HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

Haud awa', bide awa',
  Haud awa' frae me, Donald;
I've seen the man I weel could love,
  But that was never thee, Donald:
Wi' plumed bonnet waving proud,
  And claymore at thy knee, Donald,
And lord o' Moray's mountains high,
  Thou'rt no a match for me, Donald.

Haud awa', bide awa',
  Haud awa frae me, Donald;
What sairs your mountains and your lochs,
  I canna swim nor flee, Donald!
But if ye'll come when yon fair sun
  Is sunk beneath the sea, Donald,
I'll quit my kin, and kilt my coats,
  And take the hills wi' thee, Donald.

If this song succeeds in removing all remembrance of the original song of the same name, it will render some service to morality; for the ancient version was as gross as it was witty. Many songs have been written to this air, but none of them are worthy of the sweet and simple music. It is the first air I ever heard either played or sung, and it returns on me with many associations.

JEANIE, WHERE HAST THOU BEEN?

O, Jeanie, Jeanie, where hast thou been?
  Father and mother were seeking for thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
  Keeping young Jockie companie.
O, Bessie, I've been to hear the mill clack,
  Getting meal ground for the familie;
As fou as it gade I bring hame the sack,
  For the miller has taken nae multure frae me.

Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, there's meal on your gown,
  The miller's a wanton lad and a slee;
The victual's come hame again hale, but the loon,
  I fear, he has taken the multure off thee.
Oh, Bessie, ye spread your linen to bleach,
  When that was done, where could ye be?
E'en gliding away to a nook o' the wood,
  And wanton Willie was following thee.

Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, ye gade to the kirk,
  But when it skaled, where could thou be?
Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
  They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye:
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
  In sackcloth gown they'll heeze thee hie.
Gae look to thysel wi' wanton Will—
  The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

This song is marked as old, with additions, in Allan Ramsay's collection. There is much humour and much freedom, as there will ever be when ladies reproach each other with their gallantries. Some of the lines require illustration—the clack of the mill, a rural and a thrifty sound, is now mute for ever: and the miller's multure, so often alluded to in rhyme and in proverb, and the subject too of an ancient song, has long been commuted for cash payment. Even the stool of repentance has disappeared from our kirks; a maiden who has a misfortune, as the courtesy of rustic speech calls the slip which deprives her of the title of virgin, receives the pastor's admonition, standing in her seat, or commutes her shame for a sum of money, proportioned to the means of the sinner—a compromise which fills the purse of the session, if it fails to lessen the annual amount of youthful transgressions.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and siller to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My blessing gang with him my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;

True to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death an' alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care he'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

"The Soger Laddie" is a greater favourite with the Scottish multitude than with the publishers of our lyrical collections: the words are good, and the air pleasing. War, which sends the flower of our youth into foreign lands, makes many hearts have an interest in these verses. The air deserves more heart-stirring words—the subject is of a martial and a tender nature. I wish Joanna Baillie would give half an hour's meditation to the tune. I know of no one who has adorned our national melodies with verses of more exquisite native grace, and humorous or pathetic beauty.

TWEEDSIDE.

When Peggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.
I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed:
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Peggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I loved her o'er weel,
And the women love sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander awa',
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

Some one says, the air of "Tweedside" was the composition of David Rizzio; on the same kind of grave authority we may assign to all our anonymous airs and songs musicians and poets. Lord Yester, it is said, was the author of this song; and it still finds admirers, and obtains a place in our collections, though Crawford has

written a more popular lyric. But nature will always reward those who are her servants. That woman seldom enriches a romantic and enthusiastic youth with her affections, was a bitter truth which Lord Yester experienced before 1680.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

The yellow hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,
Cries, milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae:
The maiden she milked, and blithely she sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
My ewes are new clipped, and they winna bught in:
In clusters they rin o'er the lily-white lea;
O yellow hair'd laddie come bught them for me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, my bairn,
The cheese is to make and the butter to earn.
The cheese it may sodden, the butter may sour,
I'll whisper and kiss wi' my love ae half-hour.
The goodwife cried down the house, Jenny, my dow,
Thy half-hour is flown, and the ale is to brew.
Oh, the ale it may stand, and hours they may flee,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be!

This, or most of this, is a very old song, which Allan

Ramsay saved from oblivion and imitated. In ease and simplicity it excels the songs which it inspired. It must still, however, be regarded as incomplete: the ewes which the heroine milks, in the first verse, she cannot bught in the second; and the moving of the scene from the hill-top to the fire-side seems too sudden and abrupt. I have printed all that is worth preserving, and perhaps more.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris wha wons in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men,
Has four-score of black sheep, and fourscore white, too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

Haud your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his old and my age can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

Haud your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride;
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fu' weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel—

He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed, too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, daughter, ye should nae be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is so gray;
I rather wad die than dwall wi' him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

Allan Ramsay extracted this very clever song out of a very long lyric composition of the same name, in which the mother sings the suit of Rob Morris with all a mother's earnestness after worldly welfare; and the daughter discusses his personal endowments with all a maiden's wit and with less than a maiden's delicacy. It is a very happy and comic performance: the sagacity of age arms its arguments with proverbs, and displays all the advantages of territorial wealth; youth, on the other hand, can hope for little delight from a worn frame and a gray beard, and draws a picture of the venerable admirer which shows that the pleasures she counts upon are of a personal nature, such as fifteen can never expect from fourscore. Burns has borrowed the two first lines for the commencement of his song with the same name—a very beautiful and sweet production.

CLOUT THE CAULDRON.

Have you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant of siller as of grace,
Disbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her cauldron.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
For any man's resentment:
For, lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinker,
Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.

Love, Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry off Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinker?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinker under tack
That's used to clout my cauldron.

A Galloway tradition ascribes to a Gordon of the house of Kenmore the honour of composing the original words of this song, which are supposed to have assisted Allan Ramsay in writing the present lyric. In the disguise of a tinker or wandering gipsy, he sought to elude the search of the Parliamentarians in the times of Cromwell; and under the impulse of some amour, he made the verses, of which the two first lines of the common song form a part. The air is well known by the name of the "Blacksmith and his apron;" indeed, better known in many places than by the name of "Clout the Cauldron," and this seems too to have formed part of an ancient song, of which I regret my inability to give any specimens. But "Clout the Cauldron" was a well known song and air in early times: tradition says, that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dumblane, used merrily to observe, that were it his misfortune to go to be hanged, nothing could soothe him so much on the way as to hear "Clout the Cauldron" played. The song of Ramsay is certainly in a freer style than is acceptable now; but it is far too lively and peculiar to be amended, and

far too great a favourite to be omitted. It is almost the only song in which he has introduced his favourite heathen gods with effect; here they heighten the humour and augment the mock heroic spirit of the composition. Well might the lady say, when she heard a tinker speak so learnedly, "Sir, ye appear a cunning man."

AS I WENT OUT AE MAY-MORNING.

As I went out ae May-morning,
  A May-morning it chanced to be,
O there I saw a very bonnie lass
  Come linkin o'er the lea to me:
And O, she was a weel-faured lass,
  Sweet as a flower that moment sprung;
I said, fair maid, can ye fancy me?
  She laughed, and said, I am too young.

I took her by the lily-white hand,
  And by the waist sae straight and sma',
And lang in others eyes we gazed,
  As we gaed down the greenwood shaw:
The hawthorns flourished fresh and fair,
  And o'er our heads the small birds sung;
And never a word the lassie said,
  But gentle sir, I am too young.

To be your bride, I am too young;
And far o'er proud to be your loon:
This is the morn of merry May,
And I'll be aulder, sir, in June.
It was the morn of merry May,
The odorous flowers beneath us sprung;
The lassie sighed, and said, sweet sir,
Come wed me, but I am too young.

The old song of which this is a portion is printed in the Museum. The heroine states her condition like one before the minister and elders; and her regard for truth induces her to speak very frankly and very plainly. Such liberties could not well be indulged in, and I was obliged, while I abated the freedom, to abridge the story. Our old songs abound in such casual encounters and indulgences: indeed, the romances led the way, the ballads followed, and a lighter and more lasting kind of composition sought to perpetuate the meetings in the woods of that lordly savage man with the softer savage woman. The world has grown more effeminate and more wily since, and ladies can lose their reputations at home without seeking to cast them away in wildernesses. It is a discreet world, and may in time become devout.

LADY ONLIE.

As I came in by Thornie-bank,
And by the sunny shore o' Buckie,
O I stept in to take a cup
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest luckie:
Her foaming ale, her merry tale,
A kiss at times when things are lucky;
The mirk mirk hours she lends them wings
Gude Lady Onlie, honest luckie.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie;
And cheerly blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest luckie.
Her drink is strong, her lips are sweet,
I taste them as I go to Buckie.
Sic things maun be, if I sell ale,
Quo' Lady Onlie, honest luckie.

I found most of this merry little song in the Museum, and in trimming it for publication I have added nothing more than the original words seemed to warrant. If I have caused the hostess to add other allurements to her house than those of strong ale and a cheerful fire, proverbial imputation and the example of Tam O'Shanter may bear the blame. The last line save one is a proverb in current use among those acquainted with alehouses.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

O honest auld John Ochiltree,
My winsome auld John Ochiltree,
When moonlight comes, slip o'er the moor,
And dance as ye have danced before.
Alake! alake! I downa now
Step rashly as I wont to do;
For mirth and might have fled frae me,
Frae honest auld John Ochiltree.

My honest man, John Ochiltree,
My cantie auld John Ochiltree,
Come o'er and crack wi' me at e'en,
And mirth and might may come again.
O walaways, my sonsie quean,
When dames are daffin-ripe at e'en,
I sigh—sic sweets are no for me,
For honest auld John Ochiltree.

O walaways, John Ochiltree,
For monie a time I tauld ye free,
Ye rade sae fast by sea and land,
And kept sae slack a bridle-hand,
Thy gallant steed wad droop and tine,
Thy sight wad fail, thy strength wad dwine;
Light leaves the sky, and leafs the tree,
Sae might leaves auld John Ochiltree.

It cheers me up to hear thee sing,
I'll come to thee, my ain sweet thing,
And we'll think on our former wark,
When we gade daunering in the dark;
When mirth was rife, when joys were cheap,
When life's blood gave a warmer leap,
And hopes were high, and hearts were free,
Quo' honest auld John Ochiltree.

Allan Ramsay, wherever he found it, printed this song as ancient in the Tea-table Miscellany: and certainly it has many tokens of antiquity about it. His copy, exceedingly curious as it is, and valuable for a peculiar vein of free humour, seems to be made up of fragments; the sense is rendered imperfect or obscure, and the original intention of the poet is interrupted before the end of the song. I know not that I have amended it, but something was necessary to be done; and I wish my success equalled my liking to the dramatic spirit of the original. The name of the hero of the song has obtained a celebrity which the verse was unable to confer by the inimitable Edie Ochiltree of the Antiquary. But except in age and in name they have nothing in common between them; and if honest John suggested the idea of the shrewd and facetious mendicant, he has been the occasion of more pleasure than the hero of any other song in the language.

MY WIFE'S A WILFU' WEE THING.

My wife's a wilfu' wee thing,
My wife's a wilfu' wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
  She winna be guided by me:
Her folly wha can hide it?
Her wilfu'ness wha bide it?
She was wanton ere she brided,
  And will be till she die.

She sold her gown and she drank it,
And went to the kirk in a blanket;
And danced and cried, Bethanket,
  O wha's sae merry as me!
The elders a' forbade her,
The parson sair miscaud her,
And I took her hame and tawed her,
  Yet a wanton wife was she.

I'll soon be doiled wi' thinking,
She'll soon gang daft wi' drinking,
Sae down the hill like winking,
  We'll gang, my wife and me.
She spent an hour in quaffin',
She spent an hour in laughin',
And wared a night in daffin',
  And braw a gude bairn grew she.

Rude and coarse though the ancient words of this song were, as many well know, such was their liveliness and such the more than corresponding excellence of the air, that they found as much favour as many well polished and more ambitious strains. I have heard them sung again and again, and the starting line stood ever thus, "My wife's a wallopin wee thing." I could certainly diversify this notice with many variations of the song, but they are generally so uncouth and so full of repetitions that I cannot please myself, and should not be likely to please others with my selections. Of the present copy, like all other oral songs, some is new and much old.

JOHN COME KISS ME NOW.

O John come kiss me, now, now, now,
  O John come kiss me now;
The present time's the pleasant time,
  Sae make nae mair ado:
The passing time's the sweetest time,
  To them wha woo and daut;
Sae I'll gae kiss my ain gudeman,
  It's neither sin nor faut.

O John come kiss me now, now, now,
  O John come kiss me now;

The simmer's night is but a gliff,
For twa young things to woo;
True love's ain hour's the midnight hour,
I've heard my grannie say,
But I'll steal joy frae mirk midnight,
And gie't it to honest day.

O John come kiss me now, now, now,
O John come kiss me now,
Come, rest ye, and gi'e me a kiss,
Ye're weary wi' the plow:
Come hame, lad, and let's have some mirth,
For youth flies fast away;
We'll laugh and daut, while we are young,
And groan when we are gray.

This is one of the songs which Wedderburn sought to seduce from the service of honest mirth and domestic joy, and convert it into an useful vassal of the reformed church: it is needless to say with what success. It is therefore a very old song, or at least some of it is very old. The present version seeks to preserve the original aim of the old minstrel and support his spirit. In the Musical Museum the ancient measure of the verse has suffered a change which seems not for the better, though some lines of merit are mingled with the earlier words. Allan Ramsay, in his lively tale of "The Lure," directly refers to this song as a popular one.

This was a fresh young landart lass,
Wi' cheeks like cherries, een like glass;

Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
And, "John, come kiss me now," she lilted,
As she skiff'd o'er the benty knowes,
Gaun to the bughts to milk her yowes.

These lines contain such a picture of youth, and health, and life, and joy, as has been seldom equalled.

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or are ye waking, I wad wit?
Thy love has bound me hand and foot,
  And here I maun remain-o.
O let me in this ae night,
  This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
  Or I'll ne'er come back again-o.

Deep is the way wi' snaw and sleet,
And wild the night wi' wind and weet;
My shoon are frozen on my feet,
  Sae lang I maun remain-o.
O let me in this ae night,
  This ae, ae, ae night;
The wildness o' this winter night
  Might conquer thy disdain-o.

Now, where dwell ye when ye're at hame—
What are ye like—have ye a name—
Are ye heav'n's wark, and think ye shame
 In sunshine to be seen-o?
Away thy ways, this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
And come this way in daylight—
 Its honester than e'en-o.

Some ca' me fair, some ca' me fause,
Of mickle mirth I am the cause,
For I'm the laird o' Windie-waas,
 A house of ancient fame-o.
Sae let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night:
Show me the way this ae night,
 And I'll ken the way again-o.

My daddie's wondrous light o' sleep;
My aunt my chamber keys maun keep;
I wot my casements chirp and cheep,
 Else I wad let ye in-o.
I'd let you in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
I'll let ye in this ae night,
 If ye'll ne'er do't again-o.

O, I'll steal in like sweet moonlight,
And ere the laverock takes his flight
I'll glide awa like glamour slight,
 Ye'll hardly think I've been-o.

Sae let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
A waer heart, a wearier wight,
 Never woo'd at e'en-o.

In seeking to free this song from the impurities with which it was surrounded and mingled, I was conscious that much of it was old, and merited some attempt to purify it. The laird of Windy-waas, who seeks to impose an aerial title on the simplicity of the maiden, had more success in the ancient version than he has been allowed in this. Windy-waas, a house of ancient fame, corresponds with the visionary structure so exquisitely described by Butler:

With roof of air, and walls of wind.

I could swell this note with many stray verses of this popular lyric. The maiden varies her counsel:

Cast aff the shoon frae aff yere feet,
Cast back the door unto the weet,
Syne through the chamber quietly creep,
 And make but little din-o.

Her pleasure at learning her wooer was a laird is graphic and lively:

A laird! quo' she, and then she leuch—
Thanks to the fortune!—that's enough—
Come cannilie in, make little sough,
 I'm lying a' my lane-o.

BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

As I was a walking
  One morning in May,
The small birds sang sweetly,
  The flowers were blooming gay,
Oh, there I met my true love,
  As fresh as dawning day,
Down amang the beds of sweet roses.

Fu' white was her bare foot,
  New bathed in the dew;
Whiter was her white hand,
  Her een were bonnie blue;
And kind were her whispers,
  And sweet was her mou,
Down amang the beds of sweet roses.

My father and my mother
  I wot they told me true,
That I liked ill to thrash,
  And I liked worse to plough;
But I vow the maidens liked me,
  For I kend the way to woo,
Down among the beds of sweet roses.

The air to which these verses were commonly sung gave utterance, about forty years ago, to the religious

hymns of Mrs. Buchan and her fanatical followers. This singular woman, called "Our Lady" by her people, wandered over the country, preaching that the time was at hand when the curse would be removed from the earth, and original sin be taken from mankind. She imagined that, under the new dispensation, the air would be so gentle, and all seasons so delightful, that the sons and daughters of men might go unattired; and that their bodies, restored to their original condition, would know no decay, and need no food. She preached up an eternal honeymoon, and made many proselytes. I have heard that one of the maidens who followed her was so beautiful that she made an impression on the heart of our great national poet. But time, which sobers down many follies, snatched Mrs. Buchan away; and her followers, overwhelmed and confounded by the death of one who had preached that she should never die, became regular and industrious. Their spinning-wheels and linen were in much repute. Indeed, something of a superstitious influence still clings to the remains of that curious people—a Galloway lady has sewed shrouds for herself and her sons out of a web which was purchased from the followers of "Our Lady." I know not what they are expected to be a charm against. Part of this song is printed in Johnson's Musical Museum—it is now completed. I think the line which gives a name to the song is part of a much older lyric, and that it has come from the south.

THE MERRY MEN-O.

When I was red, and ripe, and crouse.
  Ripe and crouse, ripe and crouse,
My father built a wee, wee house,
  To haud me frae the men-o;
There came a lad and gae a shout,
  Gae a shout, gae a shout—
The waas fell in, and I fell out
  Amang the merry men-o.

I dream sic sweet things in my sleep,
  In my sleep, in my sleep,
My mither says I winna keep
  Amang sae mony men-o.
When plums are ripe they should be pou'd,
  Should be pou'd, should be pou'd;
When maids are ripe, they maun be woo'd
  At seven years and ten-o.

My love—I cried it at the port,
  At the port, at the port,
The captain bade a guinea for't,
  The colonel he bade ten-o;
The chaplain he bade siller for't,
  Siller for't, siller for't;
But the serjeant he bade naething for't,
  And he came farthest ben-o.

Another version of this curious song is printed in "The Ballad Book," from which I have extracted the clever song of "I'll gaur our gudeman trow." It is directed to be sung to the tune of the "Birks of Aberfeldie." There are many repetitions, and yet the life and glee continues unimpaired to the close. A specimen may not be unacceptable.

My mither built a wee, wee house—
A wee, wee house—a wee, wee house;
My mither built a wee, wee house,
To keep me frae the men-o:
The waas fell in, and I fell out—
The waas fell in, and I fell out—
The waas fell in, and I fell out
Amang the merry men-o.

As the moon, as Butler wittily says, is best examined by her own light, so is song often best illustrated by song. It would be an acceptable labour to all who are curious in the history of national song to collect the innumerable fragments of ancient and modern verse still current among the peasantry, and print them, without change or augmentation, for private perusal.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

Hey the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat,
He will win a shilling,
Ere he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I gat frae the miller.

Hey the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack,
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck;
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the pennie siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

Hey the merry miller,
As the wheel rins roun,
And the clapper claps,
My heart gies a stoun.
Water grinds the corn,
Water wins the siller;
When the dam is dry,
I daute wi' the miller.

The millers of both north and south have for a long period been great favourites of the rustic Muse; and their love of social glee, and the plenty with which their calling surrounded them, are generally the chief matters of lyric admiration. The present song is perhaps the cleverest of all the old songs on that subject; the first verse obtained the notice of Burns for its liveliness and naïveté, and some immaterial amendments in the second verse are from his hand. The concluding verse is more modern than the others, but it supports the starting spirit of the composition, and I have admitted it to prolong a little the pleasure its companions excited. Most of the song is very old, and both air and words are ancient favourites.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The ploughman he's a merry lad,
  A merry lad and bonnie;
The ploughman lad shall be my love,
  While simmer suns are sunny:
He gies me many a kindly grip,
  And dautes me in the gloamin;
My heart comes loupin to my lips
  Whene'er I see my ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
A wet lad or a weary;
Cast off the wet, take something het,
Then hey for bed my dearie:
I trim the gleed, and make the bed,
What hand can make it safter?
And where's the lad whose look and grip
Can put a lassie dafter.

The bonniest sight I ever saw
Was by the brig of Johnstone,
For 'midst a rank of rosie queans
I saw my dearie dancin':
Snaw white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin',
A gude blue bonnet on his head,
And O, but he was handsome!

There are several versions of this old song, some with a slight sprinkling of indelicacy, and others with no small share of dulness, while a third kind may be found which unites both these exceptionable qualities. Herd published a very old and unequal copy, which contains some clever lines:—

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
Plough yon faugh and fallow;
Wha winna drink my ploughman's health,
He's but a dirty fellow.

Tradition, too, supplies her fragments; many of them curious and characteristic:—

He ploughs the haugh, he ploughs the holm,
And water-furrows 't truly,
Then leaves his soke amid the furr,
And comes and dautes me duly.

We have, however, very few songs commemorating the pleasant labour of cultivating the earth. Burns, though a ploughman himself, while he immortalized many rural pursuits, left that at which the Muse found him without any acknowledgment in lyric verse.

GO TO THE KYE WI' ME.

O was she nae worthy of kisses,
Far mae than twa or three,
And worthy o' bridal blisses,
Wha went to the kye wi' me?
O go to the kye wi' me, my love,
Go to the kye wi' me;
Over the burn and through the broom,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.

I have a house a biggin,
  Anither that's like to fa',
And I love a scornfu' lassie,
  That grieves me warst of a'.
O go to the kye wi' me, my love,
  Go to the kye wi' me;
Ye'll think nae mair o' yere mother
  When 'mang the broom wi' me.

By the ripeness of thy lips,
  By the sparkling of thy e'e,
By the witchery o' thy wit,
  Thou'lt aye be dear to me.
O go to the kye wi' me, my love,
  Go to the kye wi' me;
Ye'll never lang for daylight
  When 'neath the moon wi' me.

Much of this song is very old, and the air to which it is commonly united is very beautiful. A fragment was printed by Herd, and the whole was retouched for the Museum, with little abatement of the original freedom of the language. The old verses are much too curious and clever to be omitted; but I must conceal in the obscurity of a note some of the words which delighted our grandmothers. Good innocent old ladies! they had all the virtue, and little of the sensitiveness of their descendants.

I ha'e a house a biggin,
Anither that's like to fa';
And I ha'e a lassie wi' bairn,
Which vexes me warst of a'.

But if she be wi' bairn,
As I trow weel she be,
I ha'e an auld mother at home
Will doudle it on her knee.

THE CUCKOO.

The pleasant summer-time's at hand,
I hear the sweet cuckoo,
The corn is growing green and long,
The lamb bleats by the ewe:
The grasshopper sings for the sun,
The cricket sings for heat,
But when ye hear the cuckoo's song,
Be sure the season's sweet.

The throstle sings not till the light,
The lark not till the dawn,
The mavis when the pear-trees bud,
And woman sings for man:

They sing but to be heard or seen,
  In bower or budding bough;
Sae sings nae my meek modest bird,
  The gray unseen cuckoo.

I would persuade myself that the "Cuckoo" has borrowed a few notes from some of our earlier songs in honour of the favourite bird:—I had almost called it a songster, and if I had, my mistake would not have been much, for the delight which its cry, though monotonous, gives is equal to the pleasure of some of our sweetest music. There is a song well known in the north of England, which seems not to have been unknown to the Scottish bard:—

Summer is a coming in,
  And loud sings the cuckoo:
The corn grows, the mead blows,
  The wood shoots green anew:
On every blade of grass at morn
  There glows a drop of dew,
When grass is long, then is the song
  Of the summer bird cuckoo.

This modern song seems borrowed—for in song there is borrowing without measure, and imitations without end—from a rare old song in the Harleian Manuscripts, quoted by Sir John Hawkins and Joseph Ritson. It is supposed by the former to be as old as the fifteenth

century, and by the latter to be of the age of Henry the Third—the first verse may be rendered thus :—

> Summer is a coming in,
>   Loud sings cuckoo,
> Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
>   And springeth the wood new.

The most ancient species of musical imitation is the song of the "Cuckoo." A very fine madrigal in three parts, composed about the year 1600, contains the Cuckoo's song; and it has found its way into several very early and esteemed collections. I once heard a very merry and witty song, sung in honour of the follies of the first morn of April; and I am sorry my memory has not served me so well in this as it has done in many other things. It recorded the adventures of a simpleton, or hunt-the-gowk, in search of a left-hand hammer, and the o'erword was ever "cuckoo, cuckoo."

LASS, AN I COME NEAR THEE.

Lass, an I come near thee,
  Lass, an I come near thee,
I'll gaur a' thy ribbons reel,
  Lass, an I come near thee.
Thou art sae bonny and sae proud,
  Deil a ane dare steer thee;
But I'll gaur a' thy ribbons reel,
  Lass, an I come near thee.

Wave again thy lily hand,
  Fairest work o' nature;
Smile again wi' that dark eye,
  Thou divinest creature:
Purer than a new-born star—
  Ne'er a ane to peer thee;
My heart is far too full for speech,
  Lass, when I come near thee.

The old fragment which is woven into these two verses is of some antiquity, and probably belonged to a song of a more exceptionable character for decorum than the present. I feel great unwillingness to throw any curious old verses away, as there is always something original about the language, or the sentiment, or the character they contain.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If ye wad win my love,
Can ye na try me?
If ye should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If ye wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

My heart leaps light, my love,
When ye come nigh me;
If I had wings, my love,
Think na I'd fly thee,
If ye wad woo me, love,
Wha can espy thee?
I'm far aboon fortune, love,
When I am by thee.

I come from my chamber
When the moon's glowing;
I walk by the streamlet
'Mang the broom flowing.
The bright moon and stars, love—
None else espy me;
And if ye wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Tradition will readily supply me with more verses of this old song than is printed; but tradition is a lady not over choice in her remembrance, and recites what we cannot on all occasions repeat. In Johnson's Museum a portion of the present song will be found; and I look on it as one of those little things of life and originality peculiarly national. It is one of those rustic fragments of which Herd and Johnson are full.

THERE CAME A PIPER OUT O' FIFE.

There came a piper out o' Fife,
  I watnae what they ca'd him;
He played our cousin Kate a spring
  When feint a body bade him.
The lasses danced, and runkled dames
  Their shrunken shanks they shaw'd him;
O bide ye till I screw my pipes,
  And I'm ye're servant, madam.

He screwed the pipes wi' sic gude will,
  Till quivered roof and rafter,
From top to bottom shook the walls
  Wi' shout, and shriek, and laughter;
Till ancient hearts grew young again,
  And marble hearts grew safter;
And aye the louder that he played,
  The dames lap daft and dafter.

This is one of those facetious fragments of old song which has descended orally from more primitive times. Men are undecided whether it is written in the spirit of humorous gaiety or merry wickedness. There is indeed another old fragment something akin to this, which it would require little wisdom to decide to be one of those very songs which a devout man accused the evil spirit of making. It begins thus—

There came a couper out of Banff,
Deil matter what they ca'd him.

As I can bring no better proof of the light meaning of this lively little song than what appears in its obvious resemblance to a lyric professedly indelicate, I have printed it; because it would be unjust to suspect it, and to include scores of others which the Muse of profanity or immodesty has polluted by parodies. The music of pipers and the mirth of maidens dancing have often been a subject for the indecent or facetious Muse.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

O mount and go,
  Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go
  And be a captain's lady.
When the warpipes sound,
  And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
  And see thy love in battle.
In my helm I'll wear
  Of my love a token,
And cry spur on the spears,
  My true love is looking.

O mount and go,
  Mount and make you ready;
She might make a queen,
  Can be a captain's lady.
O the cap and plume,
  Thistle on the banner,
Sharp sword and true heart—
  That's the way to honour.
Soon our swords shall still
  Warfare's wild commotion;
Merry we'll come hame,
  Sounding through the ocean.

The conception of this song is much superior to its execution; such a dancing kind of measure finds suitable poetry more from good luck than serious study. We have many variations of this pretty martial song—and one of the oldest is the silliest. The heroine declares her resolution of following the drum: she has a very sensible notion of the importance of the followers of the camp.

I'll away, away,
  Neither stay nor tarry;
I'll away, away,
  And be a captain's lady;
For a captain's lady
  Is a dame of honour:
Many are the maids
  Who fan and wait upon her;
Who wait aye upon her,
  Run when she is ready—
Madam may be queen,
  I'll be a captain's lady.

It is needless to multiply examples, some old and some new, of the same idea. I have selected the best version, and hazarded a few alterations.

THE LINKING LADDIE.

Waes me that e'er I heard thee speak,
Waes me that e'er I saw thee;
I've lost my heart and tint my fame,
And wotna what they ca' thee.
My name's kend in my ain countrie—
They ca' me the linking laddie;
An' ye hadna been as willing as me,
Shame fa' them wad hae bade ye.

O woman, thou'rt a lovely thing,
I canna help but loe thee;
Like golden fruit ye tempting hang—
O fa' na till we pou thee;
O, while ye tempt and while ye glow,
Man's love aye higher rises;
But fa', and where's the thing on earth
That man so much despises?

The Linking Laddie in Johnson's Museum is a fragment; and I have no belief that I have been able to complete it. It is moreover something indelicate; this has been abated, and the resemblance of a moral added. The older lyric Muse is no moralizer; and we may be thankful when she keeps her life and enjoyment from overflowing the limits of decorum and propriety. The song is not old, and the author's name unknown.

THE TAILOR.

The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

The lassie was sleepy and thought on nae ill;
The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still;
The ninth part of manhood may weel hae its will,
She kend that a tailor could do her nae ill.

The tailor grew drowsie, and thought in a dream
How he caulked out his claith and he felled down his
seam;
A blink beyond midnight, before the cock craw,
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

Come gie me my groat again, bonnie young thing;
The sheets they are sma', and the blankets are thin;
The day it is short and the night it is long,
It's the dearest siller that ever I wan.

The day it is come, and the night it is gane,
And the bonnie young lassie sits sighing alane;
Since men they are scarce, it wad gie me nae pain
To see the bit tailor come skipping again.

This air is the march of the corporation of tailors. Some of the song is very old; some of it is by Burns; some of it has been added since his day: and still the song is not such a production as the air deserves. I know not what induced our ancient bards to speak so scornfully as they have often done of the art and mystery of shaping and sewing men's garments and shoes. A tailor and a shoemaker are among the benefactors of mankind; and I very willingly join in the praise of our old Scottish versifier Pennycuik, who, proud of his new apparel, swore a tailor was more than man. But song, and story, and proverb, all combine in ridiculing them.

ROB ROOL AND RATTLIN WILLIE.

Our Willie's away to Jeddart,
To dance on the rood-day,
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer the way.
The joyous tharms o' his fiddle
Rob Rool had handled rude,
And Willie left New-Mill banks
Red wat wi' Robin's blude.

Our Willie's away to Jeddart—
May ne'er the saints forbode

That ever sae merry a fellow
Should gang sae black a road!
For Stobbs and young Falnash
They followed him up and down—
In the links of Ousenam water
They found him sleeping soun'.

Now may the name of Elliot
Be cursed frae firth to firth!—
He has fettered the gude right hand
That keepit the land in mirth.
That keepit the land in mirth,
And charm'd maids' hearts frae dool;
And sair will they want him, Willie,
When birks are bare at Yule.

The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie—
They'll hear his sangs nae mair.
Nae mair to his merry fiddle
Dance Teviot's maidens free:
My curses on their cunning,
Wha gaured sweet Willie die!

"Rattling Roaring Willie" has been long celebrated in Border story; he was a noted ballad-maker and brawler, and his sword-hand was dreaded as much as his bow-hand was admired. His fatal quarrel with the

poet of Rule-water is noticed in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR.

O wilt thou come wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou nae hae me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by thy lover,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I mind nae thy daddie,
Sae high and sae lordly—
I mind nae thy kindred,
Wha bear them sae proudly:
Say only thou'lt take me
For better for waur,
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

O see yon green mountain,
Beneath yon bright star?
O see yon moon shining,
On turret and scaur?

Oh haste thee, and mount thee,
For we maun fly far ;—
It is time to be going,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

O far have I ridden, love,
All for to see thee ;
And much have I bidden, love,
All to be near thee ;—
For he that loves truly
Maun dree and maun daur,
So come now or never,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar !

Burns wrote the first verse of this pleasant little song to a pretty west-country air called "Johnie Macgill," and sent it to the Museum. I have not heard who the heroine was, nor has the song succeeded in becoming a favourite; yet there is much ease and some gaiety and nature about it. The person who composed the air was a Girvan fiddler; his name was Johnie Macgill, and he gave it his own name. The idea and some of the words of the song are old.

I'LL MAKE YOU BE FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,
I heard him courting a bonnie young lass:
My hinnie, my life, my dearest, quo' he,
I'll make you be fain to follow me.
Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
Ilk ane o' our maidens would think I was mad;
For battles I never shall long to see,
Nor shall I be fain to follow thee.

O come wi' me, and I'll make you glad;
Wi' part o' my supper, and part o' my bed,
A kiss by land and a kiss by sea,
I think ye'll be fain to follow me.
O' care or sorrow no sodgers know,
In mirth we march and in joy we go;
Frae sweet St. Johnston to bonnie Dundee,
Wha wadna be fain to follow me?

What heart but leaps when it lists the fife?
Ilk tuck o' the drum's a lease o' life—
We reign on earth, we rule on sea,
A queen might be fain to follow me.

Her locks were brown, her eyes were blue,
Her looks were blithe, her words were few—
The lads o' Dumfries stood staring dumb,
When sweet Jenny Primrose followed the drum.

Part of this song is old and part new; what is old may be of the age of a hundred years, what is new is of recent composition. The copy in the Museum has the marks of emendation on it, and it still requires correction. There is, however, another version of this song which I have heard repeated, for few would venture to sing it: it seems very old, and is minute and particular in describing the nature of the influence by which the soldier obliged the lady to follow him; little of it will bear quotation. He upbraids her with her resolution to remain at home, and ironically assures her that the advantage of their mutual love is wholly on her side:

Ye hae mair o' mine than I o' thine.

This is a favourite subject with the lyric Muse. The influence of scarlet and gold with the ladies was felt by many, as well as by the author of "Nae dominies for me, laddie," and by poor Alick Polwarth, the follower of Waverly, who turned rebel because Jenny Jop preferred a fusileer.

I'VE BEEN WOOING AT A LASS.

I've been wooing at a lass,
Through winter into ware,
But her father winna gie me her,
She has sae muckle gear.
But gin she came where plovers cry,
Amang the heather here,
O I would win her kindness,
For a' her father's care!

O she's a sweet and sonsie lass,
An armfu' I swear!—
I'd marry her without a coat,
Or yet a plack o' gear.
Frae her twa een o' sinfu' blue,
She gae me sic a wound,
That a' the doctors i' the north
Can never make me sound.

But wha would break their heart for ane?
The earth's baith broad and wide:
For when I went the lass to woo,
Ye never saw sic pride;
Twa candles shone frae roof to floor,
A fire sparkled clear.—
O what cares he for candle-light,
That gangs to woo his dear!

She walks before me as I walk,
She haunts me in my sleep!
I'll gang and woo;—a rosie quean
Is gear that canna keep:
For siller's an unchanging gray,
And red gold hauds its hue;—
Sae keeps nae ripe and rosie youth—
I'll gang this night and woo.

Our old songs abound in pictures of female loveliness, and who can doubt that this armful of joy, of which the rustic poet sings, was, at the moment of composition, moving about "in earthly flesh and blood?" This song first appeared in David Herd's collection, but his version is very unequal, and seems the work of various hands. The present copy pretends to nothing old or traditional; the third and fourth verses have been added for the sake of continuing the story of the song, and if they present a picture of the wavering resolution of man, it must be remembered that it is a matter of love, and that woman possesses no monopoly of fickleness.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

When first my dear lad
  To the lawlands came down,
He had a blue bonnet
  That wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten
  A hat and a feather,
Hey! my brave Johnie lad,
  Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
  And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border,
  And gie them a brush;
There's somebody there
  We'll teach better behaviour:—
Hey! my brave Johnie lad,
  Cock up your beaver!

Come, cock up your beaver,
  And spread out your pennon,
And summon the lads
  Of the Nith and the Annan.
Wha's stouter than Maxwell,
  Than Halliday steever?

Hey! my brave Johnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

There is not a surname
That's famous in story—
There is not a bosom
That beats for new glory,
But with foot in the stirrup,
And weapons in order,
Wait for the summons
To rush o'er the border.

A part of this ancient call to battle is preserved by David Herd, but it is very unequal and imperfect. I cannot exactly conclude whether it means to be serious or comic—and perhaps it wished to be beth. A more complete copy was published in Johnson's Museum, and the change which it had undergone was much to its advantage. Part of the song is of some antiquity, and probably was intended as a satire on the highland chiefs when they came in their wild attire into the lowlands. Succeeding bards gave it a new turn; and the invasion of England, a favourite project with all Scotsmen, was made the burthen and aim of the song. I think I once heard a version of it sung, in which a strong jacobitical feeling was manifest—but there is no end to the revolutions of song.

If the original song was a satire by the lowlanders on the highlanders, the cause of the latter was amply avenged by some witty poet at the court of King James

the First, who parodied the song, and turned the torrent of his satire against the Scottish nation. It is exceedingly keen, and somewhat coarse.

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to plow,
Were made of the hyde of a Scotish cow,
They're turn'd to Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blue,
That cost not twelvepence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turn'd to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearle embröider'd among.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayre and gay.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a satin God-a-mercy trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turn'd into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou worest hither,
To keep thy skonse from wind and weather,
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a beaver hat and feather.

This is a lively picture of ancient prejudices, as well as of the costume of our ancestors.

LADDIE, I MAUN LOE THEE.

O laddie, I maun loe thee!
  O lassie, loe na me;
For the lassie wi' the yellow coat
  Has stown the heart frae me.
Wha could resist her merry tongue,
  Could ne'er withstand her ee—
O, the lassie wi' the yellow coat
  Has stown the heart frae me.

O laddie, I maun loe thee!
  O lassie, loe na me;
I loe a lass in yon town-end,
  That I maun win, or die.
She's fairer than the morning light,
  And as the sunshine free;
O, the lassie with the yellow coat
  Has stown the heart frae me.

O laddie, I maun loe thee!
  O lassie, loe na me:
There lives a lass in yon town-end,
  That I loe mair than thee.
There is nae mirth but when she laughs,
  Nor light save in her ee;
O, the lassie wi' the yellow coat
  Has stown the heart frae me.

Some of this song is of considerable antiquity. The first four lines are very old, and have been quoted by several writers as ancient. I thought them too short for a song, and too curious to cast away; and as tradition, which has helped me often, failed me here, I was obliged to imagine a continuation as much in character as I could. To distinguish his love by the colour of her lower garment is not confined to the hero of this song; and it might be noticed as a proof of the great age of the fragment, or of the influence which fine colours will always exercise over light hearts. How many ladies love the scarlet and the gold, and how many men worship the

rustling of silks and satins! Perhaps something of this kind mingled with the thoughts of the girl in the vision which Burns saw for her on Hallowe'en.

> The last Hallowe'en I was waking
>   My drouket sark sleeve, as ye ken,
> His likeness came up the house stalkin,
>   The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

THE ROBIN CAME TO THE WREN'S NEST.

> The robin came to the wren's nest,
>   And keekit in, and keekit in.
> Now weels me on thine auld pow,
>   Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
> Ye shall never bide without,
>   And me within, and me within,
> Sae lang's I hae an auld clout
>   To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.
>
> The robin came to the wren's nest,
>   And gae a peep, and gae a peep—
> Now weels me on thee, cuttie quean,
>   Are ye asleep, are ye asleep?
> The sparrow-hawk is in the air,
>   The corbie-craw is on the sweep;
> An' ye be wise, ye'll bide at hame,
>   And never cheep, and never cheep.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
 And keekit in, and keekit in—
I saw ye thick wi' wee Tam-tit,
 Ye cuttie quean, ye cuttie quean.
The ruddie feathers frae my breast
 Thy nest hae lined, thy nest hae lined;
Now wha will keep ye frae the blast,
 And winter wind, and winter wind?

This is one of our early songs, and is at once so simple and absurd, so foolish and yet so natural, that I know not whether to reject or retain it. It seems to be something akin to a song called "The Wren she lies in Care's bed," published in the Museum, in which Robin Redbreast plays the comforter to the Wren, but, while he cheers her with "sugar saps and wine," discovers, to his infinite sorrow, that Cuttie has been wandering.

And where's the ring that I gied ye,
 That I gied ye, that I gied ye?
And where's the ring that I gied ye,
 Ye little cuttie quean-o?
I gied it till a soger,
 A soger, a soger;
I gied it till a soger,
 A kind sweetheart of mine-o.

The song is strangely inconsistent, and perhaps seeks to cloak some particular story under its absurdity. The name of the song is "The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre." I wish some northern antiquary would expound this.

IT'S GUDE TO BE MERRY AND WISE.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true;
And afore ye're off wi' the auld love,
It's best to be on wi' the new.

I daut wi' young Jess o' the glen,
I woo wi' fair Bess o' the brae;
I court wi' gay Meg o' the Mill,
And I wotna wha I will hae.

A man mayna marry but ane,
Though he may gang courting wi twae;
I've had fifteen loves in my time,
And fifteen more I may hae.

The black are maist loving and kind,
The brown they are sonsie and civil;
The red they may do in the dark,
And the white they may go the devil.

The maids of our city are vain,
Proud, peevish, and pale i' the hue;
But the lass frae the grass and the gowans
Is sweet as a rose in the dew.

O, where the streams sing in the woods,
And the hill overlooketh the valley,
O there live the maidens for me,
As fair and as fresh as the lily.

I've come to a gallant resolve,
  I've said it, and sung it, and sworn,
I shall woo by the register book,
  And begin wi' Peg Purdie the morn.

Some of this song may be found in an old and rather silly Jacobite song. One of the stanzas may be preserved.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
  It's gude to be honest and true;
It's best to be off wi' the auld king
  Before ye are on wi' the new.

I cannot say but many of our nobles of the south, as well as the north, were in a condition to be assisted by such wholesome counsel in the reign of George the Second.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
  It's gude to be honest and true;
It's best to be off wi' the auld love
  Before ye are on wi' the new.

This very wise counsel to lovers has not been long in rhyme, though it has been long in the shape of a proverb. It is the motto to Maturin's wild tragedy of Bertram, and a very suitable one.

END OF VOL. II.

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