CHLORIS.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine!
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tisna love like mine.

The beauty of Chloris has added many charms to Scottish song; but that which has increased the reputation of the poet has lessened the fame of the man. Chloris was one of those ladies who believed in the dispensing power of beauty, and thought that love should be under no demure restraint, and own no law but that of nature. Burns sometimes thought in the same way himself; and it is not wonderful therefore that the poet should celebrate the charms of a liberal lady who was willing to reward his strains, and who gave him many nocturnal opportunities of catching inspiration from her presence.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

O wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted:
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;—
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
No lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

This song was found among the manuscripts of Burns —the air of "Morag," to which it is sung, the poet was passionately fond of. The chorus is an encumbrance, as all choruses are; but here I cannot dispense with it, for the continuation of the sense requires its presence. The chorus, in lyric composition, is capable of great diversity. The story and the sentiment of the song might be infused into it.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,

The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithly singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

"The Young Highland Rover" is imagined to have been Prince Charles Stuart. Burns was inoculated with Jacobitism during his northern tour, and his Muse in one of her retrospective fits conceived the present song. The Stuarts have all gone down in sorrow to the grave; and over their unhappy dust the delicate benevolence of George the Fourth has placed a noble monument.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, swith awa!
Reif randies I disown ye!

"Louis, what reck I by thee?" is one of the shortest and happiest of all the lyrics of Burns. It is an early composition: the King of France was on his tottering throne, Geordie was reigning on his ocean, and Jean was in the bloom of youth, when the poet owned her love for his law, took her bosom for his throne, and did homage. Geordie still reigns on his ocean, and none of the four winds of heaven can waft an enemy against him who can brave him for a moment.

LAST MAY, A BRAW WOOER.

Last May, a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spake o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean:
But Gude forgie me for lying, for lying,
But Gude forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speer'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet—
Gude save us! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
Gude save us! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

The old song of "The Queen of the Lothians came cruising to Fife" had some share in the composition of this admirable lyric. It furnished the measure, the subject, and the general outline of the story; but it is bald, meagre, and unembellished; there are no sallies of

wit, no seasonings of humour, and no varieties of incident in it. The conclusion can bear quoting:—

The mither cried butt the house, Jockie! come here,
Ye've naething to do but the question to speer:
The question was speered, and the bargain was struck,
The neighbours came in and wished them good luck.

Dalgarnock, now incorporated with Closeburn, was the name of a small and beautiful little parish, extending along the banks of the Nith; its ruined kirk and lonesome burial ground are often visited by the old people of the neighbourhood—human affection clings anxiously to paternal dust. It was here that "Old Mortality" was found repairing the martyr's tombstones; and in the vicinity is Creehope-linn, which gave many a Cameronian shelter, and afforded refuge to Burley when he fought single-handed with Satan. Burns, in the course of his song, employs a proverbial expression in a way which persuades me that he did not understand it. When a lady dismisses her lover, the unfortunate swain is called her "auld shoon"—she wore him while she pleased, and then put him off. For one girl to wear the "auld shoon" of another is, in the rude figurative language of the peasantry, to accept the addresses of the other's discarded lover. In this way the vaunt in an old song is explained:—

Ye may tell the coof that gets her,
How he gets but my auld shoon.

In Burns, the first inquiry of the lady for her cousin Bess is sufficiently malicious :—

I speer'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin.

But the next question is utterly unintelligible—" and how her new shoon suited her shauchled feet"—unless we suppose that she meant to insinuate only that the feet of her cousin were " shauchled," or ill formed. By a slight alteration, I have made the line allude satirically to her cousin's situation with the discarded lover ; and I imagine I have restored it to the sense which Burns intended.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST?

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea?
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

In Burns's manuscripts, among which this sweet little song was found, it is called "Address to a Lady." The repetitions of the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines of each verse make it echo the air of "The Lass of Livingstone."

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

Burns was a zealous lover of his country, and has stamped his patriotic feelings on many a lasting verse.

He was dazzled indeed with the first bright outburst of the French Revolution, and hailed in common with millions of men the fabric of an old and formidable despotism, crumbled at the touch of national liberty. But he lived not to see a martial tyranny aspiring to universal conquest—filling the world with bloodshed, and teaching the rights of man with bayonet and cannon. Had he seen this, he would have loved liberty more fondly, since he saw she was a native of his own glens and hills; and he would have poured out patriotic songs to inspire us both by land and wave.

BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Of the origin of "The Banks of the Devon," Burns says, "These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gawin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was residing when I wrote these lines at Harveyston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon." To this lady Burns addressed a dozen of his finest letters, which, in an hour of carelessness or vexation, were committed to the fire.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no better return?

When Prince Charles Stuart saw that utter ruin had fallen on all those who loved him and fought for him—that the axe and the cord were busy with their persons, and that their wives and children were driven desolate, he is supposed by Burns to have given utterance to his feelings in this touching lament.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie?
O are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring at the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.
Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

She opt the door, she let him in,
He coost aside his dreeping plaidie:
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.
Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!

The "Sleeping Maggie" of our ancestors was a song of a very different stamp from this little clever lyric by Tannahill. It abounded in images of rustic mirth and enjoyment; and the language which embodied them was not the most select. Of the song nothing exists but the name; but the name is sure to survive as long as the people of Dumfriesshire continue to dance: for "Sleeping Maggie" is a favourite tune when the barn-floor is swept, the youths and maidens are assembled, and the fiddler slants his cheek over the strings.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna.

It was seldom that Burns strained and laboured to express love and rapture; but here his Muse taxes herself to three verses of song, rather as a penance than a pleasure. I believe, however, that Anna with the golden locks was no imaginary person: like the dame in the old song, "She brewed gude ale for gentlemen;" and while she served the bard with a pint of wine, allowed her customer leisure to admire her, "as hostler wives should do." The "Lass with the gowden locks" was a liberal lady, like th "Lassie with the lintwhite locks." A note imputed to Burns in the Museum says, "I think this is the best love song I ever composed." If the poet wrote this, I am sorry for it. I hope that the words are apocryphal; and I believe they are.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie!
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Would make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

In the notes on Johnson's Museum, Burns claims all this song as his composition except the first four lines. It is written to the old air, called "The silver tassie," and has more of the chivalrous ballad style about it than what was customary with the poet. He seldom went back into old times and old feelings: he stamped off the passing spirit of the moment with unequalled vigour; the vision of ancient war which the hero saw at Berwick-law came not frequently upon his fancy.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," owes its poetry to Burns, and its tune to John Bruce, a musician of Dumfries, an admirable fiddler, a vehement Jacobite, and a fiery highlander. An old song of the same name once existed: the title was more peculiarly Scottish, "Whistle, and I'll come *till* ye, my lad;" and it seems to have lent the chorus and the character to the present song. Burns amended the fourth line thus:

Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad;

and he vindicates the alteration. "A dame whom the graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the loves have armed with lightning,—a fair one—herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment—and dispute her commands if you dare!" I have restored the original line. Jeanie's taste was sometimes as incorrect as the poet's love.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy my groanin-maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will make me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

To illustrate this song I ought to make a drawing of the "stool of repentance," and place Burns upon it, appearing to listen with a grave if not with a repentant spirit, while inwardly resolving to resent this moral discipline in satiric verse. The poet wrote and sent the song to a young lady whom he had furnished with a very good reason for singing

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

NANCY.

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.
What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

In autumn, his propitious season for song, Burns wrote this lyric: the first verse is in his own impassioned and vigorous way; the second is more delicate and feeble. Like many writers of love songs, he sometimes went to a sacred source for his sentiments; but the simple beauty of "Take away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me," has not been improved either by Burns or Thomson.

THE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'.

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will take my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

Nothing can well surpass the artless, the simple, and pathetic complaint of th' deserted lady. The starting verse alone is old: all the rest came fresh from Burns's heart and imagination; and it must sink into every heart that sings or reads it.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
Anither's ay hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

This "Good night" was written by Sir Alexander Boswell, and it catches the spirit and seizes a stray line from an old song which began and ended with the same words. Burns wrote masonic verses to the air; but masonic songs are of too dark and mystic a nature to be felt by an unenlightened multitude; and I must consign all such compositions to the exclusive use of the "Children of light," the "Brethren of the mystic level."

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang:
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam' in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to've gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

The natural mixture of sorrow and satire in this little song makes it one of the happiest of the many lyric compositions of Burns. His studied and elaborate efforts were directed to the embellishment of the truly splendid work of George Thomson, while his more hasty, and, it must not be disguised, less discreet sallies were dedicated to the service of an humbler production—the Museum. But some of those hasty things are conceived in the poet's happiest manner; and they who look into Johnson will see many gems of antique verse, many native pearls of price, and many pieces of virgin gold glittering before them. The fickleness of a lady of the name of Stuart occasioned this song. She had deserted the poet's friend.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the hawtree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e:
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the hawtree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature,
She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
  It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
  Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
  Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
  Defend ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
  Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
  Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
  Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
  I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

"Mary of Castle-cary" has been admired as one of our first-rate songs. But no song that Hector Macneill ever wrote has any right to such a distinction. Still it is one of the author's best songs: the story is indeed improbable; but the language is happy, and the narrative dramatic. I wish the poet had called down the cloud of night to assist the indiscreet maiden in her deception. The quick eye and the acute ear of love are too keen not to have penetrated through the disguise. Yet I like much the swaggering presumption of the lass of Castle-cary, and the honourable disbelief and passion of her admirer.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

The old song of the "Sutor's daughter," which lends its air to these beautiful verses, gave no other aid to the poet. By many of the admirers of the old songs, Burns has been accused of misleading the current of ancient verse into a channel of his own—of turning the mirthful into the serious, and the gay into the pathetic. If

what he found woollen he converted into silk; if to a velvet sleeve he added a velvet garment; and if he plaited the tresses and lowered the nether garments of the antique Scottish Muse, he rendered an acceptable service to his country.—He has done all this, and much more.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

When Burns received an extensive order for songs for the work of Thomson, he seems to have laid all his earlier affections, all his domestic love, and all the beauty in the district under contribution for rosie cheeks, blue eyes, shining tresses, and beautiful shapes. His choice was sometimes happy, and often injudicious: some of his heroines were well worthy of his Muse; others cannot be remembered without lamenting the infirmity of the poet's taste: their names I am willing to forget; for who would wish to know to what prostituted shape a Canova or a Chantrey are indebted for the exquisite

forms with which they have endowed marble? The Muse has in this indiscriminate choice mingled ranks together; for poesie, as well as love, is a leveller: she has also linked the virtuous with the vile; for poesie has her sensual feelings and her grosser regards: she has also preferred the couch of purchased pleasure to the pure bed of wedlock. This is in exceeding bad taste; for though she sips ethereal nectar nigh the stars, and stoops at midnight to quaff a gross and forbidden cup, it is unwise to sing openly of her own impurity, and lend to her shame the unwearied wings of lyric verse. Of Highland Mary I have spoken before: she was the poet's love before he was well ripened into manhood; and she died too early to save him by her sense and her spirit from those courses of indulgence, the offspring of disappointed hope.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' of care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou mindst me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang of its luve,
And fondly sae did I of mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Burns wrote an earlier and more simple version of the "Banks of Doon," which is printed in the Reliques, and I certainly prefer it to the present copy. But it would be unwise to seek to divorce the song from the fine air to which it is united. Other verses have been added which I have omitted; they are not by Burns—who can mistake water for wine?

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

The "Bonnie Ann" of this song is the daughter of Allan Masterton, one of the early friends of Burns, and the wife of John Derbyshire, Esq. a surgeon in London. The Muse of the poet was ever ready at the call of beauty or friendship—and here the call was double.

I AM A SON OF MARS.

I am a son of Mars,
Who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come;
This here was for a wench,
And that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French
At the sound of the drum.

My prenticeship I past
Where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast
On the heights of Abra'm:
I served out my trade
When the gallant game was played,
And the Moro low was laid
At the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis
Among the floating batteries,
And there I left for witness
An arm and a limb.
Yet let my country need me,
With Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps
At the sound of the drum.

And now, though I must beg,
With a wooden arm and leg,
And wi' mony a tatter'd rag
Hanging over my bum;
I'm as happy with my wallet,
My bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet
To follow the drum.

What, though with hoary locks,
I must stand the winter shocks

Beneath the woods and rocks,
Oftentimes for a home;
When the tother bag I sell,
And the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell
At the sound of the drum.

In the house of "Posie Nancie," a liberal hostler-wife in Kilmarnock, Burns gathered together, in imagination, one Saturday night, a band of mendicants, to "toom their powks and pawn their duds," and drink, and drab, and act in character. Nothing can exceed the life and gaiety, and wild naïveté of the whole performance. The festive vagrants are all distinguished from each other by their personal appearance, and by the way in which they take up their parts in the living drama of vulgar life. They all resemble each other, however, in their open defiance of social order and decorum, and in their wish of enjoying the world in common, and their open scorn of the law, the kirk, and the king. It is, perhaps, the bitterest satire ever written on the wild principles of animal liberty which the French Revolution made popular; which made many a lady a mother without the constraint of wedlock, and sought to introduce a free and tolerant system of intercourse between the sexes. To this motley crowd a maimed soldier, with his knapsack on his back, and his doxy in his arms, chants this song of his own adventures, and I know not where to find the like specimen of military licence and animation.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bloody man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

It has been often said, though probably not written, that, in some half dozen of songs, Burns surpasses all other lyric poets. For my own part, I think this pre-eminence may as well be claimed for twenty as for six; and among either of the selections I should have little hesitation in placing his Lass of Inverness. It is not what critics call a catching or dashing song, but it has a tone of subdued sorrow, inexpressibly mournful:

the heroine reproaches the author of her woes with a pathetic gentleness; and she brings tears to eyes which more clamorous or passionate grief would fail to moisten.

VISION OF LIBERTY.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky,
The fox was howling on the hill—
The distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.
The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as won.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook to see

A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.
Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain
The sacred posy—Libertie.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times:
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

For the splendid vision which the imagination of Burns evoked from the ground he was probably unable to find a strain sublime and lofty enough: the song of freedom has, therefore, remained unsung. He seems to have begun his verses without any precise aim, and the phantom to have arisen on him as he proceeded. Was ever a song of that stamp loaded with so dissimilar a chorus?

A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea,—
In the bloody wars they fa', and our honour's gane and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

The poet, too, has resorted to a common and clumsy mode of letting us into the mystery of his Spirit, by printing "liberty" on the head-gear; like Rubens, with his Virtues rowing the boat to Mary of Medici, with their names in labels at their sides. It is, however, a noble production. When the Minstrel Spirit of Liberty wept his former day, I cannot be sure to what period he refers; did he think on the time when the voluptuous nuns were expelled for sinning against their vows, by the stern Lord Douglas? It seems probable that the scene was not laid in Lincluden College, but in Sweetheart Abbey. The wall-flower and the ivy, the distant Nith, and the fox howling on his hill, all belong to the latter. On the former there is no ivy—no wall-flower scents the air—the hill is too remote to hear the cry of the fox, and Nith is within a good stone cast. But the Muse might array the one in the costume of the other.