J. B. Hustwait

SELECT

SCOTISH SONGS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

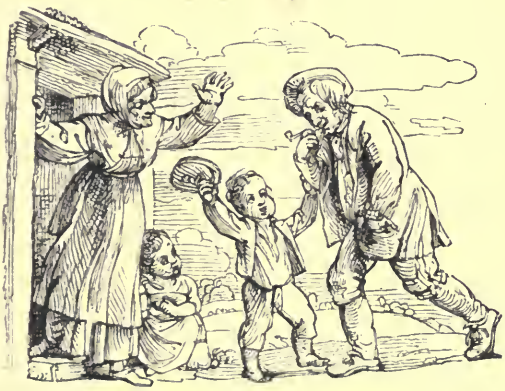
WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

EDITED

By R. H. CROMEK, F. A. S. Ed.



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PREFACE.

THE following *Remarks* from the pen of Burns appeared in the publication of The *Reliques*; and as it might reasonably be presumed that whatever exercised his judgment and gratified his taste, would excite the curiosity of the public, and be worthy of their attention, they are now presented, detached from his other works, accompanied by the Songs which met the Poet's decided approbation. In performing this task, the Editor conceives he shall accomplish a two-fold object; for while the Songs acquire additional interest from the criticisms of so eminent a Poet, the Remarks themselves will be better appreciated when prefixed to the subjects on which they are grounded. The nature of the undertaking would render it unnecessary for him to enter into a general disquisition on Scotish Song, even if it had not been fully illustrated by the able pens of Ramsay, Lord Hailes, Tytler, Ramsay of Ochter-

tyre,* Ritson,† and above all, by Burns himself, who, besides the observations in the present work, has scattered among his prose writings the most judicious reflections on the subject. It will be equally superfluous to prove the eminent qualifications of Burns for understanding and relishing whatever relates to Scotish Song; they have been clearly elucidated in the following elegant and concise testimony by Mr. Walter Scott.

"The Scottish songs and tunes preserved for Burns that inexpressible charm which they have ever afforded to his countrymen. He entered into the idea of collecting their fragments with all the zeal of an enthusiast; and few, whether serious or humorous, past through his hands without receiving some of those magic touches, which, without greatly altering the song, restored its original spirit, or gave it more than it had ever possessed. So dexterously are these touches combined with the ancient structure, that the *rifacciamento*, in many instances, could scarcely have been detected, without the avowal of the Bard himself. Neither would it be easy to mark his share in the individual ditties. Some he appears entirely to

* This gentleman has written an excellent Essay on Scotish Song, which originally appeared in the second volume of "*The Bee*," p. 201, under the signature of *J. Runcole*.

† In the Appendix *(e)* will be found an account of the last days of this antiquary.

have re-written; to others he added supplementary stanzas; in some he retained only the leading lines and the chorus, and others he merely arranged and ornamented. Let us take one of the best examples of his skill in imitating the old ballad.—Macpherson's Lament was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote those additional verses which constitute its principal merit.* This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness, about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at the lyke-wake: as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The wild stanzas which Burns has put into the mouth of this desperado, are grounded upon some traditional remains.

"How much Burns delighted in the task of eking out the ancient melodies of his country, appears from the following affecting passage in a letter written to Mr. Johnson, shortly before his death."

'You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has

* This will be found in the present vol. p. 108.

given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far other and more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit, or the pathos of sentiment! However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can. —*(Reliques, p.* 184.*)*

This heart-rending letter shews that Burns retained to the last hour his enthusiastic taste for the rustic poetry of his country. That he imbibed this taste at an early age, and that he cherished it throughout his life, we have abundant proof from the testimony of his nearest relatives and friends, and from his own avowal. ‘ I have,’ he himself observes, ‘ paid more attention to every description of Scots Song than perhaps any body living has done.’ He had all the advantages of study, of local situation, and of national attachment; and his own inborn enthusiasm perpetually impelled him to cultivate these advantages. As an instance of the vivid impression which the poetry of his country made on his young mind, we may mention the song of *The blaithrie o't*, which, he observes, was the earliest song he remem-

bers to have got by heart. 'When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up every word at first hearing.' *(Reliques, p.* 210*)*. It is not improbable that a song which thus caught his lively fancy, had some share in exciting those kindred independent ideas that frequently occur even in his juvenile poems. The Editor was very much struck with a still more interesting account given by Burns in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, of an old ballad called *The Life and Age of Man.* 'I had an old grand-uncle,' says he, 'with whom my mother lived awhile in her girlish years; the good old man, for such he was, was long blind ere he died; during which time, his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of *The Life and Age of Man.*

The Editor conceived, from the enthusiasm with which the Poet speaks of this ballad, that if it could be procured, it might possibly throw light on some of his productions. After much inquiry, and hunting from stall to stall, he was at last fortunate enough to procure a copy of it. His conjectures were fully verified. From the solecisms with which this copy abounded, he perceived that it had not been much indebted to the care of its editors. He hoped, however, that the Poet's mother might still be able

to recollect so much of it as should enable him to present something like a correct copy to his readers.

On a visit to this worthy old woman, he had the satisfaction of hearing the whole recited by her, and he carefully marked the variations between his copy and her recitation. The reading of Mrs. Burns was so much superior to the other, that he had no hesitation in adopting it. It will be found, that to this interesting ballad we owe the exquisitely pathetic ode of '*Man was made to mourn.*' The Editor hopes that he will be forgiven for here introducing it to the consideration of the curious.

THE

LIFE AND AGE OF MAN:

OR,

A short Description of his Nature, Rise and Fall, according to the Twelve Months of the Year.

Tune—Isle of Kell.

Upon the sixteen hunder year,
of God and fifty three,
Frae Christ was born, that bought us dear,
as writings testifie:

On January the sixteenth day,
as I did ly alone,
With many a sigh and sob did say,
Ah! Man is made to moan.

Dame Natur, that excellent bride,
did stand up me before,
And said to me, thou must provide
this life for to abhor:
Thou seest what things are gone before,
experience teaches thee;
Yet do not miss to remember this,
that one day thou must die.

Of all the creatures bearing life
recall back to thy mind,
Consider how they ebb and flow,
each thing in their own kind;
Yet few of them have such a strain,
as God hath given to thee;
Therefore this lesson keep in mind,—
remember man to die.

Man's course on earth I will report,
if I have time and space;
It may be long, it may be short,
as God hath giv'n him grace.
His natur to the herbs compare,
that in the ground ly dead;

And to each month add five year,
and so we will procede.

The first five years then of man's life
compare to Januar;
In all that time but sturt and strife,
he can but greet and roar.
So is the fields of flowers all bare,
by reason of the frost;
Kept in the ground both safe and sound,
not one of them is lost.

So to years ten I shall speak then
of Februar but lack;
The child is meek and weak of spir't,
nothing can undertake:
So all the flow'rs, for lack of show'rs,
no springing up can make,
Yet birds do sing and praise their king,
and each one choose their mate.

Then in comes March, that noble arch,
with wholesome spring and air,
The child doth spring to years fifteen,
with visage fine and fair;
So do the flow'rs with softening show'rs,
ay spring up as we see;
Yet nevertheless remember this,
that one day we must die.

Then brave April doth sweetly smile,
the flow'rs do fair appear,
The child is then become a man,
to the age of twenty year;
If he be kind and well inclin'd,
and brought up at the school,
Then men may know if he foreshow
a wise man or a fool.

Then cometh May, gallant and gay,
when fragrant flow'rs do thrive,
The child is then become a man,
of age twenty and five:
And for his life doth seek a wife,
his life and years to spend;
Christ from above send peace and love,
and grace unto the end!

Then cometh June with pleasant tune,
when fields with flow'rs are clad,
And Phœbus bright is at his height,
all creatures then are glad:
Then he appears of thretty years,
with courage bold and stout;
His natur so makes him to go,
of death he hath no doubt.

Then July comes with his hot climes,
and constant in his kind,

The man doth thrive to thirty-five,
and sober grows in mind;
His children small do on him call,
and breed him sturt and strife;
* * *
* * *

Then August old, both stout and bold,
when flow'rs do stoutly stand;
So man appears to forty years,
with wisdom and command;
And doth provide his house to guide,
children and familie;
Yet do not miss t' remember this,
that one day thou must die.

September then comes with his train,
and makes the flow'rs to fade;
Then man belyve is forty-five,
grave, constant, wise, and staid.
When he looks on, how youth is gone,
and shall it no more see;
Then may he say, both night and day,
have mercy, Lord, on me!

October's blast comes in with boast,
and makes the flow'rs to fall;
Then man appears to fifty years,
old age doth on him call:

The almond tree doth flourish hie,
and pale grows man we see;
Then it is time to use this line,
remember, man, to die.

November air maketh fields bare
of flow'rs, of grass, and corn;
Then man arrives to fifty-five,
and sick both e'en and morn:
Loins, legs, and thighs, without disease,
makes him to sigh and say,
Ah! Christ on high have mind on me,
and learn me for to die!

December fell baith sharp and snell,
makes flow'rs creep in the ground;
Then man's threescore, both sick and sore,
no soundness in him found.
His ears and e'en, and teeth of bane,
all these now do him fail;
Then may he say, both night and day,
that death shall him assail.

And if there be, thro' natur stout,
some that live ten years more;
Or if he creepeth up and down,
till he comes to fourscore;
Yet all this time is but a line,
no pleasure can he see:

Then may he say, both night and day,
have mercy, Lord, on me!

Thus have I shown you as I can,
the course of all mens' life;
We will return where we began,
but* either sturt or strife:
Dame Memorie doth take her leave,
she'll last no more, we see;
God grant that I may not you grieve,
Ye'll get nae mair of me.

It appears from the first verse of this ballad, that it was written about the year 1653. It is not unreasonable to suppose, that it was the production of some pedantic country schoolmaster, who would naturally write in a stately, stilted style, different from the common people, his neighbours. Mrs. Burns says, that it was one of the many nursery songs of her mother; and that she first heard and learned it from her seventy years ago. Neither she nor her son Gilbert had ever seen a printed copy of it. It is no bad specimen of the quaint, moralizing manner that obtained soon after the Reformation. This

* Without.

quaintness, however, is mixed up with a good deal of imagination. There is a vein of pensive melancholy too in it which could hardly fail to make a deep impression on the young mind of Burns; accordingly we find that this ballad has not only the same structure of versification with the Ode of Burns, and the repetition of the last line of the stanza; but it breathes a kindred pensive melancholy from beginning to end. Many of the imitations in the Ode are so close and so obvious, that it is impossible they could be accidental. For instance, the last line of the first stanza of the ballad, "*Man is made to moan,*" evidently suggested "*Man was made to mourn.*" The following imitations cannot fail to be acknowledged. The reader of himself will easily discover more.

"November air maketh fields bare
of flowers, of grass, and corn."

Ballad, st. XV.

"When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare."

Ode.

"Thou seest what things are gone before,
experience teaches thee;

In what state ever that thou be,
remember, man, to die."

Ballad, st. II.

" I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn."

Ode.

" Therefore this lesson keep in mind,
remember, man, to die."

Ballad, st. III.

" Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn."

Ode.

In his other Poems are also to be found occasionally images and illustrations, obviously taken from this ballad.—In the "*Address to a Mouse*," for instance, when he says,

" An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell and keen,"

the following line must have been floating in his mind:

" December fell, baith sharp and snell."

It would be uncandid to suppose that the Editor has here been actuated by a wish to detract from the merit of Burns. He conceived that nothing which might serve to elucidate the progress of his gigantic mind could be useless or uninteresting. Burns wished not to shroud himself up in any mysterious obscurity. He felt no jealousy that the closest inspection would in the least diminish his reputation. We see him continually pointing to the productions with which his earliest years were most familiar; thus affording us, in a great measure, the means of ascertaining how much of his excellence we owe to the efforts of those who had preceded him, and how much to the inspiration of his own vigorous mind. The path he trod was so unfrequented, and lay so much out of the common road, that without his assistance we should never have traced it. We saw with admiration a rich and unexpected harvest of original poetry; and we could not discover from whence he had collected the seeds that had shot up to such maturity. We find, however, that many of the thoughts which appear in him with such lustre were derived from others; and even that some of his most sublime and pathetic poems owe their origin to models of a similar description, however inferior. To the *Farmer's Ingle* we owe the *Cottar's Saturday Night:* to the rude and artless offspring of for-

gotten bards we owe some of his most exquisite lyrical effusions. On a just and candid comparison, it must be evident that he has greatly excelled his models, and our admiration of his versatile talents will be considerably increased when we consider how happily he has reformed and polished the models themselves. By the force of his superior powers he has appropriated the works of his predecessors, in order to render them more perfect, by purifying their dross, illustrating their obscurities, suppressing their faults, and refining their beauties. The native genius of Michael Angelo was not degraded but exalted by his study of the Antique; and in Poetry as well as in the Sister Arts, true originality consists not so much in painting what has never been painted before, as in the production of those vivid pictures which eclipse all former attempts.

To this originality Burns has an undoubted claim. The proud pre-eminence he enjoys above all the Poets of his country will not soon be disputed with him. It is impossible to say what lies hid in the womb of futurity; but it may be almost pronounced with safety, that he will ever maintain his present superiority; and that each new successor will but add another wreath to his laurels.

R. H. C.

London, Newman-street, May, 1810.

SELECT SCOTISH SONGS, &c.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE Highland Queen, music and poetry, was composed by a Mr. M'Vicar, purser of the Solbay man of war.—This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

BESS THE GAWKIE.*

THIS song shews that the Scotish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald,† as I have good reason to believe that the verses and

* The Editor has been told by Mrs. William Copland, in Dalbeattie, Galloway, (a lady to whose taste, and accuracy of information he has been often indebted), that this Song is the production of the late Reverend —— Morehead, minister of Urr parish, in Galloway.

† Oswald was a music-seller in London, about the year 1750. He published a large collection of Scotish tunes, which he called the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. Mr. Tytler observes, that his genius in composition, joined to his taste in the performance of Scotish music, was natural and pathetic.

music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen.—It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
  And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
  For he's taen up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
  Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her with this,
  That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
  Who'd not call her a gawkie?

But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O, Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again;
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah, na, lass, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony that sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But whisht!—nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew;
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie:

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggy's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they sang;
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy!

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

IT is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfriesshires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these countries. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called both by tradition and in printed collections, The Lass o' Lochroyan, *which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway.*

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

THIS song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scotish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of Anglo-Scotish productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THESE beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock,*

* Richard Hewit was taken when a boy, during the residence of Dr. Blacklock in Cumberland, to lead him.—He addressed a copy of verses to the Doctor on quitting his service. Among the verses are the following lines:

"How oft those plains I've thoughtless prest;
"Whistled or sung some Fair distrest,
"When fate would steal a tear."

Alluding,

to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the tune. Tytler, *in his amusing history of Scots music, gives the air to* Oswald; *but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, where he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.*

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring,
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;

Alluding, as it is said in a note, to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people (of Cumberland) pass the wintry nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.

Blacklock's Poems, 1756, 8*vo. p.* 5.

To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O, hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print.—When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.†*

* A set of itinerant fanatics in the west of Scotland, so denominated from their leader, *Elizabeth Buchan.* The husband of this visionary was one of the proprietors of the Delft-work manufactory at Glasgow, by whom she had several children. About 1779 she began to prophecy that the end of the world was drawing nigh, and that all Christians must abandon worldly connexions, in order to be in readiness to meet Christ. She soon gathered a great number of followers, and journeyed with them through several parts of Scotland, increasing as they went. At length Mrs. Buchan died in 1791, and her disciples dispersed.

† This practice of composing spiritual hymns and songs to common ballad tunes was laughed at by *Shakespeare* in his *Winter's Tale*, where he speaks of a *Puritan* who sings *psalms* to *hornpipes;* and that it obtained long anterior to the time of the *Buchanites*, the curious reader may see, if he can meet with a very scarce book quoted in "Campbell's *History of Poetry in Scotland*," which appeared in Mr. Constable's sale Catalogue for 1796, called Geddes's *Saints Recreation*, &c. addressed, in the very spirit of modern dedication, to no less than *five Patronesses!* each of whom the author hath *honoured* with a *separate* dedication,

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN? QUO' SHE.

THIS song for genuine humor in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
O saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
And his doggie runnin?

---

cation, expressive of his notions of their piety, *pretensions to nobility, &c. &c.*

The reader may see many specimens of this pious nonsense in "*Ane compendious booke of Godly and spirituall Songs*," &c. 1621, specimens of which the late Lord Hailes published in 1764. The whole was republished, with a valuable Introduction, by *Dalzell*, Edin. 1801. Similar performances made their appearance among the *Bereans* in Scotland, the production of their spiritual guide, Mr. Barclay. Among others are these titles: "*Haud awa', bide awa', haud awa frae me Deilie*"—"*Wat ye wha I met yestreen, lying on my bed, Mamma?*—an angel bright," *&c.*

Fee him, father,* fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him:
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Weel do I lo'e him:
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
Lie wi' me at e'en.

* Hire him.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

A TRADITION *is mentioned in the* Bee, *that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way, as to hear* Clout the Caldron *played.*

I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune

Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or onie broken chanlers,

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the Cavalier times; and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

The Blacksmith and his Apron,

which from the rhythm, *seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.*

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

This charming song is much older, and indeed superior, to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," *as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.*

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me,
Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids mé love her,
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
'Till I happy be.
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy wou'd I be!
I'll ly down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scotish ear.

Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
Linkin o'er the lea?

High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie
That ane may ken her *be? (by)*

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, *one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth.* Ramsay, *I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.*

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

This song is one of the many effusions of Scots jacobitism.—The title, Flowers of Edinburgh, *has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.*

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scotish Muses were all Jacobites.—I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyrical reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them.—This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots Poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head;—and surely the*

* Poor Burns!—Thy heart indeed ran always before thy head; but never didst thou fail to carry thy reader's heart along with thee.—Instead of kindling at the indignities offered to thy native land, hadst thou been a wise and a prudent poet, thou would'st have tuned thy lyre to the praise of some powerful family, and carefully abstained from drawing on thy head the resentment

gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than * * * *

---

resentment of the guilty great, or their descendants. Thou mightest then have rolled in affluence, and ceased to struggle under the insulting taunts of every little upstart in office. Thou mightest have flourished in thy day, and left behind thee an offspring securely treading the path of honours and preferment, instead of leaving thy wife and children poor and pennyless, at the mercy of the world.—All this thou mightest have done; but then thou would'st not have been a poet. Thy mantle has indeed been claimed by the first of a new order of poets, who has done all that thou would'st have disdained to do. The world has seen with astonishment, the solid treasures realized by the speculating muse; but the meretricious laurel will soon wither around the wearer's brow, and succeeding generations will turn with contempt from the cold and the courtly strain.

I do not mean to say that poetry and prudence are altogether incompatible; but that prudence which would stifle the feelings which should glow in every manly bosom, can never exist with true and genuine poetry. The prudence that would suppress the indignant strain of a *Campbell* at the horrors of Warsaw, or at the cries of the helpless women and children of our American brethren mangled and murdered by Savages, spurred on by cold and unfeeling politicians;—the prudence that could see unmoved the smoking villages and unhallowed butchery which followed in the train of Culloden, the unsophisticated muse will ever disdain. He can never be a poet who does not feel as a man.—*Ed.*

JAMIE GAY.

JAMIE Gay is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scotish piece.

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

ANOTHER Anglo-Scotish production.

FYE, GAE RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

IT is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:—

Gin ye meet a bonie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae:
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,*
Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

---

* This spirited imitation of the "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, Soracte,*" of Horace, is considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius.—For a very elegant critique on the poem, and a comparison of its merits with those of the original, the reader is referred to *Lord Woodhouselee's Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay*, vol. i. p. 98. London, 1800.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
  There's no nae gowfers to be seen;
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
  The byass-bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
  And beek the house baith butt and ben;
That mutchkin stowp it hads but dribs,
  Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
  And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
  And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
  If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
  Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
  That will they do, should we gang wood:
If they command the storms to blaw,
  Then upo' sight the hailstains thud.

But soon as ere they cry, "Be quiet,"
  The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
  The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say;
"Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;"
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

THE old song, in three eight-line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion.—It begins,

The bonie lass o' Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane.

&c. &c.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

THOUGH this has certainly every evidence of being a Scotish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland, called, The Weaver and his Shuttle, O, *which though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.*

When I was in my se'nteen year,
I was baith blythe and bonny,
O the lads loo'd me baith far and near,
But I loo'd nane but Johnny:

He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spake sae blythe and kindly;
And I made him new gray breeks,
That fitted him most finely.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee;—
His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy;
And then a-days his gray breeks,
Was neither auld nor duddy.*

But now they're threadbare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed-like,† and sair torn,
And clouted sair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I have had right mony,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnny.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better gin I had to gie,
And I'll tak pains upo' them,
Frae fauts I'll strive to keep them free.

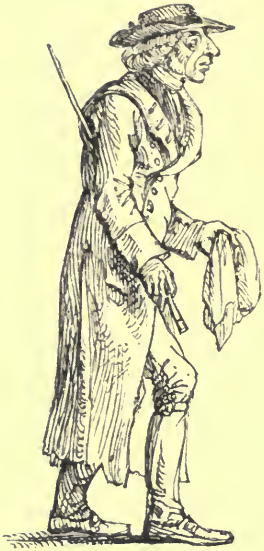
* Ragged. † Stained

To clead him weel shall be my care,
And please him a' my study;
But he maun wear the auld pair
Awee, tho' they be duddy.

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there was nae mony,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
Sae wha wou'd na lo'e Johnny?
So I lo'e Johnny's gray breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
And gin we live anither year,
We'll keep them hale betwen us yet.

Now to conclude,—his gray breeks,
I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee;
Here's luck to a' the gray steeks,*
That show themsells upo' the knee!
And if wi' health I'm spared,
A' wee while as I may,
I shall hae them prepared,
As well as ony that's o' gray.

* Stitches.



MAY EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

KATE of Aberdeen, is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one Sunday *as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day.*

The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, " as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!" *This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.**

* The Editor, on his way to Edinburgh, had an interview with the celebrated *Bewick*, of Newcastle, who favoured him with the annexed interesting Portrait of Cunningham, which he drew two days before the Poet's death.

Through life Bewick has possessed a vivid recollection of *Character*, and to this happy faculty we owe some of the most vigorous productions of his pencil. The Poems of Cunningham were the delight of his youthful mind; so much so, that he emphatically declared he used to read his verses with the same enthusiasm as others read their prayer-books and bibles.—He walked after the Poet in the streets of Newcastle, stopped, loitered behind, repassed him; and in this manner, unobserved by the poor dying Bard, obtained the sketch which the Editor now presents to the public. The little handkerchief, or rather the remains of a handkerchief, in his hand, contained a herring, and some other small matter of food.

Cunningham had little consciousness of his own merit as a Poet, and seldom wrote but when urged by necessity. His highest ambition was to be considered a great Actor, for which he had no requisite either of person or talents. When in Mr. Bates's company of comedians, he had generally a benefit night

at

The silver moon's enamour'd beam,
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep,
  ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen!

---

at North Shields, and being much beloved, numbers flocked to it from Newcastle. He would declare afterwards to his friends, with his usual *naireté*, that so crowded a house was drawn by his *theatrical eminence!*

An occurrence not generally known gave the first shock to this good man's heart. His volume of Poems was dedicated to Garrick, whom in his admiration of theatrical talent he would naturally esteem the first man that ever existed. He trudged up to the metropolis to present his volume to this celebrated character. He saw him; and, according to his own phrase, he was treated by him *in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable.* Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to him as to a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, accompanied with this *speech*:—"PLAYERS, *Sir*, as well as POETS, *are always poor.*"

The blow was too severe for the Poet. He was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties, and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer with contempt, till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear, when he returned

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen!

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:

---

turned once more beneath her sheltering roof, and related his sad story.

The repulse, however, preyed deeply on his spirits, and drove him to that fatal resource of disappointment,—dram drinking.

When he had money he gave it away to people in distress, leaving himself pennyless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out, of the little that was in them, as one takes halfpence from a school-boy to prevent him from purchasing improper trash: How illustrative of the childish simplicity of his character!

From his emaciated appearance in this portrait, he might be supposed very aged; yet from the inscription on his tomb-stone in the churchyard of St. John's, at Newcastle, it appears he was only 44 years old when he died.

These particulars were collected from Mrs. Slack's daughter, and Mr. Thomas Bewick, both of Newcastle.

And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
"'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!"

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

In Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, *this song is localized (a verb I* must *use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the North of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire.—The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, who had it from the last John, Earl of Loudon.—The then Earl of Loudon, father to Earl John, before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walk-*

ing together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place yet called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed, that she would be a fine theme for a song.—Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
  Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
  Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
  Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
  I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth,
  HOPETON's high mountains* fill,
Insur'd lang life and health,
  And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
  That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill
  Shou'd share the same wi' me.

* Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THERE is a stanza of this excellent song for local humour, omitted in this set,—*where I have placed the asterisms.**

Hersell pe highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen
Amang te lawland whig, man.
Fal, &c.

First when her to the lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

* Burns had placed the asterisms between the 9th and 10th verses. The verse is here restored.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith mans nerse be locket,
O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in de highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on de cager;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh! she fear te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
Me never saw de like, man;
They mak a lang road on de crund,
And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn-rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
(In troth, they'll no pe sheaper);
For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse then py te head,
And tere tey mak her stan, man;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt, Nainsell maun traw his purse,
And pay tem what him likes, man;
I'll see a shudgment on his toor;
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.
Fal, &c.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As this was a favorite theme with our later Scotish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the Musical Museum, *beginning,* I hae been at Crookie-den.*—*One reason for my thinking*

* I hae been at *Crookie-den,**
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

There

* A vulgar cant name for Hell.

so is, that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of The auld Highland Laddie.—*It is also known by the name of* Jinglan Johnie, *which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of* Highland Laddie; *while every body knows* Jinglan Johnie. *The song begins,*

Jinglan John, the meickle man,
He met wi' a lass was blythe and bonie.

Another Highland Laddie *is also in the* Museum, *vol.* v. *which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus* " O my bonie Highland lad,

---

There our faes that burnt and slew,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie:

The bluidy monster gae a yell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell!
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

&c." It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus; and has humor in its composition—it is an excellent but somewhat licentious song.—It begins

As I cam o'er Cairney-Mount,
And down amang the blooming heather, &c.

This air, and the common Highland Laddie, *seem only to be different* sets.

Another Highland Laddie, *also in the* Museum, *vol.* v. *is the tune of several Jacobite fragments.—One of these old songs to it, only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines—*

Whare hae ye been a' day,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie?
Down the back o' Bell's brae,
Courtin Maggie, courtin Maggie.

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air, called, the new Highland Laddie.*

* The following observation was found in a memorandum-book belonging to Burns:

The Highlanders' Prayer at Sheriff-Muir.

" O L—d be thou with us; but, if thou be *not* with us, be not against us; *but leave it between the red coats and us!*"

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

*To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses, is downright * * * of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.*

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

This is an Anglo-Scotish production, but by no means a bad one.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

*It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.—I was not acquainted with the Editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.**

* These are Dr. Percy's English verses:

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

THE following is a set *of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing.*

O Willy weel I mind, I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you call'd it the gear and the blaithrie o't.

No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy,

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear and the blaithrie o't.

Tho' my lassie hae nae scarlets or silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she cam in her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaithrie o't.

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Throngh perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?

Say, shon'd disease, or pain befal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Tho' we hae nae horses or menzie at command,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand;
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in
any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie o't.

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will ay be content;
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a
groat,
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie o't.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen;
They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink let them
swim,
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still
remote,
Sae tak this for the gear and the blaithrie o't.

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

When I think on this warld's pelf,
And the little wee share I have o't to myself,
And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!*

* *Shame fall the geer and the blad'ry o't*, is the turn of an old Scotish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth.

Kelly's *Scots Proverbs*.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire,
And Jockie says he lo'es her, and swears he's me forgot;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

But all this shall never daunton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

TWEED SIDE.

In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, *he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with the letters* D. C. *&c.*—Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the*

* Some of the best songs in the English language were written by contemporaries and countrymen of Ramsay's; by *Crawfurd, Hamilton*

worthy and able defender of the beauteous queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C, *in the* Tea-table, *were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achinames, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France.—As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdoté may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of* Tweed Side *is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honor to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford; the Mary he celebrates, was Mary Stuart, of the Castlemilk family,* afterwards married to a Mr. John Relches.*

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;
Both nature and fancy exceed.

Hamilton of *Bangour*, and *Lord Binning*: for we have nothing more perfect, in that species of composition, than *Tweedside*, "*What beauties does Flora disclose;*"—"*Go, plaintive sounds;*"—and, "*Did ever Swain a Nymph adore.*"

Lord Woodhouselee's *Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay*, p. 116.

* If the reader refer to the note in page 62, he will there find that Mr. Walter Scott states this song to have been written in honour of another lady, a *Miss Mary Lilias Scott.*

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

I have seen a song, calling itself the original Tweed Side, *and said to have been composed by a* Lord Yester. *It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first.*

When Maggy and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me:
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed;
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed;
So now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.*

* The last stanza runs thus:—Ed.

To Meiggy my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express,
Alas! for I loo'd her o'erwell,
An' the women loo sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

The author of the Boatie Rows, was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to There's nae luck about the house.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And leesome may the boatie row
That wins my bairns bread:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns bread.

I cust* my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.

* Cast.—The Aberdeenshire dialect.

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,*
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our porridge meal:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I true my heart was douf an' wae,
When Jamie gaed awa:
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

* An ozier basket.

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
Are up and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain, and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before:—
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

*ANOTHER, but very pretty Anglo-Scotish piece.**

* The Editor subjoins this song as a fair specimen of these Anglo-Scotish productions.

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro'

THE POSIE.

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his Roslin Castle *on the modulation of this air.—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung,*

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice had no great merit.—The following is a specimen:

There was a pretty May,* and a milkin she went;
Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair:
And she has met a young man a comin o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

O where are ye goin, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair?
Unto the yowes a milkin, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

What if I gang alang wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair;
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.
&c. &c.

THE POSIE.

O luve will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been,
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

* Maid.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY'S DREAM.

THE Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter to the Laird of Airds, in Galloway. The poet was a Mr. Alexander Lowe, *who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called* Pompey's Ghost.—*I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland.—By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love disappointment.*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head to ask, who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye;
'O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
'It lies beneath a stormy sea;
'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
'So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
'We toss'd upon the raging main;
'And long we strove our bark to save,
'But all our striving was in vain.
'E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,
'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
'The storm is past, and I at rest;
'So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
'Where love is free from doubt and care,
'And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadows fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

SAID to have been composed by King James, on a frolic of his own.*

There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er sae bright!

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

* This Prince (whose character Dr. Percy thinks for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. It is of the present ballad that Mr. Walpole has remarked, there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favours had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Up raise the good man's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll waken our goodman,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin loon, and ne'er a word he spake,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true,
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang,
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the puir man?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
The deil gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a',
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of
Brodie ;*
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the puir bodie?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses
three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-
fee,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud
and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping
o'er the hill,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

* In the course of a most interesting conversation which the Editor had with Mrs. Murray, (married to Dr. Murray, of Bath), authoress of the celebrated song of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," the present song became the subject of her remark. She observed, "I have been told it was an ancestor of the present Brodie, of Brodie, who is mentioned in this old ballad. That family is one of the oldest and most honourable in the North of Scotland:—The present Laird, whom I have known and respected for many years, falls nothing short in any of the good qualities of his ancestors; and it is a high gratification to me to know that there are many young *Brodies* to continue the line of that most respectable clan."

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies* fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

BY MR. DUDGEON.

THIS Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

I NEVER heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

* Ragged cloathing.

ALLAN WATER.

THIS Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honored with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water, in Strathallan.

TARRY WOO.

THIS is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
Then the work is haflens done;
But when woven, drest and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountain's steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;

Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be haff so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and vallies trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear;—
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy *Kent* and *Colly* true,
Will defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.

Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?*
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

GRAMACHREE.

THE song of Gramachree *was composed by a* Mr. Poe, *a counsellor in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the* "Molly," *who is the subject of the song, and to whom* Mr. Poe *sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than—*

How can she break that honest heart that wears her in
its core!

But as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection.

* The thought contained in these two lines is an imitation of a verse in a fine old song, called "The Miller," which serves to confirm the truth of Burns's observation on the age of "Tarry Woo."—*Ed.*

THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

THE first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay.—The old words began thus:

The collier has a dochter, and, O, she's wonder bonie!
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.
She wad na hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady;
But she wad hae a collier, the color o' her daddie.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE—O.

THE old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted; which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humors.—The old words began thus:

I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.—

YESTREEN I HAD A PINT OF WINE.

I THINK this is the best love-song I ever composed.

Tune—BANKS OF BANNA.

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 tak 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.

MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW.*

MR. Robertson in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir

* "Near the lower extremity of St. Mary's Lake, (a beautiful sheet of water, forming the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source,) are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. Mr. Scott, in a note to *Marmion*, proceeds to relate that, 'he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name; and that the words usually sung to the air of *Tweed-side*, beginning, 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour.'

Francis Elliot, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

*There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, as it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times.—The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter, for some time after the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas-moon?**

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* The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began their nightly depredations. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked, that many of the best families in the North can trace their descent from these daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of a dowry to a laird's daughter) of a *Michaelmas-moon*, is proverbial; and by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn (the moon) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. Nay, to this day, a Highlander that is not a sturdy moralist, does not deem it a very great crime to lift (such is the phrase) a sheep now and then. If the reader be curious to contemplate one of these heroes *in the cradle*, he may read the following *Highland balou*, or Nursery Song: It is wildly energetic and strongly characteristic of the rude and uncultivated manners of the Border Islands.

Hee, balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clauronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton chief,
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

I HAVE been informed, that the tune of Down the Burn, Davie, *was the composition of* David Maigh, *keeper of the blood slough hounds,* belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.*

Leeze me on thy bonny craigie!
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie;
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder:
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie;—
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

* In the South of Scotland, especially in the counties adjoining to England, there is another dog of a marvellous nature, called Suthounds (this is improper, according to *Jamieson;* it ought to be *Sleuth-hund),* because, when their masters are robbed, if they tell whether it be horse, sheep, or neat, that is stolen from them, immediately they pursue the scent of the thief, following him or them through all sorts of ground, and water, till they find him out and seize him; by the benefit whereof the goods are often recovered again.

Lewis's Hist. of Great Brit. 1729. p. 56.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwalt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;

* * * *

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk sae sweet;
And that they aften should return,
Sic pleasure to renew;
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.*

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

THE old words, all that I remember, are,—

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
It is a cauld winter night;
It rains, it hails, it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light:
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That ever I tint my way;
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee,
Until it be break o' day.—

* The last four lines of the third stanza, being somewhat objectionable in point of delicacy, are omitted. Burns altered these lines. Had his alteration been attended with his usual success, it would have been adopted.

O, Betty will bake my bread,
And Betty will brew my ale,
And Betty will be my love,
When I come over the dale:
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me,
And while I hae life, dear lassie,
My ain sweet Betty thou's be.—

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language.—The two lines,

And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read: and the lines,

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw—

are worthy of the first poet.—It is long posterior to Ramsay's days.—About the year 1771, *or* 72, *it*

*came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.**

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Ye jads, lay by your wheel!
Is this a time to talk of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat;

* The authoress of this unique ballad (supposed to be written in the character of a *Mariner's Wife*) was a *Jean Adam*, who instructed a few children in an obscure village of Scotland; and who, after wandering about from place to place, and experiencing a variety of hardships and misfortunes, died in extreme wretchedness in the workhouse at Glasgow, in the year 1765.

A more detailed account of this extraordinary woman may be seen in the Appendix, marked *(a)*, at the end of this volume.

Ed.

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There is twa hens upon the bauk,
'Sbeen fed this month and mair ;
Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,—
For he's been long awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-sattin gown ;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town ;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath like caller air,
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blaun by; I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!

For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

JOHN HAY'S BONIE LASSIE.

JOHN Hay's Bonie Lassie was daughter of John Hay, Earl, or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh.—She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 *and* 1740.

THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE idea of this song is to me very original: the two first lines are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the Museum *marked* T, *are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of* Balloon *Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: A mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-Grace-of-God, and Solomon-the-Son-of-David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclo-*

*pedia Britannica, which he composed at half a guinea a week!**

The bonie brucket lassie
She's blue beneath the e'en;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green:
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

" My shape," she says, " was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonie brucket,
And blue beneath the e'en:
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

" My person it was comely,
My shape, they said, was neat;
But now I am quite chang'd,
My stays they winna meet:

* An account of this eccentric character is printed in the Appendix to this volume, marked *(b)*.

A' night I sleeped soundly,
My mind was never sad;
But now my rest is broken,
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

"O could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me!
No other love I suffer'd
Within my breast to dwell;
In nought I have offended,
But loving him too well."

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanc'd to pass,
And press'd unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass:
"My dear," he said, "cease grieving,
Since that your love's sae true,
My bonie brucket lassie
I'll faithful prove to you."

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

THIS song is beautiful.—The chorus in particular is truly pathetic.—I never could learn any thing of its author.

A lass that was laden with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd awhile for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.

Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we hae seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!

My dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

This air is Oswald's.

BOTHWEL BANKS.

This modern thing *of Pinkerton's could never pass for old but among the sheer ignorant. What Poet of the olden time, or indeed of any time, ever said or wrote any thing like the line*—"Without ae

flouir his grave to crown!" *This is not only the pedantry of tenderness, but the very bathos of bad writing.**

* The Editor requests the reader's pardon for the introduction of a few lines on this subject. He promises not to trespass on his good nature again.

O, Bothwel bank! again thy flowers
Sprout comely wi' spring's warming showers:
The daff'dil on the burn's gay brow,
Wags his sweet head, o'erlaid wi' dew;
The gowden cowslips, richly meal'd,
Inlay the burn, by bush and bield;
And the blythe lark, from morning cloud,
Lights 'mang the dew, and singeth loud.

Sae sweet wert thou that simmer night,
(All 'neath the moon's celestial light!)
When my dear boy, upon my breast,
Laid down his head awhile to rest:
Heaven took his angel soul awa',
And left him in my arms to fa'.
He lay, like a lilie on the ground,
Wi' a' his fair locks loose around.

I howked† a grave within my bower,
And there I set this heavenly flower:—
"And thou wilt spring again," I said,
"And bloom when other flowers will fade;
"Touched with immortal dew, thou'lt stand
"A posie fit for God's own hand;
"Among the flowers of heaven thou'lt blaw,
"When earthly flowers will fade awa'!"

† To *howk*, to dig.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shews the old "Bush;" which, when I saw it in the year 1787, *was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The new Bush."*

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

CROMLET'S LILT.*

" In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Sterling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

* Since the first edition of the *Reliques* was published, the Editor has seen a Letter addressed to Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, by a Gentleman of great literary acquirement, from which he has been permitted to make the following extract.

" I thank you particularly for *Cromek's Reliques of Burns*, which are undoubtedly genuine, and breathing the same genius and the same infirmities with his former works. I will say a little of it. More science and better company, with his father's worth and sound principles, would have made him one of the best poets this country has produced. He is a bigot for laxity, religious and moral; and hence that jumble of sentiments! After telling me of his father's conversion to Socinianism, he added, ' *but* he continued a *Calvinist* in his manners and conversation.' The thing I liked best was the account of Scotish Songs, which coincides with my own sentiments and theories. His curt, sarcastic remarks, are truly characteristic. Some of them are inaccurate. The Chisholm story is *felo de se*. The Reformation took place 1559 or 60, and great part of the Bishop's estate went to one of his own name. Little *Meg Murray* was not born then. The late Sir William Stirling told me, that it was a tradition in his family, that James the 6th, in passing from Perth

"At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education: At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay brother of the monastry of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the dis-

---

Perth to Stirling, 1617, sent a servant to tell the Lady Ardoch, then a widow, to have *all* her children dressed, for he was coming to see her and them. They were all drawn up on the green. On the King's seeing them, he said, 'Madam, tell me how many are of them.' 'I only want your Majesty's *help* to make out the two *Chalders*.' (i. e. 51 were they.) The King afterwards ate a collop sitting on a stone in the close. I have been told that the Tutor of Ardoch, who was alive in 1715, could, when more than a hundred, drink a bottle of ale at a draught. Much did Lord Tinwald, then a lad, take pleasure in the *Tutor*'s converse, who knew much of the history of private life."

advantage of Cromlus; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them: Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called Cromlet's Lilt, a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

"When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate: but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted, rather than consented to the ceremony; but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying, Helen, Helen, mind me.* *Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confident was discovered,—her marriage disannulled,—and Helen became lady Cromlecks."*

N. B. Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strewn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose

* Remember me

youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, *aged* 111 *years.*

CROMLET'S LILT.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness,
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree
In yonder spreading groves,
Tho' false thou be:
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:

Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat:
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on hy
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies:
The courteous *Red-breast* he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

ANOTHER beautiful song of Crawford's.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me!
Oh! never rob them from these arms;
I'm lost if Peggy die.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this: but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming inde-

licacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

I am not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland.—There is a song apparently as antient as Ewe-bughts, Marion, *which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North.—It begins thus:*

The Lord o'Gordon had three dochters,
Mary, Marget, and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonie Castle Gordon,
But awa to Aberdeen.

Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal-day:
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow! but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean:

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramasie:
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.*

LEWIS GORDON.†

This air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed,

Tune of Tarry Woo.—

Of which tune, a different set *has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,*

"Tho' his back be at the wa',"

—must be very striking.—It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song. The sup-

* This is marked in the *Tea Table Miscellany* as an old song with additions.—*Ed.*

† "Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754."

posed author of " Lewis Gordon" *was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainzie.*

Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa!
Oh hon! my Highland man,
Oh, my bonny Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Oh hon! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the God of War.
Oh hon! &c.

Oh to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the Jub'lee year!
Oh hon! &c.

OH ONO CHRIO.*

Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

Oh! was not I a weary wight!
Oh! ono chri, oh! ono chri—
Maid, wife, and widow, in one night!
When in my soft and yielding arms,
O! when most I thought him free from harms.
Even at the dead time of the night,
They broke my bower, and slew my knight.
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
I'll tye my heart for evermair;
Nae sly-tongued youth, or flatt'ring swain,
Shall e'er untye this knot again;
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Nor pant for aught, save heaven and thee.

(The chorus repeated at the end of each line.)

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THIS is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner.—What an ab-

* A corruption of *O hone a rie'* signifying—*Alas for the prince, or chief.*

surdity, to join such names, as Adonis *and* Mary *together.*

CORN RIGS ARE BONIE.

ALL the old words that ever I could meet with to this air were the following, which seem to have been an old chorus.

O corn rigs and rye rigs,
O corn rigs are bonie;
And where'er you meet a bonie lass,
Preen up her cockernony.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYAR.

THE chorus of this song is old; the rest is the work of Balloon Tytler.

WAUKIN O' THE FAULD.

THERE are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay

composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd.—*It begins,*

O will ye speak at our town,
As ye come frae the fauld, &c.

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humor.

THE WAUKING OF THE FAULDS.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

This old song, so pregnant with Scottish naivieté *and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions.—Its language is a precious model of imitation: sly,*

sprightly, and forcibly expressive.—Maggie's tongue wags out the nicknames of Rob the Piper with all the careless lightsomeness of unrestrained gaiety.

Wha wad na be in love
Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;—
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, you hallanshaker!*
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,†
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:

* *Hallanshaker* is what the old people call a rambling mischievous fellow; one who sods up the burns, ties the doors, and works other pranks of innocent merriment. The hallan is a bundle composed of the longest broom, entwisted with willows, placed moveable to ward the wind from the door. The partition which divided the spence from the hall was frequently named a "Hallan," being formed of similar materials.

† *Bladderskate.* This ought to be *blether-skyte.* "*Ye blethering lowne*"—"*Ye vile skyte,*" are terms of familiar reproach still in use, and are innocently applied to those satiric rogues who have

For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you,
Live you upo' the border?*
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

---

have the art of mingling falsehood and truth with admirable art, annoying with it the sage remarks of the sober-minded and wise.

* Probably a temporary and convenient residence of the minstrel. The emigration of Highland reapers to the lowlands of Scotland has brought the old favourite pipes again into vogue. On the day-close of harvest-toil the girls bind up their locks; the men wash their sweaty faces, and throw aside their gray socks. On the little green plat before the farm hall, the old bandsmen come out and see their children dancing and making merry. The Piper seats himself on the *knocking-stone*, and strikes into one of those wild northern airs which stirs even old age to the frolics and pranks of youth.

In talking on this subject to an intelligent Scotsman, he told the

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae ye play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.*

---

the Editor, that when a boy (not more than twenty years ago) he was greatly struck with the sight of many of these old Highland Pipers, straying, solitary, from parish to parish, reciting the deeds of the clans.

In every parish there were houses which the open-heartedness of their possessors made welcome nightly habitations to these vagrant remnants of ancient chivalry. The piper's arrival spread like wild-fire among the little country villages. The old decayed men, the lads and lasses, with their rocks and knitting apparatus, flocked around the old piper, who, seated next the *gudeman*, on the *lang-settle*, in the intervals of his tunes touched on the tales of other times. The *barbarity of William, in the vale of Glencoe;* the *Rade of Mar;* or *the year* 1715*; and the awful sufferings of misguided Catholic loyalty in* 1745, were told with the exquisite mastery of native eloquence.—

* The celebrated Piper of Kilbarchan.

I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin' ye should come to Enster Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

TRANENT-MUIR.

Tune—GILLICRANKIE.

"TRANENT-MUIR" was composed by a Mr. Skirvin, a very worthy respectable farmer, near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirvin to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song.—"Gang awa back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here; and I'll tak a look o' him; and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did, —I'll rin awa."—

TRANENT MUIR.*

The Chevalier,† being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:
While general Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel,‡ as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man:

* A field of battle, better known by the name of Prestonpans, where prince Charles Stewart, commonly called the Young Chevalier, at the head of his Highland army, completely routed the English forces, under the command of Sir John Cope, who was afterward tryed by a court-martial for his conduct in this battle, and acquitted. He is said to have left the field in such haste that he never once stopped his horse, nor looked back, till he got to Haddington, which is seven or eight miles off. This action happened Sep. 22, 1745.

† Printed from Ritson's copy.

‡ Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the most amiable disposition.

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

---

tion. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and died in France colonel of a regiment, which his grateful master had procured him, as a small reward and compensation for his great services and misfortunes, ... 1748.

Menteith the great,* when hersell sh—t,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson† keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;

* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer; who, happening to come the night before the battle, upon a Highland gelding, easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

† Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

For Campbell rade, but Myrie* staid,
And sair he paid the kain,† man;
Fell skelps he got, was war than shot
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner‡ brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man;

* Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broad-sword.

† *i. e.* He suffered severely in the cause.

‡ James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse. This gentleman's conduct, however celebrated, does not seem to have proceeded so much from the generous ardour of a noble and heroic mind, as from a spirit of religious enthusiasm, and a bigoted reliance on the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination, which rendered it a matter of perfect indifference whether he left the field or remained in it. Being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a Highlander, with a Lochaber axe.

Colonel Gardiner having, when a gay young man, at Paris, made an assignation with a lady, was, as he pretended, not only deterred from keeping his appointment, but thoroughly reclaimed from all such thoughts in future, by an apparition. See his Life by Doddridge.

For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man;
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;

The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before he left the cor,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi spoils of war, man;
Fow bald can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow-mill, man;
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.

Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

THE Chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine.—Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

Tune—THE GORDONS HAD THE GUIDING O'T.

THE following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the Gentle Jean, *celebrated somewhere in Mr. Hamilton* of Bangour's poems.—Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment,*

* "With the elegant and accomplished WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, whose amiable manners were long remembered with the tenderest recollection by all who knew him, Mr. Home lived in the closest habits of friendship. The Writer of these Memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days; and he has to regret that many an anecdote, to which he listened with pleasure, was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Hamilton's mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression. His poems had an additional charm to his cotemporaries, from being commonly addressed to his familiar friends of either sex."

Life of Lord Kaimes, vol. i. p. 64.

Hamilton died in March, 1754, aged 50.

which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

All lovely on the sultry beach,
  Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
  Nor chear the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,
  To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride, to fix they swimming eye,
  Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
  Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
  And all the spring to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
  Not force of foe depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
  Thy country, unredress'd!

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

*THE chorus of this song is old.—The rest of it, such as it is, is mine.**

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd wad mak me irie, sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To take me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

* There is a stray, characteristic verse, which ought to be restored.

My minnie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Ware I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWEL.

*MACPHERSON, a daring robber, in the beginning of this century, was condemned to be hanged at the assizes at Inverness. He is said, when under sentence of death, to have composed this tune, which he called his own lament, or farewel.**

Farewel ye dungeons, dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

* See a Notice of Macpherson in the Preface to these volumes.

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face; and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now, farewel light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky:
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

MY JO JANET.

JOHNSON, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous ballad.*

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the *Bass* then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass, then.—
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see your bonny sell,
My Jo, Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in,
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysell for sin.—
Haud the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet,
Haud the better be the brae,
My Jo, Janet.

* Of the *Scots Musical Museum.*

Good sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through *Aberdeen*, then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon, then.—
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My Jo, Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin.*
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be taukin'.—
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My Jo, Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the *Cross*, then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing-horse, then.—
Pace upo' your spinnin-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinnin-wheel,
My Jo, Janet.

* A hare.

My spinnin-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs right aft my hand, sir.—
Mak the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My Jo, Janet.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

THE words by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

I COMPOSED these stanzas standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at, or near, Moness.

Tune—BIRKS OF ABERGILDIE.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

The little birdies blythly sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

*THIS was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the Banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewel, before she should embark for the West-Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a maliguant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illuess.**

* There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons of joy or of sorrow, of despair or of hope, which as they powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of our lives. They may be termed the trials of the heart.—We treasure them deeply in our memory, and as time glides silently away, they help us to number our days. Of this character was the parting of *Burns* with his *Highland Mary*, that interesting female,

Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty shew;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

---

female, the first object of the youthful Poet's love. This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!

The anniversary of *Mary Campbell*'s death (for that was her name), awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered, solitary, on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm-yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll looe my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;
For her I'll trace a distant shore;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret truth and honor's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

---

nearly the whole of the night: His agitation was so great, that he threw himself on the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy--his address *To Mary in Heaven.*
Ed.

Farewel, the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewel, the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

GUDE YILL COMES, AND GUDE YILL GOES.

THIS song sings to the tune called The bottom of the punch bowl, *of which a very good copy may be found in* M'Gibbon's Collection.

O gude yill comes, and gude yill goes,
Gude yill gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
For gude yill keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
And they drew teugh and weel eneugh;
I drank them a' ane by ane,
For gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

I had forty shillin in a clout,
Gude yill gart me pyke them out;
That gear should moule I thought a sin,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

The meikle pot upon my back,
Unto the yill-house I did pack;
It melted a' wi' the heat o' the moon,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

Gude yill hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me jink wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand in the kirk when I hae done,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

I wish their fa' may be a gallows,
Winna gie gude yill to gude fellows,
And keep a soup 'till the afternoon,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
O gude yill comes, and gude yill goes,
Gude yill gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.

* These are old words altered by Burns. The original verses were recovered by the Editor, and are published among the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song."

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough, perhaps, but they served as a vehicle to the music.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

Lord Hailes, in the notes to his collection of ancient Scots poems, says that this song was the composition of a Lady Grissel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, of Jerviswood.

There was anes a May,* and she loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young Johny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.
He hecht me, &c.

* Maid.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny:
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I wad, &c.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-ee;
And were na my heart light, I wad die,
Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes 'dandering'* about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!
And linking, &c.

* So Lord Hailes; Ramsay and others read 'drooping.'

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

This song is the composition of Balloon *Tytler.*

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*

THIS air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause.

To tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my jacobitism was merely by way of vive la bagatelle.

Thickest night, o'erhang my dwelling
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

* Supposed to mean James, Viscount Strathallan, whose father, Viscount William, was killed at the battle of Culloden. He escaped to France.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress;
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world's all before us—
But a world without a friend!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

THE chorus of this is old; the two stanzas are mine.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cold blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Blacklock told me that Smollet, who was at bottom a great jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland, *after the battle of Culloden.*

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze;
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain,
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause!—oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his childrens' blood!
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The black wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

BRAW, BRAW LADS OF GALLA-WATER.

I HAVE heard a concluding verse sung to these words—it is,

An' ay she came at e'enin fa',
Amang the yellow broom, sae eerie,
To seek the snood o' silk she tint;—
She fan na it, but gat her dearie.

Braw, braw lads of Galla-water;
O, braw lads of Galla-water!
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my true love thro' the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie;
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and blearie.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE* DIE.

Dr. Walker, who was Minister at Moffat in 1772, *and is now* (1791) *Professor of Natural History, in the University of Edinburgh, told Mr. Riddel the following anecdote concerning this air. —He said that some gentlemen, riding a few years ago through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Mosspaul; when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock, at her door, was singing.—All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called,* What will I do gin my Hoggie die. *No person, except a few females at Mosspaul, knew this fine old tune; which in all probability, would have been lost, had not one*

* *Hoggie*, a young sheep, before it has lost its first fleece, termed a Harvest Hog, from being smeared at the end of harvest, when it ceases to be called a lamb.—*Jamieson.*

of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down.

What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie;
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And wow! but I was vogie.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill;
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco' tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.*

* These words are certainly by Burns, though the Editor has heard them attributed to another writer, whose name he has forgotten. It is a silly subject treated sublimely. It has much of the fervour of the "Vision."

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

THESE two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, chrystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Tune—GALLASHIELS.

THE old title, Sour Plums o' Gallashiels, *probably was the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost.*

The tune of Gallashiels *was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Gallashiel's piper.**

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—RHANNERACH DHON NA CHRI.

THESE verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq. physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Herveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic

* The Piper of Gallashiels was the subject of an unpublished mock-heroic Poem, by *Hamilton of Bangour.*—Ed.

banks of the little river Devon.—I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!
But the bonniest flow'r 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 flow'r,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal show'r,
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 seizest,
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows

MILL, MILL O.—

THE original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is still extant.—It runs thus:

The mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O,
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,
And danc'd the miller's reel O.

As I cam down yon waterside,
And by yon shellin-hill O,
There I spied a bonie bonie lass,
And a lass that I lov'd right weel O.—*

* * * *

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still O,
A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will-O:

* The remaining two stanzas, though pretty enough, partake rather too much of the rude simplicity of the "Olden time" to be admitted here.—*Ed.*

Her bosom I press'd, but, sunk in her rest,
She stir'd na my joy to spill-O;
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill-O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill-O,
Frae 'er quietly I staw, hoist'd sails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill-O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-frasing fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill-O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,*
Nor ken'd wha'd done her the ill-O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
A ferlying speer'd how she fell-O;
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
Sweet sir, gin I can tell-O.
Love gae the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expel-O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysell-O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the shilling-hill-O;†

* Of repentance.

† Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

If I did offence, I'se make ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill-O.
O! the mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O,
And the cogging of the wheel-O,
The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye man leave,
And round with a soger reel-O.

WALY, WALY.

In the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza.—Instead of the four lines, beginning with, "When cockle-shells," &c. *the other way ran thus:—*

O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin my fause luve has me forsook,
And says he'll never luve me mair.—*

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.

* So it is in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, from which the present copy is printed.—*Ed.*

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie trie;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning-dew.
O wherfore shu'd I busk my head?
Or wherfore shu'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheits shall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the trie?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were borne,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gone,
For a maid again Ile never be!*

DUNCAN GRAY.

Dr. Blacklock informed me that he had often heard the tradition that this air was composed by a carman in Glasgow.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* This song is quoted in a musical medley published in 1600.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh;
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd:
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig*
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his e'en baith bleert and blin,
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie die;
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.

* A well-known rock in the frith of Clyde.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her e'en, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

THIS is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.—The oldest Ayrshire reel, is Stewarton Lasses, *which was made*

by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lyle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty.—Johnie Faa *is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.*

TODLEN HAME.

This is, perhaps, the first bottle song that ever was composed.

When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

* *A neep*—a turnip.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pintstoups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
*Todlen but, and todlen ben,**
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THIS song is by the Duke of Gordon.—The old verses are,

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
Then fye, gie me my cogie.

* *But and ben*, is the *outer* and *inner* room. In low farm-houses of two rooms, the outer room is called *the but*, and the inner one *the ben*.

My cogie, Sirs, my cogie, Sirs,
I cannot want my cogie:
I wadna gie my three-girr'd stoup
For a' the quenes on Bogie.

There's Johnie Smith has got a wife
That scrimps him o' his cogie,
If she were mine, upon my life
I'd douk her in a bogie.
My cogie, Sirs, &c.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I but hae a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie:
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.
In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull loves countra-dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an allemande prances:

In foursome reels the Scotch delight,
The threesome maist dance wond'rous light;
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythsome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She seems sae keen and vogie!
Now piper lad bang up the spring;
The countra fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's e'er we begin
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie;
And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come again
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men of Stra'bogie;
We'll stop awhile and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie:

Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

FOR LAKE OF GOLD.

THE country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line

She me forsook for a great duke,

say,

For Athole's duke she me forsook;

which I take to be the original reading.

These words were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh.—He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married: but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the Doctor.*

* Jean, daughter of John Drummond, of Megginch, Esq.

WE RAN AND THEY RAN.*

THE author of We ran and they ran, *and* they ran and we ran, *&c. was the late Rev. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Dee-side.*

There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a' man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff Muir†
A battle there was, which I saw man:

And we ran and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, and we ran, and they ran, awa', man.

* This copy is given from Ritson's Coll. with his Historical Notices.—*Ed.*

† The battle of Dumblain or Sheriff-muir was fought the 13th of November 1715, between the earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the duke of Argyle for the government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. The capture of Preston, it is very remarkable, happened on the same day.

Brave Argyle* and Belhaven,†
Not like frighted Leven,‡
Which Rothes§ and Haddington‖ sa' man;
For they all with Wightman**
Advanced on the right, man,
While others took flight, being ra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh†† was there,
In order to share
With Douglas,‡‡ who stood not in awe, man,
Volunteerly to ramble
With lord Loudon Campbell,§§
Brave Ilay‖‖ did suffer for a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Campbell) 2d duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the government forces; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all parties: died 1743.

† John (Hamilton) lord Belhaven; served as a volunteer; and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington: perished at sea, 1721.

‡ David (Lesly) earl of Leven; for the government.

§ John (Lesly) earl of Rothes; for the government.

‖ Thomas (Hamilton) earl of Haddington; for the government.

** Major general Joseph Wightman.

†† John (Ker) first duke of Roxburgh; for the government.

‡‡ Archibald (Douglas) duke of Douglas.

§§ Hugh (Campbell) earl of Loudon.

‖‖ Archibald earl of Ilay, brother to the duke of Argyle. He was dangerously wounded.

Sir John Schaw,* that great knight,
Wi' broad-sword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam,†
For fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broad-swords wi' a pa', man,
And that in such thrang,
Made Baird edicang,‡
And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar§ and Panmure‖
Were firm I am sure,
The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
With brisk men about,

* An officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

† Major-general Thomas Whitham.

‡ i. e. *Aid du camp.*

§ John (Erskine) earl of Mar, commander in chief of the Chevalier's army; a nobleman of great spirit, honour, and abilities. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

‖ James (Maule) earl of Panmure; died at Paris, 1723.

Brave Harry* retook
His brother, and laught at them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshall† and Lithgow,‡
And Glengary's§ pith too,
Assisted by brave Loggie-man,‖
And Gordons the bright
So boldly did fight,
The redcoats took flight and awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Honorable Harry Maule, brother to the earl. The circumstance here alluded to is thus related in the earl of Mar's printed account of the engagement: "The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some were allow'd to return to Sterling upon their parole, &c... The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our Left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The earl of Panmure being first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescu'd by his brother and his servants."

† George (Keith) earl Marischall, then a youth at college. He died at his government of Neufchatel in 1771. His brother, the celebrated marshall Keith, was with him in this battle.

‡ James (Livingston) earl of Calendar and Linlithgow: attainted.

§ Alexander M'Donald of Glengary, laird of a clan; a brave and spirited chief: attainted.

‖ Thomas Drummond of Logie-Almond; commanded the two battalions of Drummonds. He was wounded.

Strathmore* and Clanronald†
Cry'd still, advance, Donald!
Till both these heroes did fa', man;‡
For there was such hashing,
And broad swords a clashing,
Brave Forfar§ himself got a cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Lyon) earl of Strathmore; "a man of good parts, of a most amiable disposition and character."

† Ranald M'Donald, captain of Clan Ranald. *N. B.* The captain of a clan was one who, being next or near in blood to the chief, headed them in his infancy or absence.

‡ "We have lost to our regret, the earl of Strathmore and the captain of Clan Ranald." Earl of Mar's Letter to the governor of Perth. Again, printed account: "We cann't find above 60 of our men in all kill'd, among whom were the earl of Strathmore [and] the captain of Clan Ranald, both much lamented." The latter, "for his good parts and gentle accomplishments, was look'd upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans... He was lamented by both parties that knew him."

His servant, who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, He was a man yesterday.—Boswell's *Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 359.

§ Archibald (Douglas) earl of Forfar, who commanded a regiment in the duke's army. He is said to have been shot in the knee, and to have had 10 or 12 cuts in his head from the broadswords. He died a few days after of his wounds.

Lord Perth* stood the storm,
Seaforth† but lukewarm,
Kilsyth‡ and Strathallan§ not sla', man;
And Hamilton‖ pled
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,**
Tilebairn†† was brisk,
Whose father indeed would not dra', man,

* James marquis of Drummond, son of James (Drummond) duke of Perth, was lieutenant general of horse, and "behaved with great gallantry." He was attainted, but escaped to France, where he soon after died.

† William (Mackenzie) earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and died in 1740.

‡ William (Livingston) viscount Kilsyth: attainted.

§ William (Drummond) viscount Strathallan; whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

‖ Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

** James (Carnegie) earl of Southesk; was attainted, and, escaping to France, died there in 1729.

†† William (Murray) marquis of Tullibardin, eldest son to the duke of Athol. Having been attainted, he was taken at sea in 1746, and died soon after, of a flux, in the Tower.

Into the same yoke,
Which serv'd for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo* not fear'd,
Kintore† and his beard,
Pitsligo‡ and Ogilvie§ a', man,
And brothers Balfours,‖
They stood the first show'rs,
Clackmannan and Burleigh** did cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Robert (Rollo) lord Rollo; "a man of singular merit and great integrity;" died in 1758.

† William (Keith) earl of Kintore.

‡ Alexander (Forbes) lord Pitsligo; a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed." He was engaged again in the affair of 1745, for which he was attainted, and died at an advanced age in 1762.

§ James lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David (Ogilvie) earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned. His father, *not dra'ing into the same yoke*, saved the estate.

‖ Some relations it is supposed of the lord Burleigh.

** Robert (Balfour) lord Burleigh. He was attainted, and died in 1757.

But Cleppan* acted pretty,
And Strowan the witty,†
A poet that pleases us a', man;
For mine is but rhime,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to dra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly‡ and Sinclair,§
They both play'd the tinclair,
With consciences black like a cra', man.
Some Angus and Fifemen
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

† Alexander Robertson of Struan; who, having experienced every vicissitude of life, with a stoical firmness, died in peace 1749. He was an excellent poet, and has left elegies worthy of Tibullus.

‡ Alexander (Gordon) marquis of Huntley, eldest son to the duke of Gordon, who, according to the usual policy of his country, (of which we here meet with several other instances), remained neutral.

§ John Sinclair, esq. commonly called master of Sinclair, eldest son of Henry lord Sinclair; was attainted, but afterward pardoned, and died in 1750. The estate was preserved of course.

Then Laurie the traytor,
Who betray'd his master,
His king and his countrie and a', man,
Pretending Mar might
Give order to fight,
To the right of the army awa', man.*

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* " There was at this time a report prevail'd that one *Drummond* went to *Perth* under the notion of a deserter from the duke Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid de camp to the lord *Drummond*, and in that quality attended the earl of *Mar* to receive his orders; the earl, when he found his right was like to break the duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to general Hammilton, who commanded on the rebels' left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend, gave contrary orders, and intelligence to general Hammilton, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and desiring the general to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which general Hammilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obey'd. Then the duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely gall'd by the duke; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the duke."

Campbell's *Life of John Duke of Argyle*, p. 204.

Then Laurie, for fear
Of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
Instead o' going to Perth,
He crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
And there he address'd,
That he behav'd best o' them a', man;
And there without strife
Got settled for life,
An hundred a year to his fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Burrowstounness
He resides wi' disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a dra', man,
And then in a tether
He'll swing frae a ladder,
[And] go aff the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy* stood watch
On a hill for to catch

* "Among other causes of the rebels' misfortune in that day, they reckon the part *Rob Roy, M. Gregor*, acted to be one; this

Rob

The booty for ought that I sa', man,
For he ne'er advanc'd
From the place he was stanc'd,
Till nae mair to do there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy, or [*Red*] *Robert*, was brother to the laird of *M. Gregor*, and commanded that clan in his brother's absence, but in the day of battle he kept his men together at some distance without allowing them to engage, tho' they show'd all the willingness immaginable, and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was, it seems, the chief of his design of coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lye upon the border of the Highlands, and this *Rob Roy* had exercised their talents that way pretty much in a kind of thieving war he carried on against the duke of Montrose, who had, as he alledged, cheated him of a small feudal estate." Campbell's *Life of J. D. of Argyle*, p. 205.

The conduct of this gentleman (who, the historian would not tell us, had assumed the surname of *Campbell*, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising, as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he is reported to have said, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable, however, that his interference would have decided the fortune of that day in favour of his own party. "He continued in arms for some years after, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton and Lenox, particularly on the duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him." Boyse's *History of the Rebellion*. He is in the number of those attainted by parliament.

So we a' took the flight,
And Moubray the wright;
But Letham the smith was a bra' man,
For he took the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
Whose breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
By saving his neck
His trumpet did break,
Came aff without musick at a', man.*
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* The particulars of this anecdote no where appear. The hero is supposed to be the same *John M'Lean, trumpet*, who was sent from lord Mar, then at Perth, with a letter to the duke of Argyle, at Stirling camp, on the 30th of October. Vide *Original Letters*, 1730. Two copies, however, printed not long after 1715, read, "And trumpet *Marine*."

In 1782 the son of this *Trumpeter Marine* told the Earl of Haddington (then Lord Binning) that the first circuit he ever attended, as one of his Majesty's household trumpeters, was the Northern, in the year 1716, along with old Lord Minto. That the reason of his going there was, that the circuit immediately preceding, his father had been so harassed in every town he went through, by the people singing his verse, "*And Trumpet Marine, whose breeks*," &c. of this song, that he swore he would never go again; and actually resigned his situation in favour of his son.—Campbell's *Hist. of Poetry in Scotland.*

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
Frae ither they 'run'
Without touk o' drum;
They did not make use of a pa', man.

*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa', man.**

* This battle has also been celebrated in a sort of dialogue, printed in Ritson's *Collection of Scotish Songs*, between "Will Lick-ladle and Tom Clean-cogue, twa Shepherds wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil-hills on the day the battle of Sheriff-Muir was fought." The mode of narration is well chosen, but the poem has little other merit, except as being a circumstantial and a sort of gazette account of the affair.

So fine a subject could not escape the Muse which immortalized the fight of Bannockburn, and in the accompanying stanzas we have additional proof of the ardent and inexhaustible mind of Burns, which when roused in the cause of Patriotism, could invest the rudest materials with the riches of its own genius. Most imitations are only foils to the original; but here, the Model is like a tree in the bare poverty of winter, and the Copy is the same tree warmed with the life and clothed in the verdure of spring. This is one among innumerable instances, in which he has displayed the versatility of his powers in new-modelling the ancient ballads of his country.

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

Ed.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN

The Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.

" O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
O ware ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk* did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

* *A bouk*—a carcass, the body of a man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

"O how deil Tam can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horseman back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:

Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man:
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world gude night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE, &c.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's.—He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning,

Alas, my son, you little know—

*which is the composition of a Miss Jenny Graham of Dumfries.**

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow:
Farewel to every day of ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please,

* Miss Graham was a maiden lady; she lived to a pretty old age, and at length died a martyr to an asthma of many years continuance, the pain of which she alleviated by exercising her cheerful disposition in composing humourous Scotish songs.—*Ed.*

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,*
Which gars you sing alang the road.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,
She will drive at you wi' good will,
And then she'll send you to the de'il.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I like you was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

* This is an ancient proverbial expression. It is used by Sir John Harrington in his translation of the *Orlando Furioso* (b. VI. s. 72.) where, speaking of some very young damsels, he says,

The blacke oxe has not yet trod on their toe.

It is used in Yorkshire to this day, and is generally applied to such indiscreet unmarried young men as have not yet sown their wild oats.

Great Hercules and Sampson too,
Were stronger men than I or you;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

BIDE YE YET.

Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardie aside a wee burn;
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come home at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;
And a bonny wee bairne upon her knee,
That will cry, papa, or daddy, to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

HEY TUTTI TAITI.*

I HAVE met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neigh-

* To this melody Burns adapted his celebrated address of Bruce at Bannockburn. His feelings on visiting the scene of that memorable battle are described in his unpublished journal in the Editor's possession, in language almost as sublime and energetic as that of his heart-rousing Poem, and they are both here inserted, that the reader may judge between the embryo and the full-grown offspring of his genius.

" *Bannockburn.* Here no Scot can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill, and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers ; noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe! I see them meet, in gloriously triumphant congratulation, on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal Leader, and rescued liberty and independence !"

ROBERT

bourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce*'s march at the battle of Bannockhurn.*

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
  Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
  Forward! let us do, or die!

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

I COMPOSED *these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon.*

Tune—M'GRIGOR OF RORO'S LAMENT.

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring.
Farewel hours, that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail! thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

O'er the Past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless Future wandering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing;
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!

THE BRIDAL O'T.

THIS song is the work of a Mr. Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster at Lochlee; and author of a beautiful Scots poem, called,* The Fortunate Shepherdess.

Tune—LUCY CAMPBELL.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:
For yesternight, nae farder gane,
The backhouse at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirden seen,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
Altho' there should betide ill o't:

* An account of Mr. Ross may be seen in the Appendix to this volume, marked *(c.)*

For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't,
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Altho' that they should guide ill o't:
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
The end that held the kecks sae clean,
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't:
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for anither o't,
And e'er he want to clear his shot,
His sark'll pay the tither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan* thick and threefold they convene,
  Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
  May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
  Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
  And aiblins to the beating o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
  And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
  And furls about the feezings o't.

* *Fan*, when—the vulgar dialect of Angus.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

Tune—An the Kirk wad let me be.

I am a batchelor winsome,
A farmer by rank and degree,
An' few I see gang out mair handsome,
To kirk or to market than me;
I have outsight and insight and credit,
And from any eelist I'm free,
I'm well enough boarded and bedded,
And what ails the lasses at me?

My boughts of good store are no scanty,
My byrs are well stocked wi' ky,
Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,
An' twa' or three easements forby.
An' horse to ride out when they're weary,
An' cock with the best they can see,
An' then be ca'd dawty and deary,
I fairly what ails them at me.

Behind backs, afore fouk I've woo'd them,
An' a' the gates o't that I ken,
An' whan they leugh o' me, I trow'd them,
An' thought I had won, but what then;

When I speak of matters they grumble,
Nor are condescending and free,
But at my proposals ay stumble,
I wonder what ails them at me.

I've try'd them baith highland and lowland,
Where I a good bargain cud see,
But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,
Or say they wad buckle wi' me.
With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them,
Been with them baith modest and free,
But whatever way I caress'd them,
There's something still ails them at me.

O, if I kend how but to gain them,
How fond of the knack wad I be!
Or what an address could obtain them,
It should be twice welcome to me.
If kissing an' clapping wad please them,
That trade I should drive till I die;
But, however I study to ease them,
They've still an exception at me.

There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshaks,
An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
No sooner they speak to the wenches,
But they are ta'en far enough ben;

But when I speak to them that's stately,
I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
An' get the denial right flatly;
What, think ye, can ail them at me?

I have yet but ae offer to make them,
If they wad but hearken to me,
And that is, I'm willing to tak them,
If they their consent wad but gee;
Let her that's content write a billet,
An' get it transmitted to me,
I hereby engage to fulfil it,
Tho' cripple, tho' blind she sud be.

BILLET BY JEAN GRADDEN.

Dear batchelour, I've read your billet,
Your strait an' your hardships I see,
An' tell you it shall be fulfilled,
Tho' it were by none other but me.
These forty years I've been neglected,
An' nene has had pity on me;
Such offers should not be rejected,
Whoever the offerer be.

For beauty I lay no claim to it,
Or, may be, I had been away;
Tho' tocher or kindred could do it,
I have no pretensions to they:
The most I can say,—I'm a woman,
An' that I a wife want to be;
An' I'll tak exception at no man,
That's willing to tak nane at me.

And now I think I may be cocky,
Since fortune has smurtl'd on me,
I'm Jenny, an' ye shall be Jockie,
'Tis right we together sud be;
For nane of us cud find a marrow,
So sadly forfairn were we;
Fouk sud no at any thing tarrow,
Whose chance looked naething to be.

On Tuesday speer for Jeany Gradden,
When I i' my pens ween to be,
Just at the sign of the Old Maiden,
Where ye shall be sure to meet me:
Bring with you the priest for the wedding,
That a' things just ended may be,
An' we'll close the whole with the bedding;
An' wha'll be sae merry as we?

A cripple I'm not, ye forsta me,
Tho' lame of a hand that I be;
Nor blind is there reason to ca' me,
Altho' I see but with ae eye:
But I'm just the chap that you wanted,
So tightly our state doth agree;
For nane wad hae you, ye have granted,
As few I confess wad hae me.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

There was an auld wife an' a wee pickle tow,
An' she wad gae try the spinning o't,
She louted her down, an' her rock took a low,
And that was a bad beginning o't:
She sat an' she grat, an' she flet and she flang,
An' she threw an' she blew, an' she wrigl'd an' wrang,
An' she choked, an' boaked, an' cry'd like to mang,
Alas! for the dreary spinning o't.

I've wanted a sark for these eight years an' ten,
An' this was to be the beginning o't,
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
Or ever I try the spinning o't;

For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
Did sic a mishap an misanter befa' me,
But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me an' draw me,
The neist time I try the spinning o't.

I hae keeped my house for these three score o' years,
An' ay I kept free o' the spinning o't,
But how I was sarked foul fa' them that speers,
For it minds me upo' the beginning o't.
But our women are now a days grown sae bra',
That ilka an maun hae a sark an' some hae twa,
The warlds were better when ne'er an awa'
Had a rag but ane at the beginning o't.

Foul fa her that ever advis'd me to spin,
That had been so lang a beginning o't,
I might well have ended as I did begin,
Nor have got sick a skair with the spinning o't.
But they'll say, she's a wyse wife that kens her ain weerd,
I thought on a day, it should never be speer'd,
How loot ye the low take your rock be the beard,
When ye yeed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sob,
When I think upo' the beginning o't,
I thought ere I died to have anes made a web,
But still I had weers o' the spinning o't.

But had I nine dathers, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I cud gee,
Is that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel if they will needs run
The drearysome risk of the spinning o't,
Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
And there venture o' the beginning o't:
But to do as I did, alas, and awow!
To busk up a rock at the cheek of the low,
Says, that I had but little wit in my pow,
And as little ado with the spinning o't.

But yet after a', there is ae thing that grieves
My heart to think o' the beginning o't,
Had I won the length but of ae pair o' sleeves,
Then there had been word o' the spinning o't;
This I wad ha' washen an' bleech'd like the snaw,
And o' my twa gardies like moggans wad draw,
An' then fouk wad say, that auld Girzy was bra',
An' a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I wad shog about till a new spring,
I should yet hae a bout of the spinning o't,
A mutchkin of linseed I'd i' the yerd fling,
For a' the wan chansie beginning o't.

I'll gar my ain Tammie gae down to the how,
An' cut me a rock of a widdershines grow,
Of good rantry-tree for to carry my tow,
An' a spindle of the same for the twining o't.

For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
This morning just at the beginning o't,
She was never ca'd chancy, but canny an' slim,
An' sae it has fair'd of my spinning o't:
But an' my new rock were anes cutted an' dry,
I'll a' Maggie's can an' her cantraps defy,
An' but onie sussie the spinning I'll try,
An' ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby, her dather, tak tent fat ye say,
The never a ragg we'll be seeking o't,
Gin ye anes begin, ye'll tarveal's night an' day,
Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't
Since lambas I'm now gaing thirty an' twa,
An' never a dud sark had I yet gryt or sma',
An' what war am I? I'm as warm an' as bra',
As thrummy tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labor the lint-land, an' then buy the seed,
An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
An' syn loll amon't an' pike out ilka weed,
Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't;

Syn powing and ripling an' steeping, an' then
To gar's gae an' spread it upo' the cauld plain,
An' then after a' may be labor in vain,
When the wind and the weet gets the fusion o't.

But tho' it should anter the weather to byde,
Wi' beetles we're set to the drubbing o't,
An' then frae our fingers to gnidge aff the hide,
With the wearisome wark o' the rubbing o't.
An' syn ilka tait maun be heckl'd out throw,
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syn on on a rock wi't, an' it taks a low,
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jenny, I think 'oman ye're i' the right,
Set your feet ay a spar to the spinning o't,
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright
That she gat when she try'd the beginning o't.
But they'll say that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
An' sae she has kythed it, but there's nae need
To sickan an amshack that we drive our head,
As langs we're sae skair'd fra the spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny the youngest, I've now heard you a',
An' dowie's your doom o' the spinning o't,
Gin ye, fan the cow flings, the cog cast awa',
Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.

But I see that but* spinning I'll never be bra',
But gae by the name of a dilp or a da,
Sae lack where ye like I shall anes shak a fa',
Afore I be dung with the spinning o't.

For well I can mind me when black Willie Bell
Had Tibbie there just at the winning o't,
What blew up the bargain, she kens well hersell,
Was the want of the knack of the spinning o't.
An' now, poor 'oman, for ought that I ken,
She may never get sic an offer again,
But pine away bit an bit, like Jenkin's hen,
An' naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething, but just this alane,
I shall yet hae about o' the spinning o't,
They may cast me for ca'ing me black at the bean,
But nae cause I shun'd the beginning o't.
But, be that as it happens, I care not a strae,
But nane of the lads shall hae it to say,
When they come till woo, she kens naething avae,
Nor has onie ken o' the spinning o't.

In the days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouks had but won,
To a surkoat hough side for the winning o't,
Of coat raips well cut by the cast o' their bun,
They never sought mair o' the spinning o't.

* *But*—without.

A pair of grey hoggers well clinked benew,
Of nae other lit but the hue of the ew,
With a pair of rough rullions to scuff thro' the dew,
Was the fee they sought at the beginning o't.

But we maun hae linen, an' that maun hae we,
An how get we that, but the spinning o't?
How can we hae face for to seek a gryt fee,
Except we can help at the winning o't?
An' we maun hae pearlins and mabbies an cocks,
An' some other thing that the ladies ca' smoks,
An' how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
And pow what we can at the spinning o't?

'Tis needless for us for to tak our remarks
Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't,
She never kend ought o' the gueed of the sarks,
Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
Twa three ell of plaiden was a' that was sought
By our auld warld bodies, an' that boot be bought,
For in ilka town sickan things was nae wrought,
So little they kend o' the spinning o't.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

This song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, Non-juring Clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead. He is likewise the author of "Tullochgorum," "Ewie wi' the Crookit horn," "John o' Badenyond," *&c.; and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the Author of an* "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland." *The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon; the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces,* "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," *his* "Farewel," *and* "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel," *from the old air,* 'The German Lairdie.'

Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the Marquis' reel discreetly,
Here we are, a band completely
Fitted to be jolly.—
Come, my boys, blythe and gawcie,
Every youngster chuse his lassie,
Dance wi' life, and be not saucy,
Shy nor melancholy.
Come, my boys, &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows, and drumly faces,
Look about, and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted;
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to turn camsterry
When we're auld and doited.
Now's the season, &c.

Butler, put about the claret,
Thro' us a' divide and share it,
Gordon-Castle well can spare it,
It has claret plenty:
Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
Draffy drink may please the Vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker,
Vicars are not dainty.
Wine's the true inspiring liquor, &c

We'll extol our noble master,
Sprung from many a brave ancestor,—
Heaven preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper, too, our pretty Duchess,
Safe from all distressful touches,

Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper, too, our pretty Duchess, &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy, like the heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy.
Pallas, grant him every blessing,
Wit and strength and size increasing,
Plutus, what's in thy possessing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas, grant him every blessing, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
In refin'd and worthy measure;
Merit, gain him choicest treasure,
From the Royal donor:
Famous may he be in story,
Full of days, and full of glory;
To the grave, when old and hoary,
May he go with honour!
Famous may he be in story, &c.

Gordons, join our hearty praises,
Honest, though in homely phrases,

Love our cheerful spirits raises,
Lofty as the lark is:
Echo, waft our wishes daily,
Thro' the grove, and thro' the alley,
Sound o'er every hill and valley,
Blessings on our Marquis.
Echo, waft our wishes, &c.

THE RANTING DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

Tune—EAST NOOK O' FIFE.

I COMPOSED this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.

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 mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

It is remark-worthy that the song of Hooly and Fairly, *in all the old editions of it, is called* The Drunken Wife o' Galloway, *which localizes it to that country.*

THE DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

Oh! what had I to do for to marry?
My wife she drinks naething but sack and Canary,
I to her friends complain'd right early,

* *Creepie-chair*—the stool of repentance.

O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank crummie, and syne she drank garie;
Now she has druken my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the larie.
O! gin, &c.

She has druken her stockins, sa has she her shoon,
And she has druken her bonny new gown;
Her wee bit dud sark that co'erd her fu' rarely,
O! gin, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,
But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare,
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly,
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she's laid it a wad,*
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely,
O! gin, &c.

The verra gray mittens that gaed on my han's,
To her neebor wife she has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed sae dearly,
O! gin, &c.

* *Laid it a wad*—laid it in pawn.

If there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a baubee she'll scauld and she'll curse,
She gangs like a queen—I scrimped and sparely,
O! gin, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;
Ere it come to a war I'm ay for a parley.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she fills herself fou;
And when she is fou she's unco camstarie,
O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,
Has nae fear o' her neebors, nor minds the house wants;
She rants up some fool-sang, like "*Up y'er heart, Charlie.*"
O! gin, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jads,
And I, my ain sell, an auld cuckold carlie,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O! gin my wife wad drink, hooly and fairly.

APPENDIX

TO VOL. I.

APPENDIX *(a.)*

AN Account of *Jean Adam*, Authoress of the Ballad "There's nae luck about the House," referred to in page 68.

This song, the production of Jean Adam, who taught a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, has been deemed not unworthy the pen of the Translator of the Lusiad. A copy of it, in his own hand-writing, was found among his MS. after his decease, and appeared in the last edition of his works, among some original pieces never before published. As it has been an uniform principle in making the present Collection to establish the authenticity of each particular poem, the Editor of Mr. Mickle's works was consulted respecting the grounds of his claim to the song in

question. In his answer he states, that never having had any conversation with Mr. Mickle on this ballad, he applied to his relict, who perfectly remembers receiving a copy of it from Mr. Mickle, but is not positive that he affirmed it to be his production, though, on being questioned, she thinks he did not absolutely deny it. He adds, that her powers of recollection having been impaired by a paralysis, she cannot speak decidedly of a conversation which took place so many years ago. In Mr. Mickle's copy two fine stanzas are omitted, which, on the authority of the Rev. Patrick Davidson, of Rayne, in the county of Aberdeen, are ascribed to Dr. Beattie, who affirms that they were inserted by the Doctor soon after the first appearance of the piece.*

* The following are the lines attributed to Dr. Beattie:

"The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!"

Without controverting the Doctor's claim to these eight disputed lines, the Editor cannot help remarking, that the two best,

"The

In opposition to these claims, there is living evidence in support of that of Jean Adam. Mrs. Fullarton, who was a pupil of her's, frequently heard her repeat it, and affirm it to be her composition, and no one at that time disputed her assertion. In addition to this, we may adduce the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Crawford (Mrs. Fullarton's daughter) in reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh, at the request of the Editor.

"*Ratho House, Jan.* 24, 1810.

"You may assure Mr. Cromek that the ballad, 'There's nae luck about the House,' was written by Jean Adam, on a couple in Crawford's-dyke, the small town where her father lived. I do not recollect

---

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!"

are not only quoted by Burns, but that the sentiment itself belongs originally to Horace, and is given nearly in the same words as in this ballad, in Ramsay's celebrated imitation of his Ode IX. lib. 1.

"*Let neist day come as it thinks fit,*
The present minute's only our's;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's fickle powers."

A sentiment which Horace variously and frequently expresses, and which, in fact, forms the basis of his Epicurean philosophy.

that I ever heard her repeat it; but since I can remember any thing, I have always heard it spoken of as being her composition, by those that she depended much upon.—My aunt, Mrs. Crawford, of Cartsburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adams's."

The priority of her claim is therefore evident, for the song was published before Mr. Mickle was known as an author, and she repeatedly declared it to be her's at a time when he was living to disprove her title to it. Besides, the song bears abundant marks of being the production of a female, both in its subject and its style. And we may also observe, that the poems of Mr. Mickle being all of a classical and refined stamp, it is highly improbable that he should descend in this single instance into the familiarity of the Scotish dialect, and the rustic expression of domestic feelings. The circumstance of a copy being found in his own hand-writing, is not of itself sufficient to prove him the author. His admiration of this happy effusion of untutored genius might induce him to copy and to preserve it;* but if he had himself possessed a talent for this style of poetry, he would unquestionably have exercised it more frequently, and have left other specimens of it.

* Among the MS. of Burns, now in the Editor's possession, are copies of many poems besides his own, which he transcribed from a feeling of their excellence.

The inquiry which this disputed song occasioned, has furnished the Editor with some notices of the life of Jean Adams, which are characteristic and interesting. She was born of humble parents, and was brought up in a state of penury and wretchedness. Her education was therefore scanty, but it may be presumed that her natural talents supplied the deficiency, as she supported herself by keeping a little school, and at times by assisting at needle-work in gentlemens' families. Her poetic genius was first awakened by the perusal of a large old folio of romances and rhymes, and she shortly afterwards produced an "Address to Grief," which was much praised by her friends, and encouraged her to cultivate her acquaintance with the Muses, greatly to the neglect of her humbler and more substantial occupations. She gave up her school, and led a precarious and unsettled life for some time. Her Poems, which were scattered among her friends in various parts of the country, were collected by a Mr. Drummond, of Greenock, and published for her, in one volume, by subscription, at Glasgow, in 1734. Their success highly flattered Jean's vanity, and she exported a large bale of them to Boston, which, however, remained unsold, and she was reduced to a state of bare poverty, subsisting chiefly on the bounty of her friends.

During the time she kept a school at Crawfordsdyke, she exhibited some singular traits of enthusiasm. She told her pupils, that having lately read Clarissa Harlowe, she felt such a deep interest in it, and such sentiments of reverence for its author, that she had determined to walk to London to pay her personal respects to Mr. Richardson. This singular and romantic journey she actually performed in about six weeks, and returned to teach her school at Crawfordsdyke.

One day she told her pupils she would read to them a play of Shakespeare's. She fixed upon Othello, which Mrs. Crawford remembers she read with uncommon pathos, and was so affected at the close of that powerful drama, that she (Jean Adam) actually fainted away, and remained for some time insensible. She treated her pupils with great tenderness, and was much beloved by all of them, and was esteemed by all who knew her as a woman of singular piety.

Of the close of her unfortunate life few particulars are known. There is great reason to conclude that it was chequered by all the varieties of disappointment and distress, for the above anecdote clearly shews how prone she was to obey the impulses of that random enthusiasm which is ever at variance with the dictates of prudence, and which is too often the bane of the votaries of genius.

Some time after the year 1760 she came to the house of Mrs. Fullarton, formerly her pupil, in a state of beggary; and though at first she rejected with pride some articles of dress that were offered her, yet she afterwards returned and accepted of them.

The following communication to the Editor by Mr. Francis Ross, Clerk to the Town's Hospital at Glasgow, is all which could be collected of her hapless and deplorable fate.

(Extract from the records of the Parish Work-house of Glasgow.)

Glasgow, Town's Hospital, 2d April, 1765.

"Admit Jean Adam, a poor woman, a stranger in distress:—for some time has been wandering about; she came from Greenock, recommended by Baillies Gray and Millar."

"*Glasgow, Town's Hospital, 9th April,* 1765.

"Jean Adam, the stranger, admitted on Tuesday the 2d current, died on the following day, and buried at the house expence."

As the Editor, in claiming the ballad "There's nae luck about the house," as the property of Jean Adam, had nothing in view but truth, he hastens to

lay the following letter before the readers of these volumes, written by the Rev. John Sim, A.B. editor of Mr. Mickle's works and his intimate friend, and received since the above account was printed.

The contents of Mr. Sim's letter, and the poetical sketch it encloses, warrant the Editor in conceding the ballad to Mr. Mickle.

Pentonville, April 14, 1810.

Dear Sir,

Since I received Mr. Mudford's letter (a copy of which you will see in the Universal Magazine for this month, p. 265), I have been so very fortunate as to discover among Mr. Mickle's MSS. what I have every reason to believe, from its inaccuracy, and other evident marks of haste, to be the very first sketch of the ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," a copy of which I have inclosed. Besides the marks of haste, which I have noticed in the margin, you will find Colin spelt once with two, and twice with a single *l:* the verb *mun* (must) spelt with a *u* and an *a,* at the distance of only two lines: and the word *make* spelt twice with, and thrice without, the letter *e.* One stanza contains twelve, two stanzas eight, and the others only four lines a-piece; by which he seems undetermined whether the first four or the last four lines should form the chorus. Other inaccuracies and blunders you will perceive on comparing the MS. with the printed copy in my edition of Mickle's Poetry.

Since I wrote to Mr. Mudford, Mrs. Mickle has informed me, without being asked, that she now perfectly recollects that Mr. Mickle gave her the ballad as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases; and she repeated to me, with a very little assistance, the whole of the song, except the eight lines, which I have, and I think with justice, ascribed to Dr. Beattie. When I asked her why she hesitated at first? she said, that the question coming unexpectedly upon her, flurried her, and the flurry, together with the fear that she might be called upon to substantiate what she then said upon oath, made her answer with diffidence and hesitation. This struck me at that time to have been the case; and I believe such a behaviour to be very natural to persons labouring under a disorder so depressive as a paralysis.

I shall only add, that Mickle had too high an opinion of his own poetical powers to have adopted the compositions of but very few of his contemporaries; and certainly too much honour and integrity, to give the least occasion to the publishing of the works of another as his own productions.

I remain, dear Sir, your most obedient
very humble servant,

J. Sim.

To Mr. Cromek.

The first sketch of the beautiful ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," from the hand-writing of

W. J. Mickle, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Sim.

There's nae luck about the house
  There's nae luck at aw
There's little pleasure in the house
  When our gudeman's awa
And are you sure the news is true
  And do you say he's weel
Is this a time to speak of wark
  Ye jades lay by your wheel
Is this a time to spin a thread
  When Collin's at the door
Reach me my cloak I'll to the quay
  And see him come ashore

And gie to me my bigonet
  My Bishop's sattin gown
For I mun tell the Bailie's* wife
  That Colin's in the town
My Turky slippers man gae on
  My stockings pearly blue
'Tis aw to pleasure my gudeman
  For he's baith leel and true

Rise Lass and make a clean fire-side
  Put on the Mucklet pot
Gie little Kate her button gown
  And Jock‡ his Sunday Coat
And make their shoon as black as slaes
  Their hose as white as snaw
'Tis a to pleasure my gude Man§
  For he's been lang awa

There's twa fat hens upo the Coop
  Been fed this month and mair
Mak haste and thraw their necks about
  That Colin weel may fare

---

* The e after the i in *Bailie*'s erased.
† The M changed for m.
‡ The c in Jock erased.
§ A repetition of line 19.

And mak the Table neat and trim
  Let every thing be braw
For who kens how Colin far'd*
  When he's beent far awa

Sae true his heart,‡ sae smooth his speech
  His breath like cauler air
His very foot has Music in't
  As he comes up the stair

And shall I see his face again
  And shall I hear him speak
I'm down right giddy wi' the thought
  In troth I'm like to greet

If Colin's weel,§ and weel content
  I hae nae mair to crave
And gin I live to mak him sae
  I'm blest above the lave

And shall I see his face again &c

APPENDIX *(b.)*

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a country clergyman in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother to Dr. Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. He was instructed by his father in classical learning and

* This line is deficient in measure.
† Interlined, *he was.*
‡ The first point in the MS.
§ The last point in the MS.

school divinity, and attained an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and an extensive acquaintance with biblical literature and scholastic theology. Having discovered an early predilection for the medical profession, he was put apprentice to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards sent to attend the medical classes at Edinburgh. While a medical student, he cultivated experimental chemistry and controversial theology with equal assiduity. Unfortunately his religious opinions, not deemed orthodox, or calvinistical, connected him with a society of Glassites, and involved him in a marriage with a member of the society, which terminated in a separation. He now settled at Leith, as an apothecary, depending on the patronage of his religious connections; but his separation from the society, which happened soon after, with an unsteadiness that was natural to him, disappointed his expectations. When he ceased to be a Glassite, he ceased not to be a firm believer in the Christian revelation, and a zealous advocate of genuine Christianity; but he never afterwards held communion with any denomination of Christians. The neglect of his business was the unavoidable consequence of his attention to religious dissensions; and having contracted debts to a considerable amount, he was obliged to remove to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle. In both places

he was employed in preparing chemical medicines for the druggists; but the liberality of his employers being insufficient to preserve an increasing family from the evils of penury, he returned to Edinburgh, in the year 1772, in extreme poverty, and took refuge from the molestation of his creditors within the precincts of the sanctuary of Holyrood House. At this period his wife deserted him and their five children, the youngest only six months old, and returned to her relations. He solaced himself for the privation of domestic happiness by composing a humorous ballad, entitled "*The Pleasures of The Abbey,*" which was his first attempt in poetry. In a description of its inhabitants, the author himself is introduced in the 16th and 17th stanzas. In the avocation of an author by profession, which he was now compelled to assume, he displayed a versatility of talent and a facility in writing unexampled in the transactions of the press. He commenced his literary career by a publication entitled "*Essays on the most important Subjects of natural and revealed Religion,*" which issued from the asylum for debtors, under the peculiar circumstances of being composed by himself, at the printing case, from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him, and wrought off at a press of his own construction, by his own hands. He left this singular work, which

was to be completed in two volumes 8vo, unfinished, and turned aside, to attack the opinions of a new religious sect called Bereans, in a "*Letter to Mr. John Barclay on the Doctrine of Assurance*," in which he again performed the functions of author, compositor, and pressman. He next set forth, with such assistance as he could find, a monthly publication, entitled "*The Gentleman and Lady's Magazine*," which was soon abandoned for "*The Weekly Review*," a literary miscellany, which, in its turn was discontinued in a very short time. These publications, unavoidably disfigured with many typographical deformities, made him known to the booksellers; and from them he afterwards found constant employment in compilations, abridgments, translations, and miscellaneous essays. He now ventured to leave the miserable apartments which he had long occupied in the sanctuary for debtors, for more comfortable lodgings, first at Restalrig, and afterwards in the city, and if his prudence and steadiness had been equal to his talents and industry, he might have earned by his labours a competent maintenance, which never fell to his lot. As he wrote for subsistence, not from the vanity of authorship, he was engaged in many works which were anonymous, and in others which appeared with the names of his employers. He is editor or author of the following

works: "*The Weekly Mirror*," a periodical publication which began in 1780. "*A System of Geography*," in 8vo. "*A History of Edinburgh*," 12mo. "*A Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar*," 2 vols. 8vo. "*A Review of Dr. Aitken's Theory of Inflammation*," 12mo. with a poetical dedication. "*Remarks on Mr. Pinkerton's Introduction to the History of Scotland*," 8vo. "*A poetical Translation of Virgil's Eclogues*," 4to. "*A general Index to the Scots Magazine*." "*A System of Chemistry*," written at the expense of a gentleman who was to put his name to it, unpublished. He gave his assistance in preparing the System of Anatomy published by A. Bell, and was an occasional contributor to the "*Medical Commentaries*," and other periodical publications of the time. He was the principal editor of the second edition of the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*," and finished, with incredible labour, a large proportion of the more considerable scientific treatises and histories, and almost all the minor articles. He had an apartment assigned him in the printing-house, where he performed the offices of compiler, and corrector of the press, at a salary of *sixteen shillings a week!* When the third edition was undertaken, he was engaged as a stated contributor, upon more liberal terms, and wrote a larger share in the early volumes than is ascribed to

him in the general preface. It was his misfortune to be continually drawn aside from the business of his employers by the delight he took in prosecuting experiments in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics, which consumed a large portion of his time and money. He conducted for some time, with success, a manufacturing process for preparing Magnesia, of which he was the inventor; but after he had disclosed his secret to the gentleman at whose expense it was carried on, he was dismissed, without obtaining either a share in the business, or a suitable compensation for his services. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire-balloon, constructed upon the plan of Montgolfier. He ascended from *Comely Garden,* amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, and descended at the distance of a quarter of a mile, owing to some unforeseen defect in the machinery. The failure of this adventure deprived him of the public favour and applause, and increased his pecuniary difficulties. He again had recourse to his pen for subsistence, and amidst the drudgery of writing, and the cares which pressed upon him daily, he exhilarated his spirits, at intervals, with a tune on the Irish bagpipe, which he played with much sweetness, interposing occasionally a song of his own composition, sung with great animation. A solace of this kind was well suited to the simplicity of his

manners, the modesty of his disposition, and the integrity of his character, such as they were before he suffered his social propensities to violate the rules of sobriety. Forgetting his old friends, he associated with discontented persons, and entered into a deliberate exposition of the abuses of government, in "*A pamphlet on the Excise*," and more systematically in a periodical publication, entitled "*The Historical Register*," which gratified malignity by personal invective and intemperance of language. He was concerned in the wild irrational plans of the British Convention, and published "*A hand-bill addressed to the people*," written in so inflammatory a style, as rendered him obnoxious to government. A warrant was issued to apprehend him, and he left his native country and crossed the Atlantic for America, where he fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, where he established a newspaper in connection with a printer, which he continued till his death, which happened in the year 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

The editor cannot dismiss this note without acknowledging himself greatly obliged by the communications of Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh.

APPENDIX *(c.)*

THE reader will be pleased to find, from the following communication to the Editor, by Mrs. Murray, of Bath (authoress of "*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*), that Mr. Ross was one of the very few writers that practised what they taught.

"I knew a good deal of Mr. Ross, author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, but it was many years ago:—I still remember him with respect, as a man of most amiable character. His genius and talents speak for themselves in the above-mentioned beautiful little Poem, and one cannot help regretting that such abilities were only born to "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air;" for in truth his humble abode was little better than a desert, though not inhabited by savages; nothing on earth being less savage than a mere uncultivated Highlander. I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland, the country of 'Honest men and bonny lasses.'

Mr. Ross was also author of two excellent

Songs, called, "*What ails the Lasses at me?*" and "*The Rock and the wee pickle tow.*" They are printed in this Collection immediately after "*The Bridal o't.*" He was born about the year 1700. His father was a farmer, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire. His first settlement was at Birs, as parochial school-master, about the year 1733. He removed to Lochlee, Forfarshire, where he died in May 1783, after residing fifty years in the centre of the Grampians, almost secluded from the converse of men and books. Mr. Ross's grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, gives the following account of him in a letter to Mr. Campbell, author of *An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland*, dated Lintrethen, 14th June, 1798.— "He (Ross) was a plain man, had the character of being a good school-master, was very religious, which appeared by his behaviour as much as by his profession. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and wrote with considerable accuracy, till the days of old age and infirmity, when he wrote a Poem, entitled, '*The Orphan,*' and attempted to publish it at Aberdeen, with some other little performances, which, on account of their inaccuracy, of which the worthy author was not so sensible as he would have formerly been, he was advised by Dr. Beattie, one of his best friends, not to publish."

In 1768 Mr. Ross published his "Fortunate Shepherdess," with a few Songs. Immediately after their appearance, Dr. Beattie, in the most friendly manner, addressed a letter to "*The Printer of the Aberdeen Journal*," under the signature of "*Oliver Oldstile;*" together with some complimentary verses, addressed to the "facetious author," which he begged might be transmitted through the same channel "which," the Doctor observes, "may please some of your readers, and cannot, I think, offend any."

APPENDIX *(d.)*

Mr. Skinner died in the arms of his only surviving son, the Right Reverend John Skinner, Bishop of the diocese of Aberdeen, at the advanced age of 86, after having had the pastoral care of the Episcopal congregation at Longside (a remote parish in the North of Scotland) for nearly 65 years! The ties of pastoral regard and affection, by which he was so long united to his beloved flock, could be cut asunder only by the stroke of death; and this dissolution of all his earthly connections having happened on the 16th of June, 1807, his sorrowing people had no sooner committed his body to the ground, than they set on foot a subscription, for raising a handsome monument to his memory, which has accordingly been erected in the church-yard of Longside, with a suitable inscription.

The following well-told anecdote is a beautiful illustration of the simplicity of Mr. Skinner's character.

"When surrounded by his grand-children in their

early years, it was delightful to see how he could adapt himself to their yet humble but rising capacities. He would make them verses by the hour. He would puzzle them with riddles, and little arithmetical problems of his own invention. He would try to call forth the latent spark of genius, by proposing questions on the different branches of study in which they were occupied at school. Although in themselves simple, and easy of solution, yet the grandfather had such art in quaintly arranging, and in enigmatically expressing, his questions, as conveyed the idea of extreme difficulty; while, at the same time, no sooner did he himself proceed to unravel the seeming mystery, than even children blushed to find themselves duped and outwitted by means so completely within the reach of their own detection. On one occasion of this kind, when his oldest grandson could not discover the little artifice employed to perplex him, he was not a little alarmed by hearing his grandfather say, that even *Thomas the Rhymer* had prophesied on the subject of the *fourth* John Skinner's lamentable weakness of mind, and want of capacity,—

'The world shall *four John Skinners* see,
The *first* sall teach a school;—
The other two shall parsons be,
And the *fourth* shall be a *fool*!'

"His old friend, however, afterwards made him ample amends for this rhyming jeu d'esprit. For after the young man became a clergyman, and *grandfather, father*, and *son*, had *all* officiated at one and the same diet of worship, at the chapel at Longside, he presented him with the following beautiful Latin verses. They are here inserted, not because free from the *licentia poetica*, but because, mingled with the proverbial blindness of a grandfather's partiality, the *poetical license* has completely usurped the place of *truth*, and given the *manner*, and not the *matter*, a claim to the notice of the learned reader.

'Sanguinis ejusdem *tres* implent rostra JOANNES,
Est *avus*, est *pater*, est carus utrique *nepos:*
Ingeniô *primus*, sermonis laude *secundus*
Claret; in ambobus *tertius* ille nitet.
Non potuere ultrà Naturæ tendere vires,
Miscet *avo patrem*, et fingitur inde nepos!'

The "Poetical Pieces" of this excellent old man (who answered most literally to Goldsmith's description of the Village Preacher) have been lately collected, and published at Edinburgh, prefaced with some valuable remarks on his life and poetic talent. To this interesting account, already quoted, the reader is referred. The Editor would only observe, that the fine family Picture, so delicately sketched in

The Old Man's Song subjoined, was not only descriptive of the author's own sentiments and enjoyments at the moment he wrote it, but it will long remain an artless and faithful representation of his character, his conduct, and his principles.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Tune—DUMBARTON DRUMS.

O! why should old age so much wound us!*
There is nothing in it all to confound us:
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oys† all around us;
For how happy now am I, &c.

We began in the warld wi' naething,
And we've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae thing;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad;
When we got the bit meat and the claithing,
We made use of what we had, &c.

We have liv'd all our life-time contented,
Since the day we became first acquainted:

* This tune requires O to be added at the end of each of the long lines, but in reading the Song the O is better omitted.

† *Oys*—Grand-children.

It's true we've been but poor,
And we are so to this hour;
But we never yet repin'd or lamented.
It's true we've been but poor, &c.

When we had any stock, we ne'er vauntit,
Nor did we hing our heads when we wantit;
But we always gave a share
Of the little we cou'd spare,
When it pleas'd a kind Heaven to grant it.
But we always gave a share, &c.

We never laid a scheme to be wealthy,
By means that were cunning or stealthy;
But we always had the bliss,
(And what further could we wiss),
To be pleas'd with ourselves, and be healthy.
But we always had the bliss, &c.

What tho' we cannot boast of our guineas,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies;
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor yellow sleenies.
And these, I am certain, are, &c.

We have seen many wonder and ferly,
Of changes that almost are yearly,

Among rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely,
Among rich folks up and down, &c.

Then why should people brag of prosperity?
A straiten'd life we see is no rarity;
Indeed we've been in want,
And our living's been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need charity.
Indeed we've been in want, &c.

In this house we first came together,
Where we've long been a father and mither;
And tho' not of stone and lime,
It will last us all our time;
And, I hope, we shall ne'er need anither,
And tho' not of stone and lime, &c.

And when we leave this poor habitation,
We'll depart with a good commendation;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation.
Then why should old age so much wound us,
There is nothing in it all to confound us:
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oys all around us.

The two subjoined letters were written by Burns to Mr. Skinner. They have not appeared in the series of his Correspondence published either by Dr. Currie, or the Editor of these volumes. In the summer of 1787, Burns made a tour through the west and north of Scotland; and at Aberdeen met with Mr. Skinner's son, between whom an interesting conversation took place. The particulars of this interview were communicated to the father, stating also how much Burns regretted that he did not know where *Linshart* lay, as he would have gone twenty miles out of his way to have seen the author of *Tullochgorum*. This compliment immediately produced an Epistle in familiar verse, addressed to Burns, who returned the following letter in reply, which, though without a date, appears to have been written in Edinburgh.

'Reverend and venerable Sir,

'Accept, in plain dull prose, my most sincere thanks for the best poetical compliment I ever received. I assure you, Sir, as a poet, you have conjured up an airy demon of vanity in my fancy, which the best abilities in your *other* capacity would be ill able to lay. I regret, and while I live shall regret, that when I was in the north, I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the Au-

thor of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw,—'Tullochgorum's my delight!' The world may think slightingly of the craft of song-making, if they please; but, as Job says, 'O! that mine adversary had written a book!'—let them try. There is a certain something in the old Scotch songs, a wild happiness of thought and expression, which peculiarly marks them, not only from English songs, but also from the modern efforts of song-wrights, in our native manner and language. The only remains of this enchantment, these spells of the imagination, rests with you. Our true brother, Ross of Lochlee, was likewise 'owre cannie,'—a 'wild warlock'—but now he sings among the 'Sons of the morning.' I have often wished, and will certainly endeavour, to form a kind of common acquaintance among all the genuine sons of Caledonian song. The world, busy in low prosaic pursuits, may overlook most of us;—but 'reverence thyself.' The world is not our *peers*,—so we challenge the jury. We can lash that world,—and find ourselves a very great source of amusement and happiness independent of that world. There is a work going on in Edinburgh, just now, which claims your best assistance.* An engraver in this town has set about collecting and publishing all the Scotch Songs, with the Music, that can be found,

* Johnson's *Musical Museum*.

Songs in the English language, if by Scotchmen, are admitted; but the Music must all be Scotch. Drs. Beattie and Blacklock are lending a hand, and the first musician in town presides over that department. I have been absolutely crazed about it, collecting old stanzas, and every information remaining, respecting their origin, authors, &c. This last is but a very fragment business; but at the end of his second number,—the first is already published,—a small account will be given of the authors, particularly to preserve those of latter times. Your three songs, '*Tullochgorum, John of Badenyon,* and *Ewie wi' the crookit Horn,*' go in this second number. I was determined, before I got your letter, to write you, begging that you would let me know where the editions of these pieces may be found, as you would wish them to continue in future times; and if you would be so kind to this undertaking, as send any Songs, of your own or others, that you would think proper to publish. Your name will be inserted among the other authors, '*Nill ye, will ye.*' One half of Scotland already give your songs to other authors. Paper is done. I beg to hear from you,—the sooner the better, as I leave Edinburgh in a fortnight or three weeks. I am, with the warmest sincerity, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.'

To this letter Mr. Skinner's answer was as follows:

*Linshart, 14th November, 1787.**

"Sir,

"Your kind return, without date, but of post-mark October 25th, came to my hand only this day. Your acknowledgment of my poor but just encomiums on your surprising genius, and your opinion of my rhyming excursions, are both, I think, by far too high. The difference between our two tracks of education, and ways of life, is entirely in your favour, and gives you the preference every manner of way. I know a classical education will not create a versifying taste, but it mightily improves and assists it; and though, where both these meet, there may sometimes be ground for approbation, yet where taste appears single, as it were, and neither cramped nor supported by acquisition, I will always sustain the justice of its prior claim to applause. A small portion of taste this way I have had almost from childhood, especial-

* Though this letter is already printed by Dr. Currie, in his edition of Burns's works, yet it cannot be deemed misplaced here, as it not only contains several curious and praise-worthy incidents in Mr. Skinner's life, but also historical remarks on some of the Songs published in this Collection.

Ed.

ly in the old Scottish dialect; and it is as old a thing as I remember, my fondness for '*Chryste-Kirk a' the Green*,' which I had by heart ere I was twelve years of age, and which, some years ago, I attempted to turn into Latin verse. While I was young, I dabbled a good deal in these things; but, on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectation, and contrary to my intentions,—at the same time that I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic, or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected. As to the assistance you propose from me in the undertaking you are engaged in, I am sorry I cannot give it so far as I could wish, and you perhaps expect. My daughters, who were my only intelligencers, are all *forisfamiliate*, and the old woman, their mother, has lost that taste. There are two from my own pen, which I might give you, if worth the while: One to the old Scotch tune of '*Dumbarton drums*.' The other, perhaps, you have met with, as your noble friend the Duchess has, I am told, heard of it. It was squeezed out of me by a brother parson in her neighbour-

hood, to accommodate a new highland reel for the Marquis's birth-day, to the stanza of

'Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,' &c.

There is another humourous thing, I have heard, said to be done by the Catholic priest Geddes, and which hit my taste much.

'There was a wee wifeikie was comin frae the fair,
'Had gotten a little drapikie, which bred her meikil care;
'It took upo' the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,
'And co' the wee wifeikie, I wish I binna fou.
'I wish,' &c.

I have heard of another new composition by a young plowman of my acquaintance, that I am vastly pleased with, to the tune of the '*Humours of Glen*,' which, I fear, wont do, as the music, I am told, is of Irish original. I have mentioned these, such as they are, to shew my readiness to oblige you, and to contribute my mite, if I could, to the patriotic work you have in hand, and which I wish all success to. You have only to notify your mind, and what you want of the above shall be sent you. Meantime, while you are thus publicly, I may say, employed, do not sheath

your own proper and piercing weapon. From what I have seen of yours already, I am inclined to hope for much good. One lesson of virtue and morality delivered in your amusing style, and from such as you, will operate more than dozens would do from such as me, who shall be told, it is our employment, and be never more minded; whereas, from a pen like yours, as being one of the many, what comes will be admired:—Admiration will produce regard, and regard will leave an impression, especially when *example goes along*.

" Wishing you, from my poet-pen, all success, and in my other character, all happiness and heavenly direction, I remain, with esteem, your sincere friend,

JOHN SKINNER."

The next letter from Burns to our Author, is dated at Edinburgh, the 14th of February, 1788, and the following is a copy of it:

' Reverend and dear Sir,

' I have been a cripple now near three months, though I am getting vastly better, and have been very much hurried beside, or else I would have wrote you sooner. I must beg your pardon for the epistle you sent me appearing in the Magazine. I had given a copy or two to some of my intimate friends, but did

not know of the printing of it till the publication of the Magazine. However, as it does great honour to us both, I hope you will forgive it. The second volume of the songs I mentioned to you in my last, is published to-day. I send you a copy, which I beg you will accept as a mark of the veneration I have long had, and shall ever have, for your character, and of the claim I make to your continued acquaintance. Your songs appear in the third volume, with your name in the index, as I assure you, Sir, I have heard your *Tullochgorum*, particularly among our west country folks, given to many different names, and most commonly to the immortal author of the *Minstrel*, who, indeed, never wrote any thing superior to '*Gie's a Sang, Montgomery cried.*' Your brother has promised me your verses to the Marquis of Huntly's Reel, which certainly deserve a place in the Collection. My kind host, Mr. Cruickshank, of the High School here, and said to be one of the best Latins in this age, begs me to make you his grateful acknowledgments for the entertainment he has got in a Latin publication of your's that I borrowed for him from your acquaintance, and my much respected friend, in this place, the reverend Dr. Webster. Mr. Cruickshank maintains that you write the best Latin since Buchanan. I leave Edinburgh to-morrow, but shall return in three weeks. Your song you men-

tioned in your last, to the tune of '*Dumbarton Drums*,' and the other, which you say was done by a brother by trade of mine, a plowman, I shall thank you much for a copy of each. I am ever, reverend Sir, with the most respectful esteem, and sincere veneration, yours,

ROBERT BURNS.'

APPENDIX *(e.)*

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE JOSEPH RITSON.

(Communicated by a Barrister of Gray's Inn.)

THE subsequent authentic narrative of the last moments of poor Ritson, while it may afford gratification to some of those who suffered under the lash of his sarcastic criticism, must at the same time offer some apology for that eccentricity and violence which too frequently disgrace his controversial writings, and even his antiquarian disquisitions. They doubtless originated in that maniacal tendency which latterly burst forth into full outrage, and terminated in his death. It has been ascertained that a sister, elder than himself, fell also a victim to the same deplorable malady. Let it check the pride of human nature, even in that point on which we think we are most justified in valuing ourselves—the superiority of our intellectual faculties; to mark in this, as well as in so many other instances, the near alliance between genius and insanity.

It has been farther learned from a Mrs. Kirby, who knew him from early infancy, and retained more in-

fluence over him than any other person during the whole of his life, that his father was a man in a low condition of life, yet he found means to send him to a Latin school at Stockton, where he proved an attentive scholar, and made a rapid progress in such learning as was there taught. His habits were always reserved, rarely associating with his school-fellows. He afterwards passed some time in the office of Mr. Bradley, a conveyancer, of that town. On coming to London, he entered himself a student of Gray's Inn, and after keeping his proper terms, he was called to the bar. He never, however, paid much attention to the proper business of his profession. During the summer season he used to take long journeys on foot, with no other baggage than a shirt in each pocket; and if he at any time found them too heavy, he made no hesitation in disencumbering himself by throwing one of them away. She also states him to have been very lax in his religious principles, of which, perhaps, she was, no very competent judge. If he in fact were so, let it be a warning to others to be careful how they throw aside any proper restraint of the mind, especially the most serious and important of all, that of religion, lest they should slacken, and, as took place in his unhappy case, ultimately lose all hold of the reins by which the imagination is guided.

"The late Mr. Ritson lived in the same staircase with me in Gray's Inn for many years, and the com-

mon civilities of the day passed between us, but nothing more. We never visited. I understood he possessed a great singularity of character; but he was ever polite and civil to me. Early in September, 1803, I frequently heard a great swearing and noise in his chambers, and, on meeting his laundress on the stairs, I asked her the cause of the disturbance I had heard. She answered, that she believed *her master was out of his mind,* for his conduct in every respect proved him so; and that she was greatly afraid that in his delirium he would do himself or her an injury. She said she had taken him his dinner the day before, but that he had not touched it, and that he never ate animal food. She was then going to him, but expressed a fear that he would burst into a rage, and abuse her as I had heard him before. The last time she was in the chambers, he had shut himself up; however, she left his dinner upon the table, and was then going to see if he had eaten it. I said, as she had expressed herself fearful, I would go with her to her master, which I accordingly did. I saw his dinner on the table, but he was still shut up in his room. I asked the laundress whether he had any relations in town. She said he had not; but that he had a nephew somewhere in the North, who had lived with him for many years, but that Mr. Ritson had *turned him out* of his house for *eating animal*

food. I desired her to endeavour to find out some of his relations or friends, and to apprize them of his unhappy situation, and in the meantime to be very careful of him.

" On the 10th of September, about nine o'clock in the evening, on my return to my chambers, my servant told me that Mr. Ritson had been making a great noise, and that there was a great light in his room, which had alarmed the people in the Steward's office. I went immediately to the Steward's office, and looking from his window, I saw Mr. Ritson's room strewed with books and loose papers, some of which he was gathering up and throwing on the fire, which occasioned the great blaze they had seen. He had a lighted candle in his hand, which he carried about in a very dangerous manner. The Steward not being at home, I sent for him to represent to him Mr. Ritson's extraordinary conduct. However, being much alarmed, I went to Mr. Ritson's chambers, and knocked at the door several times, but could get no admission. At last a key was obtained from the laundress; and Mr. Quin, the steward, and myself, with two porters, entered his chambers. He appeared much confused on seeing us, and asked how we came in? We told him by means of the laundress's key. He then asked what we wanted? Mr.

Quin told him, we came in consequence of the great blaze that appeared in his chambers, believing them to be on fire. He answered, that his fire had gone out, and that he was lighting it to make horse-radish tea. Mr. Quin then represented to him the great danger of making his fire with loose papers, particularly as there were so many scattered about the room, some of which had actually taken fire. Mr. Quin therefore begged he would permit the porters to collect them together, and to put them away, and to do any thing he wanted; upon which he said, no! no! and in the most peremptory manner ordered them to leave his chambers, saying they were only servants to the Society, and had no business in his chambers. Mr. Quin observed, that consistently with his duty as Steward of the Inn, he could not leave his chambers in that dangerous situation. Mr. Ritson then appearing much enraged, swore he would make them, for that they came to rob him, and immediately went to his bed-room, and returned with a drawn dagger in his hand; at sight of which, Mr. Quin and the porters immediately left the chambers, Mr. Ritson pursuing them along the passage, and they in their hurry shut the outer door, leaving me in the room. On his return I disarmed him, and begged him to sit down while I explained every thing. He

was then very complaisant, and said he did not mean to offend me, but swore vengeance against those who had left the room. He insisted on my going into his best apartment, which I did, and found his books and papers scattered on the floor, as they were in the other chamber. He asked me to drink with him, which I refused. He paid me some compliments as a neighbour, and said he would give me a history of his life. He told me he had a great passion for books, of which he possessed the finest collection in England. That he had written upon many subjects, and had confuted many who had written upon law and theology. He said he was then writing a pamphlet proving Jesus Christ an impostor! but that something had lately discomposed him, and he was therefore resolved to destroy many of his manuscripts, for which purpose he was then sorting his papers. I heard him patiently for an hour and an half, when I advised him to go to bed, which he said he would do, and I left him seemingly composed. About an hour after, he became very violent and outrageous, throwing his furniture about his chambers and breaking his windows. I then went to him again, and endeavoured to pacify him, but without effect. He had a dagger in one hand and a knife in the other, though I had taken the other dagger from him, and

carried it to my own chambers. He raved for a considerable time, till, being quite exhausted, he went to sleep. A person was then sent for from Hoxton to take care of him, who remained with him five days, and said that his derangement was incurable. I visited him every day, when he appeared very glad to see me, and said, 'Here comes my friend, who will set me at liberty;' but violently abused his keeper, and said, *the devil would torment him* for his cruelty in keeping him so confined. It was thought proper by his friends to remove him to a mad-house, where I understand he died in a few days. I have since learned that his malady was a family disorder, and that his sister died mad."

31*st March*, 1804.

END OF VOL. I.

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