CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Ramsay has been laughed at for the rhyme of the second line of the first verse. It is dangerous to cavil at words: in one of Burns's best songs we have him wishing, in honour of his love, that the flowers may be ever fair, and the waters never "drumlie;"—a word more objectionable than Ramsay's, since it is used in a pathetic song. This song belongs to the "Gentle Shepherd;" the air is old, and there were words of far greater antiquity than Allan's, which wanted some skilful and cunning hand to render them fit for modest company. The following lines formed the chorus; and if I remember right, the chorus of every verse was a variation from its predecessor, of which we have an example in too few songs:

O corn-riggs and barley-riggs,
And corn-riggs are bonnie;
And gin ye meet a winsome quean,
Gae kiss her kind and cannie.

The London wags who compiled a work called "Mirth and Wit" abused the sweetness of this fine old air by compelling it to carry the burthen of some very silly verses, written in that kind of singular slang which a citizen uses when he thinks he speaks Scotch.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.

As I came down through Cannobie,
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
The summer sun had shut his ee,
And loud a lass did sing-o:
Ye westlin winds, all gently blow,—
Ye seas, soft as my wishes flow,—
And merry may the shallop rowe
That my true love sails in-o!

My love has breath like roses sweet,
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
And arms like lilies dipt in weet,
To fold a maiden in-o.
There's not a wave that swells the sea,
But bears a prayer and wish frae me;—
O soon may I my truelove see,
Wi' his bauld bands again-o!

My lover wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue;
A rose so white, a heart so true,
A dimple on his chin-o.

He bears a blade his foes have felt,
And nobles at his nod have knelt:
My heart will break as well as melt,
Should he ne'er come again-o.

An imperfect copy of this song found its way into Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.—It started thus:

As I came down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate, the Cannogate;
As I came down the Cannogate,
I heard a lassie sing-o:
O merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the reel rowe;
Merry may the keel rowe—
The ship that my love's in-o!

The picture of her love which the heroine draws seems to be that of the Pretender; at all events, the white rose of the Stuarts marks it for a Jacobite song.

THE BONNY SCOT.

Ye gales, that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man!
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate
A large estate
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I'd lieuer choose in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat, man,
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man,
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion—
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy langing lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee!

Love gi'es the word,
Then haste on board!—
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder shore,
My blithe, my bonny Scot-man!

This is a lyric of ardent passion embodied in very pleasant strains. The constant and disinterested attachment of the "langing lassie" is finely portrayed; and that easy and winning simplicity, which lends the sweetest grace to song, is happily diffused over all.—Ramsay was seldom possessed by intense and rapturous enthusiasm; with him, love was a prudent and reasonable emotion. He calls the song the "Bonny Scot," to the tune of the "Boatman;" but the ancient verses which belonged to the melody have long since been lost. "Scotman" has always seemed to me a clumsy compound, and not very intelligible. The air presents many obstructions to facility of composition, and Ramsay, in several of his songs, was not over solicitous about liquid ease and harmonious grace of expression. A singer, formerly, overcame such difficulties with the voice as would not be tolerated now. We are more correct, but far less natural.

I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smily,
There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain!
Though kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll daute thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To haud thy wooer up aye niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

This song is the composition of Allan Ramsay, but on perusing it the fancy is borne away to a far earlier period, and the name of the air suggests a lyric which may have made the heroes of Otterburn or Flodden smile. Indeed if Ramsay knew the old song, and composed his verses on the principle of purity which he states in his preface, there is an end to my lamentation; for if the old words exceeded his by a shade or so in indelicacy, it was wise in our ancestors to forget them. There is a curious remnant of ancient manners recorded in the song—presenting the thumb to be touched, as a pledge of perfect sincerity. It is known among rustics by the name of "lick thumb." At school all the little bargains which the boys make with each other are sealed by this mystic ceremony. Each wets his thumb with his tongue, then they join them together, then hook them into each other, and finally both ratify all in rhyme:

Ring thumbs, ring the bell—
Them that rue first gang to hell.

In Johnson's Musical Museum may be found a song as old as Ramsay's, adapted to the same air, which seems a half English and half Scottish production. In the same work there is a song called "Sweetest May," written by Burns. Part is a parody on Allan's song, and what is not parodied is borrowed:

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee—
Take a heart which he designs thee:

As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money;—
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie,—
Not high born, but noble minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

PEGGY AND PATIE.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet-rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or bracken gave trouble to me,
If I found but the berries right ripen'd for thee.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was aye fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden Broom-knowes,"
And Rosie lilts sweetly the "Milking the Ewes;"

There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
With "Thro' the wood, Laddie," Bess gars our lugs
ring;

But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill
The "Boat-man," "Tweedside," or the "Lass of the
Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,
With praises sae kindly increasing love's fire!
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

The pastoral accuracy of this song is its chief commendation—the nature is the nature with which we are familiar, and all the imagery and allusions pertain to Scotland. This is a praise which we cannot extend to some far cleverer songs. Ramsay was born in a district which gave him an early acquaintance with the sharp birn and the blae heather-bell;—the ewe-bughts and the milking-pails were presented sooner to his eye than corn-riggs waving yellow. This is one of the songs in the "Gentle Shepherd."

THE BOB OF DUMBLANE.

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle,
Ye did na accept the Bob of Dumblane.
The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

When Burns passed through Dumblane, he had the good fortune to find an old lady, at one of the principal inns, who had the courage to repeat some of the words of the old song, which the verses of Allan Ramsay superseded.

"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the Bob-o-Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood, three came hame;
An' it be nae weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An' it be nae we'll bobbit, we'll bob it again."

"I insert this song," says the poet, "to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. At the close of the battle of Dumblane, a Scottish officer observed to the Duke of Argyle, that he was afraid the Rebels would give out to the world that they had won the victory. 'Weel, weel,' said his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, 'if they think it be nae weel bobbit—we'll bob it again." This is not one of the cleverest of Ramsay's productions; nor has he been able to escape wholly from the influence of the original: he laboured hard to keep within the limits of delicacy, but few will have the charity to think he has succeeded.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart!
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm
-Ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms;
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine;
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the pow'rs of love agree
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine!

This is certainly far from being one of Allan Ramsay's happiest songs, and I have introduced it for the purpose of saying something about the cause of his failure, and the character of the song which he sought to supplant. The ancient song of "Hap me wi' thy petticoat," like the song of "O! to be lying beyond thee," and many others, which delighted a ruder and less fastidious age, was more lively than delicate—was more kind than chaste; and every verse concluded by repeating the wish which gives the present name to the air. To express such a wish in elegant and decorous language might have been Allan's desire; but there was a difficulty in managing this very interesting garment, which he could not overcome; and every one must feel that he has touched it with a very awkward and unskilful hand.

The song which Lord Woodhouselee heard sung in the country, by nurses who wished to soothe their babes to sleep, was probably a parody on the verses which Ramsay had in his mind when he wrote this song. The old words began—

O hap me wi' thy petticoat,
My ain kind thing.

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE.

How can I be blithe and glad,
Or in my mind contented be,
When the bonnie lad whom I love best
Is banish'd frae my companie?
Though he be banished for my sake,
His true-love shall I still remain;
O that I was, and I wish I was,
With thee, my own true-love again!

I dare but wish for thee, my love,
My thoughts I may not, dare not speak;
My maidens wonder why I sigh,
And why the bloom dies on my cheek.

If thoughts of thee be sin in me,
O, deep am I in shame and sin;
O that I was, and I wish I was,
In the chamber where my love is in!

Another version of this song may be found in Wotherspoon's collection, very contradictory and corrupt. It seems to have been made up by an unskilful hand, from some old fragments. One of the verses condemns all innocent indulgence in the first two lines, but relaxes much in the two which succeed.

Kissing is but a foolish fancy,
It brings two lovers into sin—
O that I was, and I wish I was,
In the chamber where my love is in!

HARD IS THE FATE.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain!

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
  Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
  In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
  And sigh my sorrows in her ear!
Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
  Though fear my tongue must ever bind:
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
  Is as her spotless soul refin'd!

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
  With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
  Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.
But if at first her virgin fear
  Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
  True love and friendship are the same.

This tender and elegant lyric was written by James Thomson—every body's James Thomson—the author of the Seasons. He shines less in song than in loftier compositions—his verses are fine and polished, but they want the ready, native, and original grace of language which is so peculiar to Scottish song.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

As I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was passing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For troth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
And still mair lovely did appear;
And round about my slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiss my hand syne down did kneel,
As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
And said, there was nae lady fair
That ever could with me compare.
These words into my heart did steal,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be denied,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded sair:

That I my love could scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my spinning-wheel;
He bade me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead.
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In troth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What lassie, young and saft as I,
Could sic a handsome lad deny?
These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpast the spinning-wheel.

This old free song is from Ramsay's collection—and if love triumphs over household rule and domestic industry, the success is very natural and very common.

MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN O'ER ME.

My mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
Though she did the same before me;
I canna get leave
To look at my love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer,
Sweet sir—but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of siller and plenishing dainty;
Yet he's unco swear
To twin wi' his gear—
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand—
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

This song is a felicitous and natural expression of every-day feeling; but it lacks that luxuriant warmth

of fancy that sheds a poetic glow over the young laird's address. The maiden is too prosaic: she looks as if she had chanted her answer while under the chilling influence of her "Mither's glowre." Ramsay, indeed, does not often give us that pure extract of the heart which old Daniel mentions as constituting the very soul of poesy; for he writes not so much from the overflowings of a wayward and sprightly fancy as from the treasured riches of a retentive memory, and an acute observation of his fellow men and of social manners: he is, in short, the poet of mind rather than of nature, and delineates always with a correct and lively, and sometimes with a satiric and humorous pen, the thoughts, and feelings, and conceptions which are peculiar to youthful and amorous spirits.

CAKES O' CROUDY.

Clunie the deddy, and Rethy the monkey,
Leven the hero, and little Pitcunkie:
O where shall ye see, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;
And Crawford comes next with his Archie of Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherry-trees Davy.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,
For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers—what think ye?
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,
Weel ken'd William Veitch and Mass John Goudy,
For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lasses;
There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses:
They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Mackey for lying, lean Lawrence for griping;
Grave Burnet for stories, Dalgleish for his piping;
Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater—
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next come our statesmen—these blessed reformers!
For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous—
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my lordie—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
The reproach of mankind and disgrace of our nation:
Deil hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy;
Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

This song was written by Lord Newbottle, in the year 1688, and published by James Hogg in his Jacobite relics. There is some liveliness about it; but, like all lyrics concerning the heroes of the day, it is obscure without illustration; and illustration cannot confer eminence on men not naturally eminent. Of Leven the hero, it is said, that he whipped Lady Mortonhall with his whip; and the indiscretion of the Rev. David Williamson with the daughter of Lady Cherrytrees is recorded by William Meston, in some biting and indecorous lines. The fine genius of Burnet could not save him from the scoff of our noble ballad maker; and the conduct of the Prince and Princess of Orange and the Princess of Denmark is open to the censure or the praise of posterity. They who praise them must wilfully forget their ties of nature with the king they dethroned; and those who censure must suppose that they had no love of religion or country about them. Some of the song seems not so old as the Revolution.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,
Kenmure's on and awa;
And Kenmure's lord is the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
E'er rides by Kenmure's hand.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O, Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.
They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live and die wi' fame;
And soon wi' sound of victory
May Kenmure's lads come hame.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blood,
Nor yet of Gordon's line.
His lady's cheek grew red, Willie,
Syne white as sifted snaw:
There rides my lord, a Gordon gude,
The flower of Gallowa.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
A bright sword in his hand—
A hundred Gordons at his side,
And hey for English land!
Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I love best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

The "Gordon's line" has lately been restored to the honours of which it was deprived by the unfortunate hero of this lyric. The Galloway Gordons, a numerous and opulent race, rejoiced on the occasion, after the manner of Scotland, with feast and dance and song. The story of William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, is matter of history. He left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed; and joining the Earl of Derwentwater, advanced to Preston with the hope of being reinforced by the English Jacobites, a numerous, but an irresolute body. Here the rebel chiefs were attacked by General Carpenter: their sole resource was in their courage; and this seems to have failed some of them—the result need not be told. Kenmure was beheaded on Tower-hill.—It is said of the present viscount's mother, a proud Mackenzie, that she refrained from acknowledging in the usual way the presence of his late Majesty on the terrace-walk of Windsor; and walked loftily past, rustling her silks with a becoming dignity. The King found a cure for this: he sent his compliments, and said he honoured those who were stedfast in their principles.

The lady's pride submitted—for when did a monarch pay a compliment in vain?

I have endeavoured to give an accurate copy of this favourite song. It is of Galloway origin, with a few touches by Burns and other hands; and more verses might be added.

KILLICRANKIE.

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie-o?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Came ye by Killicrankie-o?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna be sae cantie-o;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes of Killierankie-o.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie-o;
But I met the devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killicrankie-o.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers gat a clankie-o,
Else I had fed an Athol gled,
On the braes o' Killicrankie-o.

O fie, Mackay! what gart ye lie
I' the bush ayont the brankie-o?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
Than come to Killicrankie-o.
It's nae shame, it's nae shame—
It's nae shame to shank ye-o;
There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
And deils at Killicrankie-o.

Of John Grahame, of Claverhouse, much has been written and much said; and over his fall at Killicrankie the Cameronians have shouted, and the Jacobites mourned. The former recognised him by the name of the Bloody Claver'se, imagined he had entered into a covenant with the enemy of mankind, and finally slew him with a silver button, for he was supposed to be proof against lead and steel: the latter admired him as a man bold and chivalrous, devoted to their cause, a soldier of no common capacity, and in whose untimely death they saw the downfall of their hopes. He was certainly a gallant commander, but a relentless and unsparing one; and his conduct in the Persecution has called all the generous and noble qualities in question which his admirers have assigned him. Sir Walter Scott has painted a stern and unbending hero, who shed human blood with as little compunction as one would drain a fen, and who thought all nobleness of nature was confined to the cavaliers. James Hogg pulled him down from this high station, made him a contemptible stabber and oppressor, and gave him a thirst for blood, which

was often allayed, but never appeased. The latter is far wrong, nor am I sure that the former is quite right. His death was according to his character—he was following the vanquished enemy, and shouting and calling his men onward, with his sword waving over his head, when he received a ball under his arm, and instantly fell. He lived only till he wrote a short account of his victory to King James, and was buried at Blair Athol.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' frae hame,
Wi' a budget at his back,
An' a wallet at his wame:
But some will sit on his seat,
Some will eat of his meat,
Some will stand i' his shoon,
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to ride,
Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
And a shable by his side;
But some will whyte wi' Willie's knife,
Some will kiss Willie's wife—
Some will wear his bonnet,
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to sail,
Wi' water in his waygate,
An' wind in his tail;
Wi' his back boonermost,
An' his kyte downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Fighting wi' his tail.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to fight;
But fight dog, fight bane,
Willie will be right:
An' he'll do, what weel he may,
An' has done for mony a day,—
Wheel about, an' rin away,
Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Daddy Duncan
Praying like to cry?
Or saw ye Willie Wanbeard
Lying in the rye?
Wi' his neb boonermost,
An' his doup downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Like a Pesse pie!

In ridiculing the martial prowess of King William, the author of this song has drawn a very ungracious

picture of his person, and represented him as suffering by sea-sickness on his way to Ireland. James Hogg supposes it to be from the pen of some waggish cavalier, and says he has often heard the two first verses sung as an interlude in a nursery tale. The song is whimsical rather than humorous: to ridicule William's prowess, was to attack him where he was least vulnerable—his courage was less questionable than his military capacity. Like many other Jacobite effusions, it begins with hope, and concludes with prophecy; but the true spirit of prophecy had long before passed out of song, and the Stuarts were gone—never to return.

LAMENT FOR LORD MAXWELL.

Green Nithisdale, make moan, for thy leaf's in the fa',
The lealest of thy warriors are drapping awa';
The rose in thy bonnet, that flourished sae and shone,
Has lost its white hue, and is faded and gone!
Our matrons may sigh, our hoary men may wail,—
He's gone, and gone for ever, the Lord of Nithisdale!
But those that smile sweetest may have sadness ere lang,
And some may mix sorrow with their merry merry sang.

Full loud was the merriment among our ladies a',
They sang in the parlour and danced in the ha'—
O Jamie's coming hame again to chase the Whigs awa':
But they cannot wipe the tears now so fast as they fa'.
Our lady dow do nought now but wipe aye her een—
Her heart's like to burst the gold-lace of her gown;
Men silent gaze upon her, and minstrels make a wail—
O dool for our brave warrior, the Lord of Nithisdale!

Wae to thee, proud Preston!—to hissing and to hate
I give thee: may wailings be frequent at thy gate!
Now eighty summer shoots of the forest I have seen,
To the saddle-lapps in blude i' the battle I hae been,
But I never ken'd o' dool till I ken'd it yestreen.
O that I were laid where the sods are growing green!—
I tint half mysel' when my gude lord I did tine—
He's a drop of dearest blood in this auld heart of mine.

By the bud of the leaf, by the rising of the flower,—
By the sang of the birds, where some stream tottles o'er,
I'll wander awa' there, and big a wee bit bower,
To hap my gray head frae the drap and the shower;
And there I'll sit and moan till I sink into the grave,
For Nithsdale's bonnie Lord—ay the bravest of the brave!—
O that I lay but with him, in sorrow and in pine,
And the steel that harms his gentle neck wad do as much for mine!

The hero of this song, the Earl of Nithsdale, was taken prisoner, along with Viscount Kenmure and many other noblemen, at Preston in Lancashire, and sentenced to be beheaded. His countess, a lady of great presence of mind, contrived and accomplished his escape from the Tower.—Her fortitude, her patience, and her intrepidity are yet unrivalled in the history of female heroism. A letter from the Countess, containing a lively and circumstantial account of the Earl's escape, is in Terreagles House in Nithsdale, dated from Rome in the year 1718. From the woman's cloak and hood, in which the Earl was disguised, the Jacobites of the north formed a new token of cognizance—all the ladies who favoured the Stuarts wore "Nithsdales," till fashion got the better of political love. I wish the royal clemency had extended to the ancient and noble name of Maxwell, when other names were restored to their honours. The house of Nithsdale is the representative of a numerous class in Dumfriesshire and Galloway. An old man once counted to me forty gentlemen's families, all of the name of Maxwell.—They are less numerous now.

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CUMMER.

Now what news to me, Cummer,—
Now what news to me?
Enough o' news, quo' the Cummer,
The best that God can gie.
Has the Duke hanged himsel, Cummer,—
Has the Duke hanged himsel,
Or taken frae the other Willie
The hottest nook o' hell?

The Duke's hale and fier, carle,—
The blacker be his fa'!
But our gude Lord of Nithsdale
He's won frae 'mang them a'.
Now bring me my bonnet, Cummer,—
Bring me my shoon;
I'll gang and meet the gude Nithsdale,
As he comes to the town.

Alake the day! quo' the Cummer,—
Alake the day! quoth she;
He's fled awa' to bonnie France,
Wi' nought but ae pennie!
We'll sell a' our corn, Cummer,—
We'll sell a' our bear;
And we'll send to our ain lord
A' our sett gear.

Make the piper blaw, Cummer—
Make the piper blaw;
And let the lads and lasses both
Their souple shanks shaw.
We'll a' be glad, Cummer,—
We'll a' be glad;
And play "The Stuarts back again,"
To make the Whigs mad.

This rude song of welcome was first printed in the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. The second line of the second verse gives me occasion to notice a mistake made by Lord Byron, in one of his latest works, where he speaks so fondly of Scotland, and recalls the scenes where he had passed his youth. He quotes a rhyming proverb:

Brig of Balgonie,
Black be yere wa'!
Wi' a wife's ae wean,
And a mare's ae foal,
Down shall ye fa'.

His lordship should have written—

Brig of Balgonie,
Black be yere fa'!

"Black be yere fa', or fate," is a common execration; the word "fa'," the Scottish synonyme of "fate," had

perhaps puzzled and misled the noble poet. In his poem he renders the mistake incurable, where he sings of "Balgonie's brig's black wall."

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
And as he was singing, the tears they down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

This very beautiful song is from the pen of Burns,

inspired in some small degree by an old fragment of the same character and on the same subject. It first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum. The last four lines of the first verse belong to the old fragment. The subdued and sedate sorrow of the old man's lamentation is very touching—the love for his lost children, and for his ancient line of kings, lends an interest national and domestic, which is not surpassed in any of the songs of that unhappy cause.

DERWENTWATER.

O, Derwentwater's a bonnie lord,
He wears gowd in his hair,
And glenting is his hawking e'e
Wi' kind love dwelling there.
Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
And loud loud could he ca',
Rise up, rise up, for good King James,
And buckle, and come awa.

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
Wi' weel love-locket hands;
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loos'd the snawy bands.

And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
My gentle fair ladie!
The tears gave way to the glow o' luve
In our gude ladie's e'e.

I will think me on this bonnie ring,
And on this snawy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o' weir
Comes down my burly brand.
And I will think on thae links o' gowd
Which ring thy bright blue een,
When I wipe off the gore o' weir,
And owre my braid sword lean.

O never a word our ladie spake,
As he press'd her snawy hand;
And never a word our ladie spake,
As her jimpy waist he spann'd;
But, O my Derwentwater! she sighed,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een
Which gars our ladie love.
Come down, come down, our gude lord says,
Come down, my fair ladie;
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie.

And high high raise the morning sun,
Wi' front o' ruddie blude—
Thy harlot front, frae the white curtain,
Betokens naething gude.
Our ladie look'd frae the turret top
As lang as she could see;
And every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.

I believe there is no traditional testimony to support the surmise of the poet, that the wife of one of the Jacobite chiefs had a criminal regard for the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. He was a young and brave and generous nobleman, and his fate was vehemently lamented in the north of England. The aurora borealis, which appeared then for the first time, and shone remarkably vivid on the night of his execution, is still known in the north by the name of Lord Derwentwater's lights. A very beautiful song is popularly known by the title of "Lord Derwentwater's good night."

And fare thee well, my bonnie gray steed,
That carried me ay sae free,
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee:
The warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er;
Yon sun now rising from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Fifteen hundred braver men never were led to battle than those whom Derwentwater conducted to Preston: but the senses of the leaders seemed bewildered and confounded, and they allowed themselves to be surrounded and manacled, and conducted to the axe and the gibbet without murmur or resistance.

AWA WHIGS, AWA.

Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses,
But whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa whigs, awa,
Awa whigs, awa;
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpasses my describing;
The whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we have done wi' thriving.

A foreign whiggish loon brought seeds,
In Scottish yird to cover;
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't!
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the whigs the power o't!

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.

•

The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,
And ramping came amang us;
But he pitied us sae wi' cursed whigs,
He turn'd, and wadna wrang us.

Sae grim he sat amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brimstone matches;
And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
Awa whigs, awa,
Awa whigs, awa;
Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,
And ne'er do good at a'.

Some of the lines of this song are as old as the days of Oliver Cromwell, and some of them are of very recent composition. It was a favourite fancy of the Jacobites to place their enemies in perdition, and distribute infernal power and rule among them according to their

labours in the cause of the house of Orange or Hanover. Meston, and many nameless writers, indulged in this poetical mode of punishment; which drew down upon them the indignant reproach of Addison. I wish not to defend it; but since the Whigs divided all power and domination among themselves on this earth, the Jacobites might be justified in their imaginary appropriation of paradise and in allotting a place of punishment to their enemies.—The air of the song is very ancient.

THE WEE WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil hae we got for a king
But a wee wee German lairdie?
And when we gade to bring him hame
He was delving his kail-yardie:
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
Without the hose, and but the breeks;
And up his beggar duds he cleeks—
The wee wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee wee German lairdie;
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our thistle top will jag his thumbs—
The wee wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee wee German lairdie,
And see the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive
We dibbled in our yardie:
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or haud the yoking o' a pleugh,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie;
And our Norland thistles winna pu',
Thou wee bit German lairdie:
And we've the trenching blades o' weir
Wad prune ye o' your German gear—
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt o'er cauld a hole
For nursing foreign vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court,
They bark and howl in German.
Short while they'll fawn and lick thy hand—
We come wi' target and wi' brand
To sweep them frae the southron land—
Thou wee wee German lairdie.

The idea of this song is old, so are the three starting lines; all the rest is modern. The poverty of the Elector of Hanover, and the laborious industry with which he strove to maintain the external show of worldly splen-

dour, formed a theme for the Jacobite bards both of England and of Scotland. I have before me a copy of a scoffing ballad, which was chanted through London on the arrival of George the First. Had the monarch understood our language, the song must have given him a very mean idea of Jacobite satire. Its burthen is German poverty and English abundance, and the wonder which our wardrobes and dinner tables excited in the royal minds of the strangers.

THE CUCKOO.

The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home;
He'll fley away the wild birds that flutter round the throne
My bonny bonny Cuckoo when he comes home.
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird, and he'll ha'e his day;
The Cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say;
Wi' the whistle o' his mou, and the blink o' his e'e,
He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home,
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird when he comes home;
He'll fley away the wild birds that flutter round the throne
My bonny Cuckoo, when he comes home.

The Cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame,
I ken him by the feathers that grow about his kame;
And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,
For my bonny Cuckoo he is dear unto me.

"I took these two verses," says James Hogg, "from the recitation of a shrewd idiot, one whom we call in Scots a 'half daft man,' named William Dodds; who gave it as a quotation, in a mock discourse which he was accustomed to deliver to the lads and lasses in the winter evenings, to their infinite amusement, in the style and manner of a fervent preacher. It is not easy to discover where the similarity existed between the Chevalier and the cuckoo." The similarity is this: with the coming of the cuckoo the Chevalier was looked for—the bird and the prince were expected in April: the cuckoo was therefore "a bonnie bird when he came hame," since his first note in the land, and the war-cry of the Stuarts, would be heard together. In the same manner a violet was employed by the partisans of Buonaparte to indicate the period of his return from Elba. "Il reviendrai au printems," was their ambiguous motto; and their hero was recognised and his praises celebrated under the fantastic epithet of "Corporal Violet."

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea:
He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
And we may rue the day
When our king's daughter came here
To play sic foul play.

O, gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see;
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame;
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
Shall blaw our good king hame.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name.

James Hogg says, "This is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland." The ingratitude of the Prince and Princess of Orange many old songs have celebrated:—

Ken ye the rhyme to porringer—
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James he had a daughter dear,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him—
Ken ye how he requited him?
The knave into Old England came,
And took the crown in spite o' him.

Scottish verse-makers indulged to the last the idle hope of the return of the Stuarts, and expressed their wishes in a thousand forms of hope and prophecy. Their expectations may be traced through innumerable mazes of allegorical absurdity; but they may be well excused for this affectation, since a plainer song would have put them in some small jeopardy.

CARLE, AN THE KING COME.

Carle, an the king come—
Carle, an the king come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
  Carle, an the king come.
An somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main;
And ev'ry man shall hae his ain,
  Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
  Carle, an the king come.
When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,
O then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,
  Carle, an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
But quaff our waughts o' rosie wine,
  Carle, an the king come.
Cogie, an the king come,
Cogie, an the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
  Cogie, an the king come.

The concluding verse of this old Jacobite chant is a fair specimen of the drunken loyalty with which many noblemen and squires of low degree cherished the memory and the hopes of the house of Stuart. They could carouse and empty the cup to any cause. The song has long been a favourite, and many variations are known among the peasantry.

MACDONALD'S GATHERING.

Come along, my brave clans,
  There's nae friends sae staunch and true;
Come along, my brave clans,
  There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
  Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes,
Come with bold Macalister,
  Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
  From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
  Come from Moidart and the Isles:
Macallan is the hero
  That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siolallain,
  Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens;
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you:
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of might you know;
Lenochan's your brother,
Aucterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm;
Though Macconnel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field or foray,
Come from sickle and from plough;
Come from cairn and correi,
From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil,
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands
Plenty bides by dale and burn;
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

This song, we are told by Mr. Hogg in his Reliques, is a genuine highland lyric, translated by a lady of the

family of the Macdonnells. It is full of animation and bustle. It resembles very closely, in several passages, the inimitable "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," by Sir Walter Scott.

THE JACOBITE MUSTER-ROLL.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dugald's coming, Lachlan's coming,
Alister and a's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming—
Jock, and Tam, and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka Dunywastle's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillavry and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craws are coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the pockpuds,
For many a buttock bare's coming—
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock, and Tam, and a's coming.

This lyric is a curious example of highland song, but it gives a very imperfect list of the noblemen and gentlemen who followed the fortunes of the house of Stuart. It seems to have been written about the time of the Earl of Marr's march to Sheriffmuir, yet many of the principal chiefs are forgotten: where is Athol, Breadalbane, Ogilvie, Keith, and Stuart? I shall not attempt any account of all the names signalized in this song—some are known to history, and others are beyond the historian's power. The Gordons were the first to join, and the first to run away; the Macgregors loved plunder better than the line of the Stuarts; the laird of Macintosh was the leader of ten small combined clans; the Macdonalds brought four powerful and independent clans; the Mackenzies of Seaforth appeared at the head of their warlike name; and the Macphersons, next to the Macintoshes in

power, were conducted by the gallant Clunie. One of the bravest of them all was the laird of Borland, the leader of the Macintoshes: he was taken at Preston, and, with eighteen others, broke, sword in hand, out of Newgate prison, and escaped to France.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving blade!
O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad!
Betide what may, my heart is glad,
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O, leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garter'd leg!
But aye the thing that glads my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid sword and a white cockade.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving blade!
O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad!
Betide what will, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

The tune is beautiful, and the song has obtained most of its reputation from the air. Though it sings of the white cockade, the well-known cognizance of the house of Stuart, the strain is feeble and ineffectual. Other versions have more life in them, but far less delicacy. It is needless to attempt their purification.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

Where gang ye, ye silly auld carle,
Wi' yere staff and shepherd fare?
I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger-man,
To shift my hirsels' lair.
Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he.
I trow thou art a freck auld carle,
Wilt thou show the way to me?

For I have ridden down bonnie Nith,
Sae have I the silver Orr,
And a' for the blood of the young Maxwell,
Which I love as a gled loves gore.
And he is gone wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the rocks sae steep,
Until that they came to the auld castle
That hangs o'er Dee sae deep.

The rocks were high, the woods were dark,
The Dee roll'd in its pride;
Light down and gang, thou sodger-man,
For here ye mayna ride.
He drew the reins of his bonnie gray steed,
And gaily down he sprang:
His war-coat was of the scarlet fine,
Where the golden tassels hang.

He threw down his plaid, the silly auld carle,
The bonnet frae boon his bree:
And who was it but the young Maxwell?
And his good brown sword drew he.
Thou kill'd my father, thou base Southron,
Sae did ye my brethren three;
Which broke the heart of my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my e'e.

Now draw thy sword, thou base Southron,
Red wet wi' blood o' my kin;
That sword, it cropt the fairest flower
E'er grew wi' a head to the sun.

There's ae stroke for my dear auld father,
There's twa for my brethren three;
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Whom I loved as the light of my e'e.

Instead of saying why or when I wrote this song, or telling the reasons that induced me to imitate the natural ballad style of the north, I will tell a little touching story, which has long been popular in my native place.

At the close of the last rebellion, a party of the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons passed through Nithsdale; they called at a lone house, where a widow lived, and demanded refreshments. She brought them milk; and her son, a youth of sixteen, prepared kale and butter—this, she said, was all her store. One of the party inquired how she lived on such slender means: "I live," she said, "on my cow, my kale-yard, and on the blessing of God." He went and killed the cow, destroyed her kale, and continued his march. The poor woman died of a broken heart, and her son wandered away from the inquiry of friends and the reach of compassion. It happened, afterwards, in the continental war, when the British army had gained a great victory, that the soldiers were seated on the ground, making merry with wine, and relating their exploits—"All this is nothing," cried a dragoon, "to what I once did in Scotland—I starved a witch in Nithsdale; I drank her milk, I killed her cow, destroyed her kale-yard, and left her to live upon God—and I dare say he had enough ado with her." "And don't you rue it?" exclaimed a soldier

starting up—"don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said the ruffian; "what would you have me rue? she's dead and damned, and there's an end of her." "Then, by my God!" said the other, "that woman was my mother—draw your sword—draw." They fought on the spot, and while the Scottish soldier passed his sword through his body, and turned him over in the pangs of death, he said, "Had you but said you rued it, God should have punished you, not I."

JOHN CAMERON.

The weary sun sank down on a day of woe and care,
The parting light shone sad on John Cameron's hoary hair;
His dim eyes upturn'd unto Heaven seem'd to grow,
His feeble hands he wrung, and his heart was full of woe.
The steps of the spoiler were fresh by his hame,
The fires of the reaver in embers were warm;
He look'd ay, and sigh'd, as his heart would burst in twa,
The cruel Duke of Cumberland has ruin'd us a'!

Three fair sons were mine, young, blooming, and bold;
They all lie at other's sides, bloody and cold:
I had a lovely daughter, the delight of every e'e,
And dear as the promise of Heaven unto me.
I had a pleasant hame, and a sweet wife there,
Wi' twa bonnie grandbairns, my smiling to share;

Wi' plenty in my barn, and abundance in my ha'—
O the cruel Duke of Cumberland has ruin'd us a'!

Our country's laid desolate, our houses are reft,
And nought but the wish for to right us is left;
Revenge and despair ay by turns weet my e'e;
The fall of the spoiler I long for to see.
Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,
I've nane but kind Heaven to tell of my wrang.
Thine old arm, quo' Heaven, cannot strike down the proud,
I shall keep to myself the revenge of thy blood.

An imperfect copy of this song found its way out of Cromek's Remains into the Jacobite Relics. In my native county of Dumfries the memory of the Duke of Cumberland is most cordially detested among the peasantry, who hate cruelty, and love clemency and benevolence. They have many stories to tell of the miseries which came upon all those who hunted down the discomfited rebels, and conducted them to death. One unhappy man was followed so closely, that he ran up to the neck in a mill-dam; there his pursuers proposed to leave him, and were dispersing, when a farmer rode into the water and brought him out—he was taken to Carlisle and executed. In the wreck of the farmer's affairs, and in the misfortunes which befel him and his children, the peasantry saw the visitation of Heaven for spilt blood. Instances might be multiplied, but I shall desist. It is said of a wounded highlander, that when he was exhorted

to relinquish all thoughts of revenge against his enemy, inasmuch as revenge belonged to the Lord, "Aye, aye," exclaimed the expiring man, "I thought it was owre sweet a morsel for a mortal."

CARLISLE YETTS.

White was the rose in my love's hat,
As he rowed me in his lowland plaidie;
His heart was true as death in love,
His hand was aye in battle ready.
His long, long hair, in yellow hanks,
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy;
But now it waves o'er Carlisle yetts,
In dripping ringlets, soil'd and bloody.

When I came first through fair Carlisle,
Ne'er was a town sae gladsome seeming;
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
The thistled pennons wide were streaming.
When I came next through fair Carlisle,
O sad, sad seem'd the town and eerie!
The old men sobb'd, and gray dames wept,
O lady! come ye to seek your dearie?

I tarried on a heathery hill,
My tresses to my cheeks were frozen;

And far adown the midnight wind
I heard the din of battle closing.
The gray day dawned—amang the snow
Lay many a young and gallant fellow;
And O! the sun shone bright in vain,
On twa blue een 'tween locks of yellow.

There's a tress of soil'd and yellow hair
Close in my bosom I am keeping—
Now I have done with delight and love,
And welcome woe, and want, and weeping.
Woe, woe upon that cruel heart,
Woe, woe upon that hand sae bloody,
That lordless leaves my true love's hall,
And makes me wail a virgin widow!

The heads of the rebels were fixed on many places throughout the kingdom; and an old lady of Dumfriesshire often mentioned to me the horror which she felt when she saw several heads on the Scottish gate of Carlisle, one of which was that of a youth with very long yellow hair. The story of a lady, young and beautiful, who came from a distant part, and gazed at this head every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, is also told by many. At last the head and the lady disappeared. The name of the youth I have heard, but cannot remember it; that of the lady was ever a secret. It is said, from some sorrowful words which she dropt, that the youth was her brother.

LOCHMABEN GATE.

As I came by Lochmaben gate,
It's there I saw the Johnstones riding;
Away they flew, and they fear'd no foe,
With their drums a beating, colours flying.
All the lads of Annandale
Came there, their gallant chief to follow;
Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscales,
With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I ask'd a man what meant the fray—
Good sir, said he, you seem a stranger:
This is the twenty-ninth of May—
Far better had you shun the danger.
These are rebels to the throne,
Reason have we all to know it;
Popish dogs and knaves each one.
Pray pass on, or you shall rue it.

I look'd the traitor in the face,
Drew out my brand and ettled at him:
Deil send a' the whiggish race
Downward to the dad that gat 'em!
Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,
While my heart was like to scunner;
Cowards are they born and bred,
Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,
And thrice I waved it in the air,
Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.
Long live King James! aloud I cried,
Our nation's king, our nation's glory!
Long live King James! they all replied,
Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
And mony a braw and buskin'd lady;
But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,
And a' our lads for battle ready.
And when I gang by Locher-briggs,
And o'er the moor, at e'en or morrow,
I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

This border song found a place among the Jacobite Relics. I have no doubt of its beauty, but much of its authenticity. That it was composed on a heartless or a drunken rising of some of the Jacobite gentlemen of the district is certain; that it was written near the time of the rebellion of 1715 is far more than questionable. It appears that, on the 29th of May, 1714, the two Maxwells of Tinwald, with Johnstone of Wamphray and Carruthers of Ramerscales, marched up to the cross of Lochmaben with drums beating and colours flying, where they drank the exiled king's health on their knees, and execrated all who refused to do the like. But

I can find no farther proof of the folly of the name of Johnstone—the Maxwells persevered and suffered. The hand of royal vengeance fell heavy on many families, and on none heavier than on the ancient and warlike name of Halliday. For putting their foot in the stirrup for the Stuarts, the Hallidays had their name erased from among the proprietors of Annandale. Sir Andrew Halliday is one of the representatives of the old heroes of Corehead, and the descendant of Thomas Halliday, sister's son of the renowned Sir William Wallace. I am grieved to see possessions pass away from a name which warred so well and so willingly of old for the freedom of Scotland.

YOUNG AIRLY.

Ken ye ought of brave Lochiel?
Or ken ye ought of Airly?
They have belted on their bright broad-swords,
And aff and awa' wi' Charlie.
Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,
And bring it red and yarely—
At mirk midnight there flashed a light
O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,
Which gleams so red and rarely?

By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,
It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,
And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;
Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

O, yon fair tower's my native tower!
Nor will it soothe my mourning,
Were London palace, tower, and town,
As fast and brightly burning.
It's no my hame—my father's hame,
That reddens my cheek sae sairlie,
But my wife and twa sweet babes I left
To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

The lady of young Ogilvie of Airly, a Johnstone of Westerhall, accompanied him through the vicissitudes of the rebellion, marched with him into England, was with him during the whole of the disastrous retreat from Derby to Culloden; and her love for her husband, and attachment to the house of Stuart, is yet the theme of story and tradition. I believe the burning of Airly is a gratuitous piece of poetical mischief; and though his Grace the Duke of Cumberland had much to answer for, Lady Ogilvie and her children cannot be numbered among those who suffered by fire, abundantly as they suffered in other respects. There is an old ballad commemorating the destruction of Airly by the Earl of Argyle.

CAME YE OE'R FRAE FRANCE.

Came ye o'er frae France?
Came ye down by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps
And his bonny woman?
Were ye at the place
Ca'd the Kittle Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man,
There is little doubt o't;
He's done a' he can,
Wha can do without it?
Down there came a blade,
Linkin like my lordie;
He wad drive a' trade
At the loom of Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
Blithely may we niffer;
Gin we get a wab,
It makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid,
Bonnet, belt, and swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid—
But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
And Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance
"Madam, are ye ready?"
They'll be back belive,
Belted, brisk, and lordly;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a jig wi' Geordie.

Hey for Sandy Don!
Hey for Cockolorum!
Hey for bobbing John
And his Highland quorum!
Mony a sword and lance
Swings at Highland hurdie;
How they'll skip and dance
O'er the bum o' Geordie!

Some of this song is new, much of it is old, and much of it obscure. The suspicious and dubious story of Koningsmark is alluded to in the second and third verses; but the volatile bard skips away from that tragic occurrence as if it only furnished fresh matter for his mirth, and loses himself in the obscurity of wild plots and wilder prophecies. It is not easy to guess at his meaning; but the lively image of Jacobite triumph with which the song terminates cannot fail to be understood: the attempt to realize it caused much blood to be shed, and filled the north with mourning. Count Koningsmark was of great personal beauty; and his barbarous

murder of Mr. Thynne showed that his ferocity was equal to his outward accomplishments. That the electoral princess loved him many have doubted; that she favoured him few have denied. His vanity aspired to her person, and his presumption was rewarded by an immediate order of banishment. He besought a parting kiss of the princess's hand, and she indulged him with this in her chamber. He left the room, and never went farther; for he was seized and destroyed, and his body was secreted under her dressing-room, where it was discovered in the succeeding reign.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

There liv'd a lass in Inverness,
  She was the pride o' a' the town;
Blithe as the lark on gowan top,
  When frae the nest it's newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' love,
  At dance she wan the lads's een;
She was the blithest o' the blithe,
  At wooster-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
  The simmer sun was sinking down;
O there I saw the weelfaur'd lass,
  And she was greeting through the town.

The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying sad to see,
The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
Lie bloody on Culloden lee!

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e;
My father lies at bloody Carlisle—
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could never blind my e'e;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there ne'er could be!

He trysted me o' love yestreen,
O' love tokens he gave me three;
But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,
O, ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa'ing leaves shall hap me owre,
And wauken'd again I winna be.

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames!
Weep till ye blind a mither's e'e;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see!
O, spring is blithesome to the year;
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;

But, O what spring can raise them up,
When death for ever shuts the e'e?

The hand o' God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie:
It struck the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
But there's a day, quo' my God, in prayer,
When righteousness shall bear the gree:
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken in bliss the gude man's e'e.

The battle of Culloden-moor extinguished for ever the hopes of the house of Stuart; and our Jacobite songs were ever after sobered down into a sorrowful and desponding strain. The blood shed at the battle, and the desolation which the unbridled soldiery spread over so much of Scotland, made an impression on the hearts of the people which was long in effacing. In the ruin of so many families, and the destruction of so many houses, the Cameronians beheld the fulfilment of their great apostle's prophecy: the song, therefore, sings no fabulous woes. It was first published in the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song.

JOHNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar—
Come, Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.
My men are bauld, my steeds are rude;
They'll dye their hoofs in highland blood,
And eat their hay in Holyrood
By ten to-morrow morning.

When Charlie looked the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from—
Come follow me my merry merry men
To meet Johnie Cope in the morning.
Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye waking yet,
Or are your drums abeating yet?
Wi' claymore sharp and music sweet
We'll make ye mirth i' the morning.

Atween the gray day and the sun
The highland pipes came skirling on;
Now fye, Johnie Cope, get up and run,
'Twill be a bloody morning.
O yon's the warpipes' deadlie strum,
It quells our fife and drowns our drum;
The bonnets blue and broadswords come—
'Twill be a bloody morning.

Now, Johnie Cope, be as good's your word,
And try our fate wi' fire and sword;
And takna wing like a frighten'd bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.
The warpipes gave a wilder screed,
The clans came down wi' wicked speed:
He laid his leg out o'er a steed—
I wish you a good morning.

Moist wi' his fear and spurring fast,
An auld man speered as Johnie past—
How speeds it wi' your gallant host?
I trow they've got their corning.
I'faith, quo' Johnie, I got a fleg
Frae the claymore and philabeg:
If I face them again, deil break my leg,
So I wish you a good morning.

Johnie Cope is an universal favourite in Scotland; and no song in existence has so many curious variations. Yet it must be confessed that the charm lies more with the music than the poetry. The present copy is made out of various versions; and some liberties have been taken in rendering it more pointed and consistent. Prince Charles displayed great presence of mind and great personal bravery in the battle of Prestonpans, which the impetuous charge of the clans rendered very short and decisive.

KIRN-MILK GEORDIE.

It's James and George, they war twa lords,
And they've coosten out about the kirn;
But Geordie he proved the strongest loon,
And he's gart Jamie stand a hin'.
And hey now, Geordie, Geordie, Geordie,
Ply the cutty as lang as ye can;
For Donald the piper will win the butter,
And nought but kirn-milk for ye than.

And aye he suppit, and aye he swat,
And aye he ga'e the tither a girn,
And aye he fykit, and aye he grat,
When Donald the piper ca'd round the kirn—
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
He is the king-thief o' them a';
He steal'd the key, and hautet the kirn,
And siccan a feast he never saw.

He kicked the butler, hanged the groom,
And turn'd the true men out o' the ha';
And Jockie and Sawney were like to greet,
To see their backs set at the wa'.
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
He has drucken the maltman's ale;
But he'll be nickit ahint the wicket,
And tuggit ahint his gray mare's tail.

Young Jamie has rais'd the aumry cook,
And Jockie has sworn by lippie and law;
Douce Sawney the herd has drawn the sword,
And Donald the piper the warst of a'.
And down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie;
He maun hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows, and leeks,
And a wee bit bacon to help the broo.

The cat has clomb to the eagle's nest,
And suckit the eggs, and scar'd the dame;
The lordly lair is daubed wi' hair;
But the thief maun strap, an' the hawk come hame.
Then up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
Up wi' Geordie high in a tow:
At the last kick of a foreign foot,
We'se a' be ranting roaring fou.

The life and humour of this song will excuse some little coarseness, and the strange mixture of allegory with figures of flesh and blood. The animation commences with the commencing line and continues to the last. James Hogg describes it as old: of its antiquity I have many doubts. The poverty of the house of Hanover seems to have given our Jacobite poets great satisfaction; for it forms the theme of many a ditty; and perhaps they persevered till the visible and surpassing misery of the house of Stuart caused their satire to cut with two edges. The obscurities which deform the Jacobite songs arose in a great measure from the figu-

rative way in which they expressed the hopes and fears of the party. To sing plainly was to sing seditiously; and the poet was fain to escape from the penalties of law into the region of dark metaphor, from which the most scrupulous Whig should not extract a meaning that could be followed up by fining or imprisonment.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungery,
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly—
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weigh bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh bauk, Donald Macgillavry;
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly—
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man;
When he comes back there's some will look merrily—
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry;
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly,
Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery,
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary;
Better it were for Whigs and whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly—
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness,
Whigging, and prigging, and a' new fangleness;
They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man;
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tauk it, man.
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillavry;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly—
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry.

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;
Arles run high, but makings were naething, man—
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry;
Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly—
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry.

This is the cleverest of all our party songs; sharp, lively, and original. I know not to whose hand we owe it: it cannot well be so old as the period of the last rebellion; for every line has the echo of yesterday, compared to the lyrics of the forty-five. "The clan Macgillavry," says James Hogg, "is a subordinate one; so that the name seems to represent the whole of the northern clans. In the Chevalier's muster-roll Macgillavry of Drumglass is named as one of the expected chieftains; and in 1745, the brave and powerful clan of Macintosh was led by Colonel Macgillavry." To the north of Scotland the house of Stuart seems long to have looked for salvation: the chieftains of the clans were deluded by promised power and imaginary rank to arm in its cause; and that native pride which nought can surpass, and that courage which nought can subdue, were alike bribed to the adventure. How far it succeeded history will ever relate with astonishment. A small bridge a short way in advance from Derby was the limit of their daring march; and their retreat was still more extraordinary. The people of Derby long after remembered the friendly visit of the highland army.