

**THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY
WA'S.**

Thro' Cruikston Castle's lonely wa's
 The wintry wind howls wild and dreary ;
 Tho' mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
 Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, tho' the winds shou'd rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 The darkest stormy night I'd brave
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure ;
 But I will ford the whirling deep
 That roars between me and my treasure.
 Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
 With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie ;
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my dearie.
 Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
 With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

This is another of Robert Tannahill's songs, and one well worthy of the favour which it has obtained. Indeed, had the unhappy author received only a tithe of the admiration, whilst he was living, which has been poured so vehemently over his grave, he would not so soon have been numbered among the "sons of the morning." It is safe to sympathise in a poet's fortune when the sod is above him—he will not rise to ask the opulent mourner for a favour.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIE-BURN.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow :
I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonnie ;
 But, oh ! what will my torments be
 If thou refuse thy Johnie !

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say thou lo'es nane before me ;
 And a' my days o' life to come
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

There are several variations of this song, and they are all so good that they have become popular. The heroine was one of the ladies to whose personal charms the Muse of Burns did frequent acts of homage, under the name of "Chloris," "The Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," and "The Lass of Craigie-burn." She was as condescending as she was beautiful. It is written in the measure of an old song, of which the chorus is still popular :—

O to be lying beyond thee, dearie,
 O to be lying beyond thee :
 How light and sweet would be his sleep
 Who lay in the bed beyond thee !

NAEBODY.

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody ;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody ;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody ;
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll take dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody ;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

This little, lively, lucky song was written at Ellisland. Burns had built his house—he had committed his seed-corn to the ground—he was in the prime, nay the morning of life—health, and strength, and agricultural skill were on his side—his genius had been acknowledged by his country, and rewarded by a subscription more extensive than any Scottish poet ever received before ; no wonder, therefore, that he broke out into voluntary

song expressive of his sense of importance and independence. The poet, however, modulated his chant by the sentiment and measure of an old rustic bard, who sung with less vigour, but with equal truth :

I hae a wife o' my ain,
 I'll be behadin to naebodie ;
 I hae a pat and a pan,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again ;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.
 There's nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 As stowlins we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again ;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again !

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

Popular report has dedicated this charming little song to more than one beauty. The air was one of Burns's favourites, and the subject had caught his fancy, for he has indulged us with another song of the same character, of greater length, but not of greater loveliness. An old song supplied him with a few words :

I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
Na, never a' my life again ;
I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
To seek a wilfu' wife again.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield,
Blithe Bessie, in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will ;
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild,
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony a ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 Take this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flie ;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me :
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-glen an' a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best ;
 A hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv
 The gowd and siller canna buy.

We may be poor, Robie and I ;
Light is the burden love lays on :
Content and love bring peace and joy ;
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

I wish Burns had written more of his songs in this lively and dramatic way. The enthusiastic affection of the maiden, and the suspicious care and antique wisdom of the "dame of wrinkled eild," animate and lengthen the song without making it tedious. Robie has indeed a faithful and eloquent mistress, who vindicates true love and poverty against all the insinuations of one whose speech is spiced with very pithy and biting proverbs.

MY MARY.

My Mary is a bonnie lass,
Sweet as the dewy morn,
When Fancy tunes her rural reed,
Beside the upland thorn.
She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
Where spreading birks and hazels throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis not the streamlet-skirted wood,
Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wait in solitude
Among the wild-sprung flow'rs ;
But aft I cast a langing e'e
Down frae the bank out-owre the lea ;
There haply I my lass may see,
As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lassie
Coming frae the town,
We raptur'd sunk in ither's arms,
And prest the brekans down ;
The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
The rye-craik rispt his clamorous throat,
While there the heavenly vow I got,
That erl'd her my own.

The heroine of this song is surrounded with such captivating landscape, that I am at a loss whether to admire the lady or the land she lives in most. The lover himself seems to have been so sensible of the charms of inanimate nature, that he thinks it necessary to warn us that he lingers among the burns and bowers for another purpose. It is one of Tannahill's songs, and a very beautiful one.

HAD I A CAVE.

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, caust thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there !

Good fortune, much more than lyric genius, must assist the poet who seeks to supply the crinkum-crankum tune of Robin Adair with verses meriting the name of poetry. The ancient song, too, is as singular as the air:—

You're welcome to Paxton,
Young Robin Adair ;
You're welcome but asking,
Sweet Robin Adair !

How does Johnie Mackerel do?
Aye, and Luke Gardener too?
Come love me, and never rue,
Robin Adair.

The unfortunate termination of a friend's courtship suggested this song to Burns: the concluding verse is happy and vigorous—there is much said in few words.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.

Burns says, " I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady, who was also at Ochertyre at the same time, was the well known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lentrose, who was called, and very justly, the Flower of Strathmore." To this notice by the poet, I have only to add, that his Muse called to the aid of the lady's charms an old song, of the same measure, from which the first lines of the present beautiful lyric are borrowed.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past !

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure, or pain,
 My warst word is—Welcome, and welcome again !

Burns wrote this little gay and happy song to an air of which he confesses himself very fond—"Lumps o' Pudding." He has written nothing of a joyous nature more felicitously. The old proverbial lore lends wisdom to the verse, the love of freedom is delicately expressed and vindicated, the sorrows of life are softened by song, and drink seems only to flow to set the tongue of the Muse a-moving. The poet accounts for his inspiration, on another occasion :

Just ae half mutchkin does me prime,
 Aught less is little ;
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
 As gleg's a whittle.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld men ;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;
As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express !

“ Auld Rob Morris ” has made mirth in Scotland for

many generations. The first "Robert" was coarse, free, and graphic; the second "Robert" came with an increase of humour from the hand of Ramsay, and with some abatement of the grossness; and "Robert" the third came forth a discreet, and delicate, and thoughtful personage from the hand of Robert Burns. The dramatic form of Ramsay's song adds greatly to its life and buoyancy; much of it was borrowed from the ancient lyric, and from the same place Burns took the two commencing lines of the present song

MY JEANIE.

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur!
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

Burns, in a letter to George Thomson, imputes the composition of this song to the benevolence of Coila, the muse of his native district: he imagines she followed him to the banks of the Nith, and poured the song on his glowing fancy.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine :
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Since auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
 And gie's a haud o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

“Auld lang syne” owes all its attractions, if it owes not its origin, to the muse of Burns. So exquisitely has the poet eked out the old with the new, that it would puzzle a very profound antiquary to separate the ancient from the modern. The original song was well known in Allan Ramsay's days, but its original spirit was unfelt, since he failed in his attempt to imitate or rival it. Burns, alluding to the old verses, exclaims, “Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it, than in half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians.” He elsewhere says, “It is the old song of the olden times, and has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, till I took it down from an old man's singing.” Few such “old men” are now to be met with.

CALEDONIA.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brekan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen ;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave !
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

Love of country and domestic affection have combined to endear this song to every bosom. The charms of the poet's Jean, and his love for old Scotland, contend for mastery ; and we can hardly conclude which of them Burns admires most. It was written in honour of Mrs. Burns.

BONNIE JEAN.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen ;
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
 And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie :
 The blithest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.
 Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kyé,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
 As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
O canst thou think to fancy me ?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.
Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

Burns was one of those poets who imagined it was necessary to have a visible and living image of female loveliness before him, to supply him with the glowing

colours and fascinating forms of lyric composition. The heroine of this song was, in 1793, a young and lovely lady, Miss Macmurdo of Drumlanrig, now Mrs. Crawford. The poet was a welcome visitant at her father's house. He painted her in the dress and character of a cottager; and this has induced many people to believe that he was the hero himself, and his wife the heroine. It was from Mrs. Burns's voice that the fine air of the song was noted down.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

Wha is that at my bower door?—
 O wha is it but Findlay?—
 Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
 What make ye here sae like a thief?
 O come and see, quo' Findlay—
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief!—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
 Let me in, quo' Findlay—
 Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay—
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay—
I dread ye'll learn the gate again!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay—
Ye maun conceal till your last hour!—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Mr. Cromek was assured by Gilbert Burns, that "Wha's that at my bower door" was suggested early in life to his brother's fancy by the song of "Widow, are ye waukin," in Ramsay's collection. That clever old lyric was frequently sung to the poet in his youth by Jean Wilson, a widow of Tarbolton, remarkable for simplicity and naïveté of character, and for singing curious old-world songs. She had outlived all her children, yet when she performed domestic worship, she still imagined them all around her, and gave out each line of the psalm with an audible voice, as though she had an audience.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO.

What can a young lassie,
 What shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie
 Do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the penny
 That tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny
 For siller an' lan' !

He's always compleenin
 Frae mornin to e'enin,
 He hoasts and he hirples
 The weary day lang :
 He's doylt and he's dozin,
 His blude it is frozen ;
 O, dreary's the night
 Wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers,
 He frets and he cankers ;
 I never can please him
 Do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish and jealous
 Of a' the young fellows :
 O, dool on the day
 I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie
Upon me takes pity ;
I'll do my endeavour
 To follow her plan ;
I'll cross him, and wrack him,
Until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass
 Will buy me a new pan.

The name of an old song suggested these happy verses to Burns: they were written for Johnson's Museum. The original lyric made the blooming heroine threaten her ancient wooer with a number of personal penalties if he succeeded in making her his wife; but I think the more delicate heroine of Burns took a surer way to send the gray hairs of her old lover in sorrow to the grave. Her system seems certain and effectual—a regular, organised plan of domestic annoyance. This counsel comes from the lips of an aunt—one of those calculating dames whom lyric poets employ in giving good or evil advice according as the demon of worldly interest prevails. Some sage lady, of “wrinkled eld,” perhaps, made the match, which another seeks to dissolve by a process as sure as a parliamentary divorce.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw :
 'Mang the birks o' Stanely-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie-o.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie-o.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 Midst joys that never wearie-o.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie-o.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brekans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie-o.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring.
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie-o.

The admirers of Tannahill consider "Gloomy Winter" to be one of his most successful songs. The poet has indeed given us a beautiful landscape—he has strewn the stream of his verse with the natural flowers of the season—the name of every place on which he glances his eye mingles as naturally with the love of his mistress as the hills mingle with the vales, or the song of the thrush with the sound of the running water ; but he nearly loses his love in the exuberance of landscape.

THE LEA-RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and wearie-o ;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie-o.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie-o,
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie-o.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie-o,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig.
 My ain kind dearie-o.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
 It makes my heart sue cheerie-o,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie-o.

The "Lea-Rig" is the first song which Burns wrote for the work of George Thomson, and Dr. Currie supposes it to have been in some measure suggested to the poet's fancy by the very clever old song of the "Ploughman." There is a slight resemblance in words, but certainly none in sentiment. The oral versions of that old song are very variable :

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
 He's often wet and weary :
 Cast off the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie.

This verse is very inaccurate ; the song to which it belongs is in this collection. Burns was dissatisfied with his own success, and observes, with reference to the inequalities of the old songs, " But who shall rise up and say, go to, I will make a better ? I could make nothing more of the "Lea-rig" than the following, which, heaven knows ! is poor enough."

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning ;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang;
 Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize ;
The sodger's wealth is honour :
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

“ The Poor and Honest Sodger ” laid hold at once on the public feeling, and it was every where sung with an enthusiasm which only began to abate when Campbell's “ Exile of Erin ” and “ Wounded Hussar ” were published. Dumfries, which sent so many of its sons to the wars, rung with it from port to port ; and the poet, wherever he went, heard it echoing from house and hall. I wish this exquisite and useful song, with the song of “ Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,” “ The Song of Death,” and “ Does haughty Gaul invasion threat,”—all lyrics which infuse a love of country and a martial enthusiasm into men's breasts, had obtained some reward for the poet. His perishable conversation was remembered by the rich to his prejudice—his imperishable lyrics were rewarded only by the admiration and tears of his fellow-peasants.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea ;
Nae lavrock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e ;
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while ;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle !

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air ;
But here, alas ! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile ;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle !

Burns lamented the departure of the amiable family of the Whitefords from Ballochmyle, in these two beautiful verses. Catrine is the seat of Dugald Stewart, Esq. and Ballochmyle is the residence of Boyd Alexander, Esq. To the charms of an Alexander we owe the "Lass of Ballochmyle;" and I have heard it said, that to the coldness of the heroine of that exquisite song we

are indebted for the present lyric. He perhaps sought to set off the beauty and courtesy of one lady against the charms and coldness of another.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet ;
 Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

Burns wrote this song in compliment to Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, and his lady. The poet was

their frequent and welcome guest—and the air of the song was the composition of Glenriddell. The Friar's Carse, where they resided, is a lovely place. I have often felt the fragrance of the numerous flowers with which the garden is filled, and the fields covered, wafted over the Nith as I walked along its banks on a summer Sunday morning. The Hermitage, when I saw it last in 1808, was a refuge for cattle. The floor was littered deep with filth ; the shrubs which surrounded it were browsed upon or broken down ; the hand of a Londoner, in endeavouring to abstract a pane of glass on which Burns had written some lines, had shivered it into fragments, which were strewn about the floor—I turned away in sorrow. It is now the property of Mrs. Crichton ; and the haunt of the poet is respected.

OCH HEY, JOHNIE LAD.

Och hey, Johnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been !
 Och hey, Johnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your tryste yestreen !
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae an' weary a' my lane ;
 Och hey, Johnie lad,
 It was a waefu' night yestreen !

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 An' ay I thought ye wad hae been.
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een ;
 Och hey, Johnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been !

Gin ye war waiting by the wood,
 It's I was waiting by the thorn ;
 I thought it was the place we set,
 An' waited maist till dawning morn.
 But be nae vext, my bonnie lass,
 Let my waiting stan' for thine ;
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
 An' seek the joys we tint yestreen.

"Johnie lad" is an imitation of an old lively free song of the same name, which makes the heroine lament the insensibility of her lover to the advantage which a lonely place and a dark night gave him over her. Tan-nahill, in making the lovers mistake the place of tryste, has varied the story of the song at the expense of probability; but there is much truth and vivacity in the verses.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, and blithe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dum-
blane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r of Dum-
blane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

There is less originality in the "Flower of Dumblane" than in most of Tannahill's songs. There is little said but what has been said as well before: the bloom of the brier, the bud of the birk, the song of the mavis, are all sweet things, but as common to lyric poetry as they are to nature.

I WINNA GANG BACK.

I winna gang back to my mammy again,
 I'll never gae back to my mammy again;
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

Young Johnie came down i' the gloamin' to woo,
 Wi' plaidie sae bonny, an' bonnet sae blue:
 O come awa' lassie, ne'er let mammy ken!
 An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his dow,
 An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
 While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichter'd an' fain,
 An' sigh'd out, O Johnie, I'll aye be your ain!

Some lassies will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree ;
Wi' Johnie I stood upon nae stappin-stane ;
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

For mony lang year, sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be ;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

The natural beauty and buoyancy of this little song is impaired by an air of affectation and childishness which Gall, as well as Macneill, mistook for the most engaging and endearing simplicity and singleness of heart. A young lady of eighteen, ambitious of domestic rule, and of becoming a wife and mother, would never prattle of her lover in this light-headed manner.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the need.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
I never lov'd but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo !

The late Mr. Graham of Gartmore wrote this elegant and chivalrous song. The chorus is the echo of a fragment of old verse, and might be omitted, like many other supplemental rhymes of the same nature which are scattered among our lyrics, without offering any injury to the song.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the highlands a-chasing the deer :
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the highlands, farewell to the north,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth !
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow !
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below !
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods !
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !
My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the highlands a-chasing the deer :
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the highlands, wherever I go.

The first half stanza of this song is old, the rest is the work of Burns. Of the old song I am sorry I can give no larger specimen. It was the lamentation, I understand, of a highland lady who, wedded to some churlish lowland lord, languished for her green glens, her boundless hills, and her sylvan liberty.