

## SONG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Tho' richer swains thy love pursue,  
In Sunday gear and bonnets new ;  
And every fair before thee lay  
Their silken gifts with colours gay :  
They love thee not, alas ! so well  
As one who sighs and dare not tell ;  
Who haunts thy dwelling, night and noon,  
In tatter'd hose, and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,  
My empty folds, my roofless cot ;  
Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,  
Nor alter'd looks nor friendship flown ;  
Nor yet my dog with lanken sides,  
Who by his master still abides ;  
But how will Nan prefer my boon,  
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon !

## THE GREEN BOWERS OF BARGENY.

HUGH AINSLIE.

I left ye, Jeanie, blooming fair  
'Mang the bourocks of Bargeny ;  
I've found ye on the banks of Ayr,  
And sair ye're alter'd, Jeanie :  
I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,  
In rustic weed befitting ;  
I've found ye buskit like a queen,  
In painted chambers sitting.

I left ye like a wanton lamb  
That plays 'mang Haydart heather ;  
I've found ye now a sober dame,  
A wife, and eke a mither.  
Ye're fairer, statelier, I can see ;  
Ye're wiser, nae doubt, Jeanie ;—  
But Oh ! I'd rather met wi' thee  
'Mang the green bowers of Bargeny.

## THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Down yon green glen, in yon wee bower,  
Lived fair and lovely Annie :  
Ere she saw seventeen simmer suns,  
She waxed wond'rous bonnie.  
Young Lord Dalzell at her bower door  
Had privily been calling,  
When she grew faint, and sick of heart,  
And moanings fill'd her dwelling.

I found her as a lily flower,  
When dew hangs in its blossom,  
Wet were her cheeks, and a sweet babe  
Hung smiling at her bosom.  
Such throbs ran through her frame, as seem'd  
Her heart and soul to sever ;  
In no one's face she look'd—her bloom  
Was fading—and for ever.

Thou hast thy father's smile, my babe,  
Maids' eyes to dim with grieving,  
His wyling glance, which woman's heart  
Could fill with fond believing ;

A voice that made his falsest vows  
Seem breathings of pure heaven,  
And get, from hearts which he had broke,  
His injuries forgiven.

My false love came to me yestreen,  
With words all steep'd in honey,  
And kiss'd his babe, and said, Sweet wean,  
Be as thy mother bonnie.  
And out he pull'd a purse of gold,  
With rings and rubies many—  
I look'd at him, but could not speak,  
Ye've broke the heart of Annie !

It's not thy gold and silver bright,  
Thy words like dropping honey,  
Thy silken scarfs, and bodice fine,  
And caps all laced an' bonnie,  
Can bring me back the peace I've tint,  
Or heal the heart of Annie ;  
Speak to thy God of thy broken vows,  
For thou hast broken many.

## A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine !  
To pull the thorn, thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine.  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,  
No more of me you knew,  
My love !  
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow ;  
The rose is budding fain ;  
But it shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.  
He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore ;  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
Said, Adieu ! for evermore,  
My love !  
And, adieu, for evermore.

## WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day ;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk and horse and hunting spear.  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling ;  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they—  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray ;  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green :  
Now we come to chant our lay—  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Waken, lords and ladies gay.  
To the greenwood haste away :  
We can show you where he lies—  
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay :  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee  
Run a course as well as we.  
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk ?  
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk :  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

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## MILES COLVINE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O mariner, O mariner,  
When will our gallant men  
Make our cliffs and woodlands ring  
With their homeward hail agen ?  
Full fifteen paced the stately deck,  
And fifteen stood below,  
And maidens waved them from the shore  
With hands more white than snow ;  
All underneath them flash'd the wave,  
The sun laugh'd out aboon—  
Will they come bounding homeward  
By the waning of yon moon ?

O maid, the moon shines lovely down,  
The stars all brightly burn,  
And they may shine till doomsday comes,  
Ere your true love return ;  
O'er his white forehead roll the waves,  
The wind sighs lowne and low,  
And the cry the sea-fowl uttereth  
Is one of wail and woe ;  
So wail they on—I tell thee, maid,  
One of thy tresses dark  
Is worth all the souls who perish'd  
In that good and gallant bark.

O mariner, O mariner,  
It's whisper'd in the hall,  
And sung upon the mountain side  
Among our maidens all,  
That the waves which fill the measure  
Of that wide and fatal flood  
Cannot cleanse the decks of thy good ship,  
Or wash thy hands from blood ;  
And sailors meet, and shake their heads,  
And, ere they sunder, say,  
God keep us from Miles Colvine,  
On the wide and watery way !

And up then spoke he, Miles Colvine,  
His thigh thus smiting soon,  
By all that's dark aneath the deep,  
By all that's bright aboon,



By all that's blessed on the earth,  
Or blessed on the flood,  
And by my sharp and stalwart blade  
That revel'd in their blood,  
I could not spare them ; for there came  
My loved one's spirit nigh,  
With a shriek of joy at every stroke  
That doom'd her foes to die.

O mariner, O mariner,  
There was a lovely dame  
Went down with thee unto the deep,  
And left her father's hame.—  
His dark eyes, like a thunder cloud,  
Did rain and lighten fast,  
And, oh ! his bold and martial face  
All grimly grew and ghastr :  
I loved her, and those evil men  
Wrong'd her as far we ranged ;  
But were ever woman's woes and wrongs  
More fearfully avenged ?

## THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,  
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees :  
The linnet greets the rosy morn,  
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn ;  
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,  
Collecting sweets from every flower ;  
And pure the crystal streamlets run  
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

O blissful days, for ever fled,  
When wand'ring wild as Fancy led,  
I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,  
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,  
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,  
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush ;  
Or careless roaming, wandered on,  
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,  
When hills and dales rebound with joy ?  
The flowery glen and liliated lea  
In vain display their charms to me.  
I joyless roam the heathy waste,  
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast ;

And seek the haunts of men to shun  
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,  
The angel smile of artless truth,  
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,  
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy :  
O Julia dear!—the parting look,  
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,  
Still haunt me as I stray alone  
Among the braes of Ballahun.

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SAY, SWEET CAROL!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Say, sweet carol! who are they  
Who cheerly greet the rising day!  
Little birds in leafy bower;  
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;  
Larks upon the light air borne;  
Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn;  
The woodman whistling on his way;  
The new-wak'd child at early play,  
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,  
Winking to the sunny sheen;  
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,  
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol? who are they  
Who welcome in the evening gray?  
The housewife trim, and merry lout,  
Who sit the blazing fire about;  
The sage a conning o'er his book;  
The tired wight in rushy nook,  
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears  
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;  
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;  
The hunters feasting in the hall;  
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul  
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

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## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
And the centinel stars set the watch in the sky,  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die;  
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And twice ere the cock crew I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far had I roam'd on a desolate track,

Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way  
To the house of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.  
I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart—  
Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn !  
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

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### THE DOWNFAL OF DALZELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,  
The night is dark and late,  
As I lift aloud my voice and cry  
By the oppressor's gate.  
There is a voice in every hill,  
A tongue in every stone ;

The greenwood sings a song of joy,  
Since thou art dead and gone ;  
A poet's voice is in each mouth,  
And songs of triumph swell,  
Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth  
The downfal of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing  
I heard the green earth say,  
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,  
Since thou art past away ;  
I hear no more the battle shout,  
The martyrs' dying moans ;  
My cottages and cities sing  
From their foundation stones ;  
The carbine and the culverin's mute—  
The death-shot and the yell  
Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,  
For thy downfal, Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,  
And caused the raven call  
From thy bride-chamber, to the owl  
Hatch'd on thy castle wall ;  
I've made thy minstrels' music dumb,  
And silent now to fame  
Art thou, save when the orphan casts  
His curses on thy name.  
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers  
A long and last farewell :

There's hope for every sin save thine—  
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,  
Where punish'd spirits wail,  
And ghastly death throws wide her door,  
And hails thee with All hail !  
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,  
A voice with hollow tones,  
Such as a spirit's tongue would have  
That spoke through hollow bones :—  
Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout  
From earth to howling hell ;  
He comes, the persecutor comes !  
All hail to thee, Dalzell !

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd  
A wind, and with a moan  
The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,  
Even fellow-bone to bone.  
Lo ! there he goes, I heard them cry,  
Like babe in swathing band,  
Who shook the temples of the Lord,  
And pass'd them 'neath his brand !  
Curs'd be the spot where he was born,  
There let the adders dwell,  
And from his father's hearth-stone hiss :  
All hail to thee, Dalzell !

I saw thee growing like a tree—  
Thy green head touch'd the sky—

But birds far from thy branches built,  
The wild deer pass'd thee by ;  
No golden dew dropt on thy bough,  
Glad summer scorned to grace  
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed  
Beside thy dwelling place :  
The axe has come and hewn thee down,  
Nor left one shoot to tell  
Where all thy stately glory grew :  
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

An ancient man stands by thy gate,  
His head like thine is gray ;  
Gray with the woes of many years,  
Years fourscore and a day.  
Five brave and stately sons were his ;  
Two daughters, sweet and rare ;  
An old dame, dearer than them all,  
And lands both broad and fair :—  
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,  
And three in battle fell—  
An old man's curse shall cling to thee :  
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

And yet I sigh to think of thee,  
A warrior tried and true  
As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick  
The splintering lances flew.  
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,  
And hew thy foes down fast,



When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,  
And Gordon stood aghast,  
And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce  
As one redeem'd from hell.  
I came to curse thee—and I weep :  
So go in peace, Dalzell.

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### THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

Our native land, our native vale,  
A long and last adieu !  
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,  
And Cheviot mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,  
And streams renown'd in song !  
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,  
Our hearts have lov'd so long !

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes,  
Where thyme and harebells grow !  
Farewell, the hoary, haunted, howes,  
O'erhung with birk and sloe !

The mossy cave and mouldering tower  
That skirt our native dell—

The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,  
We bid a sad farewell !

Home of our love ! our father's home !  
Land of the brave and free !  
The sail is flapping on the foam  
That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore,  
Beyond the western main—  
We leave thee to return no more,  
Nor view thy cliffs again !

Our native land, our native vale,  
A long and last adieu !  
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,  
And Scotland's mountains blue !

## LAST NIGHT A PROUD PAGE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Last night a proud page came to me :  
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free ;  
The moon is up at midnight hour,  
All mute and lonely is the bower ;  
To rouse the deer my lord is gone,  
And his fair daughter's all alone,  
As lily fair, and as sweet to see—  
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon  
O'er Chatsworth hill gleam'd brightly down,  
And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,  
With love and joy blush'd deeply red :  
Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,  
A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss ;  
And one of those long looks, which earth  
With all its glory is not worth.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,  
The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by ;  
Life, fly thou on ! I'll mind that hour  
Of sacred love in greenwood bower :

Let seas between us swell and sound,  
Still at her name my heart shall bound ;  
Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,  
To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

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### THE MARINER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

It's sweet to go with hound and hawk,  
O'er moor and mountain roamin' ;  
It's sweeter to walk on the Solway side,  
With a fair maid at the gloamin' ;  
But its sweeter to bound o'er the deep green sea,  
When the flood is chafed and foamin' ;  
For the seaboy has then the prayer of good men,  
And the sighing of lovesome woman.

The wind is up, and the sail is spread,  
And look at the foaming furrow  
Behind the bark, as she shoots away  
As fleet as the outlaw's arrow !  
And the tears drop fast from lovely eyes,  
And hands are wrung in sorrow ;  
But when we come back, there is shout and clap,  
And mirth both night and morrow.

## THE FORAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,  
And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red—  
Up, up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone,  
There are dangers to dare and there's spoil to be won!

The eyes, that so lately mixed glances with ours,  
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,  
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom  
The prance of the steed and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,  
The moon her red beacon has veiled with a cloud—  
'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye  
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient—I hear my blithe gray,  
There is life in his hoof-clang and hope in his neigh:  
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane  
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, and the bugle has blown;  
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and be gone:  
To their honour and peace that shall rest with the slain!  
To their health and their glee that see Teviot again!

## THE SOCIAL CUP.

CHARLES GRAY, ESQ.

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,  
An meikle mirth has been our fa' ;  
But ca' the tither toast aroun',  
Till chanticleer begin to craw.  
The auld kirk bell has chappit twal',  
Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa !  
We're light o' heart, an' winna part,  
Though time an' tide shou'd rin awa'

Tut, never speir how wears the morn,  
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky ;  
An' gif like her we fill our horn,  
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.  
Then fill we up a social cup,  
An' never mind the dapple dawn :  
Just sit a while, the sun may smile,  
An' light us a' across the lawn.

## ON WI' THE TARTAN.

HUGH AINSLIE.

Do ye like, bonnie lassie,  
The hills wild and free,  
Where the song of the shepherd  
Gours a' ring wi' glee ;  
Or the steep rocky glens  
Where the wild falcons bide ?—  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And, fy, let us ride.

Do ye like the knowes, lassie,  
That ne'er were in riggs ;  
Or the bonnie lowne howes  
Where the sweet robin biggs ;  
Or the sang of the linnet  
When wooing his bride ?—  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And, fy, let us ride.

Do ye like the burn, lassie,  
That louns amang linns ;  
Or the sunny green holms  
Where it leisurely rins,  
Wi' a cantie bit housie  
Built snug by its side ?—  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
And, fy, let us ride.

## THE EVENING STAR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Star, that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary labourer free :  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou  
That send'st it from above—  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odours rise ;  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs, when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews !  
Parted lovers on thee muse ;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.



## THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

JAMES HOGG.

The moon was a-waning,  
The tempest was over—  
Fair was the maiden,  
And fond was the lover ;  
But the snow was so deep,  
That his heart it grew weary,  
And he sunk down to sleep  
In the moorland so dreary.

O soft was the bed  
She had made for her lover,  
Fu' white were the sheets,  
And embroidered the cover ;  
But his sheets are more white,  
And his canopy grander ;  
And sounder he sleeps  
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,  
What sorrows attend you !  
I see you sit shivering  
With lights at your window :  
But long may you wait,  
Ere your arms shall enclose him ;

For still, still he lies  
With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task,  
The sad tidings to tell you,  
An orphan you were  
Ere this misery befel you ;  
And far in yon wild,  
Where the dead tapers hover,  
O cold, cold and wan  
Lies the corse of your lover !

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## OUR LADY'E'S BLESSED WELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The moon is gleaming far and near,  
The stars are streaming free,  
And cold comes down the evening dew  
On my sweet babe and me.  
There is a time for holy song,  
An hour for charm and spell,  
And now's the time to bathe my babe  
In our lady'e's blessed well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe  
As light ere shone aboon,  
And fairer than the gowan is,  
Born in the April moon :

First like the lily pale ye grew,  
    Syne like the violet wan ;  
As in the sunshine dies the dew,  
    So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind  
    That harm'd thee, lovely child ?  
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch  
    That all thy bloom defiled ?  
I've watch'd thee in the mirk midnight,  
    And watch'd thee in the day,  
And sung our ladye's sacred song  
    To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,  
    The night is nigh its prime,  
The owl doth chase the bearded bat,  
    The mark of witching time ;  
And o'er the seven sister stars  
    A silver cloud is drawn,  
And pure the blessed water is  
    To bathe thee, gentle Ann !

On a far sea thy father sails  
    Among the spicy isles ;  
He thinks on thee, and thinks on me,  
    And as he thinks, he smiles  
And sings, while he his white sail trims,  
    And severs swift the sea,  
About his Anna's sunny locks,  
    And of her bright blue e'e.

O blessed fountain, give her back  
 The brightness of her brow !  
 O blessed water, bid her cheeks  
 Like summer roses glow !  
 'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,  
 To thing divine as thee,  
 But kingdoms to a mother's heart,—  
 Fu' dear is Ann to me.

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### MY AIN BONNIE MAY.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

O will ye go to yon burn side,  
 Amang the new-made hay,  
 And sport upon the flowery swaird,  
 My ain bonnie May ?  
 The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,  
 Whare lambkins lightly play ;  
 The wild bird whistles to his mate,  
 My ain bonnie May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,  
 Shall shield us in the bower,  
 Whare I'll pu' a posie for my May,  
 O' mony a bonnie flower.  
 My father maws ayont the burn,  
 To spin my mammy's gane ;  
 And should they see thee here wi' me,  
 I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens  
What troubles it await :  
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,  
The fause bird lea'es its mate.  
The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,  
And lose their bonnie green ;  
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,  
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet ;  
So love is, in its noon :  
But cank'ring time may soil the flow'r,  
And spoil its bonnie bloom.  
O, come then, while the summer shines,  
And love is young and gay ;  
Ere age his with'ring, wintry blast  
Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,  
Or haud the halesome plough,  
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,  
And prove ay leal and true.  
The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,  
She had nae mair to say,  
But ga'e her hand, and walk'd alang,  
The youthfu' bloomin' May.

## THE BRIDE OF ALLANBAY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Upon the bonnie mountain side,  
Upon the leafy trees,  
Upon the rich and golden fields,  
Upon the deep green seas,  
The wind comes breathing freshly forth—  
Ho! pluck up from the sand  
Our anchor, and go shooting as  
A wing'd shaft from the land!  
The sheep love Skiddaw's lonesome top,  
The shepherd loves his hill,  
The throstle loves the budding bush,  
Sweet woman loves her will ;  
The lark loves heaven for visiting,  
But green earth for her home ;  
And I love the good ship singing  
Through the billows in their foam.

My son! a gray-hair'd peasant said,  
Leap on the grassy land,  
And deeper than five fathom sink  
Thine anchor in the sand ;  
And meek and humble make thy heart ;  
For ere yon bright'ning moon  
Lift her wondrous lamp above the wave  
Amid night's lonely noon,

There shall be shriekings heard at sea,  
Lamentings heard ashore—  
My son! go pluck thy mainsail down,  
And tempt the heav'n no more.  
Come forth and weep, come forth and pray,  
Grey dame and hoary swain—  
All ye who have got sons to-night  
Upon the faithless main.

And wherefore, old man, should I turn?  
Dost hear the merry pipe,  
The harvest bugle winding  
Among Scotland's corn fields ripe?  
And see her dark-eyed maidens dance,  
Whose willing arms alway  
Are open for the merry lads  
Of bonnie Allanbay?  
Full sore the old man sigh'd, and said,  
Go bid the mountain wind  
Breathe softer, and the deep waves hear  
The prayers of frail mankind,  
And mar the whirlwind in his might:—  
His hoary head he shook,  
Gazed on the youth, and on the sea,  
And sadder wax'd his look.

Lo, look! here comes our lovely bride—  
Breathes there a wind so rude  
As chafe the billows when she goes  
In beauty o'er the flood?

The raven fleece that dances  
     On her round and swan-white neck ;  
 The white foot that wakes music  
     On the smooth and shaven deck ;  
 The white hand that goes waving thus,  
     As if it told the brine—  
 Be gentle in your ministry,  
     O'er you I rule and reign ;  
 The eye that looks so lovely,  
     Yet so lofty in its sway—  
 Old man ! the sea adores them—  
     So adieu, sweet Allanbay !

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### HABBIE'S FRAE HAME.

JAMES TURNER.

By the side of yon cleugh, whare the burnie rins shill,  
     A lassie sat sighing and spinning her lane :  
 O gin the waes of my heart wad lie still !  
     There'll never be joy till our Habbie come hame.

My wheel it gaes round, and my lint tap I spread,  
     Lint that I mean for bibs to my bairn ;  
 The warp shall be blue and the waft shall be red,  
     An' how bra we'll be a' when our Habbie comes hame.



That morning he left us, our cock never crew,  
Our gray clocking hen she gaed keckling her lane ;  
The gowk frae the craft never cried cuckoo,  
That wearyfu' morning our Habbie left hame.

When the wind blows loud and tirls our strae,  
An' a' our house sides are dreeping wi' rain,  
An' ilka burn rows frae the bank to the brae,  
I weep for our Habbie who rows i' the main.

When the wars are owre, an' quiet is the sea,  
On board the Culloden our Hab will come hame :  
My slumbers will then be as sweet as the Dee,  
An' how blythe we'll be a' when our Habbie comes  
hame.

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## THE BONNIE BARK.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O come, my bonnie bark,  
O'er the waves let us go,  
With thy neck like the swan,  
And thy wings like the snow—  
Spread thy plumes to the wind,  
For a gentle one soon  
Maun welcome us home,  
Ere the wane of the moon.

The proud oak that built thee  
Was nursed in the dew  
Where my gentle one dwells,  
And stately it grew.  
I hew'd its beauty down ;  
Now it swims on the sea,  
And wafts spice and perfume,  
My fair one, to thee.

O sweet, sweet's her voice,  
As a low warbled tune ;  
And sweet, sweet her lips,  
Like the rose-bud of June.  
She looks to sea and sighs,  
As the foamy wave flows,  
And treads on men's strength,  
As in glory she goes.

O haste, my bonnie bark,  
O'er the waves let us bound,  
As the deer from the horn,  
Or the hare from the hound.  
Pluck down thy white plumes,  
Sink thy keel in the sand,  
Whene'er ye see my love,  
And the wave of her hand.

## THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

JAMES HOGG.

Oh, thou art lovely yet, my boy,  
Even in thy winding sheet !  
I canna leave thy comely clay,  
And features calm and sweet.  
I have no hope but for the day  
That we shall meet again,  
Since thou art gane, my bonnie boy,  
And left me here alane.

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,  
To trace his looks in thine ;  
And saw, wi' joy, thy sparkling e'e  
Wi' kindling vigour shine :  
I thought, when I was fail'd, I might  
Wi' you and yours remain ;  
But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,  
And left me here alane.

Now closed and set that sparkling e'e,  
Thy breast is cauld as clay ;  
And a' my hope, and a' my joy,  
Wi' thee are reft away.  
Ah, fain wad I that comely clay  
Reanimate again !  
But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,  
And left me here alane.

The flower now fading on the lea,  
 Shall fresher rise to view ;  
 The leaf just falling frae the tree,  
 The year will soon renew ;  
 But lang may I weep o'er thy grave  
 Ere thou revivest again,  
 For thou art fled, my bonnie boy,  
 And left me here alane !

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A L L A N - A - M A U T .

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Good Allan-a-Maut lay on the rigg,  
 One call'd him bear, one call'd him bigg ;  
 An old dame slipp'd on her glasses : Aha !  
 He'll waken, quoth she, with joy to us a'.  
 The sun shone out, down dropp'd the rain,  
 He laugh'd as he came to life again ;  
 And carles and carlins sung who saw't,  
 Good luck to your rising, Allan-a-Maut.

Good Allan-a-Maut grew green and rank,  
 With a golden beard and a shapely shank,  
 And rose sae steeve, and wax'd sae stark,  
 He whomelt the maid, and coupit the clark ;  
 The sick and lame leap'd hale and weel,  
 The faint of heart grew firm as steel,  
 The douce nae mair call'd mirth a faut,—  
 Such charms are mine, quoth Allan-a-Maut.

## THE CAPTIVE HUNTSMAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forests green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matin ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing ;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew ;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee—  
That life is lost to love and me.

## JEAN'S BRIGHT EEN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Our gudewife's awa',  
Now's the hour to woo,  
For the lads like lasses,  
And the lasses lads too.  
The moon's beaming bright,  
And the gowan's in dew,  
And my love's by my side,  
And we're a' happy now.

I have wale of loves:—  
Nancie rich and fair,  
Bessie brown and bonnie,  
And Kate wi' curling hair,  
And Bell young and proud,  
Wi' gold aboon her brow ;  
But my Jean has twa een  
That glower me thro' and thro'.

Sair she slights the lads—  
Three lie like to die,  
Four in sorrow listed,  
And five flew to the sea.  
Nigh her chamber door  
Lads watch a' night in dool—

Ae kind word frae my love  
Would charm frae yule to yule.

Our gudewife's come hame  
Mute now maun I woo ;  
But my love's bright glances  
Shine a' the chamber through.  
O sweet is her voice  
When she sings at her wark,  
Sweet the touch of her hand,  
And her vows in the dark.

---

## EARL MARCH.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,  
And smit with grief to view her—  
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled  
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour,  
His coming to discover ;  
And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,  
And she look'd on her lover.

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,  
Though her smile on him was dwelling.

And am I then forgot—forgot?—  
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;  
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes  
To lift their silken lashes.

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PHEMIE IRVING.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Gay is thy glen, Corrie,  
With all thy groves flowering ;  
Green is thy glen, Corrie,  
When July is showering ;  
And sweet is yon wood where  
The small birds are bowering,  
For there dwells the sweet one  
Whom I am adoring.

Her round neck is whiter  
Than winter when snowing ;  
Her meek voice is milder  
Than Ae in its flowing ;  
The glad ground yields music  
Where she goes by the river ;  
One kind glance would charm me  
For ever and ever.



The proud and the wealthy  
 To Phemie are bowing ;  
 No looks of love win they  
 With sighing or suing ;  
 Far away maun I stand  
 With my rude wooing,  
 She's a flow'ret too lovely  
 To bloom for my pu'ing.

O were I yon violet,  
 On which she is walking !  
 O were I yon small bird,  
 To which she is talking !  
 Or yon rose in her hand,  
 With its ripe ruddy blossom !  
 Or some pure gentle thought,  
 To be blest with her bosom !

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### MY JOHNIE.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

Jenny's heart was frank and free,  
 And wooers she had mony, yet  
 Her sang was ay, Of a' I see,  
 Commend me to my Johnie yet.  
 For, air and late, he has sic gate  
 To mak' a body cheerie, that

I wish to be, before I die,  
His ain kind dearie yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,  
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,  
And few or nane in a' the place  
Had gow'd and gear mair plenty yet ;  
Though war's alarms, and Johnie's charms,  
Had gart her aft look eerie, yet  
She sung wi' glee, I hope to be  
My Johnie's ain dearie yet.

What tho' he's now gaen far awa',  
Where guns and cannons rattle, yet  
Unless my Johnie chance to fa'  
In some uncanny battle, yet  
Till he return, my breast will burn  
Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,  
For I hope to see, before I die,  
His bairns to him endear me yet.

## ALLAN-A-DALE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allan-a-dale has no faggot for burning ;  
Allan-a-dale has no furrow for turning ;  
Allan-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allan-a-dale has red gold for the winning.  
Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,  
And tell me the craft of bold Allan-a-dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side ;  
The mere for his net, and the land for his game ;  
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;  
Allan-a-dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
Who at Rerecross, on Stanmore, meets Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale to his wooing is come,  
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home :

Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
My hall, quoth bold Allan, shows gallanter still,  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven with its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles ! said Allan-a-dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone ;  
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry !  
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-dale.

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### THE LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The lark had left the evening cloud,  
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,  
Its gentle breath among the flowers  
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's top of down ;  
The dappled swallow left the pool,  
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,  
When I met among the hawthorns green  
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet among the grass  
Shone like two dewy lilies fair ;

Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks  
 Black curling o'er her shoulders bare ;  
 Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,  
 Her lips had words and wit at will,  
 And heaven seem'd looking through her een,  
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry ?  
 Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,  
 Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.  
 I have look'd long for a weel-faur'd lass,  
 By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—  
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,  
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, sweet maiden, look nae down,  
 But gie's a kiss, and come with me ;  
 A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—  
 The tears were dropping frae her e'e.  
 I hae a lad who's far awa',  
 That weel could win a woman's will ;  
 My heart's already full of love,—  
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,  
 And seek for love in a far countree ?  
 Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew ;  
 I fain wad kiss'd them frae her ee.

I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—  
For pity's sake, kind sir, be still ;  
My heart is full of other love,  
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,  
And lifted up her watery ee—  
Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,  
Or light is gladsome to my ee ;  
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,  
Till my last drop of blood be still,  
My heart shall haud nae other love,  
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,  
And Nith's romantic vale is fu' ;  
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams  
Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.  
O ! they are lights of a bonnie kind,  
As ever shone on vale and hill,  
But there's ae light puts them all out,—  
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

## TAKE TENT NOW, JEAN.

IVAN.

Tak' tent now, Jean,—ye mind yestreen  
 The tap that raised ye frae your wheel ;  
 Your wily ee, that glanced on me,  
 Ha ! lass, the meaning I kent weel.  
 But I hae tint thy kindly glint,  
 And lightly now ye geck at me ;  
 But, lass, tak' heed, ye'll rue the deed,  
 When aiblins we'll be waur to 'gree.

Tak' tent now, Jean,—the careless mien,  
 And cauldrie look, are ill to dree ;  
 It's sair to bide the scornfu' pride  
 And sauncy leer o' woman's ee.  
 Ah ! where is now the bosom-vow,  
 The gushing tear of melting love,  
 The heav'nly thought, which fancy wrought,  
 Of joy below, and bliss abovè ?

Tak' tent now, Jean,—thae twa sweet een  
 Fu' light and blithely blink I trow ;  
 The hinney drop on the red-rose top  
 Is nae sae sweet as thy wee mou' :  
 But though thy fair and faithless air  
 Hath wrung the bosom-sigh frae me ;  
 A changing mind, and heart unkind,  
 May chill a breast as dear to thee.

## THE CHARMED BARK.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The tree that built my bonnie bark  
Grew in a haunted glen,  
In the west nook of an old kirk-yard,  
Among the bones of men—  
Among the bones of men, my lads,  
And the axe that laid it low  
Was temper'd in a dead man's blood,  
And I dread no winds that blow.

Look on yon cloud, an old man said,  
No larger than my hand ;  
And hearken to that sweeping blast,  
That shakes the sea and land—  
That shakes the sea and land, my lads,  
And makes the waters foam ;  
A wise man when he looks on these  
Would wish himself at home.

When I was late on Lapland's shore  
I bought a gentle gale,  
That sung around me on the sea,  
And murmur'd in my sail ;—



That murmur'd in my milk-white sail,  
With a friendly voice, and low :  
A man who sails a charmed ship  
Need fear no blasts that blow.

The hand which holds the winds at will  
Will guide us while we roam :  
When stormy heaven is burning bright,  
And the wild sea in a foam—  
And the wild sea in a foam, my lads,  
While, sobbing sad and low,  
The mother wails her sailor-boy  
As she hears the tempest blow.

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## AE HAPPY HOUR.

ALEXANDER LAING.

The dark gray o' gloaming,  
The lone leafy shaw,  
The coo o' the ringdove,  
The scent o' the haw,  
The brae o' the burnie,  
A' blooming in flower,  
An' twa faithfu' lovers,  
Make æ happy hour.

A kind winsome wife,  
A clean canty hame,  
An' sweet smiling babies  
To lisp the dear name ;  
Wi' plenty o' labour,  
An' health to endure,  
Make time row around ay  
The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,  
Whom av'rice can move,  
To woo, an' to marry,  
For a' thing but love ;  
Awa' wi' your sorrows,  
Awa' wi' your store,  
Ye ken na the pleasures  
O' ae happy hour.

---

## PEGGIE.

JAMES HOGG.

The bittern's quavering trump on high,  
The beetle's drowsy distant hum,  
Have sung the daylight's lullaby,  
And yet my Peggie is not come.  
The golden primrose from the wood,  
The scented hawthorn's snowy flower,  
Mixed with the laurel's buds, I've strewed  
Deep in my maiden's woodland bower.

O come, my love, the branches link  
Above our bed of blossoms new,  
The stars behind their curtains wink,  
To spare thine eyes so soft and blue.  
No human eye, nor heavenly gem,  
With envious smile our bliss shall see ;  
The mountain ash his diadem  
Shall spread to shield the dews from thee.

O let me hear thy fairy tread  
Come gliding through the broomwood still,  
Then on my bosom lay thy head,  
Till dawning crown the distant hill.  
And I will watch thy witching smile,  
List what has caused thy long delay,  
And kiss thy melting lips the while,  
Till die the sweet reproof away.

---

BONNIE LADY ANN.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

There's kames of honey 'tween my love's lips,  
And gold amang her hair,  
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil ;  
Nae mortal een look there.

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,  
Or what arm of love dare span  
The honey lips, the creamy palm,  
Or the waist of Lady Ann !

She kisses the lips of her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs of dew ;  
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
Maun touch her Lady mou.  
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle of gold,  
Her jimpy waist maun span—  
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
My bonnie Lady Ann !

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
Tied up wi' silver thread,  
An' comely sits she in the midst,  
Men's longing een to feed.  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
Wi' her milky, milky han',  
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger of God,  
My bonnie Lady Ann !

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gold,  
Like my love's broider'd cap,  
An' on the mantle which my love wears  
Is monie a golden drap.  
Her bonnie cebrow's a holie arch  
Cast by no earthlie han' ;  
And the breath of God's atween the lips  
Of my bonnie Lady Ann !

I am her father's gardener lad,  
 An' poor, poor is my fa' ;  
 My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place  
 Where I darena mint my han',  
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 Of my bonnie Lady Ann.

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### MY AIN COUNTRIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The sun rises bright in France,  
 And fair sets he ;  
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
 In my ain countree.  
 O ! gladness comes to many,  
 But sorrow comes to me,  
 As I look o'er the wide ocean  
 To my ain countree.

O ! it's not my ain ruin  
 That saddens ay my ee,  
 But the love I left in Galloway,  
 Wi' bonnie bairns three ;

My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,  
 And smiled my fair Marie,—  
 I've left a' my heart behind me,  
 In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,  
 An' the blossom to the bee,  
 But I win back—oh never !  
 To my ain countree.  
 I'm leal to the high heaven,  
 Which will be leal to me ;  
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,  
 Frae my ain countree.

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POVERTY PARTS GUDE COMPANIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

When white was my oerlay as foam of the linn,  
 And siller was chinking my pouches within ;  
 When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,  
 As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay ;  
 Kind was she and my friends were free,  
 But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight !  
 The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burnt bright,

And linked in my hand was the maiden sae dear,  
As she footed the floor in her holiday geer.

Woe is me, and can it then be,  
That poverty parts sic companie ?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk,  
We met in the sunshine, we met in the mirk ;  
And the sound of her voice, and the blinks of her een,  
The cheering and life of my bosom have been.

Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,  
And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride  
The bruse I hae won and a kiss of the bride ;  
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,  
When I uttered my banter or chorused my song.

Dowie to dree are jesting and glee,  
When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blithe lasses smiled sweet,  
And mithers and aunties were mair than discreet,  
While kebbuck and beaker were set on the board,  
But now they pass by me, and never a word.

So let it be—for the worldly and slie  
Wi' poverty keep nae companie.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart ;  
The spae-wife has tauld me to keep up my heart ;  
For wi' my last sixpence her loof I hae cross'd,  
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.

Cruelly though we ilka day see  
How poverty parts dear companie.