

ON MRS. A. H. AT A CONCERT.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures;
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

This is the second song which Crawford wrote for Ramsay's collection: the heroine was a Miss Ann Hamilton. It is directed to be sung to the tune of "The bonniest lass in a' the world," the name of an ancient song as well as an old air: and as Ramsay and his "ingenious young gentlemen" have been repeatedly accused of casting away fine antique lyrics to make room

for their own effusions; I am compelled to quote as much of the old as may vindicate the propriety of the new:—

The bonniest lass in a' the world,
 Came to me unsent for,
 She brake her shins on my bed-stock,
 But she gat the thing she cam' for.

The song proceeds to describe the charms and allurements of this condescending beauty: but the rustic bard had not the spell of delicacy upon him, nor the fear of sin before him, when he wrote it, so I can quote no more.

AT SETTING DAY.

At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst unfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;

Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

This very sweet song is sung by Peggy, in the "Gentle Shepherd;" and the natural thoughts and graceful expression correspond well with the love of "Maister Patrick." It is in the songs which come from Peggy's lips that Ramsay approaches nearest his other lyrics. There is a similar feeling in the following lines from the same pen:—

Ye meadows where we often strayed,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented ricks round which we played,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
 Again—Oh! shall I never creep
 Around the knowe with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.

I like the delicacy and true love of these lines—and true love is not very plentiful in song. In the same natural spirit the maiden reminds her heart of its earlier feelings:—

Nae mair alake, we'll on the meadow play;
 And rin half breathless round the ricks of hay.

STREPHON'S PICTURE.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh, gently throb—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless are;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid!
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever loved, and loved but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

This is another of the happy complimentary lyrics of Hamilton of Bangour: it contains a passionate burst of fancy such as he has seldom equalled, for he is in general neat, and elegant, and tender, rather than impassioned:

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.

It was the pastoral affectation of the times to indulge in such names as Chloe and Strephon—names which hurt the charm of the finest lyric composition; for we cannot well persuade ourselves that such personages were ever endowed with flesh and blood. The song was written to the tune of the "Fourteenth of October," the day of St. Crispin, in whose honour, or derision, a lyric bearing that name anciently existed. Chloe was probably Jeanie Stewart, of whose rigour he complains to Mr. Home, and complains unjustly, since the lady was willing and ready to reward him.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves ;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knowes ;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader haughs, and Leader side—
Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knowes ;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare ;
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knowes,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en, among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed or Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowden-knowes.

William Crawford wrote this song to the favourite air of Cowden-knowes, and though not one of his sweetest productions, he has graced his verse by introducing, in a very natural and pleasing way, the names of various places famous in story and song. The far-famed Cowden-knowes (if I may seek an earthly habitation for a place which seems to have an ærial locality, and to move at the will of the poet like the island of Laputa) are said to be near Melrose, on the river Leader. The old song, which celebrates Leader haughs and Yarrow as the residence of the Homes and Scotts, dwells on the loveliness of the place. I can prophesy that, for many a century, pilgrimages will be made to that neighbourhood ; and that all the celebrity which ancient song has conferred will

fade away before the splendour which mightier works shed around the place. Our descendants will make relics of the woods of Abbotsford; and opulent antiquaries will carry away the mansion, roof, and rafter, like the miraculous church of Loretto.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will nip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The laverock now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;

The mavis and the blackbird gay
 In tuneful strains now glad the day ;
 The woods now wear their summer-suits ;
 To mirth all nature now invites :
 Let us be blythsome then and gay
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Much controversy has arisen about the locality of this song, but no doubt has ever been expressed regarding its beauty. Mallet, who wrote the two first verses, laid the scene in Endermay, and surely the poet knew his own meaning as well as his commentators. Allan Ramsay,

however, changed it to Invermay, and the world has followed the alteration. Dr. Bryce of Kirknewton was not satisfied with the shortness of Mallet's song, and added three verses more: it must be confessed they are much in the spirit of the original. This innovation too has been approved, and Mallet goes with the double burthen to posterity, of Ramsay's amendment and Bryce's addition. The river May falls into the Erne near Duplin Castle, and on its banks, amid natural woods, stands the house of Invermay.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;
 The gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.

Repenting now, I promise fair,
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
 I ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When thou my yielding heart didst gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire:
 While love's young power with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride;
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise—
 Some god had led him to the grove;
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd—
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

The name of this song is all that is old—neither Ramsay, who wrote it, nor perhaps any other poet, could succeed in reclaiming the ancient words from their witty indelicacy. He wisely preferred writing something new, to the thankless and laborious office of chastening down the old heathen, and rendering it fit for modest society. But I am sorry that he found it necessary to call down the gods, since a woman could have wept very satisfactorily without them; and the confession of her love is very natural and pleasing. A tasting, however, of the old lyrical morsel of our ancestors may not be unacceptable.

The bonnie lass o' Livingstone,
Ye ken her name—ye ken her name,
And she has written in her contract
To lie her lane—to lie her lane;
And I have vowed while vowing's worth—

Ye very grave and reverend ancestors of the present people of Scotland—it was well that Wedderburn abated your indelicate songs into “Gude and Godly Ballads;” for the fragments of many of your favourite lyrics, like the love letters of King Henry the Eighth, can neither be sung nor quoted.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow:

Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon!
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

Joseph Ritson mistook this song for one of tender and pastoral import. It is a city pastoral, and abounds in the conceits common to the witty youth of a populous place. Such songs the heart of Scotland never breathed.

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders takes.

Yet affected as it is, and though the rustic population of Scotland are secure from feeling its influence, it is still a curious song, and may be preserved as the failure of an experiment to inflict conventional wit and the smartness and conceit of a town life on country pursuits and rural manners.

NANNY-O.

While some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth
Kiss and caress my Nanny-o.
She bids more fair t'engage a Jove
Than Leda did or Danae-o.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny-o.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely-o ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely-o.

Attend my vow, ye gods! while I
 Breathe in the bless'd Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy
 As long's ye grant me Nanny-o.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-o!
 My lovely, charming Nanny-o!
 I care not though the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny-o.

Few of Ramsay's songs present such an union of natural beauty and utter tastelessness as this. To find Lais, and Leda, and Jove, and Danaë in the neighbourhood of four such exquisite lines as the second verse commences with is very surprising. I wish he had oftener remembered the salutary promise of the old song:—

I'll bring nae símile frae Jove
 My height of extacy to prove;
 And sighing thus—present my love
 With roses eke and lilies.

Some old verses bearing the name of this song have been communicated by John Mayne, Esq. author of "Logan braes," to the gentlemen who compiled the Lives of Eminent Scotsmen. They are very curious and very irregular; but if they are "very simple," they are not "very touching;" nor do they equal "My Nannie-o" of Burns, nor approach near the four fine lines I have

mentioned in Ramsay, which hang amid their meaner companions

Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

It is but fair, however, to make the old words as public as possible, and the more so, since opinions have been expressed and comparisons made.

As I came in by Embro' town
 By the back o' the bonny city-o,
 I heard a young man make his moan—
 And O it was a pity-o.

For aye he cried his Nanny-o,
 His handsome charming Nanny-o ;
 Nor friend, nor foe can tell, O ho,
 How dearly I love Nanny-o.

Father, your counsel I wad tak ;
 But ye maun not be angry-o :
 I'd rather hae Nanny but a plack,
 Than the laird's daughter an' her hundred merk.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie-o,
For they mind me of my dear Johnie-o.
 How happy am I,
 When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie-o !

'Tis a soldier alone can delight me-o,
For his graceful looks do invite me-o :
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me-o.

My love is a handsome laddie-o,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudie-o :
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
For he shall serve no longer a cadie-o.

A soldier has honour and bravery-o,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery-o ;
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or his king ;
For every other care is but slavery-o.

Then I'll be the captain's lady-o ;
Farewell all my friends and my daddy-o ;

I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready-o.

Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie-o,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnie-o :
 How happy shall I be
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie-o !

In Ramsay's collection of 1724 this song appears ; the name of the author is not known. There is an air of martial delight about it which has made it retain a place in popular favour. Burns remarks that " Dumbarton Drums is the last of the West Highland airs ; and from Dumbarton over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland. The oldest Ayrshire reel is Stewarton Lasses, which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham : since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty. Johnie Faa is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the county of Ayr." There is an old lyric of some merit known by the name of " Peggie," which claims localization in that wide district ; and several others might be mentioned.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing een, which smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Bu twhen they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day :
And if ye're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night !

Amid much homeliness of thought and occasional coarseness of language, Allan Ramsay often rose into fine bursts of fancy, and expressed himself with an ease and a dignity worthy of a poet of romance. See with what happiness he admonishes the sun to exert his speed that the bridal day may sooner come ; and with what familiar, yet poetic naïveté, he gives him remission from his toil and soothes him down with the permission to sleep a week on the bridal night ! This song was written for the Gentle Shepherd, the only dramatic pastoral in the language, which finds all its beauties both of manners and of character in the land where it is laid.

THE WELL TOCHER'D LASS.

I was ance a well tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me ;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My stepdame has gart them flee.

My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deil with his gear ;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine ;
While hungry, half-naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine :
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderlie,
I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yoursel that I want,
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your stepmother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird ;
But I have milk cattle enow,
And routh of good rucks in my yard.
Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
Sax servants shall jouk to thee :
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented,—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
And now she sits blithely singan,
And joking her drunken stepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

This song is from Allan Ramsay's collection, and is directed to be sung to the ancient air of "Gin the Kirk wad let me be." I know not if Ramsay had any knowledge of the humorous song of which this tune bears the name. The song which supplies its place bears no resemblance to it, and is something less lively than most of the old lyrics which sing of domestic affection and fireside enjoyments. Of the song of "Gin the Kirk wad let me be," several versions existed; but if they exhibited varied humour, they also showed varied grossness; and wormwood and gall as they must have been to the kirk session, their indelicacy stood in the way of their fame. The reputation which their liveliness would bring, their open grossness and their approach to profanity would destroy.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light ;
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France.

Up in the air

On my bonny gray mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba' ;
 Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon

Is carousing aboon ;

D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet ?

Take your glass to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen ;
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently beets the lover's fire.

Up in the air,

It drives away care ;

Have wi' you, have wi' you, have wi' you lada yet.

Steek the doors, hand out the frost,
 Fill the cup, and give us your toast ;

Till it lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythesome bout.
Up wi' 't! there, there!
Dinna cheat, but drink fair.
Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads yet.

When the wine is coming in, and the wit going round—and man stands on the line that separates drunkenness from sobriety, this song of Allan Ramsay's ought to be sung. The midnight hour of songs and clatter, when the spirit is up and discretion is sinking, has been hit off with infinite humour and glee. It required, perhaps, in those days, no very inordinate elevation in drink, to see witches posting through the nocturnal air; but to behold the man in the moon indulging in a deep carouse demanded a large supply of wine, and a curious fancy. We are a grave, and, perhaps, a thoughtful people, and our songs, recording the boisterous merriment and indulgence of the table, are very few; yet what we have are excellent, and seem to have been all composed under different influences of the divinity of drink.

DO THE THING WHILK I DESIRE.

Get up, gudewife, don on your claise,
 And to the market make you boun,
 'Tis lang time sin' your neighbours raise,
 They're weel nigh gotten to the town :
 See you don on your better gown,
 And gar the lass big on the fire ;
 Dame, do not look as ye wad frown,
 But do the thing whilk I desire.

I speer what haste ye hae, gudeman ?
 Your mither staid till ye were born ;
 Wad ye be at the tother cann,
 To scour your throat so sune this morn ;
 Gude faith, I haud it but a scorn
 That ye sud wi' my rising mel ;
 For when ye have baith said and sworn,
 I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs hae a care
 Sae lang's we wun in neighbours' raw,
 Of neighbourhood to tak' a share,
 And rise up when the cock does craw ;
 For I have heard an old said saw,
 They that rise last big on the fire,
 What wind or weather so ever blaw :
 Dame, do the thing whilk I desire.

Nay, do you talk of neighbourhood,—
 Gif I lig in my bed till noon
 By nae man's shins I bake my bread,
 And ye need not reck what I hae done ;
 Nay, look to the clouting o' ye'r shoon,
 And with my rising do not mel,
 For gin ye lig baith sheets aboon,
 I'll do but what I will mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs tak' a care
 To save the gear that we hae won,
 Or lay awa baith plough and car,
 And hang up Ring when all is done ;
 Then may our bairns a begging run,
 To seek their mister in the mire,
 So fair a thread as we hae spun :
 Dame, do the thing that I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a begging gang,
 Ye seem sae weel to bear the pock :
 Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
 To seek your meat amang gude folk :
 In ilka house ye'se get a loak,
 When ye come whar ye'r gossips dwell :—
 Nay, lo you look sae like a gouk,
 I'll do but what I list mysel'.

Gudewife, ye promis'd when we were wed,
 That ye wad me truly obey,
 Mess John can witness what ye said,
 And I'll go fetch him in this day ;

And gif that haly man will say
 Ye'se do the thing that I desire,
 Then sal we sune end up this fray ;
 Dame, do the thing that I require.

I nowther care for John nor Jack,
 I'll tak' my leisure at myne ease,
 I care not what ye say a plack,
 You may go fetch him gin ye please ;
 And gin ye want ane of a mease,
 You may e'en fetch the deil in hell ;
 I wad ye wad let your japin cease,
 For I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Weel, since it will nae better be,
 I'll tak' my share ere a' be gane ;
 The warst card in my hand sal flee,
 And, faith, I wat I can shift for ane :
 I'll sell the plew, and wad the waine,
 The greatest spender sall bear the bell ;
 And then, when a' the goods are gane,
 Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel'.

The long resistance and open rebellion of the wife—the admonitions of her husband—his clusters of proverbs relating to household management—his wish to refer the matter to the minister, and his final despair, have all combined to render this song a very particular favourite. It belongs to the same class of compositions as the “Auld Gudeman,” and “Tak your auld cloak about ye.”

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

This is no my ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't ;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't .
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fireside,
 My ain house I like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Had Ramsay adhered more closely to the idea which the old song supplies, I think he would have composed a song much superior to this. But there can be no doubt that Allan shared largely in that amiable vanity which makes a man contented with his own productions. Burns has preserved some of the old verses, and more might be added. I like the picture of rustic abundance which the first verse contains, and the rude and motherly kindness of the second :

O this is no my ain house,
 My ain house, my ain house ;
 This is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't.
 There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,
 My door cheeks, my door cheeks ;
 There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,
 And pancakes on the riggin o't.

But wow ! this is my ain wean,
 My ain wean, my ain wean ;
 But wow ! this is my ain wean,
 I ken by the greetie o't.
 I'll take the curchie aff my head,
 Aff my head, aff my head ;
 I'll take the curchie aff my head,
 And row't about the feetie o't.

The tune is a popular hornpipe air, to which all the

youth of Nithsdale have danced, under the name of "Shaun truish Willighan." It is of course of highland descent.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The lawland maids go trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour, and ever saucie :
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my light-hearted highland lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows town,
 Wha make their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd take my lassie in her gown,
 Barefooted in her kilted coatie.

Beneath the broom or brekan bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,
 I'm far o'er blithe to have a wish—
 My flichterin heart gangs pittie-pattie.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
 With cocket gun and ratches tentie,
 To drive the deer out of the den,
 And feast my lass on dishes dainty.

And wha shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can draw my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger?

The mountains clad in purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To rangè with me—let great folk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

The "Highland Lassie" shares with Ramsay's "Highland Laddie" in many of the words of the ancient song, and they nearly divide the chorus in common between them:

O my bonnie bonnie highland lassie,—
 My lovely smiling highland lassie!
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth aye bless my lassie!

It is printed in Allan's collection, without any notice of its author, of the state in which it was found, or of its antiquity; but it carries the stamp of the year 1724 about it, and resembles, in several places, the productions of Ramsay. The free and unrestrained love which this mountaineer admires corresponds well with the license of old in the north, when men led a roving and irregular life by the wild lakes, by the wild streams, and among the wilder hills. To feed their flocks among the glens and upon the mountains, and sing of the ancient freedom

of the land and the exploits of their old heroes, was their chief occupation: their labour was little, and as little they loved it; their wants were few, and such as the arrow and the net readily supplied. I know not that the earth has any happier situations in her gift than this. Men exchange the plaiden sock for silken hose—water from the rock for wine from the cellar—and a bed of heather for a couch of down; and they look not more manly, feel not more refreshed, and sleep no sounder. Burns said—and the sensual wish was called by the Edinburgh Review “elegant hypochondriasm”—that he envied most a wild horse in the deserts of Arabia, or an oyster on the coast of Africa: the last had not a wish to gratify, and the first had not a wish ungratified.

THE MALT-MAN.

The malt-man comes on monday,
He craves wonder sair,
Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my siller,
Or malt ye sall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him some good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a ga'ntree,
As hostler-wives should do.

When malt-men come for siller,
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din;
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as slee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me:
 For come when he likes, I'm ready;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

The genuine pithy humour of this clever song is in Ramsay's best manner; the air is reckoned very old, and an air in those days (when sounds were unwelcome which conveyed no meaning) seldom went out unattired with words. This ready-witted landlady seems to have been a descendant or a friend of the far-famed wife of Whittlecockpen, in whose praise some old minstrel has sung with less delicacy than humour. They arranged the payment of their debts and entertained their visitors in the same agreeable way. Even the manner in which she proposes to charm the gauger is hereditary in her

family; and a similar spirit of good will and accommodation also belongs to the "kind lady," the owner, perhaps, of the house. I have heard this song often making wall and rafter ring again, when the liquor was plenty and the ways weary, on the night of a summer fair.

THE AULD WIFE BEYONT THE FIRE.

There was a wife wonn'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben,
 To find their mam a snishing.
 The auld wife beyont the fire,
 The auld wife ancist the fire,
 The auld wife aboon the fire,
 She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had faun,
 What recks? quoth she, let it be gaun,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a younker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Besides half blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can haud nae snishing.

Ye lie, ye limmers! cries auld Mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langer live in dump
By wanting of my snishing.

Aweel, says Peg, that panky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win hersell a snishing.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.

She of the task began to fire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syn'e lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack of snishing.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
 As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing:
 Else, like this wife beyont the fire,
 Ye'r bairns against you will conspire;
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
 A young man with your snishing.

There can be little doubt that the "Auld Wife beyont the fire" has been "pruned and starched and lander'd" by Allan Ramsay; he marks it in his collection as an old song with corrections: and any one who compares the corrected songs of Ramsay with the old verses which survive in their original state will conclude that he has striven to purify the ancient song, which perhaps spoke a plainer and less mystical language. The note which he has found it necessary to add as a supplement to the text shows the embarrassment of the bard, for he explains "snishing," about which the old dame is so ludicrously clamorous, to mean, sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, and, literally, snuff. Was there ever such allegorical confusion any where seen, except in some of our national monuments? It has its

use ; it gives the more prudent reader an opportunity of escaping from a moral scruple, through the open door of any favourite figure of speech.

SWEET SUSAN.

The morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing ;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing :
When on the bent, with blithe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted ;
Her smiling een, and comely mien
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonny marrow ;
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.

O bonny lass ! have but the grace
 To think, e'er ye gae furdur,
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joys shall borrow ;
 Thus none shall be more bless'd than we
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom :
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

I have no better authority than tradition for ascribing this song to the pen of William Crawford. It was printed in Allan Ramsay's collection without any token of age or author ; and though a pretty song, it is far inferior to the ancient song of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," which seems to have suggested it. I am afraid that few ladies have an imagination so sensitive as to be

alarmed into love and matrimony with the terror of a visitation from their lover's ghost ; and that a lover who reinforces his persuasions with threats of self-destruction, if the lady continues cruel, is in a fair way of becoming a subject for the sheriff's examination, if there be any sincerity in his nature.

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known.
But oh ! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove
By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing her beauty ! how sweet are her charms !
How fond her embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :

And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield;
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

I found this very pleasing song in Allan Ramsay's collection, bearing the mark denoting the author's name unknown. I have some suspicion that it is an English production; but as it has been rejected by Dr. Aikin, and other southern editors, I admit it gladly. Like a borderer of old, whose inheritance was a matter of national contest, it may rank under either the thistle or the rose. These two lines would do honour to any song:—

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling—
I've tasted her favours,
And felt her decay:
Sweet is her blessing,
And kind her caressing—
But soon it is fled—
It is fled far away.

I've seen the Forest,
 Adorned the foremost
 With flowers of the fairest,
 Both pleasant and gay :
 Full sweet was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd,
 And a' wede away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning ;
 The rude tempest storming,
 Before the mid-day :
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Glittering in the sunny beams,
 Turn drumlie and dark
 As they roamed on their way.

Oh, fickle Fortune !
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 Why thus beguile us,
 Poor sons of a day ?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me,
 Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede away.

This song has found many admirers, and the subject of it has found many poets. It was written by Miss Rutherford, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in

Selkirkshire—no one has ever mentioned it without praise, and no collection is thought complete that wants it. I prefer the song on the same subject by Miss Jane Elliott—nature always surpasses art; yet the union of the two is oftentimes exceedingly graceful and engaging.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a liltin
At our ewe-milking,
Lasses loud liltin
 Before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning
In ilka green loaning;
The Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning,
Nae blithe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely,
 And dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing,
But sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin,
 And hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing,
 Nae youths now are jeering ;
 Bandsters are runkled,
 And lyart and gray ;
 At fair or at preaching,
 Nae wooing, nae fleeching :
 The Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming,
 Nae younkers are roaming
 'Bout stacks, with the lasses
 At bogle to play ;
 But ilk maid sits eerie,
 Lamenting her deary—
 The Flowers of the Forest
 Are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order
 Sent our lads to the border !
 The English for ance
 By guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest
 That fought ay the foremost,
 The prime of our land
 Are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin'
 At the ewe-milkin',

Women and bairns: are
Heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning
In ilka green loaming,
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.

This pathetic song requires neither praise nor comment; its pathos is the pathos of nature, and every heart that feels will understand it. At the period of the battle of Flodden, the Forest of Selkirk extended over part of Ayrshire and the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, and had therefore many warriors to lose on that fatal field. The fate of our gallant James seems yet dubious; but he was lost to his country, whatever became of him: the letters of the Earl of Surrey, edited by Mr. Ellis, throw some further historical light on this fatal fray. The body of the king was never identified; and the conduct of some of the Scottish leaders, during and after the battle, was sufficiently mysterious. We owe this exquisite song to Miss Jane Elliott of Minto.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

At Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let darty dames say na,
As lang as b'ier they please ;
Seem colder than the snas',
While inwardly they bleeze :
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee ;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twinn'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

Polwarth on the Green deserves a much better song: yet unimportant as the words are, they have been claimed for two different names of very different reputation. Burns says the author is John Drummond Macgregor, of the family of Bochaldie. Who informed the poet of this, it is now impossible to discover; but the verses have generally been imputed to Allan Ramsay, and are such as he might have written at an unexpected call to fill up some chasm in his collection. Allan was no scrupulous person, and his reputation could afford such drawbacks as a hasty verse might require. Such dancings on the green, and round about the thorn, have perhaps wholly ceased in Scotland since the Reformation, which silenced much of our mirth: they are still common in many places in England. I confess that the last four lines of the song seem to belong to some other poet than the author of their companions, and perhaps to an older time. This is only conjecture, and as such let it go.—Ramsay has printed the first four lines and the last four in italics, probably to denote greater antiquity than the rest of the song.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook :
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
 Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 But what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide world secure me from love.
 Ah, fool ! to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true !
 Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more !

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
 Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine !
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.
 Ah, what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

Sir Gilbert Elliot, ancestor of the present Lord
 Minto, was the author of this very beautiful pastoral ;

and we have the authority of no mean judge for saying that the poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert has descended to his family. It is among the last and best efforts of the Muse of the sheep-pipe and crook, and possesses more nature than commonly falls to the lot of those elegant and affected songs, which awake a Sicilian rather than a Scottish echo.

The old words, which were sung to the tune of "My apron, dearie," could hardly suggest so sweet and so delicate a song. I will try to pick out a passable verse as a specimen of the old song, which bestowed a name on this popular air :—

O, had I ta'en counsel of father or mother,
 Or had I advised with sister or brother !
 But a saft and a young thing, and easy to woo,
 It makes me cry out, my apron, now.
 My apron, deary, my apron now,
 The strings are short of my apron, now.
 A saft thing, a young thing, and easy to woo,
 It makes me cry out, my apron, now.

I am not even certain that these words, old as they are, and bearing the stamp of a ruder age, are the oldest which were sung to the air. I have heard a song of still ruder rhyme, and of equal freedom ; and I think I can find as much of it as may enable the reader to judge, without deeply offending against delicacy :—

Low, low down in yon meadow so green,
I met wi' my laddie at morning and e'en—
Till my stays grew strait—wadna meet by a span,
Sae I went to my laddie and tauld him than.

The conversation which ensues is too confidential for quotation.

MY DEARIE IF THOU DIE.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray :
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see ;
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage ;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair :
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me !
 Oh ! never rob them from these arms—
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

When Crawford wrote these words, it is not certain that he knew more of the old song which gave the name to his own than the single line which has descended to the present times, "My dearie an thou die." Burns briefly remarks, "Another beautiful song of Crawford's." Cupid might have been spared from the third verse, and the flames of love from the fourth: but he was

no regular dealer in darts and flames, like the poets of his time—his failings were more in the pastoral way, and we have few lyrics of a purer or more natural or more graceful character, than those which he composed.

FOR EVER, FORTUNE, WILT THOU PROVE.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?

But busy busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow—
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign—
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

This beautiful complaint against the caprice of fortune

was written by James Thomson ; and the name by which it is commonly known is "Logan Water," though neither by allusion nor circumstance can such locality be claimed for it. The last four lines of the first verse, and the first four lines of the second, contain all that can be urged concerning the disappointment of youthful affection ; and many a heart will respond to their pathetic complaint. This song first appeared united to the air of "Logan Water," in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725.

MY LOVE ANNIE'S VERY BONNIE.

What numbers shall the Muse repeat ?

What verse be found to praise my Annie ?

On her ten thousand graces wait,

Each swain admires, and owns she's bonnie.

Since first she trod the happy plain

She sets each youthful heart on fire ;

Each nymph does to her swain complain

That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,

This new delight, this charming Annie,

Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,

When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.

All day the amorous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her ;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?
 Alas ! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart ;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find ;
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many :
 Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

I have a strong belief that the name of this song should be "Annan Water;" a fine ballad of that name will be found in this work, with many marks of antiquity about it, and possessing the line, "O, my love Annie's very bonnie." Burns was informed that the honour belonged to Allan Water, in Strathallan ; but what I have said seems nearly decisive of the question.

Annan Water is no vulgar stream: it is noticed by Collins in his admirable Ode on the Superstitions of Scotland, in the lays of Sir Walter Scott, and it runs smooth in many a lesser song. The banks, which in many places are very romantic, were in ancient times so thickly clothed with wood, that it was the vaunt of a Halliday, a warlike laird of Corehead, that he could let his deer-dog into the wood at his own door, and it would never run off the land of a Halliday, nor be seen for wood till it came out at the firth of Solway—a fair inheritance. This is one of Crawford's songs. It offers violence to propriety in seeking to unite Amyntor in wedlock with Annie—but after she could fall in love with Damon, she was capable of any foolish thing.

I HAD A HORSE.

I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
 I gat him frae my daddy;
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready.
 And sae I thought me on a time,
 Outwittens of my daddy,
 To fee mysel' to a lowland laird,
 Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began ;
Madam be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not though ye kend it :
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I wad blithely be the man
Wad strive to please his lady.

She read the letter and she leugh—
Ye needna been sae blate, man,
You might hae come to me yoursel',
And tauld me o' your state, man :
You might hae come to me yoursel',
Outwittens of ony body,
And made John Goukstone of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonnie lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse ;
We drank wine in a cogie ;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow, but I was vogie !
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy ;
The laird came rap rap to the yett
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she put me behint a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie ;

But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gaed out, he saw na me,
I gaed when I was ready :
I promis'd, but I ne'er went back
To see his bonnie lady.

Burns in his notes says, " A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family who live at Barr-mill, in the parish of Galston in Ayrshire, was the luckless hero who 'Had a horse, and had nae mair:' for some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where he fee'd himself to a highland laird—for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard. The present Mr. Hunter who told me the anecdote is the great-grandchild of our hero." This note was written in 1795, twenty years after the publication of the song by David Herd. It seems surprising that such a song failed to obtain an earlier place in some of our collections, for it is an original and clever production.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Though young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring ;

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth :
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea ;

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

The beauty of the air and the happiness of the subject have united in giving popularity to a song which cannot rank high as poetry, and which outrages all superstitious knowledge by a dance of Sylvens and Fairies. Ramsay seems to have admired the air, since he wrote another song in the same measure for the "Gentle Shepherd," in which he has imitated the dramatic form of the earlier words, and imitated them with some success. One of the verses is valuable, since we may suppose it records the poet's favourite songs :

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden-broom knowes,"
And Rosie liltis sweetly the "Milking the Ewes ;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nansie can sing,
At "Through the wood, Laddie!" Bess gars our lugs
ring :

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
"The Boatman," "Tweed Side," and "The Lass of the
Mill,"

'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me,
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.