

COME, TOOM THE STOUP.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, toom the stoup ! let the merry sun shine
On sculptured cups and the rich man's wine ;
Come, toom the stoup ! from the bearded bere,
And the heart of corn, comes our life-drink dear.
The reap-hook, the sheaf, and the flail for me ;
Away with the drink of the slave's vine tree !
The spirit of malt, sae free and sae frank,
Is my minted money and bonds in the bank.

Come, toom up the stoup ! what must be, must ;
I'm cauld and canker'd, and dry as dust ;
A simmering stoup of this glorious weat
Gives soaring plumes to time's leaden feet :
Let yon stately madam, so mim and so shy,
Arch her white neck proud, and sail prouder by ;
The spirit of malt, so frank and so free,
Is daintier than midnight madam to me.

Drink fills us with joy and gladness, and soon
Hangs canker'd care on the horns of the moon ;
Is bed and bedding ; and love and mirth
Dip their wings in drink ere they mount from the earth.

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Come, toom the stoup ! it's delightful to see
The world run round, like to whomel on me ;
And yon bonnie bright star—by my sooth it's a shiner,
Ilka drop that I drink it seems glowing diviner.

Away with your lordships of mosses and mools,
With your women, the plague and the plaything of
fools !

Away with your crowns, and your sceptres, and mitres !
Lay the parson's back bare to the rod of the smiters :
For wisdom wastes time, and reflection is folly,
Let learning descend to the score and the tally.
Lo ! the floor's running round, the roof's swimming in
glory,
And I have but breath for to finish my story.

SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist ;
Come taste my fragrant meal.
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower ;
Work, fairies, fast,—for time flies past ;
I borrow'd the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,
And maun have double fee ;
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,
And let the stream come free.
Shout, fairies, shout ! see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river ;
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

One elf goes chasing the wild bat's wing,
And one the white owl's horn,
One hunts the fox for the white o' his tail,
And we winna have him till morn ;
One idle fay, with the glow-worm's ray,
Runs glimmering 'mang the mosses,
Another goes tramp wi' the will-o'-wisp's lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.

O haste, my brown elf, bring me corn
From bonnie Blackwood plains ;
Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
From green Dalgonar mains ;
But, pride of a' at Closeburn ha',
Fair is the corn and fatter ;
Taste, fairies, taste, a gallanter grist
Has never been wet with water.

Hilloah ! my hopper is heaped high ;
Hark ! to the well-hung wheels,
They sing for joy ;—the dusty roof,
It clatters and it reels.

Haste, elves, and turn yon mountain burn—
Bring streams that shine like siller ;
The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
And I maun grind my meller.

Ha ! bravely done, my wanton elves,
That is a foaming stream ;
See how the dust from the mill-ee flies,
And chokes the cold moon-beam.—
Haste, fairies ! fleet come baptized feet,
Come sack and sweep up clean,
And meet me soon, ere sinks the moon
In thy green vale, Dalveen.

MARMION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving,
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted ;
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O never.

SONG OF RICHARD FAULDER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

It's merry, it's merry, among the moonlight,
When the pipe and the cittern are sounding,
To rein, like a war-steed, my shallop, and go
O'er the bright waters merrily bounding.
It's merry, it's merry, when fair Allanbay
With its bridal candles is glancing,
To spread the white sails of my vessel, and go
Among the wild sea-waters dancing.

And it's blithesomer still, when the storm is come on,
And the Solway's wild waves are ascending
In huge and dark curls—and the shaven masts groan,
And the canvas to ribbons is rending ;
When the dark heaven stoops down unto the dark deep,
And the thunder speaks 'mid the commotion :—
Awaken and see, ye who slumber and sleep,
The might of the Lord on the ocean !

This frail bark, so late growing green in the wood
Where the roebuck is joyously ranging,
Now doomed for to roam o'er the wild fishy flood,
When the wind to all quarters is changing—

Is as safe to thy feet as the proud palace floor,
And as firm as green Skiddaw below thee ;
For God has come down to the ocean's dread deeps,
His might and his mercy to show thee.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broad sword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He cross'd the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all ;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar ?"

“ I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
 He quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
 “ Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whisper’d, ’twere better by far
 To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach’d the hall door, and the charger stood
 near ;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Loch-
 invar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan ;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran ;

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

THE KING'S LANDING AT LEITH.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

O! busk ye, busk ye, lad and lass ;
Busk ye, busk ye, man and woman !
Make haste and see our nobles pass—
The king and all his train are coming !
O! heard ye not the cannons roar,
Proclaiming loud to lord and lady,
The King is landing on our shore—
He's landed down at Leith already !

He comes ! he comes in gallant trim,
Wi' robes of state, and banners streaming ;
And thousands, till their sight grows dim,
Wi' tears of rapt'rous joy are beaming !

O, welcome! welcome to this land—
This land where all the Virtues blossom!
Our men shall guard thee, heart and hand—
Our ladies press thee to their bosom!

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree:
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;
The mayflower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine:
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due:
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree !

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough :
But, O Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree !

STARS, DINNA PEEP IN.

Bright stars, dinna peep in,
To see me wi' Mary,
An' O thou bright an' bonnie moon,
Don't at her window tarry.
Sair yestreen ye scared me,
Sair yestreen ye barred me,
Frae kisses kind ye marred me,
Ye peep'd sae in on Mary.

Mary's a winsome quean,
Light as ony fairy ;
Mary's a gentle quean,
Oh I daute her dearly.
An' when the moon is moving,
She loves to go a roving,
An' then she's leal an' loving,—
My ain sweet Mary.

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping at eve to her window I came,
And loud bayed the watch dog, loud scolded the dame.
For shame, silly Lightfoot, what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn :
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the alehouse still claims the great
 chair ;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blithe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of noble degree
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

THE GALLANT AULD CARLE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A gallant auld carle a-courting came,
And ask'd with a cough, was the heiress at hame ;
He was shaven smooth, with love-knots in his shoon,
And his breath was as cauld as the Hallowmass moon :
He has twa top-coats on, and a gray plaid ;
Be kind to him, maiden, he's weel arrayed ;
His lairdship lies by the kirk-yard dyke,
For he'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

The carle came ben with a groan and a cough,
And I was sae wilful and wicked as laugh :
He spoke of his lands, and his horses, and kye,
They were worth nae mair than a blink of my eye ;
He spake of his gold—his locks, as he spake,
From the gray did grow to the glossy black :
And I scarce could say to the carle's gripe,
I doubt ye'll be rotten ere I be ripe.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

A chieftain, to the highlands bound,
Cries, Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.
And who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?
Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.
His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?

Outspoke the hardy highland wight,
I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row ye o'er the ferry.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-vraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking :
But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

O haste thee, haste ! the lady cries :
Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.
The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her ;
When oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her !

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing :
For sore dismay'd thro' storm and shade
His child he did discover ;

One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

Come back, come back, he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your highland chief—
My daughter !—oh, my daughter !
'Twas vain ; the loud waves lash'd the shore.
Return, or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O lady, come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea ;
My ship's a palace, my deck's a throne,
And all shall be thine the sun shines on.

A gallant ship, and a boundless sea,
A piping wind and the foe on our lee,
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail ;
 America's stars I strike them pale :
 The glories of sea and the grandeur of land,
 All shall be thine for the wave of thy hand.

Thy shining locks are worth Java's isle—
 Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile ?
 Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
 Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine.

HALUCKET MEG.

REV. J. NICOL.

Meg, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
 Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang ;
 Ilk daud o' the scartle strack fire,
 While loud as a lavrock she sang !
 Her Geordie had promis'd to marrie,
 An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
 Not dreamin' the job cou'd miscarrie,
 Already seem'd mistress an' mair !

My neebours, she sang, aften jeer me,
 An' ca' me daft, halucket Meg,
 An' say, they expect soon to hear me
 I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg !

An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
An' Geordie, poor fallow ! they ca'
An auld dootit hav'rel !—Nae matter,
He'll keep me aye brankin an' braw !

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
That his mou to his lug's rax'd about ;
But they needna let on that he's crazie,
His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa' :
Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
For fient a hair has he ava !

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,
An' routh o' gude goud in his kist ;
An' if siller comes at my wordie,
His beautie I never wull miss't !
Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
Think love-raptures ever wull burn !
But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder
Wull cauld as an iceshugle turn !

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure,
A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,
He's sic a hard, near-be-gawn miser,
He likes his saul less than his gear !
But though I now flatter his failin',
An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,

Gude sooth ! it sall soon get a scailin' !
His bags sall be mouldie nae mair !

I dreamt that I rade in a chariot,
A flunkie ahint me in green ;
While Geordie cry'd out, he was harriet,
An' the saut tear was blindin' his een ;
But though 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,
I'll hae frae him what ser's my turn ;
Let him slip awa whan he grows wearie,
Shame fa' me ! gin lang I wad mourn !

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin,
Was cloutin his breeks i' the bauks,
An' whan a' his failins she brang in,
His strang, hazle pike-staff he taks,
Designin to rax her a lounder :
He chanc'd on the lather to shift,
An' down frac the bauks, flat's a flounder,
Flew like a shot-starn frac the lift !

THOU HAST VOW'D BY THY FAITH, MY
JEANIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand of thine, °
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine :
And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart of thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart wad part sic love ;
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
But the finger of Him above.
Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
And my clothing e'er sae mean,
I should lap up rich in the faulds of love
Heaven's armfu' of my Jean.

Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down ;
And love wad winnow o'er us his kind kind wings,
And sweetly we'd sleep and soun'.

Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
Come here and kneel wi' me,
The morning is full of the presence of God,
And I cannot pray but thee.

The wind is sweet among the new flowers,
The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
And a blithe auld bodie is he ;
The Beuk maun be ta'en when he comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And I will speak of thee when I pray,
And thou maun speak of me.

MY NANIE-O.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Red rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace
For thieving looks at Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The world's in love with Nanie-o ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadnae love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o ;
Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, I dwell wi' Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray day light,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
None ken o' me and Nanie-o ;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrong my Nanie-o.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

JAMES HOGG.

Oh saw ye the rose of the east
In the valley of Sharon that grows?
Ye daughters of Judah, how blest
To breathe in the sweets of my rose.
Come, tell me, if yet she's at rest
On her couch with the lilies inwove?
Or if wantons the breeze with her breast?
For my heart it is sick for my love.

I charge you, ye virgins unveiled,
That stray 'mong the pomegranate trees,
By the roes and the hinds of the field,
That ye wake not my love till she please.
The garden with flowers is in blow,
And roses unnumbered are there—
Then tell how thy love we shall know,
For the daughters of Zion are fair.

A bed of frankincense her cheek ;
A wreath of sweet myrrh is her hand ;
Her eye the bright gem that they seek
By the rivers and streams of the land ;

Her smile from the morning she wins ;
Her teeth are the lambs on the hill ;
Her breasts two young roes that are twins,
And feed in the valleys at will.

As the cedar that smiles o'er the wood ;
As the lily mid shrubs of the heath ;
As the tower of Damascus that stood
Overlooking the hamlets beneath ;
As the moon that in glory you see,
Mid the stars and the planets above—
Even so among women is she,
And my bosom is ravished with love.

Return with the evening star,
And our couch on Amana shall be :
From Shinar and Hermon afar,
Thou the mountain of leopards shalt see.
O Shulamite ! turn to thy rest,
Where the olive o'er shadows the land—
As the roe of the desert make haste,
For the singing of birds is at hand.

LORD RANDAL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A cold wind and a starless sky,
Hills white with sifted snaw ;
A lady weeping at midnight,
By a lone castle wa' !
Oh ! come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Oh ! open and let me in ;
The snaw hangs in my scarlet robe,
The sleet dreeps down my chin.

Oh ! come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Oh ! open that I may see
Ae glance but of that bonnie blue eye
That charm'd my heart frae me :
Oh ! come, Lord Randal, open your door,
Or speak, that I may know
Once mair the music of that tongue
That wrought me all my woe.

Her voice sank low as the tender babe's
That makes its gentle moan,
A cry still heard by that castle wa'
In midnight mirk and lone :
Lord Randal called his true love thrice,
And wept and paused to hear ;
But, ah ! ne'er mortal voice again
Might win that lady's car.

THE MARINER.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Ye winds which kiss the groves' green tops,
And sweep the mountain hoar,
O, softly stir the ocean waves
Which sleep along the shore ;
For my love sails the fairest ship
That wantons on the sea :
O, bend his masts with pleasant gales,
And waft him hame to me.

O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walked in gloaming gray,
And sigh'd and look'd of love ;
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind—
Then leave nae mair my heart to break,
'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

PEGGIE.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

Whan first I forgather'd wi' Peggie,
My Peggie an' I were young ;
Sae blithe at the bught i' the gloamin'
My Peggie an' I ha'e sung,
My Peggie an' I ha'e sung,
Till the stars did blink sae hie ;
Come weel or come wae to the biggin',
My Peggie was dear to me.

The stately aik stood on the mountain,
And tower'd o'er the green birken shaw ;
Ilk glentin' wee flow'r on the meadow
Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
When they saw their ain shape i' the Dec ;
'Twas there that I courted my Peggie,
Till the kirk it fell foul o' me.

Though love it has little to look for
Frae the heart that's wedded to gear,
A wife without house or a haudin'
Gars aue look right blate like an' queer ;

Gars ane baith look blate like an' queer,
But queerer when twa turns to three ;
Our frien's they ha'e foughten an' flyten,
But Peggie's ay dear to me.

It vex'd me her sighin' an' sabbin',
Now nought short o' marriage wou'd do ;
An' though that our prospects were dreary,
What could I but e'en buckle to ?
What cou'd I but e'en buckle to,
An' dight the sa't tear frae her e'e ?
The warl's a wearifu' wister ;
But Peggie's ay dear to me.

SING ON, SING ON.

R. M'C.

Sing on, sing on, thou little bird
That wing'st the balmy air ;
Sing out thy sang, thou blithesome bird,
That tells thou'rt free of care.
It's gude to ha'e a lightsome heart,
A heart that's fu' of glee ;
And I would bless thy gladsome notes,
Though sorrow dwells with me.

Thou sings to see the gowans bloom,
And leaves that clead the tree,
Thou sings, to woo thy gentle mate,
A sang that's dear to me.
And wilt thou, gentle, win her love,
By methods such as these,
Nor ever learn, as I hae done,
How hard it is to please.

O dinna langer strain thy throat,
Sweet sangster of the grove—
I, too, hae sung as gay a note,
To win a woman's love ;
And, as thy gentle mate does now,
She listen'd to the lay,
And I sang on, and she proved false—
O cease thy roundelay.

O MY LOVE IS A COUNTRY LASS.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O my love is a country lass,
And I am but a country laddie ;
But true love is nae gentleman,
And sweetness is nae lofty lady.

I make my bed 'mang brackens green ;
My light's the moon, round, bright, an' bonnie ;
And there I muse the summer night
On her, my leal and lovely Jeanie.

Her gown spun by her ain white hand ;
Her coat sae trim of snowy plaiden ;
Is there a dame in all the land
Sae lady-like in silk and satin ?
Though minstrel lore is all my wealth ;
Let gowks love gold and mailens many,
I'm rich enough when I have thee,
My witty, winsome, lovely Jeanie.

O ! have you seen her at the kirk,
Her brow with meek devotion glowing ?
Or got ae glance of her bright eye,
Frae 'neath her tresses dark and flowing ?
Or heard her voice breathe out such words
As angels use—sweet, but not many ?
And have ye dream'd of aught sinsyne,
Save her, my fair, my lovely Jeanie ?

THE LORD'S MARIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
 Up wi' a golden kame,
 An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
 An' awa to the tryste has gane.
 O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
 An' saft, saft on her brow ;
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
 An' I kiss'd it off, I trow !

O whare gat ye that leal maiden,
 Sae jimpy laced an' sma' ?
 O whare gat ye that young damsel,
 Wha dings our lasses a' ?
 O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
 Wi' heaven in her e'e ?
 Here's ae drap o' the damask wine ;—
 Sweet maiden, will ye pree ?

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
 Twist wi' the satin twine,
 But ruddie, ruddie grew her throat,
 While she supp'd the blude-red wine.
 Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
 Who wears the golden kame ;

This night will many drink thy health,
An ken na wha to name.

Play me up "Sweet Marie," I cry'd,
An' loud the piper blew,—
But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
An' down his bow he threw :
Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land!
For never a pair o' een before
Could mar my gude bow-hand.

Her lips were a cloven honey-cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight ;
Her locks owre alabaster brows
Fell like the morning light.
An' O! her honey breath lift her locks,
As through the dance she flew,
While love laugh'd in her bonny blue ee,
An' dwelt on her comely mou'.

Loose hings yere broider'd gold garter,
Fair ladie, dare I speak ?
She, trembling, lift her silky hand
To her red, red flushing cheek.
Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere broach o' gold,
Thou lord's daughter sae gay !
The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue ee,—
O come, O come away !

O maid, unbar the silver bolt,
To my chamber let me win ;
An' take this kiss, thou peasant youth,
I daur na let ye in ;
An' take, quo' she, this kame o' gold,
Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forebodes to me
I never maun meet ye mair !

SONG OF SNORRO.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, haste from the mountain ;
Come, leap like the roe ;
Like the sea-eagle, come ;
Or the shaft from the bow :
Cast away the wet oar,
And the gleaming harpoon ;
Leave the love-tale half told,
And the sweet harp in tune ;
Leave the broad banner flying
Upon the rough flood ;
Leave the ships' decks unswept
From the Orkney-men's blood.

And why should we leave thus
The whale when he's dying,
Our ships' decks unswept,
And our broad banners flying?
And why leave our loves
With their white bosoms swelling,
When their breath lifts their locks
While the soft tale we're telling?
The cloud when it snows,
And the storm in its glory,
Shall cease ere we stay,
Ancient bard, for thy story.

Bow all your heads, dames,
Let your bright eyes drop sorrow ;
Hoar heads, stoop in dust,
Said the sweet voice of Snorro.
Fear not for the Norsemen,
The brand and the spear ;
The sharp shaft and war-axe
Have sober'd their cheer :
But dread that mute sea,
With its mild waters leaping ;
Dread Hecla's green hill
In the setting sun sleeping.

It was seen in no vision,
Reveal'd in no dream,
For I heard a voice crying
From Tingalla's stream—

Green Hecla shall pour
Its red fires through Oddo,
And its columns of flame
Through the Temple of Lodo.
Where the high land shall sink,
Lo, the deep sea shall follow,
And the whale shall spout blood
Between Scalholt and Hola.

The bard wept—in his palms
His sad face he conceal'd ;
And a wild wind awaken'd,
The huge mountain reel'd ;
Beneath came a shudder,
Above a loud rattle,
Earth moved to and fro
Like a banner in battle ;
The great deep raised its voice,
And its dark flood flow'd higher,
And far flash'd ashore
The foam mingled with fire.

O spare sunny Scalholt,
And crystal Tingalla !
O spare merry Oddo,
And pleasant old Hola !
The bard said no more,
For the deep sea came dashing ;
The green hill was cleft,
And its fires came flashing.

But matron and maiden
Shall long look, in sorrow,
To dread Hecla, and sing thus
The sad song of Snorro.

THE LASS OF DELORAINE.

JAMES HOGG.

Still must my pipe lie idly by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy?
Again its softest notes I'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'Twas she inspired the simple strain—
That lovely flower so sweet and young,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
Around her ruddy lips that blow,
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe!
Her cheeks endowed with powers at will,
The roses' richest shade to drain;
Her eyes what soft enchantments fill,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

Let Athole boast her birchen bowers,
And Lomond of her isles so green,
And Windermere her woodland shores,
Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene.
For there the evening twilight swells
Wi' many a wild and melting strain ;
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

If heaven shall keep her ay as good
And bonnie as she wont to be,
The world may into Ettrick crowd,
And nature's first perfection see.
Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
And Staffa on the western main ;
These natural wonders ne'er can vie
Wi' the bonnie lass of Deloraine.

May health still bless her beauteous face,
And round her brow may honour twine,
And heaven preserve that breast in peace,
Where meekness, love, and duty join !
But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain ;
For never from my soul shall part
The bonnie lass of Deloraine.

BRIGNAL BANKS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turret high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—
O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as queen of May.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green :
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

I read you, by your bugle horn,
 And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
 To keep the king's green wood.
A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light :
His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there,
 To reign his queen of May !

With burnish'd brand and musquatoon,
 So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum.
I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.
And O though Brignal banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay ;
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
 Would reign my queen of May !

Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die ;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
 Were better mate than I !

And when I'm with my comrades met,
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.
 Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

WALTER LAIDLAW.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in,
 And left her auld master, and neibours sae dear.
 For Lucy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer ;
 She cam there afore the flow'r bloom'd on the pea ;
 An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her ee.

She gaed by the stable, whare Jamie was stannin',
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! quo' Jamie, and ran in.—
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

O what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tear come sae fast to my ee?
If I was nae ettled to be onie better,
Then what gars me wish onie better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither nor frien' the poor lammie can see;
I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me:
Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Tho' now he said naething, but Fare ye weel, Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He could na say mair, but just Fare ye weel, Lucy!
Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lee;
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

DONALD CAIRD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling ;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind :
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man :—
Tell the news in burgh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin ;
Leister's kipper makes a shift
To shoot a moor-fowl in the drift :
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers ;—
Not for bountith or reward,
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler wife can fill ;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker :

When he's fou, he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the causey ;
Highland chief and Lowland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird.

Steek the aumrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist ;
Donald Caird finds orra things,
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings :
Dunts of kebbuck, taits of woo,
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow ;
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird !

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn :
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel !
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Ye mariners of England!
Who guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow ;
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow :
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans, afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.

Hearts of oak ! our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,—
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
Ye are brothers ! Ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people, wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright,
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant, good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

DE BRUCE, DE BRUCE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

De Bruce ! De Bruce !—with that proud call
Thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
And plumes in close array :
The English shafts are loosed, and see
They fall like winter sleet ;
The southern nobles urge their steeds,
Earth shudders 'neath their feet—
Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr,
Down to old Solway's flood,—
The ruddy tide that stains thy stream
Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
Along thy greenwood banks
King Robert raised his martial cry,
And broke the English ranks ;
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
He and the gallant Graeme ;
And, as the lightning from the cloud,
Here fiery Randolph came ;
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
Who spared nor strength nor steel,
With him who won the winged spur
Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce ! De Bruce !—yon silver star,
Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
The sod aneath our feet,
Yon pasture mountain green and large,
The sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
And earth and air be mute ;
The sage's word, the poet's song,
And woman's love, shall be
Things charming none,—when Scotland's heart
Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce ! De Bruce !—on Dee's wild banks,
And on Orr's silver side,
Far other sounds are echoing now
Than war-shouts answering wide :
The reaper's horn rings merrily now ;
Beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maiden's songs
Glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
And heavenly libertie—
De Bruce ! De Bruce !—we owe them all
To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
And theme of many a song !
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
I see thee bound along,—

Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
That never bore a stain,
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
Which never fell in vain.
Shout, Scotland, shout—'till Carlisle wall
Gives back the sound agen,—
De Bruce ! De Bruce !—less than a god,
But noblest of all men !

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Gone were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

Cold's the snow at my head,
And cold at my feet ;
And the finger of death's at my cen,
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
Or my mother so dear,—
I'll meet them both in heaven
At the spring of the year.

Conclusion.

THE spell which bound me to the subject of Scottish Song has begun to dissolve ; and as I cannot expect my pages to hold the same charm over my readers as they have done over me, it is time, and more than time, to conclude. It is not, however, from want of materials that I close the leaf of my labours : good songs are still abundant, and lyric fragments of great beauty are yet plentiful enough for those who have skill and leisure to render them worthy of public acceptance. But I feel, and perhaps ought sooner to have felt, that success, uncertain in any mental labour, is still more unsure in a work requiring much general knowledge and Scottish lore, more leisure than I can command, more patience than I possess, more sagacity in critical emendation than I dare lay claim to, and a happy skill and lucky nicety in language and poetry which few possess, and to which I cannot pretend. Scotland is fruitful at present in men with learning, and leisure, and genius for such a task : to their nod the spell-bound doors of noble libraries would have flown open, and to their wish all the oral lyric riches of Scotland would have been gathered to-

gether as rapidly as the wizard in the wild tale charmed the gold and pearls out of the mud of the Solway for a bridal gift. I had no such aid; and the shame of ill success will be the less, since I have neither enjoyed nor abused any man's liberality.

My original wish has been but imperfectly fulfilled—to select all the best of the national songs of Scotland: to amend, eke out, renovate, purify, and illustrate them with characteristic notices, has indeed been attempted; but my faith is weak in the worthiness of my own labours—the execution is unequal to my conception and my wishes. As I am not unconscious of the imperfections of the work, neither am I insensible to its proper merits. There are many fine songs scattered about these volumes which can be found nowhere else in the same perfect state; many old verses of pathos or of mirth, which have found suitable companions; and many matters, critical and traditional, unknown to any other collection.

No country has so many lyrical publications as Scotland, yet few of them are excellent or complete. It is no easy task to assign to each their own peculiar merit. Five Collections seem to deserve the particular attention of all who wish to acquire an intimate knowledge of national song—those of Allan Ramsay, David Herd, James Johnson, George Thomson, and James Hogg.

The Tea Table Miscellany is the first great sanctuary in which Scottish Song found refuge. The poet forsook for a time the pleasures of original composition for the painful and inglorious task of collecting, collating, and

editing the songs which embodied the mirth or the sorrow of our ancestors. He was first in the field, and had the harvest to himself. That he left rich gleanings succeeding works sufficiently testify; but that he ignorantly or wantonly destroyed or defaced what he deemed unworthy of his sickle, remains, and will remain, matter of mere conjecture. His collection is valuable and popular.

To David Herd we are indebted for our knowledge of many genuine native verses. The rough, the polished, the rude, the courtly, the pure, the gross, the imperfect, and the complete, were all welcome to honest and indiscriminating David—he loved them all, and he published them all. He seemed to have an art of his own in finding curious old songs: he was not a poet, and could not create them; he was no wizard, and could not evoke them from the dust; yet he had the good fortune to find them, and the courage to publish them without mitigation or abatement. Whatever contained a vivid picture of old manners, whatever presented a lively image of other days, and whatever atoned for its freedom by its humour, or for its indelicacy by its well flavoured wit, was dear to the good old Scotchman.

James Johnson followed Herd, and availing himself of the treasures of his predecessors, and of the genius and activity of Burns, he produced a work worthy of Scotland for music and for poetry. I know of no work more thickly bestrewn with the jewels which sparkled on the tiara of the olden Muse. The Museum, indeed, is rather a rich heap than a well arranged collection,