



SCOTTISH SONGS.

HAME NEVER CAME HE.

SADDLED and bridled,
And booted, rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee ;
But toom came the saddle,
All bloody to see,
And hame came his steed,
But hame never came he.

Down came his grey father,
Sobbing fu' sair ;
Down came his auld mother,
Tearing her hair.
Down came his sweet wife,
Wi' bonnie bairns three,
Ane at her bosom,
And twa at her knee.

There stood his fleet steed,
 All foaming and hot ;
 There shriek'd his sweet wife,
 And sank on the spot.
 There stood his gray father,
 Weeping fu' free,
 For hame came his steed,
 But hame never came he.

Eight lines of this song may be found in Finlay's collection of ballads. My friend Mr. Yellowlees had the kindness to communicate two old and clever verses : one gives a name to the unfortunate hero.

High upon highlands,
 And low upon Tay,
 Bonnie George Campbell
 Rode out on a day.

The other contains a very moving image of domestic desolation :

My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn ;
 My barn is to build,
 And my babe is unborn.

I have not tried to graft these verses upon the song. By conferring a name on the hero, much of the romantic charm would be removed ; and the words ascribed to the young widow are rather too full of worldly care to correspond with the sorrow of the father and the mother.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Jeany's a' wat poor lassie,
Jenny's seldom dry ;
She's draggled a' her petticoat,
Coming through the rye.
Nae moon was shining in the lift,
And ne'er a body nigh ;
What gaur'd ye weet yere petticoat,
Coming through the rye?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the broom ;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body gloom.
Yestreen I met a cannie lad,
A flowery bank was nigh,
I lay a blink, and counted stars,
And what the waur am I.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the parish ken.
I loe a bonnie lad o'er weel
To let him wail and sigh ;
A kiss is aye a kindlie thing,
And what the waur am I.

I know of no song, with the exception of Johnie Cope, which has so many variations as "Coming through the rye." Some are decorous and discreet, and some are free and gross, while others unite these two characters in a very curious manner. The heroine, indeed, seems to care as little about exposing her person to the evening dews, as she regards the fruits of the earth. I have ever observed that the Scottish peasantry have a great regard for corn and all manner of crops; and to tread them wantonly down, or make idle roads through them, is deemed a destruction of "God's gude living." In this feeling Jenny seems not to have shared. Of the many variations a specimen may be given:

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Gin a body meet a body
 Coming frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell?

I see that in the Museum a copy containing much that is old is ascribed to Burns. I know not on what authority it is imputed to him. Ignorance has often put my favourite poet into coarse company.

MY LOVER HAS LEFT ME.

My lover has left me,
Wot ye the cause why?
He has gowd, he has mailens—
No mailens have I;
But whether I win him,
Or wear him, or no,
I can give a sigh for him,
And e'en let him go.

His flocks may all perish,
His gowd may all flee,
Then his new love will leave him
As he has left me.
O, meeting is pleasure,
And sundering is grief;
But a faithless lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will but rob me,
Take all that I have,
But a faithless lover
Brings ane to their grave:
The grave it will rot me,
And bring me to dust—
O! an inconstant lover
May woman ne'er trust!

I cannot find an older copy of this touching song than that printed in Johnson's Musical Museum, yet I am certain that the larger portion of it is very old. Like all old lyrics, it may have been injured or improved during its oral transmission through several ages, till it found sanctuary in Johnson. I wish I could know if the chorus, which is at open variance with the sense and feeling of the song, has always belonged to it. Only imagine the pathetic complaint of the forsaken maiden mixed up with such lines as these :

Whether I get him, whether I get him,
 Whether I get him or no—
 I care not three farthings
 Whether I get him or no.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld sweeps the wind frae east to west,
 The drift drives sharp and sairly ;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly :
 O, up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When Criffel puts on her hood o' snaw,
 It maun be winter fairly.

SCOTTISH SONGS.

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Some love the din o' the dancer's feet,
To the music leaping rarely ;
Some love the kiss and the stolen word,
Wi' the lass that loves them dearly ;
But I love best the weel-made bed,
Spread warm, and feal, and fairly,
For up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

O, spring-time is a pleasant time,
When green the grass is growing ;
And summer it is sweeter still,
When sun-warm streams are flowing ;
But winter it is thrice as sweet,
When frosts bite sharp and sairly,
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

The thrush sits chittering on the thorn,
The sparrow dines but sparely ;
The crow longs for the time o' corn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
The plough stands frozen in the fur',
And down the snow comes rarely—
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

The air of these words is old, and so is much of the song. Burns trimmed it for the Museum ; and since that

period it has been augmented by other hands. The idea of the song is very original, and some parts of the execution felicitous. A peasant of Nithsdale once expressed to me his horror at braving a winter morning, in very poetical language. "Snow, the inspired man sings, is beautiful in its season. It was nought for him, sitting with his lasses and his wine, to say sae: had he been a dry stane diker, he would have said nae sic thing. As for me, I never see snaw at my window but I lang to fa' asleep again; and I never wish to step o'er the door stane till I am sure I can set my foot on the bloom of three gowans."

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadnae be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder!
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully thus answered she,
 Begone, you hallan-shaker;
 Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, now by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see you

Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer you ;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 Men call me Rab the Ranter :
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, have you your bags,
 And is your drone in order ?
 If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—
 Live you upon the border ?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rab the Ranter—
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 If you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
 For brawlie could she frisk it :
 Weel done, quoth he ; play up, quoth she ;
 Weel bobbed, quoth Rab the Ranter ;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I get sic a dancer.

Weel hae you played your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson—
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.

I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

Much idle controversy has arisen respecting the meaning of this admirable song : certain sensitive critics imagine the story to be an impure allegory, like " The Fleming Barge," while others accept the strict and literal and honest meaning of the words. It was written by Francis Semple about the year 1650, if we may trust family tradition. Tradition has lately accepted the aid of some very suspicious anecdotes, accompanied by oral verses, confirmatory of the claim of Semple to this song ; and it would be well if the family would set such matters at rest. Under the name of " Moge y Lauther " this song was a favourite in England at the Restoration.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

The auld man's mare's dead,
 She gae a tug and drappit dead,
 The mair haste the waur speed,
 A mile aboon Dundee.
 She was cat-luggit, painch-fippet,
 Steel-waimet, staincher fittet,
 Chaunler-chafet, crook-necket,
 And yet the brute did die.

The auld man's mare's dead,
 And peats and sticks and corn to lead,
 Just in the middle o' his need,
 What ailed the brute to die.
 Her lunnyie bones were knaggs and neuks,
 She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,
 The moor-ill and the wanton yeuks,
 And the howks aboon her e'e.

The auld man's mare's dead,
 That bore his banes and wan his bread ;
 Frae firth to firth was ne'er a steed
 Used half so tenderlie.
 The auld man he was rough and dour,
 The auld mare she was croes and sour—
 They loved like birds in summer bower,
 And yet the brute could die.

On the authority of some verses by Allan Ramsay, this curious song might be ascribed to Patie Birnie, "the famous fiddler of Kinghorn." But the testimony of verse is very suspicious. There are many variations of the song; and all the diseases which the art of farriery knows have been visited on the auld man's mare by our provincial rhymers. What bard would think now of singing in honour of such a miserable animal, and wonder at the end of every verse that she should have died, when every line shows it was much more wonderful that she lived so long?



THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

A laddie and a lassie fair
 Lived in the south countree ;
 They hae coost their claes thegither,
 And wedded wad they be :
 On Tuesday to the bridal feast
 Came fiddlers flocking free—
 But hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

She had nae run a mile or mair
 Till she 'gan to consider
 The angering of her father dear,
 The vexing of her mither,
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The warst of a' the three—
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

Her father and her mither baith
 Ran after her wi' speed ;
 And ay they ran and cryed, hou, Ann !
 Till they came to the Tweed :
 Saw ye a lass, a lovesome lass,
 That weel a queen might be ?
 O that's the bride, the rinaway bride,
 The bride that's ta'en the gee.

And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gaured the clap gae throu'—
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,
 The face o't lined up wi' blue?
 The face o't lined up wi' blue,
 And the tail turned up wi' green;—
 Saw ye a lass wi a hood and mantle,
 Should been married on Tuesday 'te'en?

O at the saft and silly bridegroom
 The bridemaids a' were laughin',
 When up there spake the bridegroom's man,
 Now what means a' this daffin,
 For woman's love's a wilfu' thing,
 And fancy flies fu' free;
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

There is a lively and original spirit in this song such as few songs possess. It first found a place in Yair's collection, and then in David Herd's; but it was popular among the peasantry before, and few districts are without numerous variations. The present copy seems more complete and consistent than the others, and the concluding verse is without the indelicacy which polluted the earlier versions.

OUR GUDEMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he,
 And there he saw a saddle-horse,
 Where nae horse should be :
 And-how came this horse here,
 And how can it be ?
 O how came this horse here
 Without the leave o' me ?
 A horse ! quo' she,—aye, a horse, quo' he.
 Ye blind donard bodie,
 And blinder may ye be,
 'Tis but a dainty milk-cow
 My mither sent to me.
 A milk cow ! quo' he,—aye, a milk cow, quo' she.
 O far hae I ridden,
 And meikle hae I seen,
 But a saddle on a milk-cow
 Afore I ne'er saw nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he,
 And he spied a pair of jack-boots
 Where nae boots should be :
 What's this now, gudewife,
 What's this I see ?

How came these boots here
 Without the leave o' me ?
 Boots ! quo' she,—aye, boots ! quo' he.
 Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
 And waur may ye see,
 It's but a pair o' milking pails
 My minnie sent to me.
 Milking-pails ! quo' he,—aye, milking-pails ! quo' she.
 Far hae I ridden,
 And farer hae I gane,
 But siller spurs on milking-pails
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he,
 And there he saw a shining sword
 Where nae sword should be :
 What's this now, gudewife,
 And what's this I see ?
 O how came this sword here
 Without the leave o' me ?
 A sword ! quo' she,—aye, a sword ! quo' he.
 Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
 And waur may ye see,
 It's but a porridge spurtle
 My mither sent to me.
 A spurtle ! quo' he,—aye, a spurtle ! quo' she.
 Far hae I ridden, love,
 And meikle hae I seen,

But silver hilted spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he spied a powdered wig
Where nae wig should be :
What's this now, gudewife,
What's this I see?
How came this wig here
Without the leave o' me ?
A wig ! quo' she,—aye, a wig ! quo' he.
Shame fa' yere cuckold face,
And waur may ye see,
'Tis nothing but a clocking-hen
My mither sent to me.
A clocking-hen ! quo' he,—aye, a clocking-hen ! quo'
she.
Far hae I ridden, love,
And meikle hae I seen,
But powder on a clocking-hen
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a meikle coat
Where nae coat should be :
And how came this coat here,
And how can it be ?

O how came this coat here
 Without the leave o' me?
 A coat! quo' she,—aye, a coat! quo' he.
 Ye blind donard bodie,
 And blinder may ye be;
 It's but a pair o' blankets
 My mither sent to me.
 Blankets! quo' he,—aye, blankets! quo' she.
 Far hae I ridden, love,
 And meikle hae I seen;
 But buttons upon blankets
 Saw I never nane.

Ben went our gudeman,
 And ben went he;
 And there he spied a sturdy man
 Where nae man should be.
 How came this man here?
 And how can it be?
 How came this man here
 Without the leave o' me?
 A man! quo' she,—aye, a man! quo' he.
 Ye silly blind bodie,
 And blinder may ye be;
 'Tis a new milking maiden
 My mither sent to me.
 A maid! quo' he,—aye, a maid! quo' she.
 Far hae I ridden, love,
 And meikle hae I seen;

But long-bearded maidens
Saw I never nane.

The concluding lines of this excellent old song lead us to imagine that it was popular before the final abolition of beards; but it has many other tokens of antiquity about it. I know not where David Herd found it, but we owe its preservation to his industry: it appeared in his collection in 1776. The latter efforts of the Muse are less free, dramatic, and original; there is a rustic life and a ready-witted grace about our old songs which modern verse-makers cannot reach. Domestic infelicity was a favourite theme with our ancestors, and much mirth was infused into song by the witty wickedness of young wives.

THERE WENT A FAIR MAID FORTH
TO WALK.

There went a fair maid forth to walk
In the sweet twilight of July,
Bonnie she was and frank and young;
But she met wi' a lad unruly.
The flowers smelled rich aneath their feet,
The birds o'erhead sang hoolie,
Till the bright moon came glancing down
Through the balmy air of July.

There were oft pausings in their walk—
Words breathed out meek and lowly,
And smother'd sighs, and oft vowed vows,
And looks so warm and holy !
He took her by the lily white hand,
And swore he loved her truly—
The lad forgot, but the maid thought on ;
It was in the month of July.

These verses seem a fragment of some ancient lyric ; and if I might be indulged in conjecture, I should think they had been retouched by some judicious hand, and the broad simplicity of the early Muse abated. Like almost all other Scottish songs, a version existed of a much more dubious character in point of delicacy than this. Parodies or interpolated verses often changed a song and rendered it unfit for a scrupulous audience. It is as well to let such variations be consigned to oblivion by the purer taste of society. I suspect the song is of English extraction. I never saw more than eight lines of it in any collection ;—they are the first four and last four in the present version.

THE REEL OF STUMPIE-O.

Hap and rowe, hap and rowe,
 Hap and rowe the feetie o't ;
 I thought mysel' a maiden leal
 Till ance I heard the greetie o't.
 My father was a fiddler fine,
 My minnie she made mankie-o ;
 And I'm myself a thumpin quean
 Wha danced the reel of Stumpie-o.

Dance and sing, dance and sing,
 Hey the merry dancing-o ;
 And a' their love locks waving round,
 And a' their bright eyes glancing-o.
 The pipes come with their gladsome note—
 And then wi' dool and dumpie-o ;
 But the lightest tune to a maiden's foot
 Is the gallant tune of Stumpie-o.

The gossip cup, the gossip cup,
 The kimmer clash and caudle-o—
 The glowin moon, the wanton loon,
 The cuttie stool and cradle-o.
 Douce dames maun hae their bairntime borne,
 Sae dinna glower sae glumpie-o ;
 Birds love the morn, and craws love corn,
 And maids the reel of Stumpie-o.

All that antiquity can claim of this song amounts only, I fear, to a fragment. An imperfect copy of the first verse was printed in the Musical Museum. The air is well known among Scottish musicians. I have heard a verse which gives the local claim of this song to Fife; but I cannot strengthen this by quotation. The verses, as they now stand, have been created from such rubbish as Time has left of the old song. It has been sung for generations—and “Hap and rowe, hap and rowe,” was always the popular commencement. The air is a favourite and lively reel tune.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her;
 Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, puin at her,
 Courtin her, and canna get her;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
 Ten cam rowin o'er the water;
 Twa cam down the lang dyke-side:
 There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her.

There's seven but and seven ben,
 Seven in the pantry wi' her,
 Twenty head about the door :
 There's ane-and-forty wooing at her.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
 Cockle-shells wad set her better !
 High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are wooing at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 Gin she hae the name o' siller,
 Set her upon Tintock tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
 An' she want the penny siller,
 A fie may fell her in the air
 Before a man be even'd till her.

This is a lucky effusion of the rustic Muse. The conception is original, and the execution natural and lively. Female malice alone seems equal to the task of lessening the manifold attractions of a maiden with one and forty wooers. The witty catalogue of lovers, the bitter personality and the biting moral which concludes this song, render it a general favourite. It came out as a fragment first, and about the year 1780 appeared in its present form. It is said to be the production of the

Rev. Dr. Strachan of Carnwath—a clever man and a skilful musician : but in Scotland every thing above the mark of a common capacity is attributed to the minister of the parish. The name of the song appears in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany. I think this is nearly decisive of Dr. Strachan's claim. Tintock is the name of a high hill near Biggar.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't ;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass ;
There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns :
The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west ;
But the lassie that man lo'es the best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest.

In the Museum this clever song is wholly ascribed to Burns ; and though Johnson often mistook the lyrics which the poet transcribed for his own inspirations, there can be little doubt that it owes its chief attractions to his happy pen. In some of the verses, and in the conception of the song, I think I see an antique spirit at work : and I am more inclined to believe that Burns renewed and reanimated a provincial fragment, than that he imagined and wrote the song wholly from his own fancy and feelings.

MALLIE'S MEEK, MALLIE'S SWEET.

O Mallie's meek, Mallie's sweet,
 Mallie's modest and discreet,
 Mallie's rare, Mallie's fair,
 Mallie's every way complete.
 As I was walking up the street
 A bare-foot maid I chanced to meet—
 Cold is the day and hard the way,
 Fair maiden, for thy tender feet.

O Mallie's sweet, Mallie's meek,
 Mallie's modest and discreet,
 Mallie's rare, Mallie's fair,
 Mallie's chaste, and Mallie's sweet.
 It were more meet that these fine feet
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon ;
 And 'twere more fit that thou shouldst sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

O Mallie fair and Mallie rare !
 I'd sail the sea, and roam the land,
 And swim yon firth, or gird the earth,
 For ae wave of thy gentle hand :
 Thy yellow hair beyond compare
 Comes trinkling down thy swan-white neck ;
 And thy two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

The name of Burns accompanies this song in the Museum ; and though I have no wish to advise a separation, I cannot help expressing my sorrow at the imprudence or ignorance of Johnson in adding the name of the great poet to all the hasty verses and amended songs which he so willingly and profusely communicated. The present song is a very beautiful one ; and though the conception and some of the lines belong to an earlier period, the charms by which it seizes on our heart and fancy are the work of Burns.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

When Januar' winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me infauld,
I kentna where to lodge till day ;
By my good luck a lass I met,
Just in the middle of my care ;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith wide and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, Young man, now sleep ye sound.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed,
But I ca'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.
She laid a pillow 'neath my head,
And served me wi' due respect ;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wistna what to say ;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa' ;
The lassie thought na lang till day.
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin in her ee :

I said, My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me ;
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.
The bonny lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me ;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Burns found an old, lively, and unceremonious song, and adopting its narrative, and retaining many of the lines, and preserving something of the stamp and impress of the old, he produced the present lyric. It is not yet quite so pure as it ought to be ; but it is far too beautiful to cast away, and too peculiar to alter with much hope of success. The original song, tradition says, was occasioned by an intrigue which Charles the Second had with a Scottish lady before the battle of Worcester. I have heard a much earlier origin ascribed to it:—the peasantry believe it to be one of the compositions of King James the Fifth, in which he embodied some of his own nocturnal adventures.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand!
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 An' a' is done in vain:
 My love an' native land, fareweel!
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, adieu for evermore, my dear!
 With, adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep,

I think on him that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an' weep.

Tradition ascribes this song to Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, who accompanied King James to Ireland, and fought bravely at the battle of the Boyne. He was one of some hundreds of lowland Scottish gentlemen who voluntarily exiled themselves, and perished by famine and the sword, in the cause of the house of Stuart. Many of them served as common soldiers, and were slain in the wars of aliens in Spain and on the Rhine, while others followed the miserable fortunes of their master, and perished by a consumer as sure and effectual as the sword—disappointed hope. In 1696 only sixteen were left alive: nor did these men fight from a blind religious devotion; only four were Catholics, the rest were members of the Church of England, and some of them had been divines. Every revolution has its stories of sorrow and of wrong; perhaps that of 1688 has less human misery to answer for than any other on record.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

In Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
 He had neither house nor hald nor hame,
 But he was weel liked by ilka body,
 And they gave him sunkets to rax his wame.
 A nievefou' o' meal, a handfou' o' groats,
 A dad o' a bannock or pudding bree,
 Cauld porridge, or the lickings of plates,
 Wad make him as blythe as a bodie could be.

A humbler bodie O never brake bread,
 For the feint a bit of pride had he ;
 He wad hae ta'en his alms in a bicker
 Frae gentle or semple, or poor bodie.
 His wallets afore and ahint did hing
 In as good order as wallets could be ;
 A lang-kale goolie hung down by his side,
 And a meikle nowte-horn to rowt on had he.

It happened ill, and it happened warse—
 For it happened sae that he did die ;
 And wha d' ye think was at his lyke-wauk
 But lads and lasses of high degree ?
 Some were merry and some were sad,
 And some were as blythe as blythe could be,
 When up he started, the gruesome carle,—
 I rede ye, good folks, beware o' me !

Out scraiched Kate, wha sat in the nook,—
 Vow now, kimmer! and how do ye?
 He ca'd her waur than witch and limmer,
 And ruggat and tugget her cockernonie.
 They howket his grave in Douket's kirkyard
 Twa ell deep, for I gade to see,
 But when they were gaun to put him in the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he!

They brought him down to Douket's kirkyard;—
 He gae a dunt, and the boards did flee,
 And when they gade to lay him in the grave,
 In fell the coffin and out lap he!
 He cryed I'm cauld! I'm unco cauld!
 Fu' fast ran they, and fu' fast ran he;
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dredgie.

This song is certainly a very old one, though it appeared for the first time in David Herd's collection. The hero seems to have been a kind of martial mendicant, who obtained alms by other means than intercession; his horn and his kale goolie made the impatience of his friends for his interment very justifiable. The joy and the sorrow at his lyke-wake is a very just picture of other times, when, according to the proverb, more mirth was found at the end of a funeral than at the beginning of a wedding.

MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And, fool I was, I married ;
 But never an honest man's intent
 Sae cursedly miscarried !
 For aye my wife she dang me,
 And aye my wife did bang me :
 O if ye gie a woman her will,
 Gude sooth, she'll soon o'ergang ye !

Nae fairer face looks to the sun,
 Nae eye has glances brighter ;
 Nae foot's mair gladsome in the dance,—
 I wish her hand were lighter !
 And aye my wife she dang me,
 And sair my wife did wrang me :
 O if ye gie a woman her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye !

There is some comfort still in hope,—
 When sorrow's days are done, man,
 My pains of hell on earth have past,
 Then welcome bliss aboon, man !
 And aye my wife she dang me,
 And aye my wife did bang me :
 O if ye gie a woman her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye !

I found two of these verses in the Musical Museum ; the chorus is old, the rest of the song is modern. An old song of the same name was once well known, and some fragments are not yet forgotten ; though I know of no relics of ancient song which merit oblivion more.

MY LOVE SHE LIVES IN LAUDERDALE.

My love she lives in Lauderdale,
And I'm a fiddler fine ;
I played at her bower window,
And drank her health in wine.
She fleeched me an' she floyted me,
As gin I'd been her brither ;
But I maun rin frae Lauderdale,
Fiddle and a' thegither.

There's no a lad in Lauderdale,
Nor yet in a' the land,
That witched the maidens' feet like me,
Or drew sic a bow-hand :
My gude bow-hand has lost its craft,
And tint the charm for ever ;
And I maun rin frae Lauderdale,
Fiddle and a' thegither.

When first I came to Lauderdale,
'Twas at the Lammas-term,
I drew a bow—a nobler bow
Was never drawn on thairm !
But wae gae by the wanton dance
That makes a maid a mither !—
Now I maun rin frae Lauderdale,
Fiddle and a' thegither.

There is an old popular ditty, exceedingly lively and very coarse, bearing the same name with this song, and containing many lines in common, which may be known to some of my less fastidious readers. In sobering down the levities of the old lyric, I have sought to preserve some of its freedom and animation ; and though I have changed the meaning, I hope I have preserved all that any one would think worthy of preservation. I shall not say where I found the original song—it was in very wild company.

THE BRAES OF BRANKSOME.

As I came in by Teviot-side,
And by the braes of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome ;
Her skin was safter than the down,
And white as alabaster ;
Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
In straightness nane surpass'd her ;

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising :
Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her bare leg, forbade to shine
Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claithing ;
Even thae's o'er meikle ; mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing :
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted ;
On her I glowr'd my soul away,
While on her sweets I doted.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And, but designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses,
Who smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her ;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The popular song of "The Braes of Branksome" first appeared under the name of "The Generous Gentleman" in Allan Ramsay's collection, accompanied by instructions to sing it to the tune of "The Bonnie Lass of Branksome." The name of the tune seems part of an old song, of which I regret the loss, since I imagine it commemorated the beauty of one of the ladies of Branksome, whose reputation for loveliness is of old standing. How much or how little of the ancient strain found its way into this modern composition it is now impossible to know, but the song wants no old associations to render it attractive: it is a general favourite. The freedom

with which the lover describes the beauty of the maiden, the wish which he expresses for still greater simplicity of dress, and the protracted rapture with which he dwells on her youth and her loveliness, together with his own honesty of purpose, all combine to press it upon our affections. It is the work of a practised hand, and has been imputed, and, I believe, with truth, to Allan Ramsay.

LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

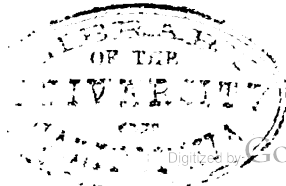
Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither,
Though daft or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makesna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is na worth a shilling ;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection :
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

If it were necessary to produce an example of the freshness, vividness, and rich humour of Allan Ramsay, and of his power of saying much in small compass, I would instance the "Lass with a Lump of Land." It is one of the best of the kind in the language, and presents an emanation of life and spirit which will never be old while pleasure and power are matters to be purchased: gold and silver will always, in spite of health and beauty, be considered a sweet complexion. The song has hardly obtained the fame it deserves; Burns has left it unnoticed, while he illustrates with criticism and anecdote many inferior lyrics. But Burns held strange opinions sometimes in matters of taste—he admired Peter Pindar, and preferred Ferguson to Ramsay. The sympathy excited by Ferguson's unhappy death, and the wild and uncontrollable career which



hastened it, might have their share in influencing this opinion ; but still it is his opinion, and he never recalled it. Like many other songs, "The Lass with a Lump of Land" was preceded by another whose attractions were of a more gross and sensual nature.

LOCHABER, NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day been :
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir ;
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more !

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind :
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd :
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The sweetness of the air and the beauty of the verses have rendered this one of the most popular of our Scottish songs. An earlier song of the same name once existed, it is imagined, but I never had the fortune to meet with it, either entire or in fragments. I have never heard who the hero of "Lochaber no more" was, nor who was the Jeany whose beauty had made such an impression on the martial adventurer. It was seldom that Ramsay went northward for subjects—his heart seems not to have been with the highlands; and this renders it more likely that he raised this elegant superstructure of verse on the foundation of some ancient song.

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CROFT.

The carle he came o'er the croft,
 And his beard new shav'n,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Hout awa' I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 For a' his beard new shav'n,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A siller broach he gae me niest,
 To fasten on my curchea nooked,
 I wor't a wee upon my breast,
 But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
 Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest ;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has na fault but ane,
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;
 But wae's me for him ! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
 Hout awa, I winna hae him,
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him ;
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash, without a man with them ?

But should my canker'd daddy gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Hout awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm fley'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

The scorn of youth and beauty for age and gray hairs was a favourite subject with our old lyrists ; and we have not probably a more ancient song of that kind, or a more successful one, than " The Carle he came o'er the croft." It is trueth at Allan Ramsay abated the grossness of the original song, and probably augmented its humour ; but those who laugh at the manner in which the merry maiden speculates on her hope of matrimonial comforts, and the pleasant punishment with which she threatens her hoary lover, will laugh at what moved the mirth of our ancestors two hundred years ago.—The old song was published in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. It would appear that the ancient suitor was a highlander. I have heard verses very different from the copies of Ramsay and Thomson.—I cannot commend their delicacy.—This is a passable one :

He gae me a hollin sark,
 An' his beard new shaven,
 And sought to kiss me in the dark,—
 Foul fa' him gin I'll hae him !

SLEEPY BODY.

O sleepy body,
 And drowsy body,
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee :
 To drivel and draunt,
 While I sigh and gaunt,
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snoters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy face,
 Thy drowsy embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

This clever little song is a translation of some Latin verses ; it appeared first in Allan Ramsay's collection with a mark intimating that the verses were old, with additions. I wish so well to the air as to desire that a verse or two were added ; for the brevity of the song makes the pleasure cease ere it be well begun.—I should like a song in the feeling of the old words.—Some one I am afraid will take up the air, discover that it may be sung slow with expression, and pour over its pleasant liveliness a lyric flood of drowsy sensibility. We have plenty of moving and touching songs—and I would rather laugh than cry.