THE MILL MILL O.

Beneath a green shade I found a fair maid
  Was sleeping sound and still-o,
A-lowan wi' love my fancy did rove
  Around her wi' good will-o.
Her bosom I prest, but, sunk in her rest,
  She waked nae my joy to spill-o;
While kindly she slept, still closer I crept,
  And loved her and loved her my fill-o.

Obliged by command in Flanders to land,
  To employ my courage and skill-o,
Frae her quietly I staw, spread sails and awa',
  For the wind blew fair frae the hill-o.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame
  Told me with a voice right shrill-o,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
  Nor kend wha had done her the ill-o.

Mair fond of her charms, wi' my son in her arms,
  I ferlying spiered how she fell-o;
Wi' the tear in her e'e, quo' she, may I die,
  Sweet sir, gin I can tell-o.
But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
  And bade a' her fears expel-o;
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
  Wha had done her the wrang mysel-o.

My bonnie sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shellan-hill-o,
There I did the offence, and I'll make amends,
Afore I leave Peggy's mill-o.
O the mill mill-o, and the hill hill-o,
And the cogging o' the wheel-o,
The sack and the siller, and a' ye may leave,
And round wi' a sodger reel-o.

The freedom of these verses is nothing to the freedom of the old song. It was the wish of Allan Ramsay to write pure words, and I am charitable enough to suppose that he believed he succeeded. The ancient strain was indeed exceedingly impure; and Allan, though he has abated the grossness, has not reclaimed the song entirely to the paths of meekness and modesty. The story, indeed, was one that required infinite skill to tell, in either prose or rhyme, to the satisfaction of the prudent and fastidious: and the direct and homely simplicity of lyric composition neglected or disdained to retire under the hypocritical veil of figure or allegory. Many may, however, love the song for its own sake—for the drowsy disposition of the heroine, whose slumbers neither the pains nor pleasures of the world were likely to disturb; and for the honest and military frankness of the hero, who seemed unwilling to let a good deed go unfathered. It is the forerunner of that beautiful lyric by Burns, "The poor but honest Soldier;" and has the merit of inspiring something infinitely more pure and poetical than itself.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

An thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

Of race divine thou need'st must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee:
For Heaven's sake, then, favour me,
Who only live to love thee!

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save:
Then, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fate my thread of life has spun,
Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.

This piece of exquisite flattery is very old, and appears in Ramsay's Collection marked as a song the author of which was unknown. Only observe with what art the poet seeks to win his way to the esteem of beauty and vanity! Since his love is unequalled in beauty, he supposes her divine, and then supplicates the divinity for favours whom he appears willing to clasp as a mere mortal in the concluding verses. These four verses were followed by five more in the Tea-table Miscellany, which are not written in the same spirit, and abate the impression of the others.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flow'rs of sweetest scent and hue;
Sae wou'd I dwall upon thy mou',
And gar the gods envy me.

The song has been attributed to Ramsay. The chorus seems older than the song, and fails to mingle very happily with the rest. We have had several disputes about the origin and antiquity of the air. Mr. Tytler thinks it was composed somewhere between the Restoration and the Union, while William Thomson imagines it to be the composition of David Rizzio. There is no end to conjecture: when truth ends romance begins; and where there is no evidence, one theory can only be more reasonable than another, but not more true.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

The hairns came in wi' an unco shout,
The deuk's dang o'er my daddie!
The deil-ma-care! let him lie there,
For he's but a daidlin bodie.
He daidles out, he daidles in,
He daidles late an' early;
These seven lang years has I lain by his side,
And found him a fizzenless carlie.

O haud your tongue now, Nanse, my wife;
O haud yere tongue now, Nansie:
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadnae been sae donsie.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And lo'ed me late and early;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And troth I feel it sairly.

Though this song is given in the Museum as the work of Burns, it is in truth a very old production, and was only indebted to the pen of the poet for a few corrections, some of them tending little to lessen the impure spirit of the ancient words. I know not how it happened that this song, as well as many others which were touched here and there by the hand of Burns, came to be printed

as his by Johnson: it is likely that the publisher imagined that all the songs which Burns sent in his own hand-writing were of his composition too. I have restored the old reading in one or two places.

LADY MARY ANN.

O, lady Mary Ann look'd o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest was fairest, the flower o' them a':
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter far it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie and blooming, and straight was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake:
It will be the pride of the forest yet.

O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
And we'll plait a green ribbon to shine in his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

The simmer is gone, and the leaf's nae mair green,
And the days are far awa that we hae seen;
But simmer it will come, and the sun will smile again,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

Who lady Mary Ann and who young Charlie Cochrane were, in whose praise the poet has written these sweet verses, I have never been able to learn; and the minstrel's name, a matter still more important, is sunk in similar oblivion. The second and third verses are equal in descriptive beauty to any lyric poetry: this line ought to have many admirers—

The sun took delight to shine for its sake.

KEN YE MY JOVIAL SAILOR.

Ken ye my jovial sailor?
I love him more than ever;
Though long he's been a rover
Upon the raging sea,
With foes and ocean warring,
I love him for his daring,
Before the proudest baron
Of noblest degree.

'Tis when the cannon's roaring,
O then, with spirit soaring,
He quells his foes before him
Upon the stormy sea;
And when the battle's over,
Then hame he comes, my rover,
And welcomer than ever
The dear boy to me.

An imperfect version of this pretty little song is printed in Johnson's Museum; the rhymes are unequal, and the most dexterous voice would find it a labour to give them similarity of sound. The song was a great favourite when I was a child, among the peasantry, who sung it with abundance of variations. In one of them, the heroine gave a long and minute history of her affection; and if her own assurance could be taken as evidence, she had other reasons for loving her sailor beside his bravery. The first verse stood thus:

I love my jovial sailor,
I love him more than ever,
For weel he loves the spran
That hangs below my knee.

And the version increased in frankness as it proceeded.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

It was in sweet Senegal
That my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia-ginia-o;
Torn from that lovely shore,
I must never see it more,
And, alas! I am weary weary-o.

All on that charming coast
There's no bitter snow nor frost,
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia-o;
There streams forever flow,
There flowers forever blow,
And, alas! I am weary weary-o.

The burthen I must bear,
While the cruel scourge I fear
In the lands of Virginia-ginia-o,
And I think on friends most dear,
With the bitter, bitter tear,
And, alas! I am weary weary-o.

Of the author of this sweet song I can give no account. It is generally believed to be expressed in something like the simple language of that hapless race who were for so many centuries condemned by European avarice to perpetual slavery. The air too is supposed to

be of African extraction. Indeed, the slaves in the West Indies have a remarkable taste for music; and every step they take, and every task they perform, is accompanied by song.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' it
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
Ae weary pund, ae stourie pund,
Ae weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in the bole
Beyond the ingle lowe,
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary pund, the stourie pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quo' I, for shame, ye idle dame,
Gae spin yere tap o' tow!
She took the roke, and wi' a knock,
She broke it o'er my pow.

The weary pund, the stourie pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
By-and-by she'll burn the town,
If ye but talk o' tow.

At length her feet, I sang to see't,
Gade foremost o'er the knowe;
And ere I wed another jaud,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, the stourie pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
Come light and life, I've tint my wife,
And burnt the weary tow.

The Scottish ladies are never represented in our old songs as unreasonable lovers of domestic thrift; but I am afraid I must impute to machinery, rather than to satiric song, the banishment of roke and wheel and reel from most of our firesides. It was once the boast of a country-side to send a husband and a son and daughter to kirk, or market, clad in the produce of fireside industry; and rivalry in the excellence of linen and woollen cloth was as much a matter of contention between family and family, as it is now between town and town. The linsey-wolseys were oftentimes of the most beautiful fabric, and glanced in the sun like silk. A less durable, and to me a less beautiful, kind of manufacture has succeeded. I expect a spinning-wheel will soon be as much an object of wonder among the mountains of Scotland, as I have seen it in the streets of London, when placed on a cart,

and drawn along Cheapside, with a woman spinning flax: it was a source of profit to the proprietor, and astonishment to the multitude.

LASSIE LIE NEAR ME.

Lang have we parted been,
  Lassie, my dearie;
Now we are met again,
  Lassie lie near me.
Near me, near me,
  Lassie lie near me:
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
  Lassie lie near me.

The dangers of battle, love,
  How could they fear me?
Thy wishes were with me,
  And fate wadna steer me.
Near me, near me,
  Lassie lie near me:
I woo'd thee and wedded thee,
  Lassie lie near me.

O, seven lang summers
  Thy love had to sue thee;
And, seven years banish'd,
  Again maun I woo thee?

Woo thee, woo thee;
Love, maun I woo thee?
Ay, look on thy husband, love,
Say, maun he woo thee?

When, for thy love, lassie,
Lord William he dared me,
Oh! was it not sad, that
His sharp weapon spared me?
Spared me, spared me;
Now for to see thee,
As a lark with the raven,
Thus ready to flee me?

She gave one wild look such,
As man never painted;
With a wild sob of joy,
In his bosom she fainted.
My love, O my love—
My own blessed Annie!—
Their looks were fu' tender,
Their words were nae many.

I once, and once only, heard a very old variation of this song sung, and all that I remember of it is, that the heroine welcomed her lover with many a warm and tender word, and that he was somewhat slow in discovering his mistress—a discovery, indeed, which he did not succeed in making till she reminded him of certain love passages that happened between them. A

mutilated copy found its way into Johnson's Museum; and one far from complete was introduced into the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. But some jacobitical bard had planted the white rose of his faction among the love sentiments. The classic reader, in the tardy recognition of her husband by the heroine, may see some resemblance to the return of the king of Ithaca to the prudent bosom of Penelope.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young lad to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
And bauldly strode he over the floor,
A coming me to woo.
And vow but he was a rare young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a fair young lad;
And gay and gallantly was he clad,
Came seeking me to woo.

Aside the fire that gayly shone,
He found me baking butter-scone;
I gae a laugh, and I gave him one
To thowe his frozen mou.

I placed him cozie upon a bink,
And gae him bread, and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe stime wad he blink,
Till he was warm and fou.

Ye thowless wooer, gae get ye gone—
See, that's the door, and yon's the moon;
A bonnie night for a stook o' corn,
And a chield that downa woo.

Behind the door there stood a tub,
Before the door there lay a dub,
A sappie flosh, there Cupid's cub
Fell, breadth and length, I trow.

Out came the gudeman, and laigh he louted;
Out came the gudewife, and heigh she shouted;
And a' the town neighbours gather'd about it;
And there lay he, I trow.

Then out came I and sneer'd and smiled—
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
Ye've fa'en in the dirt, and ye're a' defiled—
We'll hae nae mair o' you.
And O, but he was a rare young lad!
A brisk young lad, and a fair young lad!
And gay and gallantly was he clad,
Came seeking me to woo.

David Herd reclaimed this excellent old song from the stalls and the mendicants' baskets, and published it in his Collection, in 1776. The heroine is one of those mischievous maidens who, full of youth, and pride, and beauty, make matter for mirth out of honest and bashful

simplicity. Her wish to extract words from her lover by means of warm meat and drink, and her scorn of his modesty and silence, are well imagined; while his disaster in the dub, the shouting of her mother, and the wondering of the neighbours, raise it to an equality with many of our richest songs. The original copy was filled with repetitions which retarded the progress of the story, and impaired the sharpness of the humour. I hope this version will be found the best hitherto published. The author's name is unknown, and I am sorry for it.

AYE WAKIN' O.

O spring's a pleasant time!—
  Flowers of every colour—
The sweet bird builds its nest,
  And I long for my lover.
Aye wakin'-o.
  Wakin' aye and weary;
Sleep I canna get
  For thinking on my deary.

When I sleep I dream,
  When I wauk I'm eerie;
Rest I canna get
  For thinking on my dearie.

Aye wakin'-o,
Wakin' aye and wearie:
Come, some blissful dream,
Bring to me my dearie.

Darksome night comes down,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my kind lad,
And blin' my e'en wi' greetin.
Aye wakin'-o,
Wakin' aye and weary:
Hope is sweet, but ne'er
Sae sweet as thee, my dearie.

This song is the work of several hands, and though some of it is very ancient, it has been so often touched and retouched, that it is not easy to show where the old ends, or the new commences. Most of the chorus is certainly old, and part of the second verse. One old verse casts in a spice of the ridiculous.

I sat down and wrote
To my true love a letter;
My love canna read,
And I love him the better.
Aye wakin'-o!
Wakin' aye and wearie;
Sleep I canna get
For thinking on my dearie.

Nor is this one of a grave nature:—

I went to the kirk,
  My love sat afore me;
I trow my twa e'en
  Tauld him a sweet story.
Aye wakin'-o!
  Wakin' aye and wearie;
I thought a' the kirk
  Saw me an' my dearie.

Many curious variations are current in the country, for the air is truly delicious, and the words are not unworthy of it.

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.

I hae laid a herring in saut—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
I hae brew'd a forpit o' maut,
  An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I hae a calf, and I'll soon hae a cow—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
I hae a stook, an' I'll soon hae a mow,
  And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a house upon yon moor—
  Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
  An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a butt, an' I hae a-ben—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
A penny to keep, an' a penny to spen',
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happitie leg—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
That ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I hae a cheese upon my shelf—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

Some ingenious person imagined he discovered the rudiments of this very old song in an English lyric of the days of Henry the Eighth, but the character and incidents of the two compositions are essentially different; and this borrowing, of which the Scottish rhymer is so gravely accused, arises wholly from the resemblance of a single line. All poetry would be traced back to the song of Moses, and all architecture would be resolved into the Egyptian, on the same principle. I know not whether this catalogue of pastoral and domestic wealth won the hand of the maiden: by a later version money has crept in, as it has into all other matters of comfort or happiness.

O DEAR, MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

O dear, mother, what shall I do?
O dear, mother, what shall I do?
If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;
If I be fair, I canna be good:
And who woos ane as brown as a berry?
And wha wi' red wad mell and marry?
And if I'm lordly the lads will look by me—
O dear, mother, what shall I do?

Daft thing, doil'd thing, do as I did;
Daft thing, doil'd thing, do as I did:
The fairest bird is first forhood;
For I was black, and yet was lo'ed.
I trysted when the dew was falling,
When cats are grey and lasses willing:
The moon looked on and never minded—
A kiss o'er kind the kirk can mend it.

I found this a fragment; and in spite of all my research among lyric stores, oral and written, a fragment I must leave it. It is, however, in a more complete state than it will be found any where else. Allan Ramsay wrote a song to the air; and his verses show that he was acquainted with the old words, part of which are interwoven in the present copy. Something

of the same kind of character runs through the following uncivil and unjust satire on the ladies:—

Long and lazy, little and loud,
Fair and fickle, black and proud,
Fat and foolish, lean and sad,
Pale and peevish, red and bad.

Also in the old proverbial rhyme to the discredit of man, of which I am not sure that I can give an accurate copy:—

With a brown man break your bread;
With a red man rede your rede;
With a fair man draw your knife,
And keep a black man from your wife.

EPPIE MACNAB.

O saw ye my fairest,
My Eppie Macnab;
O saw ye my dearest,
My Eppie Macnab?
She gade down the dance,
Looked sae skeigh and askaunce,
That she had nae a glance
For her ain Jock Rab.

O come to my bosom,
My Eppie Macnab;
O come to my bosom,
My Eppie Macnab:
Yon bonnie round moon,
See, she's smiling aboon,
All to wile thee hame soon
Wi' thy ain Jock Rab.

O come now, my dearie,
My Eppie Macnab;
I'm wae and I'm weary,
My Eppie Macnab!
Gae dance on the win',
Gae loup in the linn;
For me ye'll ne'er win—
Hear ye that, Jock Rab!

O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab;
O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab:
O light as the air,
And fauser than fair,
Thou'lt never see mair
O' thy ain Jock Rab.

I am afraid Jock Rab is not yet wholly reclaimed into the circle of sense and discretion. A wild song of the same name was once well known among the peasantry;

it was tamed down into something approaching to respectability for the Museum: the name was retained, with as much of the original rant as was worthy of preservation. Burns observes, "The old song with this title has more wit than decency." There is something so truly whimsical and comic in many of the fragments of our old songs, that he who would restore them in their own spirit must be as largely endowed with eccentricity as with genius.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet;
I'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet:
I rue the day I sought her-o,
I rue the day I sought her-o;
Wha gets her, needna say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her-o.

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet—
When she's drap-ripe, she's theirs that like,
She'll no be half so saucy yet.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will—
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The parson kissed the piper's wife,
And couldna preach for thinking o't.
And yon's the moon that's moving-o,
The hour for maidens loving-o;
But madam moon, till this is done,
I'll gang nae mair a roving-o.

The old and the new parts of this little merry song are not very happily united; and yet capriciously as they are mingled, they tell a coherent story of a man who was driven by unsuccessful love into very curious company. The first four lines seem a part of a very different song from the verse which signalizes the kindness of the piper's wife. I have heard several other verses of the same nature; but aptly as such fragments would assist in illustrating their companions, I must leave them in their traditional obscurity.—What is old and clever is not always delicate.

AS I WAS A-ROAMING.

As I was a-roaming yestreen in the gloaming,
The pipers played sweet, and the maidens were fain;
Amang them I saw him, my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds of my bosom again.
Since I maun be waefu'—O may he be joyfu'—
He'll see my green grave ere he see me complain;
I've had but ae lover, I'll ne'er have another—
O! true love's like time, for it comes not again.

I couldna get sleeping till dawing, for weeping—
My tears they came down like the hail or the rain:
Had it not been for weeping my heart would hae broken;
For, Oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
Be his the full measure of gladness and pleasure,
His life dance as gay as the sun in the stream;
And let me go down to the deep grave in sorrow—
None can say I've been false or been faithless to him.

In the Museum this song is very corrupt and unequal; yet with all its imperfections, it has something about it exceedingly touching and mournful. The present version is smoother and more uniform. Like many other of our songs, the conception is much superior to the execution. Unequal rhymes, unmelodious words,

and ungraceful language, are compliments which might often be made, and yet be unfelt—such is the influence of original thought and spirit.

DONALD COUPER.

Hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper!
Ye gade away to wale a wife,
And yet came hame without her.
The brown wadnae hae thee,
The black they werena sonsie;
And the white they laughed and cried—
I think the bodie's donsie.

Hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper!
Gif wives like birds were catching rife,
I trow ye couldna grup her.
At length he caught a carlin gray,
And she came hirplin' hame, man;
And Donald he's as daft o' her
As a ripe rosie dame, man.

The poet who wrote Donald Couper was surely a most singular mortal. In the original words one would

willingly find a meaning; but the whole is so will-o-wispish, as to tantalize conjecture without any appearance of ever gratifying it. I have endeavoured to infuse something of an aim into it; yet I have no belief that I have at all fulfilled the wishes of the old author, who seems to have had a knack at pleasing without meaning any thing. The old words were published by Herd, and trimmed up a little for Johnson's Museum.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

My love gave me a gowden ring
All shining o'er wi' diamonds fine;
But I gave him a better thing—
This saft and honest heart o' mine.
My Willie-o, and my Willie-o,
My bonnie bonnie Willie-o;
The love that I owe I mayna weel show—
I'll love him in secret my Willie-o.

The stars had all begun to shine,
The moon was rising o'er the hill;
My lover laid his cheek to mine—
Of love it's sweet to hae ane's fill—

And he had his, my Willie-o,
My winsome handsome Willie-o;
The love that I owe I soon mann show,
I hae been sae kind to my Willie-o!

The idea, and some of the lines of "I love my love" are old; but the old bard had been less choice in his language, and induced the heroine to make more revelations, than seemed necessary. In excluding the chaff, care has been taken of the corn; but had the whole been blown away in the winnowing, we might have sustained a more serious loss.

O MERRIE HAE I BEEN.

O merrie hae I been teething a heckle,
And merrie hae I been shaping a spoon;
O merrie hae I been clouting a kettle,
And kissing my kimmer when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca'd at my hammer,
And a' the lang day I whistled and sang;
And a' the lang night I cuddled my kimmer—
December's mirk night was mair happy than lang.

O bitter in dool I lickit my wanins—
I married a lass, and she made me a slave:

Blest be the hour that she cooled in her linens,
And blythe be the birdie that sings on her grave.
But come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie—
O come to my arms and kiss me again:
In sadness or soberness, here's to thee, Katie,
And blest be the day that I did it again.

The varied presentment of manners, and customs, and character which our lyrics possess, is one great source of the pleasure they give; and though some of them are more graphic than graceful, and more sprightly than polished—still they are welcome while they reflect truth and nature. The present song comes from the lips of one of those wandering mendicants who, under pretence of clouting kettles, soldering saucepans, repairing china and making horn spoons, levy a heavy contribution on henroosts and superfluous linen.

EPPIE ADAIR.

An' O my Eppie—
My jewel, my Eppie,
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love and by beauty,
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair.

An' O my fair one,
My gentle, my rare one—
My heart is a sair one,
O'erladen wi' sare:
Frae pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair.

This little hasty happy song is mostly to be found in Johnson's Museum. It seems at once both old and new; and it is more than probable that the name and idea of the song have some claim to antiquity. I see, or imagine I see, more lyrical genius in such rough and sketchy things, than in far more polished and elaborate compositions.

THE WAKERIFE MINNIE.

Where are ye gaun, my bonnie lass?
Where are ye gaun, my hinnie?
Right saucelie she answered me,
An errand for my minnie.
O where live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' where live ye, my hinnie?
In yon green glen, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I held up the glen at e'en
To see my bonnie lassie;
And lang before the gray morn cam'
She wasna half sae saucie.
O weary fa' the wakerife cock—
May the foumart lay his crawing!
He wakened the auld wife frae her sleep
A wee blink ere the dawing.

An angry wife I wat she rase,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' her tongue and hazel rung
She made her a weel paid daughter.
Now fare thee weel, my bonnie lass,
And fare thee weel, my hinnie;
Thou art a sweet and a kindlie queen,
But thou hast a wakerife minnie.

Burns says he picked up this song from a country girl in Nithsdale, and never met with either it or the air to which it is sung elsewhere in Scotland. I have heard it often sung in my youth, and sung with curious and numerous variations. One verse contained a lively image of maternal solicitude, and of the lover's impudence and presence of mind. The cock had crowed, and

Up banged the wife to blow the coal,
To see gif she could ken me—

I dang the auld wife in the fire,
And gaur'd my feet defend me.

Another verse, the concluding one, made the lover sing as he went down the glen—

O though thy hair were hanks o' gowd,
And thy lips o' drapping hinnie;
Thou hast got the clod that winna cling,
For a' thy wakerife minnie.

I believe it to be a very old song—and I feel it to be a very clever one. There is much life and rustic ease in the dialogue; and the lover's exclamation—

O weary fa' the wakerife cock,
May the foumart lay his crawin!

is particularly happy. It has been imputed to Burns, and is every way worthy of him; but it was well known on the Nith long before the great poet came to dwell on its banks. I have often heard the person sing it from whose lips Burns wrote it down.

SANDY O'ER THE LEA.

I winna marry ony man
  But Sandy o'er the lea;
I winna hae the dominie,
  Though monie gifts has he:
But I will hae my Sandy lad,
  My Sandy o'er the lea;
For he's aye a kiss—kissing,
  And he winna let me be.

I winna hae the minister,
  For a' his godly looks;
I winna hae the lawyer,
  For a' his wily crooks;
Nor will I wed the plowman lad—
  Nor yet the dusty miller:
But I will take my Sandy lad
  Without a penny siller.

I winna wed the sodger lad,
  For he gangs to the war;
I winna wed the sailor lad,
  Because he smells o' tar.
O true love's like the morning light,
  It's presence wha can fee!—
Sae I will hae my Sandy lad,
  My Sandy o'er the lea.

"Sandy o'er the Lea" is one of those compositions which the Muses of the south and the north have agreed to amend, repair, parody, and vary till all marks of nationality are effaced, and every attempt to localise it is confounded. I have no doubt, however, that the original groundwork of the song is Scottish. I have seen, indeed, a song of a much older stamp, and I may add, of a far grosser character than this; and I believe, as they have many lines in common, that the ruder version is the oldest. It was decidedly of Scottish growth, and the name which it bore was, "He's aye kissing me." It came from the lips of the heroine herself, and she described Sandy as a most attentive and laborious lover.

KISS'D YESTREEN.

And O as I was kiss'd yestreen,
And O as I was kiss'd yestreen!—
I'll never forget till the day I die
The monie braw kisses his grace gae me.
My mother was sleeping, my father was out,
And I was my lane when in came the duke—
O gentle, and gay, and gallant was he;
And sweet were the kisses his grace gae me.

And O as I was kiss'd yestreen,
And dauted like an eastern queen—

He doff'd his bonnet and bent his knee,
And mony braw kisses his grace gae me.
He's straight, and tall, and born for rule,
And fills my thoughts frae Yule to Yule.
I'll never forget, nor yet forgie,
If he comes nae back to daut wi' me.

This characteristic strain is said to have been composed on an adventure which one of the dukes of Argyle had in Glasgow; but this cannot well be, for some of the lines are as old as the days of Charles the First; and, surely, no one will charge on the grave Argyle of those stormy and unhappy times any of the condescension ascribed in the song. He was a person of a sterner stamp. Some variations of the ditty are more gross than humorous—I may find a quotable specimen:—

Kiss'd yestreen, and kiss'd yestreen,
Up the Gallowgate, down the Green:
I've woo'd wi' lords, and woo'd wi' lairds,
I've mool'd wi' earles and melled wi' cairds,
I've kiss'd wi' priests—'twas done i' the dark,
Twice in my gown and thrice in my sark;
But priest, nor lord, nor loon can gie
Sic kindly kisses as he gae me.

Who this lively and condescending lady was, tradition has failed to inform us.

O AN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

O an ye were dead, gudeman,
A green turf on your head, gudeman,
I would bestow my widowhood
Upon a ranting highlandman.

Your e'en are dim, your brow is bald,
Your joints are stiff, your blood is cauld;
I nourish ye wi' the spoon and pan,
Wae's me you're no John Highlandman.

There's sax eggs in the pot, gudeman,
There's sax eggs in the pot, gudeman;
There's ane to thee, and twa to me,
And three for my John Highlandman.

A sheep's head's on the fire, gudeman,
A sheep's head's on the fire, gudeman;
The broe to me, the horns for thee,
And the flesh for blythe John Highlandman.

To see us lie the dead wad laugh,
Thee twa-fauld, wi' a barking cough,
And me like to a rose new blawn
Wi' dreams o' my John Highlandman.

O an ye were dead, gudeman,
A green sod on your head, gudeman,
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a ranting highlandman.

This old song has been pruned and amended by various hands since the time that Wedderburn denounced it as graceless and profane, and sought to supplant it by a more godly strain, of which I can scarcely find a single verse that merits to be saved from oblivion:—

For our gudeman in heaven does ryng,
In glore and bliss without ending;
Quhere angels singis ever Osan,
In laude and praise of our gudeman.

Sibbald, indeed, supposes this religious chant to be a parody on the popular song of the "Auld Gudeman:" but it seems much more likely to have been written against the seductive song of this wicked wife, who prefers, with so little delicacy, a brawny highlander to her feeble husband.—I might swell this note with additional verses of this once popular lyric—they make the heroine go on devising her husband's property in the same discreet and equitable way, but they are not worthy of room.

MY WIFE SHE'S TAEN THE GEE.

A friend of mine came here yestreen,
And he wou'd hae me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the neist burrows town.
But, O! indeed it was, sir,
See far the waur for me;
For lang or e'er that I came hame
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That e'er the middle o' the night,
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tears blinds aye her e'e,
The ne'er a bad will she gae to;
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spak,
But monie a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If ye'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crank,
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life Ise be the wife
That's never tak the gee.

This is not a very old song, but it has much of the original pith of other days about it. It appears in no collection earlier than 1769; but David Herd forbears to mention where he found it. If the author was inspired by his own experience, he was a fortunate man in possessing such meekness of mind, and lucky in having a wife so readily appeased and so forgiving. It is seldom that transgressions against household rules, and the awful majesty of woman's sway, are so pleasantly settled; and I imagine much of the popularity of the song arises from a wish on the part of husbands to hold it up as a lesson to the ladies to imitate the gentle heroine of the song. The story is so well told, so satisfactory, and so complete, that no one has ventured to intrude a variation upon it, or add a verse. The name of the author is unknown.

WAS I TO BLAME, SHE BADE ME?

Was I to blame, was I to blame,
  Was I to blame, she bade me?
She watched me by the highway side,
  And through the wood she shaw'd me:
And when I wadna venture in,
  A cowardly loon she ca'd me;
Had kirk and state stood in the gate,
  I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftily she took me ben,
  And bade me make nae clatter,
For our ramgunsheuch glum gudeman
  Is out and o'er the water.
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
  When I did woo and daut her,
Let him be planted in my place,
  Syne say I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
  For burning shame refused her?
And wadna manhood been to blame
  Had I unkindly used her?
He clawed her wi' a rippling kame,
  And blue and bluidy bruised her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
  What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted ay her e'en sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou
Was sweet as sugar-candy.
A gloaming-shot it was I wot,
I lighted on the monday,
But I came thro' the tuesday dew
To Wanton Willie's brandy.

To those who know not the old licentious verses from which this song is extracted, it may appear bordering on the free and the indecorous. But the grossness of the ancient song, if not wholly overcome, has been so sensibly lessened as to make the present version worthy of a work which, while it excludes vulgar indelicacy and unrestrained licentiousness, must not be shut against old lyrics conceived in a freer or a warmer vein than some may think discreet. This version, with a few slight amendments, is copied from the Museum, where it bears the signature of "Z." Burns says, "The songs marked Z. in the Museum, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient."

HER DADDIE FORBADE.

Her daddie forbade, her minnie forbade,
Forbidden she wadna be;
She never trowed the browst she brewed
Would taste sae bitterlie.
O mickle sorrow was in her heart,
And a bairnie on her knee,
For Jumpin John, the piper's son,
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A calf and a cow, a lamb and ewe,
And thirty good shillings and three;
A very good tocher, sae marry my dochter,
A lass wi' a bonnie black e'e.
Her e'e laughed mair than laughed her lip,
And the bairn laughed on her knee,
And Jumpin John, the piper's son,
He married the bonnie lassie.

There is something so fresh and life-like in our old and rude songs, that I very willingly take some pains to collate and correct and prepare them, so that they may be rendered more acceptable to the general readers of lyric verse. This song is a portion or variation rather of an old humorous ballad, part of which was sent with some corrections to the Museum; but much remained to be amended, and much remains yet.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
An' jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
An' a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
The girdin' brak, the beast cam' down,
I tint my curch an' baith my shoon—
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon,
Wae on the bad girdin' o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't.
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
An' auld Mess John will cure the skaith,
An' mend the bad girdin' o't.

Burns found this old song in a rude and unattractive state, and he trimmed it and eked it out till it became a favourite. His own inimitable song of the same name has now displaced it in popular esteem. Our ancestors sung and talked of love adventures and mishaps with an ingenuous freedom unknown to their descendants. The complaint of the maiden against the frail furniture of the horse, and the advantage which Duncan seems to have taken of her situation, are related with some naïveté and delicacy. She rocked the cradle so pleasantly that I hope her lover rewarded her mirth by marriage.

WHEN I AM FRAE MY DEARIE.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae wearie;
But pleasure makes each hour its ain,
When I am wi' my dearie.

When I think on the happy hours
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas atween us rowe,
Sae pathless and sae drearie,
And thy glad looks far from my sight,
How can I be but eerie?

O, simmer comes, and I am sad,
And winter makes me eerie—
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and wearie—
It was nae sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

Much of this tender little lyric is old; and some of it is the composition of Burns. The four concluding lines are from his pen, and their ease and their truth must be felt by all. Instead of the repetition which the example of Johnson's Museum recommends, I have ventured to write two fresh lines for each verse, to continue the sense and the story so as to suit the air.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

In coming by the brig of Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry:
As day was dying in the sky
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary—
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Wooing Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
And ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosie cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
She charm'd my heart and my twa een,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang night,
Till piper lads were wan and weary;
Yet rosie as the rising sun
Was Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary—
O, sweet as light, and kind as night,
Was Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

This is one of the many songs communicated by Burns to the Museum, and to which, like Allan Ramsay, he added a mark, denoting it to be an old song with alterations or additions. How much of "Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary" is old, and how much of it is new, the poet has rendered it difficult to determine by the skill and happiness with which he has united the old with his own. Of Charlie Gregor I can give no account; and of Theniel Menzies' daughter I know as little.—Family pride feels no gratification in associating itself with the unscrupling heroine of a merry song.

TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

My heart was ance as blythe an' free
As simmer days are lang;
But a bonnie westlan weaver lad
Soon gaur'd me change my sang.
My mother sent me up the gate
To warp a plaiden web,
But the weary weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
I rede ye right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

A merry westlan weaver lad
Sat working at his loom,
He caught my heart as wi' a net,
In every thread and thrum.
I sat aside my warping-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun',
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it ga'e a stoun.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
Take light o' noon, trust not the moon,
To the weavers gin ye go.

The moon was sinking in the west,
With visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlan weaver lad
Convoyed me through the glen:
And what was said, and what was done,
I winna, mauna tell,
But sair I fear the country soon
Will ken as weel's mysel.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
Take light o' noon, trust not the moon,
To the weavers gin ye go.

Ease of expression and readiness of language will secure this song a place in any collection. The chorus is part of an old and less discreet song. I think I can discover yet in the remains of our ancient lyrics that each trade or calling had songs in their praise or their scorn: "The Blacksmith and his Apron"—"The Mason's Apron"—"The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'"—and various others, are still popular. To Burns we are indebted for all that merits notice in this song; in his notes he apologises for its imperfections: "Many of the beautiful airs wanted words. In the hurry of other avocations, if I could string rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet whose every performance is excellent."

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
  Wi' unco folk I weary, sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
  I'm fley'd it make me eerie, sir.
    I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
      I'm o'er young to marry yet;
    I'm sae young, 'twad be a sin
      To take me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
  The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you and I in ae bed,
  In trouth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
  Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
  I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

"The chorus," says Burns, "of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine." It was one of the poet's contributions to the Musical Museum; and like all that he touched or wrote carries on it the stamp of his original spirit. The old song is much inferior, and is gross without the life, and indecorous without the naïveté of this little, hasty, clever, and imperfect thing.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moor to spin;
There was a lad wha followed her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison:
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan couldna win;
For wi' the roke she shored to knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn ran clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between;
But Duncan swore a holy aith
That Meg should be a bride the morn—
Then she took up her spinning graith,
And flang it a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house, a wee wee house,
And we shall live like king and queen—
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When we set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;—
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.

The old song of "Ye'll ay be welcome back again," which assisted Burns in composing this very free and humorous lyric, was inferior both in mirth and decency. There is, however, another version of Duncan Davison, which I would rather describe than quote, that contributed several lines to the present song; and any one who knows it will feel that he who extracted the spirit, without the indelicacy, accomplished a very difficult task.—The grossness indeed fairly exceeds the humour. I am not without fear that this song may be looked upon with suspicion, since it has lines in common with its impure namesake; but many a beautiful song might become outcast upon the same suspicion, for a good spirit seems to have made one version, and an evil spirit another, of many of our lyrics, ancient and modern.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE.

What will I do gin my hoggie die?—
  My joy, my pride, my hoggie;
My only beast, I had nae mae,
  And vow but I was vogie.
The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
  Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
  Amang the braes sae scroggie.

The howlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill—
I trembled for my hoggie:
When day did daw and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap oure the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.

"It happened," says Burns, "that some gentlemen who were riding a few years ago through Liddesdale stopped at a hamlet, consisting of a few houses, called Mosspaul, when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on her roke at her door, sat singing. All that she could tell concerning it was, that she learned it when a child, and that it was called 'What will I do gin my Hoggie die.' No person except a few females at Mosspaul knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost had not one of the gentlemen taken it down."

The song has been attributed to Burns; and I question not but that some of it is his. When the old Liddesdale woman sung the air, she sung words also, and Mr. Clarke, who copied her music, forgot not the language which expressed it. I have no wish to deprive Burns of what can be honestly conceded to him; but it follows not that every song which he copied he composed also. It is but fair to say, that the oldest copy I have seen of the song is that in Johnson's Museum.

TO DAUNTON ME.

The blood-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton ane sae soft and young,
Wi' his canld heart and flattering tongue—
O plums may grow on a pear-tree,
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal, for a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his white and red monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton ane sae young and fair,
Wi' his head grown aboon his hair,
And in his lug a buzzing bee,
The auld man that wad daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and ewes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
Can gowd hang charms upon his tongue,
And make him rash, and yauld, and young,
With warmer blood and a brighter ee,
The auld man that wad daunton me?

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow:—
And the rain dreeps down frae his bleared ee,
The auld man that wad daunton me.
Oh! yonder he comes, slow moving on,
Wi' many a cough and many a groan,—
The grave-worm looks frae the kirkyard stones,
And reckons the time it shall pick his bones.

Much of this song is very old. The air and some of the lines were pressed into the service of the house of Stuart. The love and solicitation of opulent old age for youth and beauty was a favourite theme with our early bards; and, true to the nature of woman, the ancient lyrics generally represent it as successful. The readiness with which rich old gentlemen can furnish themselves with young and blooming wives is matter of every day remark; and if one may impute truth to verse, we might safely conclude that the heroine and hero of this song were, within a week, bride and bridegroom.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Now where got ye that feather and bonnet,
My sweet young maiden, will ye tell me?
I got them frae a bold sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnstone and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie who gae them,
Oft has he dandled me upon his knee;
May Heaven protect my brave sodger laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessings upon thy bonnie ee-bree!—
Thy smiles are so like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon green banks,
Where Tay rins wimpling by so clear,
And I'll cleed thee a' in the scarlet fine,
And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.

A song of this name was a favourite in Scotland in ancient times, and it was so popular that the choice wits of London parodied it in a strain less witty than indelicate, called "Jockey's escape from Dundee." Formerly Jockey seems to have been the name which personated Scotland, as Sandy represents it now.

With some slight changes, I have adopted the copy printed by Johnson in his Museum. I have little doubt

that it is made up of several fragments: the strain of tenderness in the close is of modern workmanship; the commencement seems old. The first four lines of the last verse are of surpassing beauty.

BIDE YE YET.

Gin I had a wee house, and a cantie wee fire,
A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn—
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide me yet;
Some bonnie wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry, papa, or daddie, to me.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour although she be teas'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

David Herd obliged all the admirers of original song by picking up and publishing this charming little domestic lyric. Who the rustic poet was who speculated so beautifully on the joys and endearments of home, tradition has neglected to tell us. He seems indeed to have been a sensible person, and the patience, and the good humour, and the caresses which he recommends to the husband, are all necessary for smoothing down the wayward temper of woman till she smiles and is satisfied. Miss Jenny Grahame of Dumfries appears to have apprehended the misery which might come on man by listening to these deluding strains; and her song of

Alas! my son, ye little know,

may be considered as a kind of antidote to the pleasant poison of "Bide ye yet."

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll no twin wi' his gear;
My minny is a scolding wife
Hauds a' the house asteer.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down amang the broom
That's waiting for me;

Awaiting for me my love,
That's waiting for me,
For he's low down amang the broom
That's waiting for me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel I ken its a' for spite,
For ne'er a jo has she.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
Wi' Johnie o' the glen;
And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
Of false deluding men.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night
And speer'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinsyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.

There can be no doubt that the chorus, at least, of this song is of great antiquity, since it is quoted in the "Complaynt of Scotland." It was first published by David Herd, who found it among those portable lyrical collections which were once spread over the lowlands, and contributed to diffuse and preserve the love of song among the peasantry. Mr. Struthers in his collection says, "Low down in the Broom" is said to be the work of the late James Carnegie, Esq, of Balnamoor, a beautiful estate on the slope of the Grampians, within five

miles of Brechin. I hope, however, that the laird of Balnamoor had a surer claim to the authorship of this lyric than what arises from the inaccurate logic of one of his dependants. "I have conversed with a worthy farmer of fourscore," says one of the editor's correspondents, "who has lived on the Balnamoor estate from his infancy: the garrulous old man observed, 'I kent the auld laird weel—he was a curious bodie, and there's nae doubt he made up the song.'"

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blithe, blithe, blithe was she,
Blithe was she butt and ben;
And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toasted brown;
For well the canny kimmer kens,
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till dawing we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And aye the cleanest drinker out,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blithest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

In the fourth volume of Allan Ramsay's Miscellany this admirable song found a place; and I imagine had the existence of honest Andrew been known sooner he would have appeared earlier in the work. We are uninformed whether it is old, or remodelled or amended. Of its lively humour and sly merriment all

can judge, since none can help feeling the happy gaiety and joyous festivity of the scene which it presents. Some country ale-house will arise on the reader's fancy, with its cheerful fire, foaming tankards, merry songs, and boundless laughter; and while some youth as blithe as Andro, and some maiden as gay as the heroine, are the chief attraction, the smiling and assiduous hostess will glide from table to table with materials for increasing or allaying drouth. Burns says, "Andro and his cutty gun is the work of a master." The introduction of Andro when money was scant and mirth flown is very happy, and the increasing joy and augmenting din rings far and wide.

I have heard several variations of the song—one of them seemed happy:—

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
Wi' knuckled cakes weel brander'd brown.

Knuckled cakes, as their name implies, are kneaded out with the knuckles alone without the aid of a roller, and prepared over the embers of wood on a brander or gridiron. The flavour is increased by this primitive mode of cooking, and when eaten warm with ale the charm of each is increased.

For weel the cannie kimmer kens
To gaur the swats gae glibber down.

TARRY WOO'.

Tarry woo', tarry woo',
Tarry woo' is ill to spin—
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haflens done;
But when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleeding for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hind, and fallow-deer,
Are na half so useful here;
Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
All are oblig'd to tarry woo'.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures without blame,
That cleed the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo'.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content, and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne;
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
He has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo'?

Though only a portion here and there of this song is older than the days of Allan Ramsay, it is worthy of a place among our very early lyrics. Relishing of pastoral times and rustic industry, it mingles the counsels of ancient experience with the charms of verse. Some of the earlier versions were more decided in the praise and preference of Tarry woo'.

Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
Card it weel ere ye begin,
Card it weel and draw't sma—
Tarry woo's the best of a'.

This old assurance of the excellence of the tarred fleece has been disputed lately, and it has been urged that the use of tar, while it lessons the value of the fleece, is injurious to the flock. On the other hand, it is contended that some sort of surgery is necessary to preserve the flock from vermin and to nourish the wool. Of old, Dumfries was famous for making a certain kind of woollen cloth, called "Whytes," which was esteemed a luxury by merchants of foreign countries. It would be worth while to inquire if this cloth was produced from the white or the tawny fleece. A mason lodge in Lockerby is called "Quhyte woolen lodge;" and there are other places which preserve the memory of this beautiful manufacture. This song first appeared in Allan Ramsay's collection.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
  Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
  So divine is she.

O how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me,
  Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over
Nature bids one love her,
  That's a law to me.

Who would cease the lover,
To become a rover?
No! I'll ne'er give over,
  Till I happy be.
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
  Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her;
Could I but obtain her,
  Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
  Till she pity me.

If Allan Ramsay knew this song, he has sinned sadly against taste in omitting it in his collection, and deeper still in excluding it for the sake of his own verses to

the same air. That he was acquainted with the whole or a part of it there can be little doubt. Compare the second verse with the same verse in Ramsay—

Then let Peggy warm ye;
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye;
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kilted to the knee.

These lines also prove Ramsay's acquaintance with some very old and very free verses which have been long known, though seldom sung among our peasantry.

Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
Linken o'er the lea?
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
Coats aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
Ane may ken her be?

I have seen the song of which these lines form the commencement, in many shapes; but the evil spirit of folly was still visible; and much as I loved the sharp keen humour, I loved delicacy more.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

O I have lost my silken snood,
That bound my hair sae yellow;
I've gien my heart to the lad I loed,
He is a gallant fellow.
And twine it weel my bonnie dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden—
The lassie lost her silken snood
In puing o' the brekan.

He praised my een sae bonnie blue,
Sae lily-white my skin-o;
And syne he pried my rosie mou,
And vowed it was no sin-o.
And twine it weel my bonnie lass,
Twine weel the snowy plaiden—
The lassie lost her silken snood
Amang the lady-brekan.

But he has left his native land,
And his true love forsaken,

Which makes me mourn the maiden snood,
I tint amang the brekan.
And twine it weel my bonnie dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden—
Alas! for the sweet hours I passed
Amang the lady-brekan.

Like many of our favourite songs, "The silken snooded lassie" is composed from the fragments of two ancient lyrics; and the poet, in uniting them, has not had the art of engrafting or budding the one upon the other, so as to make them seem wholly of one growth. I have heard a song of the same nature, which was put into the mouth of a girl as she twined the plaiden. She lamented the loss of the symbol of maidenhood in the same way as the heroine of the present lyric. It was, however, a very different song. I have not been able to find any thing like it among our early collections. Ante-nuptial dalliance, as one of our old poets expresses it, was a favourite theme for the Muse of our ancestors —a subject, concerning which many curious stories might be told, and many strange customs cited.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my Willie, again.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Maids, have ye seen him, my ain true love Willie?
Blithe as the bird when the bud's on the tree?
If ye have seen him, and dinna esteem him,
Ye havena seen Willie, the lad who loes me.

In copying this old song from Johnson's Museum, I excluded a strange verse which had been attached to the others, more for the sake of the uncouth contrast than with the wish of continuing the song in its natural character. The verse nevertheless has claims upon our

regard from its undoubted antiquity, and from its being all that time has left us of the original "Haud awa' Hame." It is worth preserving.

Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
Gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame—
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And show her the way to haud awa' hame.

I have supplied the place which these old words occupied with a verse more in the manner of the others.

JOHNIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

When I was in my se'nteen year,
I was baith blithe and bonnie-o;
The lads loe'd me baith far and near,
But I loe'd nane but Johnie-o:
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spake sae blithe and kindly-o;
And I made him new gray breeks,
That fitted him most finely-o.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free;
His bonnie locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glittered in my e'e:

His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy-o;
And then a-days his gray breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy-o.

But now they're threadbare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed like and sair torn,
And clouted upon ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I hae had right monie-o,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnie-o.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better gin I had to gie;
And I'll tak pains upo' them,
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.
To cleed him weel shall be my care,
To please him a' my study-o!
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, though they be duddy-o.

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there wasna monie-o.
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
Sae wha wadna loe Johnie-o?
O I loe Johnie's gray breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,

And gin we live anither year,
We'll mak' them hale between us yet.

The air and the subject of this old and clever song seem to have been favourites with our elder poets; and some of our latest and best lyric writers have called in the aid of the beautiful melody to give wings to their verses. Like many more of our Caledonian songs, this lyric presents a double face—one pleasant, yet delicate—loving mirth, but keeping within the bounds of decorum: the other laughing outright, in the full enjoyment of free humour and indecorous glee. Even into the present song, some of the wildness of the other for a time intruded; but it was ejected; and now our ladies may sing the praise of this ancient and patched raiment in peace of mind, and without confusion of face. I believe, however, that the objectionable verses were the oldest. I never saw them in print; but I have often heard them sung, when the drink was abounding, the mirth loud, and the humour far from select.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willie was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw;
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carry'd aye the gree awa:
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And aye whatever Willie said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And wasna Willie a great loon,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been?
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring;
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance;
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

Allan Ramsay in his collection adds to this song the letters "W. W.;" and tradition and conjecture have combined to pronounce them the initials of William

Walkinshaw of Walkinshaw in Renfrewshire. Burns mentions having heard such a tradition; and the "Harp of Renfrewshire," a work much more curious than accurate, introduces him into its list of the poets of that district, and gives him the authorship of this song, but gratifies us with no further particulars. It is not said at what period the author lived; but at all events alliteration was esteemed a beauty; and the beauty of alliteration was losing its repute before the days of Allan Ramsay. The song seems so entire and so wholly of a piece, that were I to say it had been all struck off at one heat, there would be more to believe me than if I expressed a suspicion that the song was the renovation of an ancient strain, and had been re-awakened into life and melody by some skilful and congenial hand.

SLIGHTED NANCIE.

'Tis I hae sev'n braw new gowns,
And sev'n better to mak',
And yet for a' my new gowns
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I hae sev'n milk-kye,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good kye
The laddie winna hae me.

My daddie's a delver o' dykes,
  My mither can card and spin,
And I'm a fine fodgel lass,
  And the siller comes linkin in.
The siller comes linkin in,
  And it's fu' fair to see;
And fifty times wow, O wow!
  What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,
  Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
  Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
  Tho' mony a ane gaes by;
Syne far ben the house I rin,
  And a woefu' wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
  I pray'd but ance in the year;
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
  And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my neist prayers,
  I pray'd but now and than;
I fash'd na my head about gear,
  If I gat but a handsome young man.

But now when I'm at my last prayers,
  I pray baith night and day,

And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that same beggar I'd gae.
And O! what will come o' me!
And O! what will I do?
That sic a braw lassie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow!

Allan Ramsay printed this song in his collection to the tune of "An the kirk wad let me be." I can hardly believe the fair complainer to be serious in her song, since a lass "with seven braw new gowns, and seven better to mak'," was a maiden of some consequence in the year of grace and thrift, 1724. As the cloth, too, from which those garments were shaped, was probably of her own spinning, and seven milk-kye were no unhandsome dower in those simpler times, there is an image of industry and opulence presented which it seems strange men should so foolishly overlook. The pride of hope, in her teens, when she prayed but once a year for a rich and handsome lad, and the gradual abatement which disappointment makes, with the increase of years, in her desires after personal looks and wealth, are very naturally described, and with more of humour than seriousness.

LUCKIE NANCIE.

While fops, in saft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
  These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear;
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
  The maidens are delighted.
    I was aye telling you,
    Luckie Nancie, Luckie Nancie,
    Auld springs wad ding the new;
    But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
  Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of ecstasy to prove,
Nor sighing—thus—present my love
  With roses eke and lilies.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
  But, Nancie, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms enow for me;
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Luckie Nancie, Luckie Nancie;
Driest wood will eithest low,
And, Nancie, sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancie.
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a aland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

This beautiful song, which at once instructs us in domestic endearment and lyric composition, was first in-

troduced to the world by Allan Ramsay—it is marked as an old song, with additions. Burns, however, thought it was all Ramsay's, except the chorus; and the chorus he imagined might belong to an old song, prior to the mistake which the lady of Cherrietrees made when she concealed the Rev. David Williamson from the dragoons in the same bed with her daughter, which occasioned the scoffing song to the same air. I should have agreed with Burns (for certainly the song has something of the style of Ramsay about it), had it not been for a communication which Lord Woodhouselee made on the subject to Mr. Cromek. "I have reason to believe that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed by good authority that the words were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session." Though Ramsay has written songs of as great merit, I am not sure that he could have laid down such excellent maxims for song writing, at least he has given us manifold examples of an inferior taste.