!
  But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliss mair true,
His joys were short of mine:
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

This very clever and very old song was retouched for the Tea-table Miscellany, from a copy published by the London wits in the beginning of the last century. The wit of London seems at that period to have been much less delicate than the humour of the northern peasantry, since Allan Ramsay was obliged to restrain the licentiousness of the song before he could print it—and he was not one of the most fastidious of mankind. I love to bring forward into new life and modern society these excellent old morsels of the lively Muse—they give us a picture of the tastes and enjoyments of our ancestors; when freedom of conversation was not much curbed by

rules of strict decorum; when the language of love overflowed the bounds of perfect discretion, and men had not the fear of

Toothy critics by the score

before them, to frighten them into a colder courtesy, and a close observance of the monastic rules which are now laid down by "masters of the calling" as guides in lyric compositions.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCO.

Oh! was not I a waefu' wight,
Maid, wife, and widow in one night;
When in my soft and circling arms—
When most I thought him free from harms—
Even at the dead hour of the night,
They brake my bower and slew my knight?

Wi' ae tress of his coal black hair
I'll tie my heart for ever mair;
This golden pledge, this magic band,
I got it from a dead man's hand.
Nor gentle youth nor flattering swain
Shall ever win my heart again.

Burns says he was informed by Dr. Blacklock that this lament was composed on the unhappy massacre of Glenco in 1691. This is at least very suspicious: any one who reads the verses as they stand in the Musical Museum will observe a singular mixture of the old and the new, the simple and the affected; nor am I sure that the present copy is wholly free from these faults. They will observe more—that some of the lines are decidedly very old, and are interwoven with a similar lament from the widow of Cockburn the Freebooter. A part of the lines may also be found in a very beautiful and romantic fragment preserved by Mr. Hogg, which I have little doubt is a portion of an old romance. It is quoted in the note to the Lament of the Border Widow. Men will smile or be pleased according to their faith when I say, that the Vale of Glenco in Argyleshire has the reputation of being the birth-place of Ossian—a mighty shadow to some and a mighty name to others.

THE TWO FAIR SISTERS.

Two fair sisters lived in a bower,
There came a knight to be their wooer;
He wooed the eldest with glove and ring,
He loved the youngest aboon a' thing;
He courted the eldest with brooch and knife,
He loved the youngest aboon his life:
The eldest she was angered sair,
And envied her sister young and fair.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Come and see our father's ships come in:
She took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her down to the river strand.
The youngest ane stood on a stane,
The eldest took and pushed her in—
She took her by the middle sae sma,
And dashed her bonnie back to the ja'.

O sister, sister! reach me your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land.
O sister, sister, I'll reach not my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land:
Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It twin'd me and my world's maik.
O sister, sister! reach but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love.

Ye'se have nae help frae hand or glove,
Sweet William shall better be my love;
Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair
Garred me gang maiden evermair.
Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she came to Binnorie dam—
O father, O father, now draw your dam,
Here's a mermaid or a milk-white swan!

The miller came and he drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman:
You could na see her yellow hair
For gold and pearls so rich and rare;
You could na see her middle sae sma',
Her gowden girdle it was so bra';
And when that he looked in her sweet pale face,
His tears ran down like Binnorie race.

An elfin harper was passing by,
That sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone:
The strings he formed of her tresses lang,
And heavy and doleful was their sang.
With his harp he went to Binnorie hall,
Where her father sat with his nobles all.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
And the harp began to play alone:—

O yonder sits my father the king,
And yonder weeps my mother the queen;
Behind her stands my brother Hugh,
With my love William so sweet and true:
But the curse of God and thy sister Jean
Be thine for ever, thou false Helen!

I was once deeply touched with the singing of this romantic and mournful song. The singer, for the sake of keeping it within the reach of his voice, omitted the monotonous repetition of "Binnorie;" and with music, different but as tender as that of the printed copies, gave the continued sense of the story without interruption: I have ventured to print it in the manner I heard it sung. To those curious in old choruses it may be as well to present some of the verses of the various copies, that they may choose the most agreeable or melodious.

Two fair sisters lived in a bower,
Hey ho my nonnie O!
There came a knight to be their wooer
While the swan swims bonnie O!

This verse balances the claims of England and Scotland to this pathetic song; and by using words common to the north of the one and the south of the other, leaves it undecided. Nor is this weighty matter settled by another burthen, equally unmeaning and much more common—

He courted the eldest with glove and ring—
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
He loved the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

Mrs. Brown's Manuscript, from which the excellent copy in the Border Minstrelsy was compiled, has a different burthen, and a very different arrangement of the verses:—

There were two sisters sat in a bower,
Edinborough, Edinborough!
There were two sisters sat in a bower,
Stirling for aye!
There were two sisters sat in a bower,
There came a knight to be their wooer—
Bonnie St. Johnstown stands upon Tay.

These lines are curious, and confirm the claim of the north to the song, of which I never had much doubt.

COWDEN-KNOWES.

O the broom, and the bonnie bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowden-knowes;
And O sae sweet as the maiden sang
I' the bught milking her ewes.
Shall I watch the fauld wi' you, bonnie May,
Or help ye the sheep to wear?
O thy face is as fair, my very bonnie May,
As thy voice is sweet to hear.

Ride on your way, you gentle knight,
Your steed's baith stout and strong;
O what wad he do did the trumpet sound,
Wha stops for a maiden's song?
The night is misty and mirk, bonnie May,
Nor tower nor town I see;
I have tint my way, thou very bonnie May,
And wilt thou nae pity me?

Your riders gay, said the weel-faured May,
Are not yet from you far;
I hear their song as they ride along
To the halls of Lochinvar:
For I can guess by the gold on your dress,
And more by your merry ee,
That ye are the lord of the Lochinvar,
And weel may ye seem to be.

Deed no, deed no, my very bonnie May,
Ye are far mista'en o' me,
I am but ane of that lord's gentlemen,
And aft in his companie.
He has ta'en her by the waist sae jimp,
And by the grass green gown—
Ye harebells blue, wi' your heads o' dew,
What pleasure pressed ye down!

He leapt on his steed, and away he rode,
And sang 'mang the misty knowes—
O the sweetest lass, and the bonniest lass,
Is the lass that milks the ewes.
Now what has kept thee, my daughter dear,
And wha has been wi' thee?
O the lambs and ewes ran 'mang the broomy knowes,
And wad nae bught in for me.

But foul befa' your shepherd, father!
And an ill death may he dee!
For he biggit the ewe bughts sae far frae hame,
That the wild tod frighten'd me:
For there came a tod to our fauld yett,
The like ye never saw,
And ere he had taken the lamb that he took,
Ye wad rather he'd ta'en them a'.

Now it fell on a day, a sweet summer day,
The maiden was bughting her ewes,

And there rode a knight, a very gentle knight,
Down amang the broomy knowes:
O why are ye mute, my very bonnie May?
I ken ye can sing fu' sweet;
And what ails thy gown, thy grass green gown?
For the waist o'it winna meet.

O never a word said that very bonnie May,
But her tears began to rin;
Then he leaped off his steed, that very gentle knight,
And kissed her cheek and chin.
O I am the lord of the Lochinvar
Wi' a hundred knights in fee,
And my lady shall be the se sweetest lass
In all the south countree.

This is a very popular song, and many copies of it in a rude or more polished state survive among the peasantry. There are few districts in the south of Scotland which have refrained from appropriating the hero of the tale. The love of song must have been very great among our ancestors, when they tolerated a long narrative of pastoral seduction. Yet our most tedious ballads at one time found a voice willing to warble through the meanderings of their story, and an audience delighted with the rude and unmelodious strain. I remember once an old man, who, by way of showing his satisfaction in a dinner and wine, of which he was a large partaker, proceeded to sing one of the longest of the songs of Robin Hood; he made a mistake somewhere about the twenty-

third verse, and cried, "Never mind, I can begin it again!" and wondered that some of the company thought it tedious.

All through Dumfriesshire and Galloway the hero of the song is ever Lord Lochinvar; and though the descent of the heroine has been conferred on various respectable families, according to the design or caprice of the singer, I cannot say that any one has contended for a monopoly of this dubious honour. Some of the verses which I have heard sung are very free, and seem very old:—

For I do guess, by your golden rimmed hat,
And by the silken string,
That ye are the lord of the Lochinvar,
Who beguiles all our young women.

The old chorus of Cowden-knowes certainly belongs to some song of a more plaintive character than this legendary chant:—

O the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowden-knowes;
I wish I were 'mang the broom again,
Milking my father's ewes.

A curious copy of the old song may be found in the Minstrelsy: the hero there is laird of the Oakland hills, "with a hundred plows and three;" and as Cowden-knowes are on the river Leader near Melrose, this Ettrick Forest copy may be the original ballad. Herd pub-

lished a very different version; and the song more than a century ago had found its way into England. The air obtained the notice of a very sweet pastoral lyrist, Crawford of Auchinames.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

The meal was dear short syne,
We buckled us a' thegither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtship till her.
Twa pistols charg'd by guess,
To gie the courting shot;
And syne came ben the lass,
Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
He first speir'd at the gudeman,
And syne at Giles the mither,
An' ye wad gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My dochter ye shall hae,
I'll gie you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my faith,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it shall be good,
There's nane shall hae its maik,
The lass bound in her snood,
And Crummie wha kens her stake:

Wi' an auld bedding o' claes
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right weel, gudeman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll no quit your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun thegither,
A house is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We've neither pat nor pan,
But four bare legs thegither.

Your tochers be good enough,
For that ye needna fear,
Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
And ye yourael' maun steer:
Ye shall hae twa guid pocks
That once were o' the tweel,
The tane to haud the groats,
The tither to haud the meal:
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
And that shall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
The saddle 's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my coots;
The cloak is Geordy Watt's
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come, fill us a cog o' swats,
We'll make nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
A bargain it maun be,
Fye, cry on Giles the mither!
Content am I, quo' she,
E'en gar the hizzie come hither.
The bride she gaed till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fiddler crap in at the foot,
And they a' made mirth thegither.

This very lively and humorous old song was preserved by Allan Ramsay; and it has all the marks of antiquity upon it—free language and free manners. From the account which it contains of a farmer's domestic

establishment a painter might make a good picture; and from the earnest wish of the wooer for an increase of gear, and the resolution of the old man to keep his land, we may learn that worldly wisdom was as strong among our homely ancestors as with their more polished descendants. And yet with all the closeness of the one, and the greed of the other, the poet has thrown in such a redeeming spirit of open-heartedness, that we like them, buyers and sellers of matrimonial comforts though they are. There are some lines for which a discreet poet of the present age would have found more prudent and more delicate words; and some would not have scrupled to dispossess the minstrel of a resting-place to which he might think, perhaps, his skill entitled him. But I never met with any material variations of the song: it is still, and may it long continue, a favourite among the peasantry.

MY JO JANET.

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see your bonnie sel,
My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in!
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd myael for sin.
Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be taukin'.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the Cross then,

For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

Most of this song is ancient, and it is inserted without any notice of its age or its origin in Ramsay's collection. It bears in many places tokens of the hand of Allan. Burns admired it so much that he imitated it; but I do not think that he has equalled the happy humour of the original. Some editors, who are fond of finding a suspicious meaning in very honest words, have omitted the last verse.