

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into its bonnie breast to fa' !
Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
Seal'd on its silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing :
How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude !
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

The first eight lines of this song are very old, very beautiful, and very generally admired. The succeeding eight lines are by Burns ; but they fail in continuing without abatement the exquisite original feeling and delicacy of the old. The poet, after expressing his admiration of the fragment, says, " I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain : after balancing myself for a musing of five minutes on the hind legs of my

elbow chair, I produced the following, which are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess." The peasantry, in whose hands all old verses are diversified by numerous variations, have attempted in vain to imitate the starting sentiment:—

O were my love yon lily white
 That grows within the garden green,
 And I were but the gardener lad,
 I wad lie near its bloom at e'en.

Another variation substitutes a leek for the lily, which may indicate that the lover was of Welsh descent. There are varieties without end, and stray verses without number, all echoing in a fainter or ruder way the sentiment of the ancient verse.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

O leeze me on my spinning wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel,
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me feal and warm at e'en!
 I'll sit me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk, and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinning wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest :
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays :
The craik amang the clover hay,
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel ?

The old song of " The Lass and her spinning wheel" must have been present to Burns's mind when he wrote this sweeter and gentler strain. The early song is ani-

mated by love: the present song by domestic thrift, and an affection for hill, and tree, and stream. Household industry seldom lent any inspiration to the Muse: over sewing, spinning, and knitting; kneading cakes, and pressing cheese; shaking straw, and winnowing corn; and all the range of in-door and out-door occupation, no Muse was appointed to preside—the more's the pity!

LOGAN WATER.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings, sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie, hame to Logan braes !

Logan Water has found many poets ; but the most successful of all its minstrels is John Mayne, Esq. whose song of that name echoes back the pure sentiments and glad feelings of the olden days of the Muse with great feeling and truth. The song of Mayne, as well as that of Burns, is founded on some old verses ; but the poet has only employed them in creating something more beautiful and delicate. Of the earlier song, the following may suffice for a specimen :—

Ae simmer night, on Logan braes,
 I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claes ;

First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon ;
But she gied me the glaiks when a' was done.

Had I kenn'd then what I ken now—

The hero goes on to make the public his confidant ; but
the confession seems adapted for the secret and discreet
ear of a father-confessor.

THE POSIE.

O luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been ;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae
green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a
peer ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue ;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air ;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take
away ;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae
clear ;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear ;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
remove ;
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

The air of this song was taken down from the voice
of Mrs. Burns, who sang and danced in her earlier days
with great beauty and grace. The old words which be-
longed to the tune have no great merit ; they commence
thus—

There was a pretty May, and a-milking she went,
With her red rosie cheeks and her coal-black hair.

Burns has pulled all the fairest flowers of garden and field, and showered them on his mistress. The song is a favourite.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw !
 The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw ;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie ;
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
 flee ;
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie ;
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky bae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
 fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's no its loud roar, on the wintry wind swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e ;
 For, O ! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

The second verse of the " Braes o' Gleniffer " is exceedingly beautiful and natural. The season of flowers was departed, the song of the mavis was mute, and nothing was seen but a waste of snow and the birds, as they chirped and flitted from bough to bough, shaking the snow-drift from their wings. The chief excellence, and the greatest fault, of Tannahill are exemplified in this song. His inanimate nature is far too luxuriant for his animated nature—he smothers his heroes and heroines in the very garments with which more judicious poets seek only to dress them.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
 But little thinks my love I ken brawlie
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee :
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
 He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me.

Burns has painted the heroine of this clever song as a shrewd and considerate damsel. Her acquaintance with the saving-knowledge of proverbs, and her natural acuteness, enable her to penetrate into the views of her lover : she is not so unwilling to become his wife, as she is exasperated at the attempt to overreach a lady of her sagacity. His craft is confronted by her cunning ;—what a treat their conversation must have been ! But I am forgetting that they are only imaginary personages,—in such natural and lively colours has the poet painted them. In the last verse the poet seems to have remembered some old lines :—

Where will our gudeman lie
 Till he shoot o'er the simmer ?
 Up aboon the hen bawks
 Among the rotten timmer.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lover's een,
 When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her ee.

Burns imagined that he had his propitious season for

lyric composition. Autumn, he confessed, exercised a strong influence over his spirit ; and that whenever the corn ripened, and the reapers assembled, he ascended into the region of song. A mind naturally poetic, like that of Burns, had the elements of verse ever ready for use, had an earnest call been made : a genius which flourishes only during a particular season seems like a flower which gives its bloom to the spring, and its withered leaves to the rest of the year. This song is one of his autumnal productions ; and indeed it is worthy of any season. It parodies, for the chorus, the old song of " This is no my ain house," but it carries the resemblance no farther ; and were the chorus dismissed altogether, the song would be no sufferer.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spakna, but gaed by like stoure ;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor ;
 But fient a hair care I.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I carena by.

I doubtna, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow take him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, take my advice ;
Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice :
The deil a ane wad spier your price
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wouldna gie her in her sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
 Ye need na look sae high.

“Tibbie, I hae seen the day,” is the earliest of all the lyric compositions of Burns. It has none of those felicitous touches and happy and vigorous thoughts, for which he became afterwards so much distinguished; yet it is lively and clever, and well worthy of a place. Who the saucy maiden was we may now perhaps inquire in vain. Happy is the lady on whom the sun of his fancy shone, for she will live long in light. I wish he had been more fastidious in his heroines.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, wat ye wha's in yon town
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
 She wanders by yon spreading tree:
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit aught else below ;
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

It seems unlikely that Burns dedicated these fine verses to the honour of more than one lady; yet tradition is so perversely blind as to impute them to the influence of Mrs. Burns, while at the same time the name of the heroine, and authority of a far less dubious nature than any thing traditional, assign them to the charms of Lucy Johnstone, the accomplished lady of Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive. Like many of the poet's songs, it commences by imitating an ancient lyric; but the Muse only uses the old verse as a kind of vantage ground from which she may ascend into the region of original song with greater readiness: no one who reads it will imagine that it owes any of its beauty to

I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
O never a' my life again.

Some copies omit the name of Lucy, and substitute Jeanie, and the fourth verse presents the following variation:—

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes sae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

LANGSYNE, BESIDE THE WOODLAND
BURN.

Langsyne, beside the woodland burn,
Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
On nature's mossy pillow ;
A' round my seat the flow'rs were strew'd,
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a summer snood,
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
Its richer hues to mellow ;
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
To busk the sedge sae yellow.
'The crow-flow'r blue, and meadow-pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link ;
But little, little did I think
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forc'd afar,
Tost on the raging billow ;
Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,
Or wreck'd on rocky shallow.
Yet ay I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn ;
And often by the woodland burn
I pu' the weeping willow.

The weeping willow, I am afraid, seldom hangs its long and melancholy boughs in natural Scottish landscape ; and in this very pretty song, we must either consider it as an intruder or a figure of speech. The crown of sedge and the garland of willow are green in many an ancient poem and song ; but I am sorry that Tannahill injured the effect of this beautiful composition by introducing them : they give the air of affectation to verses otherwise very natural and sweet.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
Where wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between ;
Both day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae fragrant, sweet, and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
Whose songs charm a' the air :

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean ;
Ae blink o' her would banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa !
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa !
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

“ I composed this song,” says Burns, “ out of compliment to Mrs. Burns ;—it was during the honey-moon.” Such is the brief and lively way in which our great lyric bard informs us of the willing homage which his Muse paid to faithful domestic love and wedded affection. If I am asked the reason why the two first verses of this exquisite pastoral are only printed in his works, I can

give no satisfactory answer. All the four have been long popular, and are well known to have come from the poet's pen. In poetical beauty and truth they are all alike, and I hope they will never more be separated.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to pree ;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.
We arena fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be !

Yon is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he !
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !

The three heroes celebrated in this song are William Nicol, Allan Masterton, and Robert Burns. They met at the farm-house of Laggan in Nithsdale, the property of Nicol, and gave "one day's discharge to care" over the punch-bowl. This memorable house-heating was celebrated by Robert and Allan in their own peculiar way. The latter wrote the music, and the former the song, while Nicol rewarded them with "wine and was-sail." All the three found early graves.

Burns himself was a most hospitable and convivial man. His famous punch-bowl, while he resided at Ellisland, was frequently filled to his own satisfaction, and emptied to the delight of his friends. After his death it was presented to Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh by the poet's family, as a mark of esteem and gratitude. Cunningham went the way of the poet, and the bowl passed from beneath the auctioneer's hammer, at the price of eighty pounds, into the hands of a speculating tavern-keeper, and from thence into the pawnshop ; out of which place it was redeemed, at more than the original cost, by my friend Archibald Hastie, Esq. of West-place, London. I am glad that it has at last found sanctuary with one who, while he watches over it as a zealous catholic would watch over the "true bloody

stone of Thomas-a-Becket," submits it cheerfully at set times and seasons to the curiosity of his friends, reeking to the brim with the fragrant liquid which its first great owner loved. The bowl is made of black Scottish marble, brimmed and bottomed with silver.

GALLA-WATER.

There's braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla-water.
But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure !

“Braw braw Lads of Galla-water” is the name of an ancient song, of which too little remains, and even that little seems of a mingled yarn.

Braw braw lads of Galla-water,
Braw braw lads of Galla-water ;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

A merrier eye, a whiter foot,
Ne'er shone, and ne'er was wet in water,
As had the lass who followed me,
In fair moonlight, through Galla-water.

I imagine that the original song celebrated the bravery of the young men from the banks of the Galla, a district which sent to the field many gallant warriors. The song of Burns is sweet, but the air is sweeter still ; and who can hope to match with suitable words the divinest of all the airs of Caledonia ?

MARY.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine ;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the heavens to be true ;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand !
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us,
The hour, and the moment o' time !

Of this song Burns says, "In my early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. You must know that all my earlier love songs were the breathings of ardent passion ; and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race."

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

While larks with little wing
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare :
 Gay the sun's golden eye
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
 Such thy morn ! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share ;
 While yon wild flowers among
 Chance led me there :

Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare :
 So kind may Fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 Him who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair !

“ Phillis the fair ” was no imaginary lady with a pastoral name, but Miss Phillis Macmurdo of Drumlanrig, a young lady of great accomplishments, on whom Clarke, the friend of Burns, lavished many praises, and the poet himself another set of verses. She was sister to “ Bonnie Jean.” He wrote another song to the same air—that song so full of pathetic reproach :

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore.

The heroine whose fickleness it laments was a Miss Stuart, and the forsaken hero was Alexander Cunningham, the poet's friend.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie ;
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face is washin ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sa trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hoshen ;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

A ditty which contained the chorus lines of this sprightly and graphic song was once well known among the peasantry. There was a slight but curious variation :

Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a *bodle* for her.

The measure and value price which this little obsolete Scottish coin gives, is now less easily understood than formerly ; and a button supplies its place, and illustrates the worth of Willie's spouse as near as metal can come. Willie Wastle occurs in some old vaunting rhymes :

I'm Willie o' the Wastle ;
 I'll bide in my castle ;
 And a' the dogs i' your town
 Canna ding my castle down.

Who the unhappy Willie Wastle of Burns was, is of no importance to know, and it is in vain to inquire ; for perhaps Linkumdoddie and tinkler Madgie never had a name and local habitation except in song.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The pleasant past and melancholy present are mingled by Burns very touchingly in this song. Of Mary Campbell, to the remembrance of whose charms this lyric is attributed, much has been said; but if truth could be separated from fiction, I imagine little would still be known. The story of the poet and his love standing on each side of a small brook, and laving their hands in the stream, and vowing eternal fidelity over the bible, has been told by Mr. Cromek, a zealous inquirer into all matters illustrative of the poet's verse and personal history; and it is certainly very striking and romantic. The poet himself gives no embellished picture of their affection. "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant

fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." During the first year of the poet's residence at Ellisland, when the anniversary of her death arrived, he was seized with extreme dejection and agitation of mind, and, retiring from his family, he threw himself down beside a corn-stack, and conceived this pathetic song to Mary in Heaven.

ANNIE.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I kenn'd her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly,
 She aye shall bliss that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear ;
 I hae been happy thinkin :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

The air of the "Corn-rigs," to which Burns composed this song, had, in earlier times, the burthen to bear of very rude and very ridiculous verses :

There was a piper had a cow,
 And he had nought to give her ;
 He took his pipes and play'd a spring,
 And bade the cow consider :
 The cow consider'd very well,
 And gave the piper a penny
 To play the same tune o'er again,
 Corn rigs are bonnie.

The choice of the cow is very natural. The old song escaped the research of Herd, and the clutch of Johnson.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

Tradition has bestowed on the ancient John Anderson of Scottish song the lucrative situation of piper to the town of Kelso ; no wonder, therefore, that we find him listening to the invitation of a Kelso dame to partake of a sheep's-head pie. The old verses which introduce

honest John to our notice are rude and graphic. The reformers inoculated them with a controversial and satiric meaning, and took them into the service of the kirk:—see how they tear off the scarlet robes from the Roman lady.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 Come in as ye come by,
 And ye shall get a sheep's head
 Weel baken in a pie ;
 Weel baken in a pie, John,
 A haggis in a pat ;
 John Anderson my jo, John,
 Come in and yese get that.

And how do ye do, cummer—
 How have ye thriven—
 And how many bairns have ye?
 Quoth the cummer, seven.
 Are they a' your ain gudeman's?
 Quoth the cummer, na,
 For five o' them were gotten
 When he was far awa.

The two lawful bairns were Baptism and the Lord's Supper ; the spurious progeny were Penance, Confirmation, Extreme unction, Ordination, and Marriage. Those five illegitimate bairns of the scarlet lady were all rejected by the reformers.

PEGGY ALISON.

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them ;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am !
I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison !

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure,
I 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 !

The name of Peggy Alison gives an air of truth and reality to this little warm and affectionate song, which the classical name of Chloe, Chloris, or Daphne, would fail to bestow. We imagine that the heroine has lived and breathed among us, and repaid the admiration of the poet by a smile and a salute—but we have no such lively feeling concerning the ladies of pastoral romance. The song is by Burns, and one of his early compositions.

CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors ; your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?
No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast ; ye exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone :
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain !

The original power and happy genius of this song are universally felt. The tranquil heroism, the calm endurance and dignity of nature of the son of Alknomook, take possession of our hearts : we cannot forget,

if we would, the savage hero whose virtues the Muse of Campbell has dashed off in one happy line :

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

It is the composition of Anne Home, wife of the celebrated John Hunter, and sister to Sir Everard Home, Bart.

THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star!—to love and lovers dear ;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear ;
Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,—
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry night—
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring, bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star ! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain ;
Ah ! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

A poetic mind of no common order perished when John Leyden, the author of this pretty ode, died in the East. A slow and consuming illness seized upon him, and his laborious mind and conscientious heart would not allow his body proper repose. His happiest moments were when he recalled the hills and streams of his native Tiviotdale to his fancy. Sir John Malcolm, a countryman and a man of genius, sat down by his bed-side, and read him a letter from Scotland describing the enthusiasm of the volunteers of Liddisdale—summoned from their sleep by sound of drum and beacon-light—marching against an imaginary enemy, to the warlike border air of “Wha dare meddle wi' me” —Leyden's face kindled ; he started up, and, with strange melody and wild gesticulation, sang aloud—

Wha dare meddle wi' me ?

Wha dare meddle wi' me ?

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie ;
Some counsel unto me come len' ;
To anger them a' is a pity ;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fallow,
In poortith I might make a fen' ;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
Gude-day to you, brute ! he comes ben :
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten :
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness came up the house staukin—
The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !
Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

How much the old song of " Tam Glen " lent to the conception of the new it is now in vain to inquire ; for the ancient strain has fairly passed away, and the name only remains behind. Burns submitted his song to his brother Gilbert as the work of the eldern Muse, and heard its naïveté warmly praised before he acknowledged it for his own offspring. It seems ordained indeed that the lady should become Mrs. Glen—fate and affection formed an alliance far too strong for the blandishments of Lowrie the laird, or the counsel of aunts, or the admonition of mothers. The first four lines of the concluding verse are emblazoned with the superstition and the simplicity of old Scotland.