TRANENT MUIR.

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

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The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
  And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
  They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame—O fy for shame!
  They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
  And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersell shit,
  Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
  But aff fou fast did scour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
  Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
  That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson keen, to clear the een
  Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
  But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
  Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
  Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
  But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
  And sair he paid the kain, man;

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Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
  Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
  His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
  Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
  That still despised flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cause,
  In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
  While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
  Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
  For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
  Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
  And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
  'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
  The Scots were rebels a', man:
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
  His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
  When he had room to flee, man.

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And Cadell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding gray he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before, he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man,
Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow-mill, man,

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There mony slain lay on the plain,
  The clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
  I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
  That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
  I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
  I'd better staid awa', man,
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
  They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
  For a' the sum and mair, man.

This very popular and clever song was written by Mr. Skirving, a farmer near Haddington. Some of the names which it celebrates are well known; others are become obscure. On the three generals whom Prince Charles and his little band of adventurers foiled, some punning person made the following ludicrous but accurate epigram:—

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,
Nor Hawley hawl his cannon on the foe.

For the death of Colonel Gardiner, a brave and devout soldier, general lamentation was made: he was cut

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down by a highlander, armed with a scythe blade, after his soldiers had basely deserted him. The story of the wildness of his youth and of his mysterious conversion is well known. He was the last of a class of gentlemen who sought to unite the discordant qualities of war and religion; who prayed and preached one hour, and stormed a city and filled it with bloodshed the next. Lieutenant Smith was deeply offended at the freedom which the rustic poet took with his name, and sent a challenge to the author by the hands of a brother officer. "Go back," said Skirving to the messenger, "and tell Lieutenant Smith to come here, and I will take a look at him; if I think I can fight him, I'll fight him; if I think I canna, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa." Whenever the song was sung the story of the challenge was told, and the unfortunate Irishman was obliged to endure the scoffing verses and sarcastic commentary.

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Was ever old warrior of suff'ring so weary?
  Was ever the wild-beast so bay'd in his den?
The Southron blood-hounds lie in kennel so near me,
  That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me;
  No child to protect me, where once there were ten:
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,
  And woe to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen.

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The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright star of morning has blush'd at the view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew;
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun, in his glory, has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea:
O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
The day is abiding of stern retribution,
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

"It is a pity," says Mr. Hogg, "that I have too much hand in these songs from the Gaelic, to speak of them as I feel; and though this is indebted to me for the rhyme, I could take it against any piece of modern poetry." Such is the note which accompanies this song in the Jacobite Relics. It is no gracious thing to question a poet's judgment in a matter of verse. I cannot say that I am captivated with this Highland song so much as Mr. Hogg is; the language is cumbrous; it wants the air of genuine simplicity which touches me so much in Burns's Lass of Inverness. It contains no new images of heroic fortitude, or pathetic suffering or despair.

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THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:

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What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter-night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of wo;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful curse! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood;
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

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Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat,
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

Smollett was a Jacobite, but it required little party spirit to inspire a song which gives a moving picture of domestic desolation and human sorrow. The Duke of Cumberland nearly fulfilled the prediction ascribed to Alexander Peden; "The day will come, when men may ride an hundred miles in Scotland, nor see a reeking house, nor hear a crowing cock!"—This moving song was made on the ravages of the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746. The eastern Cameronians, during the rebellion of 1715, acted a curious but characteristic part. They armed and advanced upon Dumfries, but seemed uncertain whether they would fight for the "man who sought the temporal crown, or the man who wore it." They refused to acknowledge any king but Jesus, or to mingle with any people who were not covenanted—they prayed, preached, disputed, and dispersed.

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THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

When I left thee, bonny Scotland,
  O fair wert thou to see!
And blithe as a bonny bride i' the morn,
  When she maun wedded be.
When I came back to thee, Scotland,
  Upon a May-morn fair,
A bonny lass sat at our town end,
  A kaming her yellow hair.

Oh hey! oh hey! sung the bonny lass,
  Oh hey, and wae is me!
There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
  As een did never see.
Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld!
  Oh hey, for my mither dear!
And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
  Wha left me lanesome here.

I hadna gane in my ain Scotland
  Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o' my ain father
  Borne up the gate to me.
A traitor's head! and, A traitor's head!
  Loud bawl'd a bloody loon;
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
  And strack the reaver down.

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I hied me hame to my father's ha',
  My dear auld mither to see;
But she lay 'mang the black eizels,
  Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
  Had I the reaver here,
I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
  And gie't to his love to wear.

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
  But twa short miles and three,
Till up came a captain o' the whigs,
  Says, Traitor, bide ye me!
I grippet him by the belt sae braid,
  It bursted i' my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
  And drew my burly brand.

Shaw mercy on me! quo' the loon,
  And low he knelt on knee;
And by his thigh was my father's glaive
  Which gude King Bruce did gi'e;
And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
  Which my mither's hands did weave—
My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
  And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
  When a' folk are asleep;

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And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
An hour or twa to weep.
O, fatherless and mitherless,
Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through my dear Scotland,
And bide a traitor's name.

This song is copied from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, where it first appeared; it has since found its way into many collections. Mr. Hogg admitted it into the Jacobite Relics, accompanied by such praise of the author as I would rather allude to than quote. It would be uncandid to say such praise is unwelcome; for the praise of a man of original genius will always be considered by the world as an acceptable thing, and I am willing to acknowledge its value. The song contains no imaginary picture of Jacobite suffering: tradition still tells a similar tale of a Galloway gentleman, and points out the banks of the water of Dee as the scene of his single combat with the spoiler of his house.

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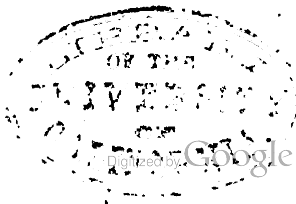
LEWIE GORDON.

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I darena name!
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.
  Ohon, my highlandman!
  O my bonny highlandman!
  Weel wad I my true love ken
  Amang ten thousand highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!

The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star—
You'd take him for the god of war.

O to see this princely one
Seated on his father's throne!
Disasters a' wad disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
  Ohon, my highlandman!
  O my bonny highlandman!
  Weel wad I my true love ken
  Amang ten thousand highlandmen.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This is a very popular song, and is imagined to be written by Mr. Geddes, priest at Shenval in the Enzie, on Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Duke of Gordon, who raised a rebel regiment in 1745, defeated the Macleods and took possession of Perth. He escaped from the field of Culloden, was attainted by Parliament in 1746, and died at Montreuil in France, in the year 1754. "The lad I darena name" was Prince Charles Stuart.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and its hame, hame fain would I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan-water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and its hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countree.

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It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
There's nought now from ruin my country can save
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.

This song is noticed in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel," and part of it is sung by Richie Moniplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish Jacobite exile. The old song of the same name had a similar chorus, and one good verse. Against the British fleet, which was then—and may it ever continue!—master of the sea, the poet prayed for very effectual aid:—

May the ocean stop and stand, like walls on every side,
That our gallant chiefs may pass, wi' heaven for their guide!—
Dry up the Forth and Tweed, as thou didst the Red Sea,
When the Israelites did pass to their ain countree.

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ROYAL CHARLIE.

The wind comes frae the land I love,
It moves the gray flood rarely ;—
Look for the lily on the lea,
And look for royal Charlie.
Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
And smite fu' sharp and sairly ;
And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;—
O yonder comes his gallant ship—
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie !
Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
Wi' banners flaunting fairly ;
But should it meet your darling prince,
'Twill feast the fish wi' Charlie.

Wide rustled she her silks in pride,
And waved her white hand lordlie—
And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
And answered high and proudlie.
I had three sons, and a good lord,
Wha sold their lives fu' dearlie—
And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
For love of gallant Charlie.

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It wad hae made a hale heart sair
  To see our horsemen flying;—
And my three bairns, and my good lord,
  Amang the dead and dying:
I snatched a banner—led them back—
  The white rose flourish'd rarely:—
The deed I did for royal James
  I'd do again for Charlie.

Most of our Scottish ladies were vehement Jacobites, and Duncan Forbes found that men's swords did less for the cause of Prince Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen. Like Mause Headrigg they cried out, "Testify with your hands as we testify with our tongues, and they will never be able to harl the blessed youth into captivity." The gentlemen had the fear of forfeiture and the headsman's axe upon them; but the ladies saw in imagination the splendour of ancient royalty returning to Scotland, and had visions promising themselves an increase of importance and glory. This song comes from the lips of one of those resolute heroines—probably a lady of the family of Mar. The noble name of Erskine has lately been restored to its honours—an act of tardy but generous clemency.

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O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
  Come boat me o'er to Charlie!
I'll gi'e John Brown another halfcrown
  To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
  We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
  And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
  Though some there be abhor him;
I'd sing to see auld Nick gaun hame
  Wi' Charlie's fees afore him.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
  We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
The mirkest night will draw to light,
  There's sunshine yet for Charlie.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
  And sun that shines sae clearlie,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
  I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
  We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
This sword that shone at Bannockburn
  Shall shine again for Charlie.

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This is one of the many lyric effusions with which the adherents of the house of Stuart sought to preserve the national love for their ancient line of Princes. It is however somewhat amended by Burns, and some sense has been infused into the chorus. In Hogg's "Jacobite Relics" another verse is added, which takes the song from the lips of a soldier and gives it to those of a lady. I think the general feeling is in favour of the former; though we have President Forbes's testimony to the violent love of the ladies for the exiled princes, and the assurance of Ray that they would listen to no manner of reason, but were Jacobites one and all. I have retained the original version.

LASSIE, LIE NEAR ME.

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

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Frae dread Culloden's field,
Bloody and dreary,
Mourning my country's fate,
Lanely and weary;
Weary, weary,
Lanely and weary;
Become a sad banish'd wight,
Far frae my dearie.

Loud, loud the wind did roar,
Stormy and eerie,
Far frae my native shore,
Far frae my dearie.
Near me, near me,
Dangers stood near me;
Now I've escap'd them a',
Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I ha'e endur'd,
Lassie, my dearie,
Here in thine arms is cur'd—
Lassie, lie near me.
Near me, near me,
Lassie, lie near me;
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
Lassie, lie near me.

The original of this very pretty song was purely domestic—an infusion of Jacobite feeling seems not to

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have injured either its tenderness or its simplicity. We have, however, many varieties of the song. Some fastidious persons, who believe that a man never addresses his wife by any familiar name, have substituted "Wifie, lie near me;" others, again, supposed they had amended the imaginary indecorum by singing "Laddie, lie near me." If I am called on to confess my own belief in this matter, I must say that men both of the north and south are in the practice of bestowing familiar and endearing names on their wives, and that I see in the hero and heroine of this song a wedded pair, who, separated by misfortune, had met again in mutual and overflowing joy.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

Hersell pe highland shentleman,
  Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen,
  Amang the lawland whig, man.
First when her to te lawlands came,
  Nainsell was droving cows, man,
There was nae laws about hims nerse,
  About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
  The plaid pricked on her shouder;
De gude claymore hung py her pelt,
  Her pistol charged with powder.

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But curse upon these Saxon preeks,
  In which her limbs are lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
  For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in the highlands now
  Pe turned to alteration;
Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,
  And tats a great vexation.
Scotland pe turned a Hingland now,
  The laws pring in de cadger;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
  But oh, she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
  Me never saw te like, man;
They make a lang road on te ground,
  And ca' him Turnimspike, man:
And wow she pe a ponny road,
  Like Loudon corn riggs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
  And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
  In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
  And they gi'e me a paper.
They take the horse then py te head,
  And there they make him stand, man;
She tells them she had seen the day
  They had nae sic command, man.

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Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
And pay him what him like, man;
She'll see a shudgement on his door,
That filthy turnimspike, man.
But I'll away to te highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near the turnimspike,
Save when she comes to purn her.

The humour of this lowland ditty lies not altogether in the comic style of the highlander: there is considerable naïveté in his complaint against the innovation of good roads and turnpike-gates, and still more in his wrath against that injurious and insulting but ludicrous act of Parliament which imprisoned him in lowland breeches. I am no admirer of songs which seek to excite laughter by the imperfections of language; and I shall insert no more of those ditties which show up a highlander floundering along in the mysterious humour of broken English.

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ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelltown banks are bonnie,
  Where early fa's the dew;
Where I and Annie Laurie
  Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
  And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backet like a peacock,
  She's breasted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
  Her waist you weel may span:
Her waist you weel may span,
  And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay down my head and die.

I found this song in the little "Ballad Book," collected and edited by a gentleman to whom Scottish literature is largely indebted—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam. It is accompanied by the following notice:—"Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of the Maxwelton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and

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four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed the following verses under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch." I have only to add, that I am glad such a song finds a local habitation in my native place.

GIN LIVING WORTH COULD WIN MY HEART.

Gin living worth could win my heart,
Ye shou'dna sigh in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his
Whose heart was only mine;
And what a heart was that to lose!
But I maun not repine.

Yet oh! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave!

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And see his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way;
Surpriz'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear;
And oh! wi' what good will,
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possest,
Her waefu' heart forgat to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

I lament my inability to name the author of this sweet song. It has been some six-and-thirty years before the public; and if it be written with an English pen, it is written with a Scottish spirit. Johnson's Musical Museum became its first sanctuary, and it soon won its way to public favour. It is seldom indeed that songs of this touching and simple kind become public favourites. The stream of sorrow which glides along so smooth and so deep fails to glitter and attract as it flows.

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I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE.

I lo'e nae a laddie but ane,
  He lo'es nae a lassie but me;
He's willing to make me his ain,
  And his ain I am willing to be.
He coft me a rokelay of blue,
  A pair of mittens of green—
The price was a kiss of my mou,
  And I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay making a phrase,
  That I'm rather young to be wed;
But lang ere she counted my days,
  O' me she was brought to bed.
Sae mother just settle yere tongue,
  And dinna be flyting sae bauld,
We can weel do the thing when we're young,
  That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Some person informed Burns, that "I lo'e nae a laddie but ane" was written by "Mr. Clunie"—whoever wrote it, wrote a capital song. I have seen it printed with the addition of four new verses, the work seemingly of a very inferior pen, and to which the name of Macneill was added. Macneill, indeed, could bring the lyric ease of language necessary for the attempt, but

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he could not bring the peculiar life and naïveté of the original words. The last four lines of the first verse are in the most lucky spirit of true love and innocence, and the argument by which she subdues her mother is unanswerable. I wish I could be sure of the name of the author: though Mr. Clunie is mentioned by Burns, I am not satisfied of his authorship; the poet was no anxious inquirer, and the song is printed in Ritson with the initials "I. D." attached to it.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
  And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
  Nor think o' Donald mair.
O wha wad buy a silken gown,
  Wi' a poor broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller crown
  Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
  Far dearest is to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
  I'll lay me down and die:

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For I have vowed a virgin's vow,
My lover's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
And did I wish to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me—
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.

This is not an old song; yet its sweetness and beauty and popularity have not induced the author to claim it. It made its first appearance about six-and-thirty years ago, and has maintained a place among the national songs, after submitting to a few unimportant emendations. The name of the lover was Donald at first—and so let it remain: but like Sandy in our lowland songs, it personates a people rather than an individual, and all such names should be avoided in either tender or pathetic poetry.

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LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Logie of Buchan, it's Logie the laird,
He's ta'en awa' Jamie wha delved in the yard,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma'—
He has ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

Keep up yere heart, lassie, though I'm gaun awa'—
O think na lang, lassie, when I'm far awa';
For summer will come when cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see you in spite o' them a'!

Though Sandie has horses and houses and land,
And Jamie has nought but his heart and his hand,
Yet his look is my life, and his wish is my law;—
They have ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

My daddie looks sadly, my mother looks sour;—
They mock me wi' Jamie, because he is poor:
But true love's too strong for weak duty to awe—
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

I sit in the sunshine and spin on my wheel,
And think on the laddie who loves me sae weel;
And I think till my heart's fit to start into twa—
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

Popular belief assigns this song to Lady Ann Lindsay; and it is every way worthy of the accomplished au-

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thoress of "Auld Robin Gray." Many liberties have been taken with the words: there are few songs which have undergone more changes within these forty years. The present version differs from all that precede it; and it seems to me to have increased in sweetness and simplicity. The story of the song is very simple, and is generally felt, because it is true.—Some forty years ago, in the north country, oppressors like "Logie the laird" were not wanting, to dispose of the surplus youth of the district to the army or the plantations; and many moving stories might be told of such acts of tyranny and injustice.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come:
When the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
O our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their force, to alter our laws.

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No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
Ev'n Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their strength fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove
kind.

Sir Harry Erskine of Torry wrote this song, and the fine air has combined with national vanity to give greater popularity to the words than they seem to merit. There is a good deal of animation and some pedantry—a great

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love of country and a moderate love of truth, and an enthusiasm which carries patriotism into bombast. I wish his praise of our valour had been more modest, and his account of our exploits more discreet. It was printed by David Herd in 1769, and the music was added by General Reid. More natural strains and more accurate praise have succeeded in rendering this far-famed song less a favourite than heretofore.

THE SMILING PLAINS, PROFUSELY GAY.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are drest in all the pride of May;
The birds, on every spray above,
To rapture wake the vocal grove;
But, ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me;
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms; for thou alone
Canst all my absence past atone.
O come! and to my bleeding heart
The sovereign balm of love impart;

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Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring.

To William Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," we owe this song, if we can imagine we have incurred a debt of obligation or praise by such a hasty and imperfect production. It contains nothing either peculiar or national—its love is general, and its description diffuse. I could not refuse place to a brief effusion of an unfortunate son of song; and the pleasure which his fine poem of "The Shipwreck" has given me would have secured insertion to less captivating verse. The new scenes which that pathetic poem opened, and the perfect enchantment which the whole narrative threw over me, were such as I can never forget. The truth and nature of his story—the singular mixture of ancient glory with present sufferings—the labours of the mariners—the augmenting fury of the devouring element, and the final catastrophe, form altogether a tale which one cannot well escape from without reading; and when once read, it possesses and haunts one. In December 1769 he sailed for India in the Aurora frigate, in the 39th year of his age: the ship was never more heard of after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, and the poet perished with her. He was a native of Edinburgh.

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HARK YON SWEET BIRD.

Hark yon sweet bird that lonely wails,
His faithful bosom grief assails:
Last night I heard him in a dream,
When death and woe were all the theme.
Like that poor bird, I make my moan—
I grieve for one that's dead and gone:
With him, to gloomy woods I'll fly—
He wails for love, and so do I!

'Twas love that tamed his tender breast—
'Tis grief that robs him of his rest;
He droops his wings and hangs his head,
Since she he fondly loved is dead!
With my love's breath my joy is gone—
With my love's smiles my peace is flown;
Like that poor bird I pine, and prove
Nought can supply the place of love!

He hangs his feathers since that fate
Deprived him of his darling mate;
Dimmed is the brightness of his eye;
His song is now a short sad cry;
No more the hills and woods among
He'll cheer us with his charming song;

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His sorrows, hapless bird, display
An image of my soul's dismay!

Dr. Fordyce, the author of this song, perished at sea in the year 1755. It was long known under the name of "The Black Eagle," and the song commenced thus:

"Hark! yonder eagle lonely calls."

But it has been felt, and felt justly, that a ravenous bird of prey formed a strange and unnatural image of the woes of the hero of the song; and the eagle has been displaced by a softer bird, the naming of which is left to the reader's fancy. The Delia of the original song has also been dethroned; but as no Scottish family can be supposed to suffer by the removal, and as the name injures rather than assists the pathos of the story, it can be spared without pain.

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THEY SAY THAT JOCK WILL SPEED WEEL O'T.

They say that Jock will speed weel o't,
They say that Jock will speed weel o't;
For he grows brawer ilka day—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.
'Twas yesternight, nae farther gane,
The back house at the side-wall o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirding seen—
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An' we had but a bridal o't,
An' we had but a bridal o't,—
We'll leave what follows to gude luck,
Although there should betide ill o't.
O bridal-days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't;
The bards lilt up their merry rhymes,
And pipers like the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't;
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o't.

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The bottom of the kist is then
  Turn'd up unto the inmost o't;
The end that held the claes sae clean
  Is now become the toomest o't.

The barnman at the threshing o't,
  The barnman at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
  And ilka day is clashing o't.
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
  His bonnet for anither o't;
And ere he want to clear his shot,
  His sark shall pay the tither o't.

When they have done wi' eating o't,
  When they have done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
  And aiblins to the beating o't.
He dances best that dances fast,
  And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
  And furls about the feezings o't.

This rough provincial strain was written by Alexander Ross, author of the "Fortunate Shepherdess." It brought no increase to his reputation: the festivities of a rustic bridal had been chanted before him by livelier spirits, and, like other imitators, he has failed in equalling his prototypes. The "Blythesome Bridal" could not be

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surpassed in its kind: Ross had little to add, and he could not excel. There is some truth and life in the closing verse. To clap the hands in the dance, in the manner described, is a common feat of rustic activity; but the continual ducking of the head is ungraceful, and the din of the hands more clamorous than agreeable. A battle was formerly, and indeed lately, no uncommon termination to religious as well as festive meetings. A devout lowlander once informed me that in his youth he attended a highland kirk, to which the pastor regularly went with an excellent staff of root-grown oak, to arbitrate between his quarrelsome parishioners, who, after sermon, amused themselves with fighting in the kirk-yard.

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Coming through the crags o' Kyle,
  Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
  Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
O'er the moor amang the heather,
  O'er the moor amang the heather;
There I met a bonnie lassie,
  Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

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Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,—
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether?
She says, I tend the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather:
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther;
And aye the burden of the sang
Was, O'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony other:—
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather!

O'er the moor amang the heather,
Down amang the blooming heather,—
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather!

A singular story is told about the origin of this very beautiful song.—Burns says, "Coming through the Crags o' Kyle" is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore but a thief, and in one or

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other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard." There are older, and there are newer verses on this subject, but Jean Glover has surpassed them far in gaiety, and life, and ease. Her song became popular about the year 1790, and is likely to continue a favourite.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

For the sake of gold she has left me-o;
And of all that's dear she's bereft me-o;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless wo she has left me-o.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part;
For glittering show she has left me-o.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me-o.

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Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she has ever left me-o!

To the inconstancy of Miss Jean Drummond, of Megginch, we are indebted for this popular song. It is seldom that woman's fickleness produces so much pleasure. Dr. Austin, a physician in Edinburgh, had wooed and won this young lady, when her charms captivated the Duke of Athol; and the doctor was compelled to console himself with song when his bride became a duchess. One naturally inquires the cause of such inconstancy; and it would appear that her lover was right when he sung,

For the sake of gold she has left me-o.

The noble admirer for whose love she was faithless was a man somewhat advanced in life—a widow had won him before, and borne him a family—and he had only wealth and rank to oppose to youth and to talent. On the death of his grace the duchess married Lord Adam Gordon, and Providence indulged her with a long life, that she might reflect and repent.

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CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
  My bonnie dearie.

As I gade down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
  An' he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
  The moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon to thy white feet;
And in my arms yese lie and sleep,
  And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
Ise gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
  And I shall be your dearie.

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While water wimples to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie.

The song is partly old and partly new; what is old is very old, what is new was written by a gentleman of the name of Pagan. The last verse is very sweet and sincere. To render the song more consistent I have omitted one verse, in which the heroine is made to express her apprehensions of a moonlight walk by the river side, though she had been before on the banks of the same stream, and "rowed sweetly" in her shepherd's plaid. It is a very pleasant pastoral, and was once very popular. Its truth can be felt by all who have led out their flocks to pasture by the green braes, on the heathy hills, and by the running streams. Burns says, "this song is in the true old Scottish taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were ever in print before." It has a border sound; and the line,

Ise gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,

is Annandale or Eskdale, and, I believe, good Yarrow.

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TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
  For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
  To drop their whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
  In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
  And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

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There needs na be sae great a phraize,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna' gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!

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May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties a great store o' em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
  That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul
  And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And honest souls abhor him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
  The reel of Tullochgorum!

The Reverend John Skinner wrote this song; and Burns speaks of it with a rapture which I hope was real, for I would rather suppose that his judgment was for once infirm, than imagine him insincere. His words are—and they are exceedingly characteristic—

"Accept in plain dull prose my most sincere thanks for the best poetical compliment I ever received. I assure you, Sir, as a poet, you have conjured up an airy

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demon of vanity in my fancy which the best abilities in your other capacity will be ill able to lay. I regret—and while I live shall regret—that when I was north I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw, "Tullochgorum's my delight." The world may think slightly of the craft of song-making, if they please; but as Job says, 'O that mine adversary had written a book!' Let them try."

Tullochgorum is indeed a lively clever song, but I would never have edited this collection had I thought with Burns, that it is the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw. I may say with the king in my favourite ballad,

> I trust I have within my realm
> Five hundred good as he.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

> When I upon thy bosom lean,
> And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
> I glory in the sacred ties
> That made us ane, wha ance were twain.
> A mutual flame inspires us baith,
> The tender look, the melting kiss:
> Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love,
> But only gie us change o' bliss.

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Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
  I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass so smooth away,
  That numbers on us look and gaze:
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
  Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And ay when weary cares arise,
  Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
  And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
  And beg her not to drop a tear:
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
  United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
  That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

The great and merited success of Burns inspired many of the rustics of Scotland with a belief, that as they equalled him in condition and in education, they also equalled him in genius. Volume followed volume, and it was long before the contempt or the neglect of mankind succeeded in silencing their idle strains. Among them came forward John Lapraik, portioner of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, the correspondent of Burns, and to whom the youthful poet, ambitious of distinction, had addressed several of his most exquisite poetic epistles. But of all the verses with which Lapraik courted public notice, time has left us nothing, save

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the present song. It obtained the early admiration of Burns; and had it wanted such patronage, the poetical compliment which he paid it would have secured it from forgetfulness.

Lapraik, in a moment when he forgot whether he was rich or poor, became security for some persons concerned in a ruinous speculation called the Ayr Bank, and was compelled to sell his little estate on which his name had been sheltered for many centuries. His securities were larger than the produce of his ground covered, and he found his way into the jail of Ayr when he was sixty years old. In this uncomfortable abode, his son told me, he composed this song: it is reconcilable with the account which he gave to Burns, that he made it one day when his wife had been mourning over their misfortunes.

MY GODDESS, WOMAN.

Of mighty Nature's handy-works,
  The common or uncommon,
There's nought through a' her limits wide
  Can be compared to woman.
The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,
  From dawing to the gloamin;
The farmer's cares, the merchant's toils,
  Are a' to please thee, woman.

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The sailor spreads the daring sail,
Through billows chafed and foaming,
For gems and gold, and jewels rare,
To please thee, lovely woman.
The soldier fights o'er crimson'd fields,
In distant climates roaming;
But lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
Before thee, conquering woman.

The monarch leaves his golden throne,
With other men in common,
And lays aside his crown, and kneels
A subject to thee, woman.
Though all were mine e'er man possess'd,
Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,
What would earth be, frae east to west,
Without my goddess, woman?

This very clever song has failed to find public favour: the ladies, on whom it lavishes such praise, have treated it with coldness and neglect. It first appeared in Johnson's Musical Museum: the author's name is John Learmont, and he was a gardener at Dalkeith. He was one of those lesser spirits whom the success of Burns called into the world for a little space. He seems to have had some of the right stuff about him for a lyric poet. This song is very happily imagined, but the execution is unequal.

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THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows which from wedlock flow:
Farewell sweet hours of mirth and ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
Woe has not had you in its thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which makes you sing along the road.

Stay Solway's tide, rule Criffel's wind,
Turn night to day, and cure the blind;
Make apples grow on alder trees,
But never hope a wife to please.

Whate'er you love she'll mock and scorn,
Weep when you sing, sing when you mourn;
Her nimble tongue and fearless hand
Are ensigns of her high command.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
That men alone were born to reign.

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Great Hercules and Sampson too
Were stronger far than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

This clever song was written by Miss Jenny Grahame of Dumfries, a maiden lady of lively wit, fascinating manners, and in her youth one of the most accomplished dancers in the district. She composed many other verses, but the present song alone escaped from her hand into popularity. In the Orlando Furioso of Sir John Harrington we meet with the proverbial line,

The black oxe has not trod on their toe;

and in the north of England it still continues to be applied in the manner of the song.

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THE MILLER.

O merry may the maid be
  Who marries wi' the miller,
For foul day or fair day
  He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his pouch,
  Has something het for supper,
Wi' beef and pease, and melting cheese,
  An' lumps o' yellow butter.

Behind the door stand bags o' meal,
  And in the ark is plenty;
And good hard cakes his mither bakes,
  And mony a sweeter dainty.
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,
  Are standing in the byre;
Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mou,
  Is playing round the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
  And bids me take the miller;
A miller's wife's a merry wife,
  And he's ay bringing till her.
For meal or maut she'll never want
  Till wood and water's scanty;
As lang as cocks and cackling hens,
  She'll ay hae eggs in plenty.

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In winter time, when wind and sleet
  Shake ha-house, barn, and byre,
He sits aside a clean hearth stane,
  Before a rousing fire;
O'er foaming ale he tells his tale;
  And ay to show he's happy,
He claps his weans, and dawtes his wife
  Wi' kisses warm and sappy.

The Miller was written by Sir John Clerk of Pennycuick, and first made its appearance in Yair's Charmer, in the year 1751. The commencing lines form part of a more ancient song, into the peculiar tact of which the poet has entered with much truth and felicity. The present copy varies from other versions; it has spared a verse from the narrative which the story seemed not to want, and where it departs from the earlier copies it departs for the sake of nature and truth. On the whole, it presents a very pleasing picture of rustic enjoyment.

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NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

I chanced to meet an airy blade,
  A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,
Wi' cock'd up hat and powder'd wig,
  Black coat, and cuffs fu' clear, laddie.
A lang cravat at him did wag,
  And buckles at his knee, laddie;
Says he, my heart, by Cupid's dart,
  Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;
  So cease and let me be, laddie:
For what? says he; Good troth, said I,
  No dominies for me, laddie.
Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
  For lady's conjunct-fee, laddie;
When books and gowns are a' cried down,
  No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
  Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie;
If I be spared I'll be a laird,
  And thou's be madam call'd, lassie.
But what if ye should chance to die,
  Leave bairnies, ane or twa, laddie?
Naething wad be reserved for them
  But hair-moul'd books to gnaw, laddie.

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At this he angry was, I wat,
He gloom'd and look'd fu' hie, laddie:
When I perceived this, in haste
I left my dominie, laddie.
Fare ye well, my charming maid;
This lesson learn of me, lassie,
At the next offer hold him fast,
That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chanced to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie;
And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie:
Fools on ceremonies stand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
Where we exchanged a word, laddie:
We had nae use for black gowns there,
We married o'er the sword, laddie.
Martial music's far more fine
Than ony sermon bell, laddie;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie;

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While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and sackcloth gowns, laddie.
Away wi' a' these whining loons!
They look like, Let me be, laddie:
I've more delight in roaring guns—
No dominies for me, laddie.

This song was written by the Reverend Nathaniel Mackay of Crossmichael, in Galloway; and it is alleged that he was himself the slighted dominie whom he has so felicitously ridiculed; for he had paid his addresses, in early life, to a fair but scornful lady, who considered herself far above the rank and pretensions of a "new-made pulpiteer," and finally yielded to the assiduities of an admirer who sported a gaudier livery, and pursued a more attractive and romantic vocation.

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

The bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green.
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

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My shape, she says, was handsome,
  My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
  And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
  Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
  And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely,
  My shape they said was neat;
But now I am quite changed,
  My stays they winna meet.
A' night I sleeped soundly,
  My mind was never sad;
But now my rest is broken,
  Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
  Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
  And has forsaken me!
No other love I suffer'd
  Within my breast to dwell;
In nought I have offended
  But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
  As by he chanced to pass;

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And press'd unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass.
My dear, he said, cease grieving;
Since that your love's so true,
My bonnie brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you.

James Tytler, the author of this popular song, was a clever and very eccentric character—a printer, a publisher, a poet, a compiler, a projector, a wild democrat, and a maker of balloons. His labours were many and unproductive. He was familiar with all the varieties of evil fortune, and experienced by turns the misery of a poet, a publisher, and a drudge to literary speculators. This person exhibited a sad image of daily dependence for bread on the pen. With leaky shoes, a hat without the crown, neighbourless kneebuckless, clothes ragged and stained with poet's and with printer's ink, and animated by whisky, he has been seen gliding from house to house at the twilight, as much from dread of encountering a creditor, as from shame of his wretchedness. At last he entered deeply into the wild schemes of our revolutionary fanatics, and was obliged to seek refuge in America, where he died in the fifty-eighth year of his age. This song, to which alone of all his works he owes the notice of his name, originated in an ancient lyric of the same title, which is not quite ladies' reading.

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ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

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O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

This song is attributed to a youth of the name of Richard Hewit, sometime amanuensis and companion to Dr. Blacklock. During the period of the blind poet's residence in Cumberland, Hewit led him about; and, on quitting his service, addressed some verses to his friend, in which he alludes to the narrative ballads and songs with which the country people cheer their fire-sides, and of which he was himself a faithful rehearser. Of the author I am sorry I can give no further account. The old ballads which he loved to repeat have sunk into oblivion with him, unless some of them had the good fortune to meet the eye of Sir Walter Scott.

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FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
  Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa',
  Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
  Nor shrink before the warping wind?
O can that saft and gentlest mien
  Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
  Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains befall,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

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And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

This very natural and charming song has been welcomed in Scotland as one of its own productions; and indeed in language and feeling it is quite northern. The imitation of the songs of Caledonia is as happy as any of the Bishop of Dromore's English productions. As a compensation to our southern friends for admitting this lyric among those of the north, I shall exclude many Anglo-Scottish productions which for some time have mingled with ours. No English poet has caught up the language and the character of our national songs with such happiness and skill as Percy; and I believe no poet and critic has rendered such essential benefit to the literature of the island. The publication of the Reliques of English Poetry recalled the taste of the country to the simple and the natural, and exposed the poverty of the cold and glittering style which came, with other fashions, from abroad.

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THE LEA RIG.

Will ye gang o'er the lea rig,
  My ain kind dearie-o;
And cuddle there fu' kindly
  Wi' me, my kind dearie-o?
At thorny bush, or birken tree,
  We'll daff, and never weary-o;
They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me,
  My ain kind dearie-o.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there
  Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
But laverocks whistling in the air
  Shall woo, like me, their dearie-o.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
  And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
  Wi' thee, my kind dearie-o.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,
  Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie-o;
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
  When absent frae my dearie-o:
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
  In ev'ning fair and clearie-o,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
  Whan wi' my kind dearie-o.

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Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
  Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie-o,
Among the bonnie greensward howes,
  Wi' thee, my kind dearie-o.
I've courted till I've heard the craw
  Of honest Chanticleerie-o,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
  Whan wi' my kind dearie-o.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
  And I were ne'er sae weary-o,
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
  My ain kind dearie-o.
While in this weary warld of wae,
  This wilderness sae drearie-o,
What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae?
  'Tis thee, my kind dearie-o.

The first two verses of this song were written by the unfortunate Robert Ferguson, a poet of fine genius and irregular life, whose works bear promise of expanding powers, and a more exalted and consistent song. The first time I ever saw his poems, their perusal was accompanied by an anecdote of the author too characteristic not to be true. "He was a strange lad," said my friend, "and as wild as a poet ought to be. One day, in Dumfries, I saw a pale young man in an odd cap and a flannel jacket, staring at the crowds, who were staring at him. Some said he was mad, some said he was winning a wager, and some said he was a poet.—

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This last conjecture was right;—it was Robert Ferguson, who, from some idle vaunt, or for some foolish wager, undertook to walk from Edinburgh to Dumfries in that strange dress, and performed his undertaking." The three additional verses are written by Mr. William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow. They are executed much in the feeling and manner of the original song.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

I am a young bachelor winsome,
  A farmer by rank and degree,
And few I see gang out more handsome
  To kirk or to market than me.
I've outsight and insight, and credit,
  And frae onie eelist I'm free;
I'm weel enough boarded and bedded,—
  What ails the lasses at me?

My bughts of good store are na scanty,
  My byres are weel stock'd wi' kye;
Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,
  And twa or three easements forby.
A horse to ride out when they're weary,
  And cock wi' the best they can see;
And then be ca't dautie and deary,—
  I wonder what ails them at me.

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I've tried them, baith highland and lowland,
Where I a fair bargain could see;
The black and the brown were unwilling,
The fair anes were warst o' the three.
With jooks and wi' scrapes I've addressed them,
Been with them baith modest and free;
But whatever way I caressed them,
They were cross and were canker'd wi' me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cranshanks,
And a' the wandoghts that I ken,
Nae sooner they smile on the lasses,
Than they are ta'en far enough ben.
But when I speak to them that's stately,
I find them aye ta'en wi' the gee,
And get the denial fu' flatly;—
What think ye can ail them at me?

I have a gude offer to make them,
If they would but hearken to me;
And that is, I'm willing to take them,
Gin they wad be honest and free.
Let her wha likes best write a billet,
And send the sweet message to me;
By sun and by moon, I'll fulfil it,
Though crooked or crippled she be!

To the poet's challenge a very long and a very dull answer was written, and signed "Jeanie Gradden," which follows the song in many collections. I have

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denuded the present lyric of two verses, and still it is long enough. The author, Alexander Ross, had not learned the art of being brief;—he continued to sing while there was any hope of a listener. Burns calls him "Ross, the wild warlock," but there is little witchery in his verse;—it is humble, and homely, and accurate.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.—
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.'

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;

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And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-sattin gown;
And rin an' tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

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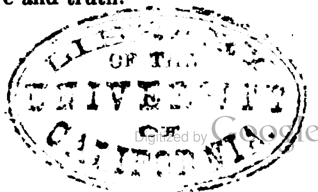
The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head,
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!

Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

This is one of the finest domestic songs in the language—full of kind thoughts, female joy, and felicitous expressions. What can equal the flutter of delight into which the heroine is thrown by the approach of her husband! The many and the hurried commands which she gives to her maidens to trim the house and prepare the children, her own wish to appear before him in her best attire, with her hose of pearl blue, and the breathless rapture with which she asserts—

His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair,

all stamp the verse with nature and truth.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For a while the song had no author's name; at last, it passed for the production of an enthusiastic old woman of the west of Scotland, called Jean Adam, who kept a school and wrote verses, and claimed this song as her own composition. It happened, however, during the period that Mr. Cromek was editing his collection of Scottish Songs, that Dr. Sim discovered among the manuscripts of Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, an imperfect, altered, and corrected copy of the song, with all the marks of authorship about it. The changes which the poet had made were many and curious, and were conclusive of his claim to the honour of the song: his widow added decisive testimony to this, and said that her husband wrote her a copy—said it was his own, and explained the Scottish words. Mickle, too, was a maker of songs in the manner of our early lyrics, and his genius supports his title to this truly Scottish song. But I have not sought to deprive the old schoolmistress of the honour of the song, without feeling some conscientious qualms. Many lyric poets have taken pleasure in secretly ekeing out the ancient songs of their country; and, after all, Mickle may have done no more for this than improve the language, and new-model the narrative.

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MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
 Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow e'e:—
O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

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O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

This beautiful and pathetic song is all that connects the name of John Lowe with the national poetry of Scotland. It embodies in touching verse the fate of a youth of the name of Miller, who was beloved by Mary Macghie, of Airds in Galloway; and in calling in the aid of romantic superstition, I have heard that it only abides by the story; for by dream or vision her lover's fate was said to have been first revealed to her. I have never seen any more of Lowe's poetry which merits remembrance. Since the first appearance of the song, which was soon after the year 1770, it has received, I know not from what hand, two very judicious amendments.—It originally commenced thus:

Pale Cynthia just had reached the hill,

which was well exchanged for—

The moon had climbed the highest hill.

The fifth and sixth lines, at the same time, by an ex-

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cellent emendation, let us at once into the stream of this affecting story.—They once ran thus:

When Mary laid her down to sleep,
  And scarcely yet had closed her e'e.

The alteration, it will be observed, engrafts a superstitious influence on the story, and gives it an equal hold on the imagination and the heart. Lowe wrote another song, called "Pompey's Ghost," which Burns inquired after when he was seeking songs for Johnson. The Scottish Muse lent her aid reluctantly to a classic subject, and "Pompey's Ghost" is but a wreath of mist compared to the spirit of Sandie.

MARY'S DREAM.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill,
  Where eagles big aboon the Dee;
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
  Brought joy to every body's e'e:
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;
A voice dropt softly in her ear,
  Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!

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She lifted up her wondering een
  To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw young Sandie stand,
  A shadowy form, wi' hollow e'e!
O Mary dear, lament nae mair,
  I'm in death-thraws below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
  Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

The wind slept when we left the bay,
  But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep:
  Wha strave wi' him but strave in vain?
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
  Tho' laith I was to gang but thee;
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
  Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

Tak aff the bride sheets frae thy bed,
  Which thou hast faulded down for me:
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
  I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing
  To mark the morning lift his e'e,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
  Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!

This variation of Lowe's beautiful lyric is copied from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, where it was accompanied by remarks on its claims

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to notice as a Scottish version and variety of the other. It has been described as an attempt to injure the fame of Lowe, as if variations of songs had now for the first time appeared in the language; and it has been also represented as dull and stupid. To seek to injure a poet's fame by publishing a variation of his song, sprinkled with the native dialect of the land, is a charge that might have been made against both Ramsay and Burns: their works abound with such lyrics. And to write a good song down by means of a duller one, reminds me of the clergyman who came to London on purpose to write down Paradise Lost. It is needless to say more: if I abstain from noticing the printed folly of one of the district authors, it is only because I wish not to revive the memory of a work which the world has so willingly and so hastily forgotten. I feel reluctance at waging war with a candidate for a pulpit—besides I have a reverence for gravity and dulness, and a sympathy for those who seem largely endowed by nature with the power of promoting the slumbers of a respectable congregation.

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CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an all'mand prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wond'rous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blithesome rogie:
I'll tak this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie:

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Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To pree their mou's ere we begin
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass
  Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
  As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sae fain
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
  Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
  And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Cauld Kale in Aberdeen has been a standing dish for the bards of that district for many years: but though numerous verses have been poured forth in its honour, none of them are excellent. Fame imputes the present song to the Duke of Gordon; and if fame is right, his grace has been free and condescending in his enjoyments: he dances on the green with much animation, and salutes

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his rustic partner with a gallantry worthy of the house of Gordon. Of the other songs, ancient and modern, few quotations will serve:—

> There's cauld kale in Aberdeen,
> And castocks in Stra'bogie,
> Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,
> But I maun hae my cogie.
> For I maun hae my cogie, lass,
> I canna want my cogie;
> I wadna gie my three-girred cog
> For a' the queans in Bogie.

This Aberdeenshire toper goes on to complain of a neighbour's wife, whose numerous children somewhat scrimped her husband in his cups, while she gave him other intelligible admonitions:

> She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
> And what they maist did laugh at,
> She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
> And tightly gowffed his haffet.

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STREPHON AND LYDIA.

All lonely on the sultry beach
Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh
To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
Or smooth the face of death!

Far distant from the mournful scene
Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring, to please.
Ill fated youth! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe, depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country, unredress'd!

The author of this touching song was William Wallace, Esq., of Cairnhall, county of Ayr: and I am sorry he has left only this very brief proof of very fine lyric powers. He has erred with others in the use of unnatural names—Strephon and Lydia give the air of fiction to a very true and mournful story. The hero and heroine were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time.

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The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the "Gentle Jean," celebrated in Mr. Hamilton of Bangour's poems. Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena, in the year 1740.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel:
Meikle luck attend the boats,
  The murlain, and the creel.
Weel may the boatie row,
  And better may it speed;
Weel may the boatie row,
  That wins the bairns' bread.

I coost my line in Largo bay,
  And fishes I catch'd nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,
  And three to bait the line.

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The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row
  That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
  And buys our porritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
  And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
  He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
  When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,
  And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was douf an' wae
  When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
  And lucky be her part;

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And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.

Burns says the author of this song "was a Mr. Ewan of Aberdeen." It is a charming display of womanly affection, mingling with the common concerns and daily avocations of humble life. We have very few of these maritime lyrics, and what we have are not excellent. The Scottish poets seem averse to go down to the sea in ships, and view the wonders of the Lord on the deep. The varied fortunes of a mariner or a fisherman—his obedience to the tide—his knowledge of wild shores—of the productions of the sea, and his laborious occupation, are all poetic. Several curious communities of fishermen belong to the Scottish coast.

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RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs thro' her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting e'e
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The laverock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk;
O where art thou, my dearie!
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie.

This sweet short song was written by Dr. Robert Couper, and published about the year 1790. The name which the author gave it was "Kinrara;" and Kinrara was the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon, to whom he dedicated two volumes of verse.

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THE DARIEN SONG.

We will go, maidens, go
  To the lonesome woods and mourn,
Where the primroses blow,
  Till our gallant lads return:
Till from Darien's sunny land
  We shall welcome back again
That young and goodly companie
  That ventured o'er the main.

We will go, lady, go
  To the lonesome wood wi' thee;
Though chill the winds should blow,
  While those weary days we dree.
Our lovers' banners proudly waved
  As they sailed o'er the faem—
Alas! when will that sweet wind blow
  Will waft our gallants hame?

O there were white hands waved,
  And many a parting hail
As their vessel stemmed the tide,
  And stretched the snowy sail:
With many a sigh and bitter tear,
  And many a parting sign,
Away they went to spread our fame
  Along the boundless brine.

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You may go, maidens, go
  Your weary days to dree,
But I shall never see you more
  Come laughing o'er the lea:
With watching will your eyes be dim,
  And meikle will you mourn,
For never will the lads you love
  From Darien's shore return.

"On the 26th of July, 1698, the whole city of Edinburgh poured down upon Leith, to see the colony depart amid the tears and prayers of relations and friends, and of their countrymen. Neighbouring nations, with a mixture of surprise and respect, saw the poorest kingdom of Europe sending forth the most gallant and most numerous colony that had ever gone from the Old to the New World."—Sir J. Dalrymple's Remains. The sordid policy of foreign powers, and the treachery of King William, united to ruin the famous Scottish colony of Darien. For nearly half a century, the cruel extinction of this young colony, and the infamous murder of the people of Glenco, were considered, in Scotland, as national grievances, of which the house of Stuart long held out the hope of redress or revenge. This beautiful song expresses very meekly the fears and feelings of the nation.

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LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch-Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms
Their fragrance sweet conveying,
I met unsought my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning,
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I press'd her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd
As fondly I caress'd her.
She said, If that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me:

But faithful, loving, true, and kind
For ever you shall find me;
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,
I cried, no more we'll tarry;
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.

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This song is supposed to be the composition of James Tytler, author of "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie." It is copied from Johnson's Musical Museum, where it stands side by side with a song on the same subject by Burns. It wants the original merit of Tytler's other fine song; but original merit is a matter of great rarity, and most of our modern songs only re-echo, in softer language and smoother numbers, the lively and graphic strains of our ancestors. In truth, many of our latter lyrics are made from the impulse of other songs, rather than from the native feelings of the heart—and lyric love and heroism are felt through the medium of verse, when they should come warm and animated from the bosom.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

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Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

The oldest English song yet published is in praise of the Cuckoo—it is very natural and very curious and very authentic:—

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Sumer is icumen in,
  Lhude sing Cuccu;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
  And springeth the wode nu;
Awe bleteth after lamb,
  Lows after calue cu,
Bulluc stertes, bucke vertes,
  Murie sing Cuccu.

Ritson imagines it at least as old as 1250, while Sir John Hawkins attributes it to the middle of the fifteenth century. The present song is the composition of the Rev. John Logan, and would do honour to any poet.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
  The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
  The music of love in our ears.
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
  With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
  Alone by the light of the moon.

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I cannot when present unfold what I feel:
  I sigh—can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
  Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove?
  Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
  Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
  My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet through mine ear,
  My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
  Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
  Alone by the light of the moon?

This very sweet and elegant song is the composition of the Rev. John Logan. The association of his love with the sweetness of the season, the voice of the nightingale, and the light of the moon, is very beautiful. The nocturnal interview, to which the heroine is invited, has had charms for the sons and daughters of men in all ages.

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THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
  When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
  When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
  Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
  Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
  To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
  To squire me to his father's towers:
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
  The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
  Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met,
  My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
  That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
  It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow!
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
  And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

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His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

The old verses of Yarrow Braes seem to have been known to Logan when he wrote this song. Though his song is very touching and tender, it fails in present-

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ing us with those striking natural images of female distress which affect us in the old and ruder strain. The story might be truth to the ancient bard, but it was fiction to Logan; and we cannot help feeling the difference.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
Said that she lo'ed me best of ony ;
But, oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?
She was a kind and cantie queen,
Weel could she dance the highland walloch ;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch !

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch !

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Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

Mr. Cromek, an anxious inquirer into all matters illustrative of northern song, ascribes Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch to Mrs. Murray of Bath; while George Thomson, and all other editors of Scottish song, impute it to Mrs. Grant of Carron. I am not aware that the authorship has been settled—and I am sorry for it; because whoever wrote it has favoured us with a very sprightly and pleasant production. The closing description of this highland enchantress is truly luscious and provoking. The hero is quite a model for all forsaken swains: he admires the person of his mistress, admits her witchery in the dance, and reminds her in the gentlest manner how she had vowed herself to him before she took honest Roy of Aldivalloch. This is much better than if he had gone "daunering about the dykes" and sung songs, long and dolorous, of woman's inconstancy.

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HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

Though distant far from Jessy's charms,
I stretch in vain my longing arms;
Though parted by the deeps of sea,
Her absence shall not alter me.
Though beauteous nymphs I see around,
A Chloris, Flora, might be found,
Or Phillis with her roving e'e;
Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
Inconstant lovers may beguile;
But to my lass I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
My mind from love no power could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun
Pursues him till his race is run;
See how the needle seeks the pole,
Nor distance can its power control:
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the pole prove true—
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me?

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Ask, who has seen the turtle-dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert her lambkin on the green?
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
To us, display their love and care?
Shall they in union sweet agree,
And shall her absence alter me?

For conq'ring love is strong as death,
Like veh'ment flames his pow'rful breath;
Through floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n through the sea's devouring deeps.
His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till I return;
My faithful Jessy then shall see
Her absence has not alter'd me.

This is a favourite song with our Scottish mariners; and their affection is very natural. The hero indeed speculates upon the inconstancy of a sailor's affection: he imagines woman to be all truth, and a mariner to be all levity. He has no suspicion that while he "is on India's burning coast" his love may forsake him; and he labours to assure the world that he is unchangeable and immutable.

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THE MINSTREL.

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-head,
  The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The Gaberlunyie tirls my sneck,
  An shiv'ring tells his waefu' tale:

Cauld is the night, O let me in,
  And dinna let your minstrel fa';
And dinna let his winding sheet
  Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety simmers hae I seen,
  And pip'd whar gorcocks whirring flew;
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
  To lilts that frae my drone I blew.

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
  Get up, gudeman, and let him in,
For weel ye ken the winter night
  Seem'd short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
  E'en though she banns and scolds a wee;
But when it's tun'd to pity's tale,
  O, haith it's doubly dear to me!

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Come ben, auld carle, I'll rouse my fire,
And make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate;
Ye shoudna stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame hae I, the minstrel said,
Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha',
And, weeping, at the eve o' life,
I wander through a wreath o' snaw.

This very touching and original song was written by Thomas Pickering of Newcastle, in 1794. The lives of poets are only so many stories of genius depressed and unrewarded, of sorrow and misfortune. Life has been usually the bitterest, and the world the rudest, to those whose song was sweetest. Of Pickering I have heard much more than I am willing to repeat: his follies were only injurious to himself; and death was a welcome boon. His song of Donochthead surpasses all his other compositions; it attracted the notice and obtained the admiration of Burns, and will probably long continue to please. It speaks of civil discord, and probably alludes to the brief and bloody struggle which took place in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart.

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WHO'S AT MY WINDOW.

O, who's at my window, now, now?
Who whispers so softly, who, who?
  I'm sleepy, I'm wearie,
  And, worse, I am eerie,
And my mother is watching below, below,
And my mother is watching below.

O go from my window, go, go;
O go from my window, love, do:
  Who loves me in the night
  Will love me in the light;
So come in the sunshine, and woo, and woo,
So come in the sunshine and woo.

Gin ye be a true love of mine,
O wave thy white hand for a sign;
  Wi' the sleet in my hair,
  I've come ten miles and mair
For a word of that sweet tongue o' thine, o' thine,
And a glance o' thy dark eye divine.

Know ye what a lover maun dree?
O come to thy window and see:
  Thou rain, in thy dashing,
  Thou fire, in thy flashing,
Thou wind, shaking turret and tree, and tree—
O speak to my fair one for me!

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O come to my chamber, love, do;
The way all with rushes I'll strew—
  A kind heart shall warm thee,
  A sweet tongue shall charm thee;
O come to my chamber, love, now, love, now,
O come to my chamber, love, do!

No one, I hope, will suppose that this song is written to supply the place of the old lyric with the same name which Wedderburn sought to supplant. Innumerable verses of this measure are scattered over the south of Scotland; but few of them are worth collecting for their poetry.

There's mirth in the barn and the ha', the ha',
There's mirth in the barn and the ha':
  There's quaffing and laughing,
  And dancing and daffing;
And our young bride's daftest of a', of a',
And our young bride's daftest of a'.

These lines have no antique sound—but they contain a lively image of bridal festivity and freedom.

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LANGSYNE.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
  Had trode on thirty years,
I sought my lang lost hame again,
  Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens, if the dear friends I left
  Will ay continue mine?
Or, if I e'er again shall see
  The friends I left langsyne?

As I came by my father's tow'rs,
  My heart lap a' the way;
Ilk thing I saw put me in mind
  O' some dear former day:
The days that follow'd me afar,
  Those happy days o' mine,
Which gars me think the joys at hand
  Are naething to langsyne.

These ivy'd towers now met my e'e,
  Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
Nae friend came forth wi' open arms—
  Nae weel kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd frae the door,
  Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back
  He bore about langsyne.

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I ran thro' every weel kenn'd room,
  In hopes to meet friends there;
I saw where ilk ane us'd to sit,
  And hang o'er ilka chair:
Till warm remembrance' gushing tear
  Did dim these een o' mine;
I steek'd the door and sobb'd aloud
  As I thought on langsyne.

Of all the "Langsynes" which have appeared since the famous "Langsyne" of Burns, this seems by far the most beautiful. I have ventured, however, to cut away the concluding verse, which weakened the impression of the overpowering image presented in the fourth. I am sorry I cannot name the author.

TIBBIE RODAN.

The gallant lads of Gallowa,
  The lads frae far Corehead to Hoddom,
The merry lads of green Nithsdale,
  Are a' come wooing Tibbie Rodan.
Tweedshaw's tarry nieves are here;
  The braksha lairds of Moffatt water,
The blithesome Bells, the Irvings good,
  Are come to count her gear and daut her.

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I mind her weel in plaiden gown,
  Before she heir'd her uncle's coffer;
The gleds might howk'd out her gray een,
  And ne'er a lad hae shored them off her.
Now she's got a bawsant nag,
  Graithing sewed with gowd and siller;
Silken sonks to haud her doup,
  And half the country's trysting till her.

I wadna gie twa rosie lips,
  With breath like mixed milk and honey,
Which i' the gloaming dew I kiss'd,
  For Tibbie, wi' a mine o' money.
I wadna gie the haffet locks,
  With scented dew all richly drappin,
Which lay yestreen upon my breast,
  For Tibbie, wi' her lady-happin.

Of this scion from the universal favourite, Tibbie Fowler, some of the slips may be worth preserving:

Sour plums are gude wi' sugar baked—
  Slaes are sweet wi' kames o' hinnie;
The bowltest carlin i' the land,
  Gowd can make her straught an' bonnie.

A ruder and earlier copy was printed in Cromek's volume, and many variations might be given, but they would be more curious than excellent.

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MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?
  My heart it gangs pittypat, winna lie still;
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,
  Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill:
My head's turn'd quite dizzy, an' aft when I'm speaking
  I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak;
I gaze aye for something I fain wad be seeking,
  Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
  And yet when to ruse ye the neebour lads try,
Tho' its a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far off
  I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.
Whan we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilka rig o't,
  And never grew wearie the lang simmer day;
The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
  And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, whan the kirn-supper joys mak' us cheerie,
  'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried yere sweet mou;
Dear save us! how queer I felt whan I cam' near ye,
  My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell how.
Whan we dance at the gloamin it's you I aye pitch on,
  And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,
  That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

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I copied this happy and delicate song from a manuscript belonging to my friend Dr. Darling. It is sung to the tune of Bonnie Dundee.

THE FISHER'S WELCOME

We twa hae fish'd the Kale sae clear,
  An' streams o' mossy Reed,
We've tried the Wansbeck an' the Wear,
  The Teviot an' the Tweed;
An' we will try them ance again
  When summer suns are fine,
An' we'll thraw the flie thegither yet
  For the days o' lang syne.

'Tis mony years sin' first we met
  On Coquet's bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
  An' clad in his last claes;
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
  Grim Death he heuks us a',
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
  Afore we're ta'en awa'.

For we are hale an' hearty baith,
  Tho' frosty are our pows,

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We still can guide our fishing graith,
An' climb the dykes and knowes;
We'll mount our creels an' grip our gads,
An' thraw a sweeping line;
An' we'll hae a plash amang the lads,
For the days o' lang syne.

Tho' Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green below the knee,
Sae don your plaid an' tak your gad,
An' gang awa' wi' me.
Come busk your flies, my auld compeer,
We're fidgin' a' fu' fain,
We've fish'd the Coquet mony a year,
An' we'll fish her owre again.

An' hameward when we toddle back,
An' night begins to fa',
When ilka chiel maun tell his crack,
We'll crack aboon them a':—
When jugs are toom'd an' coggies wet,
I'll lay my loof in thine,
We've shown we're good at water yet,
An' we're little warse at wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've fill'd,
How mony a line we've flung,
How many a ged an' sawmon kill'd
In days when we were young.

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We'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune;
They're bleezing aye o' what they'll do—
We'll tell them what we've dune.

This clever song is the work of an Englishman; and had it come from a Caledonian bard, the costume of language, and the spirit of the "North Countrie," could not have been more perfect. It is one of the annual Fisher's Garlands which Newcastle sends out to the world, and to which the graver of Bewick adds such charms of truth and nature as seldom accompany lyric poetry. In reading the song—a trout stream, slightly swelled by an upland shower, gushes out upon one's fancy—a rod comes into our hand—we cast a careful line upon the rippling water—we watch the well-dissembled flies, and our patience is rewarded by casting "A trout bedropped with crimson hail," upon the grassy bank. Burns, who went to angle in the Nith with a huge fur cap on, and a highland broadsword by his side, knew little of the art compared to my excellent friend of Newcastle.

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THE BLUE BIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,*
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples so fresh and so pleasing;
O then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
And hails, with his warblings, the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spice-wood and sassafras budding together:
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The blue bird will chant from his box such an air
That all your hard toils will be gladness and pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms:
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their beds where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

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The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him.
The slow-lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The blue-bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the terrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music, have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given—
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be:
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

I confess I admire the gossiping ballad verse of Alexander Wilson much more than I do his purer and more ambitious strains. The description of the blue-

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bird is very graphic, and the picture of American nature is very accurate, but his Caledonian scenes of riotous enjoyment are far superior. A man who reads "Watty and Meg" cannot miss to hear the mirth of the change-house, and the clamour of Meg's uncontrollable tongue, for a full week after. Wilson has scattered much curious and instructive lore over the pages of his "American Ornithology," a scarce, a beautiful, and an unfinished work, of which I lament my inability to obtain a copy; and I have cause to lament, for I understand its pages are studded with songs of a very sweet and peculiar kind.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know:
In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and everywhere,
 Was like a morn in May;
No care had I, no fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town:

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I still was pleased where'er I went,
  And when I was alone
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself
  Wi' John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
  A mistress I must find;
For love, I heard, gave one an air,
  And even improved the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
  Kind fortune fix'd mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty touch'd my heart,
  And she became my choice.
To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
  I offer'd many a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
  As other lovers do;
But when at last I breathed my flame,
  I found her cold as stone—
I left the jilt, and tuned my pipe
  To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled
  With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
  And laugh'd at lovers' pain.
A friend I got by lucky chance,
  'Twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
  And such a gift was mine.

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And now, whatever might betide,
  A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
  I freely might apply:
A strait soon came—my friend I tried—
  He heard and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
  To John of Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
  And would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes,
  And cry up parson Horne;
Their manly spirit I admired,
  And praised their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
  Maintained the public weal.
But ere a month or two had pass'd,
  I found myself betray'd;
'Twas self and party after all,
  For all the stir they made.
At last I saw the factious knaves
  Insult the very throne;
I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe
  To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while,
  Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
  And gravely tried to read;

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I bought and borrow'd every where,
And studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way:
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page,
I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleased with none;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters everywhere,
Who wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
And dames, and friends, and books also,
You'll find them all the same:
Then be advised, and warning take
From such a man as me,
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll meet displeasure everywhere—
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves
With John of Badenyon.

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There is something of the sermon in this clever song: the author puts his hero through a regular course of worldly pursuits, and withdraws him from love, friendship, politics, and philosophy, with the resolution of seeking and finding consolation in his own bosom. When the song was composed, John Wilkes was in the full career of his short-lived popularity; and honest Skinner, incensed, probably, at the repeated insults which the demagogue offered to Scotland, remembered him in song. The satire of Churchill, and the wit of Wilkes, united for a time against my native country; and while the people were agitated and inflamed, it was no safe thing for a man even to shout "Wilkes and Liberty" with a Scottish accent in the streets of London.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks
  Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
  Hark! she sings, Young Sandy's kind,
    An' he's promised ay to lo'e me;
  Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine
    Till he's fairly married to me:
Drive away ye drone Time,
An' bring about our bridal day.

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Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
  Hardy as the highland heather,
 Wading through the winter snow,
  Keeping aye his flock together;
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlan blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing
 Canty glee or highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring;
 Wightly can he wield a rung,
  In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung
  By the langest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.

This pleasing song was written by Mr. Robert Dudgeon, a farmer, near Dunse in Berwickshire. The air is very popular, and the song very pretty. He is not the only one of his name and family whom the lyric Muse has honoured with her visits.

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BESS THE GAWKIE.

Blithe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
  And sport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
  For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blitheness in his face,
  Out owre the muir to Maggie:
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,
  That Bess was but a gawkie—

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
  Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me ane into the mense,
  And ye shall be my dawtie.

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O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa when we do meet again,
  So ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah, na, lass, that canna be;
Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
Or onie thy sweet face that see,
  E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
  I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I cam' by your gown sae new;
I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
  Quoth she, that's like a gawkie!

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane:
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
  And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek:
He cried, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
  I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
  Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.

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As they gade owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.

This has been a favourite song for many years, and few of our popular lyrics have so much genuine naïveté and dramatic animation. For a long while it went without an author's name; but in addition to the assurance of my father and general tradition, I am now authorised, by the family of the author, to print it as the composition of the Rev. Mr. Morehead. My friend William Gray, of Magdalen College, Oxford, a gentleman who unites a deep knowledge and warm admiration of our national literature with very high classical attainments, had the kindness to inquire about it during his residence in Galloway. He was assured by Herries Morehead, Esq. of Spottes, that the song was written by his father, the late minister of the parish of Urr, on a love adventure of his early days, and that the author himself was the fortunate and unfortunate hero.

END OF VOL. III.