JOHN GRUMLIE.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,
And the green leafs on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow—
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer:
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer:
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right,
He danced with rage and grat:
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife came hame at e'en,
A weary wife and sad,
And burst into a laughter loud,
And laughed as she'd been mad;
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon
And the green leafs on the tree,
If my wife should na win a pennie a day
She's aye have her will for me.

The resemblance of the story of honest John Grumlie to the Gude-wife of Auchtermuchty must strike every reader: but I by no means imagine it to be the original of that exquisite production. The humour is less vigorous and free, and the portrait of domestic manners and mishaps less ample and striking. It is however an old song and a favourite among the peasantry of Nithsdale, where it was formerly sung at weddings, housheatings, prentice-bindings, and other times of fixed or casual conviviality. I took it from the recitation of Mr. George Duff of Dumfries, with whose father it was a great favourite. It was once the fashion to conceal a moral or

convey a character under a name; and "Lusty Juventis" and "John Grombell," and many others of the same great families, had each their characteristic part assigned them in the old instructive moralities. Ritson imagined he saw the rudiments of the Wife of Auchtermuchty in a story in the Silva Sermonum jocundissimorum, published in 1568; and Mr. David Laing, who has obliged the lovers of old world lore with a very beautiful edition of the Scottish poem, says there is a striking similarity in many of the incidents. I know not how far this resemblance goes, but the genius which transferred it out of the peculiarities of a foreign tongue with such felicity and rustic grace into our homely dialect had a task nearly equalling original composition. In the Bannatyne Manuscripts the poem has the signature of "Mofat," and tradition ascribes it to Sir John Moffatt, one of the Pope's knights.

THERE DWALT A MAN INTO THE WEST.

There dwalt a man into the west,
And O gin he was cruel,
For on his bridal night at e'en
He gat up and grat for gruel.

They brought to him a gude sheep head,
A napkin and a towel:
Gar tak thae whim-whams far frae me,
And bring to me my gruel.

But there's nae meal in a' the house,
What will we do, my jewel?
Get up the powk and shake it out,
I winna want my gruel.
But there's nae milk in a' the house,
Nor yet a spunk o' fuel:
Gae warm it in the light o' the moon,
I winna want my gruel.

O lake-a-day for my first wife,
Wha was baith white and rosie,
She cheered me aye at e'ening fa'
Wi' something warm and cozie:
Farewell to pleasant draps o' drink,
To buttered brose and gruel;
And farewell to my first sweet wife,
My cannie Nancie Newell.

I owe whatever is curious and humorous of this ancient song to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott, from whose recitation I wrote it. Whatever is new and dull must be attributed to me, since I ventured to alter the last lines of the second verse, and to add the third. Our ancestors had a lively sense of the humorous and the

droll, since they sought and found them in many a situation and circumstance where few lyric poets of the present age would venture to seek for them. Who would now, when the stocking is thrown and the bridesmaid barred out, make the bridegroom get up and greet for gruel? Yet our forefathers laughed sometimes when we should think mirth unpolite. I remember the remains of an old song which, bequeathing its name to a popular air, still survives as a specimen of the humour of ancient days. It may still be remembered under the name of "The Bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down." Of the little left I shall give a specimen :—

It's lang till day, quo' the silly bridegroom,
I'll sit a wee while langer and clout my shoon;
I'll gie any man a hundred marks an' three
This night that wad bed wi' a bride for me.

Come in to your bride, thou silly bridegroom,
The lily white sheets they are weel spread down!

But I dare not quote any more of this lively lyric: the invitation of the bridesmaid and the answer of the bridegroom might please a less scrupulous generation, but they would make ours blush.

O'ER BOGIE.

I will awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part
For siller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats, and air,
The soul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms;
How bless'd I'll be when she's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!

There blithely will I rant and sing,
While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble servant, king!
Shame fa' them that wa'd change
A kiss of Betty and a smile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
And offer me ye'r crown.

The oral fragments I have collected of this song are unworthy of the popular air. "O'er Bogie" is used as a proverbial expression; those who are wedded by a magistrate instead of their parish minister make what is called an "O'er Bogie marriage," which merits and generally obtains the censure of the kirk. Some of the fragments are curious.

I'll awa' wi' my love,
I'll awa' wi' her—
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her:
I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Bogie,
O'er Bogie wi' her;
She's far far o'er sweet a quean
For me to stay frae her.

From the old verses Allan Ramsay borrowed the chorus, and added the song for his collection. It was published by Thomson in 1725. The air is a great favourite. I am not so certain of the popularity of the words.

In the song of "Cauld Kale in Aberdeen," frequent allusion is made to the Reel of Bogie; but the Bogie of the old song seems a district:

I wadnae want my cogie, lass,
I wadna want my cogie:
I wadnae gie my three girr'd cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

SIR HUGH.

Sir Hugh rode o'er the moorland brown,
And through the greenwood free,
And high o'er head a bonnie bird
Sang loud frae tree to tree:
Make haste! make haste now! good Sir Hugh,
And stir your steed mair rude;
Gin ye kenn'd wha lay in your bower,
Ye'd dip yere spurs in blude.

Sir Hugh rode through the good greenwood,
And down the moonlight river,
While o'er his head the bonnie bird
Sung louder far than ever:
Make haste! make haste now! good Sir Hugh,
And spur your courser free—
For there's a knight in thy lady's bower,
Whom she loves mair than thee.

Ye lie! ye lie! my bonnie bird,
On my true-love ye lie!
And gin ye sing that song again,
I'll shoot my shaft at thee.
Sharp is your shaft, the sweet bird sang,
But ere it leaves the string,
O! I'll have flown to a higher tree,
And louder shall I sing.

O! I was one of gorlines four,
Nursed 'neath the hollin tree;
There came a kite wi' a yellow foot,
And ate them all but me:
He looked on me wi' his big bright een,
And weighed me in his claw,
When frae Sir Hugh's bow came a shaft,
And merry I flew awa'.

O! I have wandered much on land,
And sailed far on the sea;
And the birdie that can speak and sing
Is a welcome bird to me.
O! first I ate the red witch berry,
The green buds of the beech,
And syne I drank of the fairy well,
And changed my sang to speech.

Away he rode, and the sweet bird flew,
The live long summer night;

And when he came to his lady's bower,
The east was streaked wi' light:
And loud and loud the wee bird sang—
The night dawns into day,
And he that's abed wi' another man's wife,
May wish he were weel away.

The day dawns, quo' the fause, fause knight,
The bird sings on the tree,
And the bird that can baith speak and sing
Comes for nae mirth to me.
She linked her left arm round his neck,
And syne she linked the right,
While all her bosom's drifted snaw
Was flushed with morning light.

Your hounds feed in my cellar, love,
On white bread and on gray—
Your horse stands in my stable, love,
O'er winnowed corn and hay—
Your hawk is perched on my perch-tree,
Just perching for his prey,
And ye are close wound in my twa arms—
How can ye lang for day?

The light shone on that fause knight's plume,
And on his green attire,
When he rushed through the secret porch
As fast as flashing fire.

O! I'd sung wi' a corncrake's pipe,
And flown wi' wings o' lead,
Had your sharp arrow failed to cast
A dead man from yon steed!

Many of my readers are acquainted with this ancient lyric under the name of The Bonnie Birdie, and something of a similar story is popular under the name of Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard. The Bonnie Birdie, wild and singular as it is, with a dramatic boldness about it, and much of the true feeling of Gothic romance, seems deformed by the everlasting chirrup of "O dear! gin it were day," and the senseless recurrence of "diddle," which, whatever emotions it may have excited in ancient times, has lost its power to please now, and can only be considered as a dead bough on a green tree. The account which the wondrous bird gives of itself is equally fanciful and curious in all the copies, but there is a difference far too remarkable to escape notice:

O! where was ye gotten—where was ye clecked?
My bonnie bird, tell me.
O! I was clecked in the good green wood,
In the midst o' a holly tree;
And ye came ae day and harried my nest,
And gae me to thy ladie:

Wi' good white bread and new milked milk
Ye bade her feed me oft,

And gae in her hand a simmer wand,
To ding me sindle and soft.
I got nae bread nor new milked milk,
But I got the wand full oft;—
Had her hand been kind as it was white,
Wad I talled her gude lord aught?

I have chosen to adhere to the variation retained in a recited copy, and have ventured to eke out an imperfect passage or two, that the narrative, startling and abrupt as it is, might continue connected. Poets have for a long while deprived birds of the use of speech, and have sought to communicate to their readers the romantic portions of their narratives in a less fanciful way.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

This is the composition of James Grahame, the illustrious Marquis of Montrose, and seems much more like a manifesto of his political feelings and principles than a record of ardent and romantic affection. But as John Knox preached when he wooed, so Montrose may be allowed to make a speech on the state of the nation when he wrote a song on his lady. Certainly the aristocratic principles are better adapted for the machinery of a domestic poem, full of fond attachment and singleness of heart, than those of a democracy; and the wish to reign alone, expressed by the northern hero, will be echoed, in household matters, from John o' Groat's to the Land's-end. The following have always appeared to me four noble and characteristic lines:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

The following specimen of kirk discipline is curious, and gives us an accurate picture of a period when far more power than religion ought to possess was lodged in the hands of the pastors. It is from the session book of one of the Scottish parishes:—"Saturday, 19 Dec. 1646, Compeared James Hutcheon, mer. and confessed his

gross fault in drinking James Grahame's health: is ordained to acknowledge his offence upon his bare knees in the session-house, and pay one dollar to the poor."—On his bare knees to brother-worms and fellow-mortals!—Well done, ye meek and humble christians of the year of grace 1646!

THE COCK LAIRD.

A Cock laird fou cadgie
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jennie?
Thouse be my ain leman,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be better for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling set roun,
A skirt of the puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown.
Awa with sic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchys and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit bear:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jennie,
To buy aught I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants
Will sell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they shoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are set free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth she.

The humour of this ancient song was far broader in Allan Ramsay's days: he lessened the vulgarity, heightened the humour, and rendered it more pure and pass-

able for good company, and then put it in his Miscellany. All this seems not to have satisfied the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, who admired the old words so much that he printed them boldly; and I have yet to learn that any critic accused him of indelicacy:—to us the words appear gross and inexcusable. One of the verses is so characteristic of female vanity, that it deserves to be restored to the text:

Gin you'd hae me look bonnie
And shine like the moon,
I maun hae katlets and patlets
And camrel-heeled shoon,
And craig-claiths and lug-babs,
And rings twa or three.
Hout! the deel's in your vanity,
Jenny, quo' he.

Those verses which differ from Ramsay's copy differ so much in an indelicate way, that I can quote no more; and they are very worthy of the oblivion which awaits them.

JOCKIE FOU AND JENNY FAIN.

Jockie fou and Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain;
She was couthy, he was kind,—
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind:
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice—
Gie me love at ony price;
I'll ne'er stand for red or white,
Love alane can give delight.

Ithers seek, they kenna what,
Features, carriage, and a' that;
Gie me love in her I court,
Love to love makes a' the sport:
Let love sparkle in her ee,
Let her love nae man but me,—
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the lover's treasure lies.

Colours mingled unco fine,
Common motives lang sinsyne,
Never can engage my love—
Let my fancy first approve:
'Tis na' meat but appetite
Makes our eating a delight—
Beauty is at best deceit,
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Who the author of this original and pithy song was, it is in vain to inquire. It first appeared in Allan Ramsay's collection, where it is marked as an old song with additions. How much is old, and how much belongs to the days of Allan, cannot be ascertained; in truth, it seems all alike old, even including the four lines which have been added by Johnson in his Museum. The song itself enters more deeply than many of its more flashy brethren into the sources of love and enjoyment.

LESLEY'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON.

March! march! Why don't ye march?
Stand to your arms, lads! fight in good order!
Set your pikes like a wall!—level, musketeers all!
We are passing the English border.
Fight, fight, Scottishmen!
The true kirk to maintain;
Hasten your march to the call of the Commons:
When to St. Paul's we come,
We'll purge it, ilka room,
Of mitre, of bishop, of surplice, and canons.

March! march! Ye righteous ones, march!
The fair land of promise is lying before ye.
Though Tweed be in flood—through rivers of blood
We'll march, and raise the kirk in its glory.

Fight! fight! the false Faith,
See, is gasping for breath!—
Before you is glory, behind you a halter:
To a godly psalm tune
Shall St. Paul's ring aboon,
As we stable our steeds at the foot of the altar.

When Caled, with his Moslems, shouted "Fight, fight! Paradise, Paradise!" and the Arabian youths, as they spurred regardlessly among the Roman spears, saw black-eyed maidens leaning from the clouds to convey their spirits to the whitest bosoms in paradise, they scarcely experienced a more ardent or more martial enthusiasm than that which moved our ancestors when they overthrew Charles the First and his chivalry. That the Covenanters stabled their steeds by the altar, the cathedrals of England can yet testify: it is but lately that the iron rings to which the bridles were fastened were removed from that of Lichfield. In the Leslie's March printed by Allan Ramsay I find two lines which have probably pertained to a song of the days of the Reformation.

Jocky shall wear the hood,
Jenny the sark of God.

This is a scoff which suits popery certainly better than prelacy, and Leslie knew the world too well to promise such visionary relics to his martial followers.

JOCKIE AND PEGGY.

O Jockie, lad! I am sae sick—
  But marriage nought will men' me:
I've been sae oft wi' thee at e'en,
  My friends they scarcely ken me.
My mother looks on me, and sighs,
  For my complexion dashes;
And this, alas! has been wi' thee,
  Sae late amang the rashes.

O Peggy! I'll do all I've vowed,
  To free thee frae her anger;
Come, then, and let us buckle to,
  And play the fool nae langer.
A gallant bridal will mend a',
  And cure the country clashes;
Though wedlock makes nae softer bed
  Than love made 'mang the rashes.

Now, Jockie, since thy love is true,
  Let them laugh on, I'm easy—
Sae lang's I live, I ne'er shall rue
  For what I've done to please ye:
I've been o'er happy to complain,
  Sae weel's me on the rashes—
We've done nought but we'll do again,
  And a fig for a' their clashes.

In Allan Ramsay's collection this song is introduced as old; and there can be no doubt that much of it belongs to a period far beyond his time. It is directed to be sung to the tune of "Come, kiss wi' me, and clap wi' me!" the title of an old free song, which would be a curiosity after its kind if a perfect copy could be obtained. The song, as Ramsay printed it, seems to have enjoyed the benefit of some emendations, and deserved more. The bed of rushes, of which it sings, was a favourite couch in the simpler times, when beds of brekan and beds of hay were reckoned worthy of being pressed by beauty. Our barons' halls in times of high festivity were strewn with new rushes. The song is certainly modest for the period of its composition, when licentious songs abounded, and ladies were often in a situation which marriage alone could mend. The old ballads are full of cases in point, and their story is often the detail of an intrigue.

KATH'RINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd, though it was foggie;
I ask'd her name: Kind Sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country-maid so neatly:
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lilie in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee;
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excel any clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain!
To feed my flock beside thee,
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations:

I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:
Might I caress and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggie:
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie!

Of this genuine, old, and excellent Scottish song, Burns says, in a letter to Thomson, "I agree with you that the song of Katherine Ogie is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it, but the awkward sound, 'Ogie,' recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece." The poet wrote Highland Mary to the music—and if the imperfections of the one obliged him to compose the other, I can forgive him for speaking contemptuously of a song which possesses great merit, and has been, and will continue, popular: it is, besides, a very ancient song, and I have some suspicion that the original name was Katherine Logie. It found

its way to London, and came back deprived of the first letter of the name, and so it has remained. Ramsay, in transcribing the song, made some emendations which seem judicious; they are not many nor important. I have heard it sung many times; and its tone of genuine gaiety, and sympathy with woman's loveliness and the beauty of the season, appeared always to move the audience.

AND SAE YE'VE TREATED ME.

And sae ye've treated me,
  And sae ye've treated me;
I'll never love anither man
  Sae weel as I loved thee.
All the day I sigh,
  And all the night I weep;
And never shall I rest again
  Save in a winding sheet.

And sae ye've treated me,
  And sae ye've treated me;
O monie monie loves ye'll get,
  But nane who loves like me.
A woman's curse fa's sair,
  A woman's curse ye'll dree—
The diel put on your winding-sheet
  Three hours before ye die!

The singular and ungentle conclusion of this song is unlike that of any other lyric; but the lady may have measured her language by the nature of the injury; and a man who is faithless ought not to be pitied for the strange companion whom his mistress invokes to look to his dying moments. I found eight of the lines—the best eight—in the "Ballad Book" of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. In a quaint, sly, and curious preface, we are informed how some of these reliques were obtained. "These have been gathered from the mouths of nurses, wet and dry, singing to their babes and sucklings—dairy maids pursuing their vocation in the cow-house—and tenants' daughters while giving the lady a spinning day, whilom an anniversary tribute in Annandale. Several, too, were picked up from tailors, who were wont to reside in my father's castle, while misshaping clothes for the children and servants."

CROMLET'S LILT.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder spreading groves,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat:
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies:

The courteous red-breast he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

The fair Helen, on whose infidelity this song was made, was one of the thirty-one children of the laird of Ardoch, and her maternal grandfather was one of the seventeen sons of Tullibardine. She was exceedingly beautiful and of a fruitful house. Her lover, young Chisholm of Cromleck, passed into France; but by the perfidy of a confidant his letters were withheld from Helen, and tales injurious to his honour were anxiously circulated. She renounced him in disdain. The sorrow which he felt inspired this complaint; but tradition, while it preserved the lyric, contrived to wrong the author by changing his name to Cromlet —and so it remains. Meantime his treacherous friend paid his addresses to Helen; and overcome, more by the persuasion of her relatives—and they were many —than by affection, she consented and was married. When the nuptial dance was ended, and the bride

maidens had conveyed her to the bridal bed, she started back, declaring she heard the voice of Cromleck, crying, "Helen! Helen!" It might be no imaginary voice; for her lover at that moment entered the house—vindicated his faith—punished his perfidious rival—and married the lady. The song has been praised and imitated by Burns.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

Nancy s to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And aye when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my auntie?
With crowdymoudy they fed me,
Langkail and rantytanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my daddy was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha'-house, and a pantry;
A guid blue bonnet on his head,
An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
And aye until the day he died
He rade on good shanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy?
Wad ye compare yoursel' to me,
A docken to a tansy?
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him souple Sandy,
And weel I wat his bonnie mou'
Is sweet as sugarcandy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
Do I no ken this Sandy?
I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy;
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me, your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a good braid-sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty;

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
I ken he disna fear ye:
Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.

This is another admirable old song for which we are indebted to the care of Allan Ramsay. The humour is broad and natural, and there is a life and character about it which belong to an early period of Scottish song. It seems to have suggested the more modern but very exquisite song of Bess the Gawkie; and no poet of rustic manners need be ashamed to owe some of his lines to its influence. There appears an imitation of Christ's Kirk on the Green, in the second part of the first verse.

She scorned Jock, and skraipet at him,
And murgeond him wi' mokkis:
He would have luvit, she would not let him,
For all his yellow lokkis.
He cherish'd her, she bade gae chat him,
She comptit him not twa clokki

And the reason why Gillie scorned Jock, who had a short gown and yellow locks, and every thing handsome about him, was, that she loved Willie. Of Willie's personal attractions we have no account; but it is probable he could not boast of a more respectable descent than the lover of Nancy, who in his youth had been carried round the country on the back of a public mendicant, from whom he sprung.

FIENT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

Return hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be,
Thou art a fool to suffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee.
My heart, let be sic fantasie,
Love only where thou hast good cause;
Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
The fient a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free-will,
My heart, be not so bestial,
But ken wha does thee good or ill:
At hame with me then tarry still,
And see wha can best play their paws,
And let the filly fling her fill,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That seemeth good, and are not sae.
My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Mause,
But be thou blythe, and let her gae,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was sair,
But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
Beshrew the heart that first takes care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clause;
And let her feed and foully fare,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill.
Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,
She's sairest paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
When she glaicks paughty in her braws;
Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

For this clever song we are indebted to a Muse as old as the reign of Queen Mary. It was found, I know not

where, by Allan Ramsay, and printed as an old song, and afterwards copied into many collections; but Mr. David Laing restored it to its author, Alexander Scott. The spelling is modernised, and those parts which the vicissitudes of pronunciation had rendered unmelodious have been softened, and softened too in the spirit of the original. I wish some such kind and cunning intellect would reanimate, or rather refreshen anew, some of the faded beauties of our ancient poetry. I have omitted a verse which sung of the calamities brought on the old world by the beauty or the folly of woman—of Cressid, whose life has been continued in the very spirit of Chaucer by old Henryson, and of Helen, whose charms

Brought Troy frae bliss unto bare waas.

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
  At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
  Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
  My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
  My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will en',
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer-shiel.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

It is singular that Burns in his notes on Scottish song has passed this beautiful pastoral without notice or com-

ment. Ramsay inserted it in his Miscellany without any mark to denote age or author: and from the place which it occupies in the collection, it seems either to have been composed or discovered after some progress had been made in the work. It seems older than the days of Allan; and from its localities, less than its spirit, we may suppose it the production of some border minstrel from the vale of Yarrow, a place fruitful in song. I have never met with a highlander of such laborious habits as the hero of the song, or one who was willing to draw a true and natural picture of homely felicity; they are all gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, and carry themselves more loftily than he who got meal at Leith, and herrings at the Broomy Law.

JOCKIE SAID TO JEANIE.

Jockie said to Jeanie, Jeanie wilt thou do't?—
Né'er a fit, quo' Jeanie, for my tocher good—
For my tocher good I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quo' Jockie, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh;
I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh—
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lea,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha-house, a barn and a byre,
A stack afore the door, I'll make a rousing fire—
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeanie said to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad—I'll be the lass mysel.
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free—
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

There was an everlasting flow of mirth and humour about our ancestors, which has come but in a scanty stream to the firesides of their descendants. They laughed in story, and they laughed in song, and gave a voice of merriment to many airs to which we have given words of sadness and sorrow. The song of Jockie and Jeanie is very old, and is printed by Allan Ramsay as a lyric the age of which was unknown. It will ever be fresh and young—for natural glee and lively humour can never grow old. It is for this reason that I love our ancient strains so much; they carry upon them the sharp fire-edge of nature and truth. Humour and pathos must ever descend to particulars, and so, in some measure, must all that is simple and great.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

When I think on this weary warld's pelf,
And the little wee share I have o't to myself,
And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh,
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

But all this shall never danton me,
Sae lang as I can keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Of this excellent song there are various versions; the one of Johnson's Museum is the best, and I have followed it. Herd and Ritson found another copy in Yair's works, but it is inferior to this; yet this decided inferiority has not excluded it from our collections. Only compare the pithy complaint of the heroine with the idle words of the spurious copy.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

I married with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her din is ended.

We lived full one and twenty year
A man and wife together;
At length from me she wish'd to steer,
And went I wotna whither.
If I could guess, I do profess,
I speak it not to flatter,
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her:
I'm sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil could ne'er abide her.
I think she mounted up on high,
For in the last great thunder,
Her tongue I heard it in the sky,
Rending the clouds asunder.

I know not where Johnson got the first verse of this satiric song; the second and third verses are to be found, with some slight difference of words, in a merry old English book, called "A Banquet of Jests, or a Change of Cheare," printed in 1634. I imagine the first verse is as old as the rest; and though it was first printed in part in England, I cannot forego the claim of Scotland to it, from a circumstance of authorship so dubious. The unruly member of which the old poet sings has been celebrated by many bards, and the theme is never likely to become obsolete.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

There dwalt a man on Crawford moor,
And John Blunt was his name;
He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
And bore a wond'rous fame.
Now it fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,
That Johnie's wife had puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in a pan.

The wind swept cauld frae north to south,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
Get up and bar the door.

My hand is in my housewife-cap,
Gudeman, as ye may see;
If it's no barr'd this hunder years,
It's no be barr'd by me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
A paction firm and sure,
Whoever spoke the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door.
Twa travellers had tint their gate,
As o'er the hills they foor,
And, airted by the line o' light,
Made straight to Johnie's door.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.
And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black:
O muckle thought our gudewife to hersel,
But ne'er a word she spake.

The young ane to the auld ane said,
Here, man, take ye my knife,
And gang and shave the gudeman's beard,
Till I kiss the gudewife.
But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall I do than?—

What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That's simmering in the pan?

O, up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he—
Will ye kiss my wife afore my face,
And scaud me wi' pudding bree!
An' up an' started our gudewife,
Gae three skips on the floor,
Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.

The residence which tradition has long assigned to Johnie Blunt and his capricious dame is on Crawford Moor; and the oral version of the ballad justifies this localization. The history of John's fireside for one night is truly a humorous one; and so much is the subject a favourite, that several versions, all composed to similar music, and recording the same whimsical occurrences, are common among the peasantry. David Herd seems to have been the first who had the good fortune to find this original and comic strain. In Johnson's Museum I find two copies, both of merit, but one of them is marked by too free a spirit for insertion here. The Scottish Muse, like Fielding the novelist, was fond of laying her scenes of drollery and humour in alehouses. The wife of Whittlecockpen was a wife of infinite glee, but of equal freedom; and the landlady who brought the kebbuck and knuckled cakes to "Andrew

and his cutty gun" was a wife who had an eye for the enjoyment of mirth and her own profit at the same time.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride cam' out o' the byre,
An' O as she dighted her cheeks!
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
An' have neither blankets nor sheets:
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Woo'd and woo'd and married,
Married and woo'd and a',
And was she nae very well off
That was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh;
O haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
What deil needs a' this pride:
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
An' ye hae ribbons an' buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claes,
We'll creep the closer thegither,
And we'll smore a the fleas:
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats o' woo,
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye;
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise ne'er tak ane i' my life.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire:

But we poor fouk maun live single,
And do the best we can:
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd but get a man.

If I am asked why Allan Ramsay omitted this excellent and ancient song in his miscellany, and why Burns passed it without notice in his notes on Scottish song, I can return no satisfactory answer. There is humour enough to have won both their hearts, and graphic delineation of old manners and old feeling, such as they both loved, and their silence is unaccountable. The song, however, keeps hold of public affection, and pleases a thousand companies, as songs full of life and glee will always do. The lamentation of the bride for her want of bridal bravery—the consolation which her father gives her—and the reproach of her mother for her idle pride, are only equalled by the spirit of accommodation in the bridegroom, by the bitter truths which the bride's brother speaks, and by the pleasant wish of her sister. Herd published the song in his collection, and it speedily won its way to universal favour.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMING

O saw ye Johnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnie coming;
O saw ye Johnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnie coming:
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie running, quo' she,
And his doggie running.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doins;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie,
What will I do wi' him?
He 's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk of mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

This is a very old and a very admirable song. Burns praises it for the genuine humour of the delineation: it is an unconscious humour, the humour of simplicity, always the richest and happiest. What can be better than the way in which the heroine presses on her father the succession of important duties which she expects from her lover? and what can express the delight more forcibly which his presence inspired than the declaration, that all the work she undertook went prosperously on when he was near her? Besides, he was a gallant lad, though ill provided with linen: but love finds a remedy for all things; and I hope many a maiden of our own particular times would, in such circumstances, re-echo the words of our lively heroine:—

Fee him, father, fee him,
Fee him, father, fee him;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him.

THE FUMBLER'S RANT.

Come carls a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer;
What fauts we have, our wives can tell:
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's oursel.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
The parish-priest 'tis he can tell,
We owe him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the house we dwell.
Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear oursel;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our neibour's auld son and the lass,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He grips her in the dark beguess,
And after that comes meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It cost the carl baith corn and rye,
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic crosses haunt nor you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
  When we think on our neibour Robie,
The way the earl does, we see,
  Wi' his auld son and daughter Maggie:
Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not;
  The hussy maun hae corkit shoon:
We are na sae; gar fill the pot,
  We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
  To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam:
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
  It is o'er soon for us to gang.
Foul fa the cock, he 'as spilt the play,
  And I do trow he's but a fool;
We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
  A mirk night makes a merry yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
  The foremost hame shall bear the mell;
I'll set me down, lest I be fey,
  For fear that I shou'd bear't mysel.
And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
  The gear shall never me outride,
We'll take a soup of the barley-bree,
  And drink to every yell fireside.

Those whose marriage-beds are unfruitful are indebted to the old poet for the happy manner in which he has suggested topics of consolation; and for

the tenderness he has shown in handling a subject equally perilous and unpleasant. I wish his humour had been more accordant with the spirit of this age; but to have abated the freedom would have spoiled the sharpness of the humour; and I thought it better to let the old poet's words remain. A much more ancient and less modest song once existed; but it has long been mute, or if living at all, it only lives here and there in the present song, which, in adopting its title, caught up a little of its manner and a few of its words. I have copied it from Allan Ramsay's collection; and I cannot help suspecting that in several places I see his ready and happy hand. Still the stamp-mark of the song is old.

BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Græme o' the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly rose she up, and came
To the place where he was lying,
And drew the curtain by, and said,
Young man, I think you're dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When the red wine ye were fillin,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead bell knellan,
And every jow that the dead bell gied,
It cry'd, wo to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

The song of Barbara Allan is very old and very popular; and its beauty and pathos have carried it from cottage to castle, and from castle to palace. I have seen several embellished versions: but simplicity and nature resume their rights, and we return to the plain rude copy of Allan Ramsay; and by that I think we had better adhere. Never was a tale of love sorrow so simply or so soon told: yet we learn all we wish to know, and any further incidents would only encumber the narrative and impair the effect. I have often admired the ease and simplicity of the first verse, and the dramatic beauty of the second: the former tells the time, the place, the name of the hero and the heroine, and that love was the matter of the song; the latter sends a messenger to the unrelenting maiden: the simple and effectual way in which he delivers his master's message has been imitated in Hardyknute:—

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm;
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king from harm.

I have heard Scarlet-town introduced by a singer as the

name of the lady's residence, and Sir John Græme of the west country changed into Jemmy Grove. Some of the English variations are very beautiful:—

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allan.

THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And vow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.
And she came tripping down the stair,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her well-faur'd face,
They coost the glamour o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.
Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me:
This night I'll lie in a farmer's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.

Come to your bed, says Johny Faa,
Oh come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.
I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a hap to my Johnie Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.
O when our lord came hame at een,
He speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady.
O we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were na bonny:
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

Tradition tells the story of the wayward Countess of Cassilis the same way the poet has done, and adds that her beauty was unequalled and resistless. But Mr.

Finlay, with more zeal than success, has sought to lessen the lady's shame by knighting her lover, and by giving her the influence of early love to plead for her folly. The song attributes her frailty to the sweetness of the gypsy's song and the potency of glamour—an excuse that might pass current in earlier times: but Mr. Finlay was not satisfied with it; he makes the knight assume the dress of the gypsy, and carry away the lady towards Dunbar. The earl missed his countess, pursued the ravisher, and slew him with all his followers except one, whom he seemed to spare for the express purpose of having his own dishonour sung and set to music—for to the survivor we owe the song of the "Gypsie Laddie." I know not if any person imagines the countess less to blame since the discovery or the conjecture of Mr. Finlay; but the explanation has come too late; the world is possessed with the metrical version of her dishonour; and I see not how such a belief can be shaken.

The countess was imprisoned in the castle of Maybole, in Ayrshire; and, according to Mr. Finlay, soothed her seclusion by working the story of her seduction in tapestry, which is still preserved in Culzean Castle. If this piece of art is not a labour of fiction, it will be decisive of the story; for the lady would work her lover like a knight, or with at least some knightly attribute, if he had any right to such distinction.

O SAW YE MY FATHER?

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnie's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin;
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last! and do I hold ye fast!
And is my Johnie true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
Sae lang shall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver-gray.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

This is a very old song. It is contained, indeed, in none of our earlier collections; but it bears too many tokens of the olden time to have its antiquity doubted. I cannot, however, help thinking that it has either been unskilfully condensed from a longer composition, or has been made from fragments which the rustic verse-maker wanted the tact to unite with that invisible cement which holds together so many disjointed members of old song. We have several variations; some aspire to speak pure English, and others revel in all the luxury of provincial licence. But none of them equal the original song in the simplicity of its language and the truth of its pictures.—We owe its preservation to David Herd.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

Ye highlands, and ye lowlands,
O where have ye been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And have laid him on the green.
Now woe be to thee, Huntley—
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him hame wi' you,
And forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rode at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
Was a man to make a king:
He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh, he was the queen's love.
Oh, lang may his lady
Look o'er the Castle-Doun,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Coming sounding through the town.

James Stuart, Earl of Murray, was slain in 1592, at his house at Dunibrissel in Fife, by George Gordon, Earl of Huntley. He was a handsome and accomplished nobleman, and tradition says he had made an impression on the heart of the queen, which led to his tragic death. It appears that the queen publicly praised the looks and the gallantry of the earl; at which the king took offence. A few days afterwards a commission was given to Huntley to pursue the Earl of Bothwell, a proclaimed traitor; and under pretence of executing the royal pleasure, he basely murdered an innocent and worthy nobleman.

The Earl of Murray has a picture of his ancestor naked and pierced with wounds, which was borne about to inflame the people to revenge his death. Gordon of Buckey struck Murray on the face with his sword, and the latter said, half expiring, You have spoiled a better face than your own.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

The love that I had chosen
  Was to my heart's content;
The salt sea shall be frozen
  Before that I repent—
Repent it shall I never,
  Until the day I die;
But the lowlands of Holland
  Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love lies in the salt sea,
And I live on the side;
Enough to break a young thing's heart
Wha lately was a bride—
Wha lately was a bonnie bride
Wi' pleasure in her ee;
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he sought a spicy land,
Where there is never rain;
Nor tongues of cruel kindred
To sunder us again:
Where the sugar-canes are plenty,
And the wine drops from the tree;
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,
And set her on the sea,
Wi' seven score good mariners
To bear him companie:
O three score died in battle,
And three score sank at sea;
And the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built another ship,
And set her on the faem;
He had but twenty mariners,
And all to bring her hame:

The stormy winds did roar amain,
The raging waves did rout;
And my love and his bonnie ship
Turn'd withershins about.

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
Nor comb come in my hair;
Neither shall coal or candle light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I have another love
Until the day I die:
I never loved a love but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

O haud yere tongue, my daughter,
Be still and be content;
There are mae lads in Galloway,
Ye need nae sair lament.
O there is nane in Galloway—
There's nane at a' for me;
For I never loved a lad but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

Much of this pathetic song is old; and there is a tradition in Galloway which attributes it to a young lady, who felt in her own person the sorrow she has so touchingly described. It is so old and so new—so interpolated, eked out, and amended, that little, perhaps, of the original strain remains; and what I can believe to be old seems older than the period which tradition assigns

for the date of its composition. Burns has passed the song, though it lay in his way, without notice or comment. The very imperfect and inconsistent copy in the Museum deserved his attention, and a few of his felicitous touches would have made it one of the finest songs in the language. Like all our popular lyrics, it has many variations: one copy makes the heroine believe in the existence of her lover, and go to sea in a little boat with the hope of finding him; while another version imputes his absence to witchcraft.

THE WINTER TIME IS PAST.

The winter time is past—
Sunny summer's come at last;
The little birdies sing on ilka tree—
The hearts of these are glad:
But mine is mair than sad;
For my true love has parted frae me.

The bloom upon the breer,
By the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet and the bee—
Their little loves are blest,
And their little hearts at rest;
But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like yon sun,
Whose bright course is begun,
And is constant for ever and true;
While his love's like the moon
That wanders up and down,
Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.

Oh you that are in love!—
And may it not remove—
O, I pity the pangs that you endure:
Sad knowledge makes me know
That your hearts are full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

This very tender little song is copied from the Museum; but I have used some immaterial liberties with the text, and adopted some variations presented by fugitive copies. I have never heard the author named; nor do I know that any one has ever made inquiry on the subject. The subdued sorrowfulness and the meek complaint of the fair mourner have not been felt as such excellence deserves. I expect to be told that it was written by a lady—and there are few ladies on whom it would not confer honour. If I am asked why I concede the merit of the song to the fair sex, my answer is, that man expresses sorrow less meekly, and wants that quiet composure of settled grief which characterises this lyric.

GEORDIE.

There was a battle in the north,
And it was fought right proudlie;
And they have slain Sir Charlie Hay,
And laid the wyte on Geordie.
Now he has written a lang letter—
O buak my bonnie ladie;
And haste, and come to Edinbrugh town,
And see what comes o' Geordie.

Whan first she looked the letter on,
She grew baith red and rosie;
But when she read a word or twa,
She wallow't like a lilie:
O saddle to me my gude gray steed—
My Gordons all come wi' me;
For I shall neither eat nor drink
Till my gude lord shall see me.

And soon she came to the water broad,
Nor boat nor barge was ready;
She turned her horse's head to the flood,
And swam through at Queensferry:
But when she to the presence came,
'Mang earls, high and lordlie;
There hat on head sat every man—
While hat in hand stood Geordie.

And there it stood, the fatal block;
The axe was sharp and ready:
Nor did the colour quit his cheek,
Nor was his step unsteady.
Though he was chained in fetters strang,
He looked both bold and lordlie:
O monie a gallant earl I've seen,
But neer a ane like Geordie.

That lady knelt low on her knee—
I wot both pale and wearie:—
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie!
I have borne seven sons to my gude lord—
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie:—
O pity, pity, thou noble king!
O pity a woeful lady!

Gae bid the heading-man make haste,
The king said, stern and lordlie.
O noble king, take all that's mine—
But gie me back my Geordie.
The Gordon's gude came gathering round—
A stark band and a steady;
And ay the word among them a'
Was, Gordons keep you ready.

An old lord at the king's right hand
Says, noble king, but hear me:—
Gar her pay down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie.

Some gae her merks, some gae her crowns,
And bonnet pieces many;
And she's told down five thousand pounds,
And gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
But there should been bloody sarks in the court
Ere I had tint my laddie.
He claspet her by the middle sae sma,
And he kist her lips fu' ready—
The fairest flower of womankind
Is my sweet bonnie lady.

This genuine old song relates to some forgotten feud between the powerful Gordons and Hays. The third verse is restored from the recitation of Mrs. Cunningham, and is one of the finest verses in the song. The courage of the lady in braving the flood, and the appearance of her lord abiding the judgment of his peers and his king, are briefly and naturally told. The concluding verse, too, is very characteristic. The lady was alike prepared to purchase her husband's freedom by silver or by sword; and like a prudent heroine, she chose the safest way and the best. It was first printed in the Museum, from a copy supplied by Burns, which, perhaps, accounts for the excellence of the concluding verse.

HEY, HOW MY JOHNIE LAD.

Hey, how my Johnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been ;
For gin ye're voice I had na kent,
  I'm sure I couldna trust my een :
Sae weels ye might hae courted me,
  And sweetly tousled me bedeen :
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

My father, he was at the moor ;
  My mither, she was at the mill ;
My brother, he was at the plough,
  And no ane near our sport to spill :
A lug to listen was na there,
  And still less fear o' being seen :
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

Wad ony lad who lo'ed me weel
  Hae left me a' my liefu' lane,
To count the minutes as they crawled,
  And think life's sweetest moments gane.
I wonder what was in ye're head,
  I wonder what was in ye're een :
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

But I shall seek some other lad,
Whose love is upmost in his mind;
As gleg as light, wha has the slight
O' kenning when he shou'd be kind.
Then ye may woo wi' blinkin Bess—
For you nae mair I'll sigh and grean;
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

To David Herd we owe the preservation of "Hey, how my Johnie lad," in whose collection it appeared in 1776. The present version seems superior to his; the humour is improved, and the smoothness and ease increased.

The heroine is a gay and lively maiden, not more than scrupulous in her choice of words, and willing to trust herself with her lover in a nocturnal interview. The lady who figured in a more ancient version of the song had equal naïveté, with less discretion of speech.

COCKPEN.

O! when she came ben she bobbit fu' law,
And when she came ben she bobbit fu' law;
And when she came ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne deny'd that she did it at a'.

And was na Cockpen right saucie and a'?
He ay took the crown o' the causey and a';
To ane high-born he gae the scorn,
And dauted a collier's lassie and a'.

O! never look down, my lassie, at a',—
O! never look down, my lassie, at a'!
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the fairest lady in castle or ha'.

Though thou has nae silk nor holland sae sma',
Nor jewels to glitter in castle or ha',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handy wark,
And Lady Jean's sel was never sae braw.

Wi' thy hawslock coat and thy hamespun sark,
Thy looks like light and thy voice like the lark,
Thou comest along with a smile and a song—
And, sweet as dew, thou comes with the dark.

Some sensible and judicious person brushed the filth and the folly out of this song, and printed it in the Museum. I believe the original is as old as the days of Charles the Second: indeed, I am inclined to believe that the hero of the song was the facetious laird of Cockpen, the companion in arms, in humour, and in levity, of Charles himself;—they resemble each other in their love of mirth and their lack of morality. The traditional story of Cockpen is curious:—Having fought at Worcester, he followed the fortunes of Charles, and made one of his little court at the Hague, where he distinguished himself by his wit and humour, and as much by his skill in Scottish music. The favourite tune with Charles was "Brose and Butter," and in playing this Cockpen excelled. The hopes of Cockpen were high at the Restoration, but the benevolence of the king was not retrospective; those who fought and suffered were supplanted by pimps and parasites, by bucks and bullies. Cockpen sought personal interviews, wrote letters, prayers, and petitions, which were all forgotten in the obscene wit of Rochester or Buckingham, or in the smiles of the wives and daughters of his nobility. At last he hit on a happy expedient: he prevailed with the organist of the royal chapel to admit him as his assistant, and he conducted himself with equal skill and propriety till the moment the king rose to leave the church; then, instead of the usual solemn departing air, the deputy organist made the aisles ring to the profane tune of "Brose and Butter." The king sent in

haste for his organist, who came and fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Oh, my sire! it was not I."—"Thou!" said Charles, "who the fiend thinks it was thou? thou never couldst play such a tune in thy life.—Ah, Cockpen!" said the king, recognising his old companion, who knew how to time his appearance, "is this you? Come to the palace with me, and we will find something for ye to do.—But, Lord, man! I was like to dance as I came out—and I'm no sure but that I did."

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

Now where live ye, my winsome lass,
And tell me what they ca' thee?
My name, she says, is mistress Jean,
And I follow the collier laddie.
O see ye nae a' yon hills and dales,
Where the sun shines on so gaily?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I'd turn my back on you and it a',
And follow my collier laddie.

But ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudie;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

I can win sixpence in a day,
And ware't at night fu' brawlie,
And find a biel in a hamely shiel,
And daut wi' my collier laddie.
Love for love is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should hand me,
And the world before me to win my bread:
And fair fa' my collier laddie.

Though mistress Jean seems incurably fond of low company, and unwilling to forsake the vulgar joys of spending her daily wages when night comes, yet she vindicates the freedom of love with unexpected spirit and truth in the last verse, and induces us to commend her courage, though we may not commend her taste. It is indeed a blithe and hearty old song, with here and there a touch from some modern hand, to render it more acceptable to fastidious people. It was well known among the peasantry for many years before it found its way into Johnson's Museum.

FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

O fare ye weel, my auld wife!
Sing bum, biberry bum.
O fare ye weel, my auld wife!
Sing bum.
O fare ye weel, my auld wife,
Thou steerer up o' sturt and strife!
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

And fare ye weel, my pike-staff!
Sing bum, biberry bum.
And fare ye weel, my pike-staff!
Sing bum.
And fare ye weel, my pike-staff—
Nae mair with thee my wife I'll baff!
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

Fu' white white was her winding-sheet!
Sing bum, biberry bum.
Fu' white white was her winding-sheet!
Sing bum.
I was o'er gladsome far to greet,
I danced my lane, and sang to see't—
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

For all my research and anxiety, this song must still remain a fragment. I know not where David Herd, who was a capital finder of curious verses, chanced upon it; it was first printed in his collection, and transferred, with some slight alterations, into the Museum: and here it is, with the addition of a verse. It is a very singular and original chant. The hero seems intoxicated as much with joy as with liquor, and bursts out into a strain which no one has been able yet successfully to imitate.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
I'll have something warm and cozie,
If I come hame, if I come hame;
I'll hae something warm and cozie,
Gin I come home again e'en, jo.
Yese get a cog o' plumpet porridge,
And cream wi' them, and cream wi' them;
Yese get a cog o' plumpet porridge,
Gin ye'll com hame again e'en, jo.
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I'll no come hame, I'll no come hame;
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame again e'en, jo!

The shepherd's wife she shouted syne,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife she shouted syne,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
Have ye got something warm and cozie,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?
Have ye get something warm and cozie,
Gin I come hame again e'en, jo?
A reeking hen weel boil'd in the pan,
Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame;
A reeking hen weel boiled in the pan,
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame, I winna come hame;
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame again e'en, jo!

The shepherd's wife clamb up the knowe,
And shouted down, and shouted down;
The shepherd's wife cried frae the knowe,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
I'll hae something sweet and cozie,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame;
I'll hae something sweet and cozie,
Gin I come hame again e'en, jo.
A soft-made bed, and burn-bleach'd sheets,
Gin ye come hame, gin ye come hame;
A soft-made bed, and burn-bleach'd sheets,
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.

Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame, I winna come hame;
Eh, wow! that's little ado,
To wile me hame again e'en, jo!

The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
I maun hae somewhat sweet and cozie,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame;
A wife's that leal, and a wife that's rosie,
Might wile me hame again e'en, jo.
A rosie dame in dainty linen,
Gin ye'll come home, gin ye'll come hame;
A willing dame in lily-white linen,
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.
Ha, how! that's something ado—
I'm coming hame, I'm coming hame;
Ha, how! that's something ado—
I'm coming hame again e'en, jo.

To David Herd we owe the preservation of this clever old song; but with honest David's version some necessary liberties have been taken, and some omissions made, which more readers will commend than regret. Free and particular in its description of the allurements with which the shepherd's dame sought to entice home her wayward husband, and by no means nice in the language in which her wishes were conveyed, the song

was, in less fastidious times than these, a great favourite, and became the companion of a bridal song or chant of the same character, bearing the graphic title of "Bab at the Bolster." To omit a song carrying the stamp of other days so legibly upon it could not be done in a work which exhibits the labours of the lyric Muse, from the rude and lively verses of her early days down to the more dainty and polished productions of the present time; and to republish it as the voice of tradition presented it to Herd would have been an offence against propriety and decorum.

THE CARLE OF KELLIEBURN BRAES.

There dwalt a carle on Kellieburn braes,
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
Ae day as the carle was hauding the plow,
Up came the devil, says, "how d'ye do?"
I've got a bad wife, sir,—that's a' my complaint,
For, saving your presence, to her you're a saint.

It's neither your colt nor your cow that I crave,
But gie me your wife, man, and her I shall have.
O welcome! most kindly, the glad carle said,
Ye'll no keep her lang, and that I'm afraid.
I'll lay baith my plow and my pettle to wad,
That if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd.

Auld Clootie took kimmer fu' kind on his back,
And away like a pedler he trudged wi' his pack;
He came to the pit, and he shook her aboon,
Till the brass buckles melted like snow in her shoon.
The wee fiends look'd up wi' loud laughter and din,
And Clootie gae a shout and then whumel'd her in.

She dropt on her feet, and in Satan's arm-chair
She clapt herself down with as regal an air,
That the fiend-imps came round wi' a stare and a shout,
And she gae them a kick, and she lent them a clout.
On Belzebub's dog, at the door o' his den,
She frown'd—the tyke howl'd, and the carlin gaed ben.

A reekit wee devil glower'd over the wa',
O help! master, help! else she'll ruin us a'.
The deil caught the carlin wi' mickle ado,
And sought out the auld man handing the plow:
And loudly the gray carle ranted and sang,
In troth, my friend Spunkie, ye'll no keep her lang.

In sorrow he look'd up, and saw her, and said
Ye're bringing me back my auld wife, I'm afraid;
But bide ye a blink, for the day is but young,
Hae ye mended her manners, or silenced her tongue?
Her nails are grown longer, her look has grown dourer—
Alas! wha can mend her, if ye canna cure her?

Says Satan, I vow, by the edge of my knife,
I pity the man who is tied to a wife.

I swear by the kirk, and rejoice by the bell,
That I live not in wedlock, thank Heaven! but hell:
There hae I been dwelling the maist o' my life,
But I never could thole it if I had a wife.

Burns found this very strange, wild, and singular old song, and improved its humour, increased its wit, and printed it in the Museum: still that work claims too much when it claims it as his sole production; for the song, when divested of the poet's alterations, suffers no change in nature or in story, and no great abatement in humour. Another wild version was printed by Mr. Cromek, which had much of the original song about it. Out of these two, assisted by some fugitive copies, I have tried to make a more complete version than has hitherto appeared: I have dismissed some of the verses, and omitted the idle and unmeaning chorus, which augmented the song one half without adding one word to the story, or sharpening the wit, or pointing the humour. To soothe the antiquarian, I give a verse encumbered with all the ancient honours of the chorus:

There was an auld man was hauding his plow—
Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
By came the devil, says, "how d'ye do?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

CAN YE LABOUR LEA?

I fee'd a man at Martinmas
Wi' arle-pennies three,
But a' the faut I fand wi' him
He couldna labour lea.
And can ye labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again,
Ye're never scorn me.

What serves thae tresses' glossy black,
Bright brow and merry e'e—
That shapely foot and wanton leg,
Unless ye labour lea?
O can ye labour lea, young man,
O can ye labour lea?
Red is your cheek, and light your look,
But can ye labour lea?

O gowans grow in Feberwar,
And lilies bloom in May,
But true love is an evergreen
That lasts for ance and ay.
And can ye labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
O sweet's the drink, and soft the bed,
O' him that labours lea.

O, kissing is the key of love,
And clasping is the lock,
And making o' 's the best thing
That ever a lassie got.
And can ye labour lea, young man;
And can ye labour lea?
Your chin is bare, learn young, learn fair,
Sae come and labour lea.

Among the many variations of this song, some descending into grossness, others rising more into purity, but all somewhat tinctured with the freedom of olden days, it is not easy to satisfy expectation by a copy which may give the life and naïveté of all the versions. The heroine of this song is represented at a hiring-fair, discussing the qualifications of a candidate for a situation as ploughman: and as the last youth who was fee'd at Martinmas had proved unfit, the capability of the other is more anxiously inquired about. In Dumfriesshire the young men and women who wish to hire attend the fair with sprigs of broom or holly in their hat or girdle. I will not distinctly say but that to some the song conveys a different meaning than skill in ploughmanship; and this is countenanced strongly by some variations. They degenerate into vulgarity and grossness.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Cantie carles of Dysart,
Merry lads of Buckhaven,
Saucie limmers of Largo,
Bonnie lasses of Leven.
Hey ca through, ca through,
We have little for spending;
Hey speed on, speed on,
We have less for lending.

Some have tales for telling,
Some have sangs for singing,
Some have pennies for spending,
Some have pints for bringing.
Hey ca through, ca through,
See the moon is sporting
On the seas where we
Daily seek our fortune.

We'll have mirth and laughter,
We that live by water;
Leave them that come after
To spend the gear they gather.
Hey ca through, ca through,
Maidens dinna doubt it,
There's better fish i' the sea
Than ever yet came out o't.

This fisherman's chant is gathered together from various versions, oral and written: the one to which it is chiefly indebted is printed in Johnson's Museum—a sanctuary for many a curious verse. I am very fond of many of our snatches of maritime songs; and I feel grieved that our bards have consecrated so many battle fields with their strains and neglected the actions of our mariners. Dibdin has, indeed, sought to supply this national want, and many passages in his lyrics are worthy of the subject. But the language of Dibdin's mariners is not the language of the heroes of Camperdown and Trafalgar—it is the monotonous and vulgar slang of the watermen of London—of coarse coasters and inland bargemen.

GALLOWAY TAM.

O, Galloway Tam came here to woo.
I'd better hae gi'en him the bawsent cow,
For our lass Bess may curse and ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.
A cannie tongue and a glance fu' gleg,
A boordly back and a lordly leg,
A heart like a fox, a look like a lamb—
And these are the marks of Galloway Tam.

O, Galloway Tam came here to chear,
I'd better hae gi'en him our gude gray mare;
He kissed the gudewife and dang the gudeman,
And these are the tricks of Galloway Tam.
He owed the kirk a twalmonth's score,
And doffed his bonnet at the door:
The loon cried out, wha sung the psalm,
Room on the stool for Galloway Tam!

Ye maids of Galloway, frank and fair,
Take tent o' your hearts and something mair;
And bar your doors, your windows steek,
For he comes stealing like night and sleep:
O nought frae Tam but woe ye'll win,
He'll sing ye dumb and he'll dance ye blin';
And aff your balance he'll wile ye than,
Take tent o' the deil and Galloway Tam.

Tradition has neglected to inform us who this Gallovidian hero was, of whose prowess so many old bards have sung. I believe that he was a personage in one of our old rude dramas; and that like "Lustie Juventus" he had a characteristic part to perform. Burns heard the air, to which the song goes, played at a wedding to a kind of rustic interlude, called "The Wooing of the Maiden;" and others have heard a part of the song sung on a similar occasion. We have abundance of wandering verses belonging to this song or to the subject; some of them carry Tam to the kirk, and place

him on the repentance-stool to receive admonition: the priest speaks figuratively:—

Sir, quoth the priest, the wanton deil
Has put his birn 'been gospel kiel,
And bound ye'r cloots in his black ban:
For mercy loos't, quo' Galloway Tam.

In our kirk-fauld we maun ye bar,
And smear your fleece wi' Calvin's tar,—
And pettle and make ye a dainty lamb.
Amen! so be it, quo' Galloway Tam.

Eased of a twalmonth's graceless deeds,
He gayly doff'd his sackcloth weeds;
And 'mang the maidens he laughing cam',—
Take tent o' your hearts, quo', Galloway Tam.

There is a rude and biting satire against this "bad eminence" on which Tam was placed, called "Rome's Legacy to the Kirk of Scotland." I am no enemy to wholesome discipline: since the parish ministers dispensed with public rebuke, and took pecuniary compensation, the number of candidates for kirk censure has wofully increased.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

Down Dee side came Inverayo,
Whistling and playing,
And called loud at Brackley gate,
Ere the day dawing:
Come Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down;
There's a sword at your threshold
Mair sharp than your own!

Arise, now, gay Gordon,
His lady 'gan cry,
Look here is bold Inverayo
Driving your kye:
How can I go, lady,
And win them again?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inverayo ten.

Arise up, my maidens,
With roke and with fan;
How blest had I been
Had I married a man:
Arise up, my maidens,
Take spear and take sword—
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I will be lord.

The Gordon sprung up
With his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword
And his thigh on his steed:
And he stoop'd low and mild,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame.

There rode with fause Inverayе
Thirty and three,
But wi' Brackley were nane
Save his brother and he:
Two gallanter Gordons
Did never blade draw;
Against swords four and thirty,
Woe is me, what are twa?

Wi' sword and wi' dagger
They rushed on him rude,
The twa gallant Gordons
Lie bathed in their blude:
Frae the source of the Dee
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for him
And curse Inverayе.

O were ye at Brackley,
And what saw ye there?

Was his young widow weeping,
And tearing her hair?
I looked in at Brackley,
I looked in, and Oh,
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe!

As a rose bloom'd the lady,
And blithe as a bride—
As a bridegroom bold Inverave
Smiled by her side:
Oh, she feasted him there
As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.

In her chamber she kept him
Till morning grew grey,
Through the dark woods of Brackley
She showed him the way:
Yon wild hill, she said,
Where the sun's shining on,
Is the hill of Glentanner;
Now kiss and begone.

There is grief in the cottage,
There's mirth in the ha',
For the good gallant Gordon
That's dead and awa:

To the bush comes the bud,
And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave
They come never again.

This pathetic lyric seems a narrative of a feud between the Farquharsons and the Gordons in 1666. Tradition paints the chief of the former as a fierce and desperate freebooter, who brought to the aid of his personal strength and prowess that very precarious auxiliary, necromancy: while the chief of the latter, drawn by a more affectionate or more delicate hand, appears a brave and gallant gentleman. Some proverbial sayings still express the fears of the peasantry for Farquharson as a freebooter and a warlock; while their affection for Gordon is abundantly displayed in the poetic way in which the story of his death is preserved. For his treacherous and inconstant lady I can find no more veritable historian than the poet; but I believe the tradition of Gordons and Farquharsons alike unite in sanctioning the accuracy of the verse. There are some rude lines which are hardly worth remembering, though I believe they are more correct than poetical, which punish the lady by the immediate scorn and desertion of her lover.

MONTGOMERY'S MATCHLESS MARGARET.

Ye lovers leal forbear to style
Your ladies fairest of the fair;
A purer light is come on earth,
And they maun hope to shine nae mair.
There is a gem without compare,
The brightest e'er in crowns was set,
A lady fair, and sweet as rare,
Montgomery's matchless Margaret.

Her better nature far excels
Her noble birth and royal blood;
Fairest where all are fair, and full
Of native gifts and graces good—
The wit and wale of womanhood,
Mair sweet than roses newly wet
With thrice distilled dews—I wooed,
But won not matchless Margaret.

O mind me, Fortune, when you rain
Your idle crowns and sceptres down;
O Love, make me seem in her sight
The noblest that's beneath the sun:
O lang I've loved but never won,
And wander'd till my locks were wet
In midnight dew-dreps, musing on
My loved, my matchless Margaret.

"Montgomery's matchless Margaret" was the Lady Margaret Montgomery whose beauty the poet celebrates in a variety of lyric productions, with some happiness, and no small skill in the very ancient art of hyperbole and praise. In extracting these three verses from a song which extends to seven, I was desirous of giving an ampler specimen, but, being opposed by Pygmalion and his breathing marble, and by the judgment of Paris, I was of course compelled to court brevity as a lesser evil.

AS I CAME DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

As I came down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O there I saw a very bonnie lass,
But the flowers bloomed us between.
My bonnie lass, my very bonnie lass,
Could ye fancy a man like me?
I would gi'e the ewes of twenty green hills
For a bonnie bonnie bride like thee.

The maiden she turned her round about,
And smiled wi' meikle scorn;
For to marry a man such as you, fair sir,
I would rather have been unborn:
The blood that's flowing along my veins
Winna mix wi' aught that's mean,

And ye're but a churl of poor Scotland,
And I might be its queen.

O speak not in scorn, my very bonnie lass,
And talk not so very very proud;
A modest tongue and a modest heart
Are higher than gentle blood:
I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest;
And take this advice frae me, bonnie lass,
Humility would set thee best.

This song was very popular in Ayrshire during the youth of Burns. It first appeared in Johnson's Museum, but like many other original lyrics in that very original collection, it was imperfect, and mixed with inferior matter. The author is unknown. The song gives utterance to the feelings of two very haughty hearts, and merits much more notice than it has ever obtained. Indeed it is of little import what the words are which are meant for public singing, if they are smooth, liquid, and melodious. The poetry is drowned in a stream of delicious music—sound puts down sense, and the science overcomes the verse.